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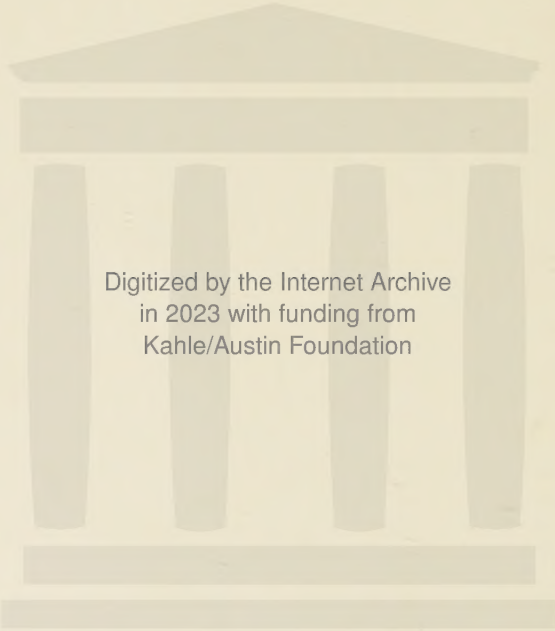
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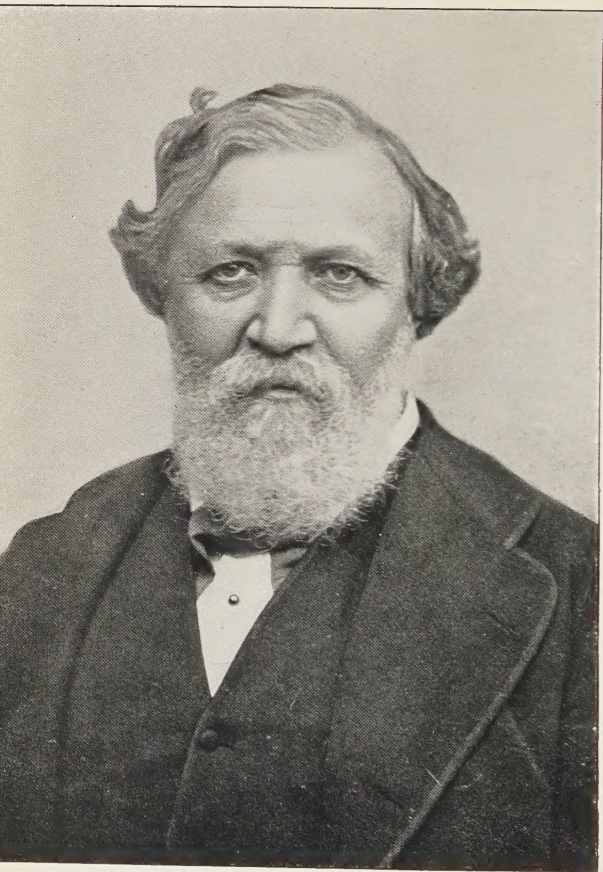
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ROBERT BROWNING

*From a photograph taken by Messrs. Fradelle & Young in 1861*



OXFORD EDITION

# POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING

CONTAINING

DRAMATIC LYRICS, DRAMATIC ROMANCES  
MEN AND WOMEN, DRAMAS, PAULINE, PARACELTUS  
CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY, SORDELLO  
AND DRAMATIS PERSONAE



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## NOTE

THIS volume includes (1) the contents of the three-volume edition of Browning's poems published in 1863; (2) *Pauline*, taken from the first edition (1833); (3) the contents of the second edition of the 1864 volume entitled *Dramatis Personae*; (4) two short poems, a *Sonnet* and *Ben Karshook's Wisdom*, not reprinted by Browning in any collected edition of his poems; (5) *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which appeared first in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1864; and (6) *Deaf and Dumb*, a poem which appeared in Vol. VI of the six-volume edition of 1868. A few obvious misprints have been corrected, and the 'elucidatory headings' to *Sordello*, which first appeared in the edition of 1863, have been discarded, in accordance with Browning's own omission of them in the final edition of his poems (1889). No other alterations have been made in the text.

[Dedication to the three volumes of 1863.]

I DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES

TO MY OLD FRIEND

JOHN FORSTER,

GLAD AND GRATEFUL THAT HE WHO, FROM THE FIRST  
PUBLICATION OF THE VARIOUS POEMS THEY INCLUDE,  
HAS BEEN THEIR PROMPTTEST AND STAUCHEST HELPER,  
SHOULD SEEM EVEN NEARER TO ME NOW THAN  
THIRTY YEARS AGO.

R. B.

London, *April* 21, 1863



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# POEMS (1833-1868)

BY

## ROBERT BROWNING

In this Volume [pp. 1-162 of this edition] are collected and redistributed the pieces first published in 1842, 1845, and 1855, respectively, under the titles of 'Dramatic Lyrics,' 'Dramatic Romances,' and 'Men and Women.'

Part of these were inscribed to my dear friend John Kenyon: I hope the whole may obtain the honour of an association with his memory.

R. B. [1863.]

### LYRICS

#### CAVALIER TUNES<sup>1</sup>

##### I. MARCHING ALONG

###### I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,  
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament  
swing:

And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
And see the rogues flourish and honest  
folk droop,

Marched them along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
song.

###### II

God for King Charles! Pym and such  
carles

To the Devil that prompts 'em their  
treasonous parles!

Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor  
sup

Till you're—

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty-score  
strong,*

*Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-  
ing this song.*

###### III

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies'  
knell

Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young  
Harry as well!

England, good cheer! Rupert is near!  
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not  
here

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty-score  
strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-  
ing this song?*

###### IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and  
his snarls

To the Devil that pricks on such pesti-  
lent carles!

Hold by the right, you double your  
might;

So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the  
fight,

(Chorus) *March we along, fifty-score  
strong,*

*Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-  
ing this song!*

##### II. GIVE A ROUSE

###### I

King Charles, and who'll do him right  
now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for fight  
now?

Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite  
now,

King Charles!

<sup>1</sup> Such Poems as the majority in this volume [pp. 1-162 of this edition] might also come properly enough, I suppose, under the head of 'Dramatic Pieces'; being, though often Lyric in expression, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine.—R. B.

## II

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
Who raised me the house that sank  
once?

Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
Who found me in wine you drank once?

*(Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do  
him right now?*

*King Charles, and who's ripe  
for fight now?*

*Give a rouse: here's in  
Hell's despite now,*

*King Charles!*

## III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
By the old fool's side that begot him?  
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

*(Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do  
him right now?*

*King Charles, and who's ripe  
for fight now?*

*Give a rouse: here's, in  
Hell's despite now,*

*King Charles!*

## III. BOOT AND SADDLE

## I

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day  
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey,

*(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and  
away!*

## II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd  
say;

Many's the friend there, will listen and  
pray

'God's luck to gallants that strike up  
the lay—

*(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and  
away!*

## III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Round-  
heads' array:

Who laughs, 'Good fellows ere this, by  
my fay,

*(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and  
away?*

## IV

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest  
and gay,

Laughs when you talk of surrendering,  
'Nay!

I've better counsellors; what counsel  
they?

*(Chorus) Boot, saddle, to horse, and  
away!*

## THE LOST LEADER

## I

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,

Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
Found the one gift of which fortune  
bereft us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
They, with the gold to give, doled him  
out silver,

So much was theirs who so little  
allowed:

How all our copper had gone for his  
service!

Rags—were they purple, his heart  
had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him,  
honoured him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his  
clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to  
die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for  
us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they  
watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the  
freemen,

He alone sinks to the rear and the  
slaves!

## II

We shall march prospering,—not thro'  
his presence;

Songs may inspirit us,—not from his  
lyre;

Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his  
quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest  
bade aspire:

Blot out his name, then, record one lost  
soul more,

One task more declined, one more foot-  
path untrod;  
One more triumph for devils and sorrow  
for angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more  
insult to God!  
Life's night begins: let him never come  
back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation  
and pain,  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer  
of twilight,  
Never glad confident morning again!  
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—  
strike gallantly,  
Menace our heart ere we master his  
own;  
Then let him receive the new knowledge  
and wait us,  
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the  
throne!

‘HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD  
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX’  
[16—]

## I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and  
he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped  
all three;  
‘Good speed!’ cried the watch, as the  
gate-bolts undrew;  
‘Speed!’ echoed the wall to us gallop-  
ing through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank  
to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped  
abreast.

## II

Not a word to each other; we kept the  
great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
changing our place;  
I turned in my saddle and made its  
girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the  
pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained  
slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
whit.

## III

’Twas moonset at starting; but while  
we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight  
dawned clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out  
to see;  
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as  
could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we  
heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, ‘Yet there  
is time!’

## IV

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the  
sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black  
every one,  
To stare thro’ the mist at us galloping  
past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting  
away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland  
its spray.

## V

And his low head and crest, just one  
sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out  
on his track;  
And one eye’s black intelligence,—ever  
that glance  
O’er its white edge at me, his own  
master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes  
which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-  
ing on.

## VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried  
Joris, ‘Stay spur!’  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault ’s  
not in her,  
We’ll remember at Aix’—for one heard  
the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and  
staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the  
flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered  
and sank.

## VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud  
in the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless  
laugh,

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright  
stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang  
white,

And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is  
in sight!'

## VIII

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a  
moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as  
a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the  
whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix  
from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood  
to the brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-  
sockets' rim.

## IX

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each  
holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go  
belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted  
his ear,

Called my Roland his pet-name, my  
horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,  
any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped  
and stood.

## X

And all I remember is, friends flocking  
round

As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees  
on the ground;

And no voice but was praising this  
Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common  
consent)

Was no more than his due who brought  
good news from Ghent.

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-  
EL-KADR

1842

## I

As I ride, as I ride,  
With a full heart for my guide,

So its tide rocks my side,

As I ride, as I ride,

That, as I were double-eyed,

He, in whom our Tribes confide,

Is descried, ways untried

As I ride, as I ride.

## II

As I ride, as I ride

To our Chief and his Allied,

Who dares chide my heart's pride

As I ride, as I ride?

Or are witnesses denied—

Through the desert waste and wide

Do I glide unespied

As I ride, as I ride?

## III

As I ride, as I ride,

When an inner voice has cried,

The sands slide, nor abide

(As I ride, as I ride)

O'er each visioned homicide

That came vaunting (has he lied?)

To reside—where he died,

As I ride, as I ride.

## IV

As I ride, as I ride,

Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,

Yet his hide, streaked and pied,

As I ride, as I ride,

Shows where sweat has sprung and  
dried,

—Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—

How has vied stride with stride

As I ride as I ride!

## V

As I ride, as I ride,

Could I loose what Fate has tied,

Ere I pried, she should hide

(As I ride, as I ride)

All that's meant me—satisfied

When the Prophet and the Bride

Stop veins I'd have subside

As I ride, as I ride!



## NATIONALITY IN DRINKS

## I

My heart sank with our Claret-flask,  
Just now, beneath the heavy sedges  
That serve this pond's black face for  
mask ;

And still at yonder broken edges  
Of the hole, where up the bubbles glisten,  
After my heart I look and listen.

## II

Our laughing little flask, compell'd  
Thro' depth to depth more bleak and  
shady ;  
As when, both arms beside her held,  
Feet straightened out, some gay  
French lady  
Is caught up from life's light and  
motion,  
And dropped into death's silent ocean !

Up jumped Tokay on our table,  
Like a pygmy castle-warder,  
Dwarfish to see, but stout and able,  
Arms and accoutrements all in order ;  
And fierce he looked North, then,  
wheeling South,  
Blew with his bugle a challenge to  
Drouth,  
Cocked his flap-hat with the tosspot-  
feather,

Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,  
Jingled his huge brass spurs together,  
Tightened his waist with its Buda sash,  
And then, with an impudence nought  
could abash,

Shrugged his hump-shoulder, to tell the  
beholder,

For twenty such knaves he should laugh  
but the bolder :

And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly  
jutting,

And dexter-hand on his haunch abut-  
ting,

Went the little man, Sir Ausbruch,  
strutting !

Here 's to Nelson's memory !  
'Tis the second time that I, at sea,  
Right off Cape Trafalgar here,  
Have drunk it deep in British Beer.  
Nelson for ever—any time  
Am I his to command in prose or rhyme !

Give me of Nelson only a touch,  
And I save it, be it little or much :  
Here 's one our Captain gives, and so  
Down at the word, by George, shall it go !  
He says that at Greenwich they point  
the beholder

To Nelson's coat, 'still with tar on the  
shoulder,

For he used to lean with one shoulder  
digging,

Jigging, as it were, and zig-zag-zigging  
Up against the mizen-rigging !

## GARDEN FANCIES

## I. THE FLOWER'S NAME

## I

HERE 's the garden she walked across,  
Arm in my arm, such a short while  
since :

Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss  
Hinders the hinges and makes them  
wince !

She must have reached this shrub ere  
she turned,

As back with that murmur the wicket  
swung ;

For she laid the poor snail, my chance  
foot spurned,

To feed and forget it the leaves  
among.

## II

Down this side of the gravel-walk  
She went while her robe's edge  
brushed the box :

And here she paused in her gracious talk  
To point me a moth on the milk-  
white phlox.

Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
I will never think that she passed you  
by !

She loves you noble roses, I know ;  
But yonder, see, where the rock-  
plants lie !

## III

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its  
claim ;

Till she gave me, with pride to make no  
slip,

Its soft meandering Spanish name :

What a name ! was it love, or praise ?  
Speech half-asleep, or song half-  
awake ?

I must learn Spanish, one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

## IV

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her, one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase ;  
But do not detain me now ; for she  
lingers

There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

## V

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you  
grow not,

Stay as you are and be loved for ever !  
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not,  
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens  
never !

For while thus it pouts, her fingers  
wrestle,

Twinkling the audacious leaves be-  
tween,

Till round they turn and down they  
nestle—

Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

## VI

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed  
it with me ?

Come, bud, show me the least of her  
traces,

Treasure my lady's lightest footfall  
—Ah, you may flout and turn up your  
faces—

Roses, you are not so fair after all !

## II. SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS

## I

Plague take all your pedants, say I !

He who wrote what I hold in my  
hand,

Centuries back was so good as to die,  
Leaving this rubbish to cumber the  
land ;

This, that was a book in its time,  
Printed on paper and bound in leather,  
Last month in the white of a matin-  
prime  
Just when the birds sang all together.

## II

Into the garden I brought it to read,  
And under the arbutue and laurustine  
Read it, so help me grace in my need,  
From title-page to closing line.

Chapter on chapter did I count,  
As a curious traveller counts Stone-  
henge ;

Added up the mortal amount ;  
And then proceeded to my revenge.

## III

Yonder's a plum-tree with a crevice  
An owl would build in, were he but  
sage ;

For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis  
In a castle of the middle age,

Joins to a lip of gum, pure amber ;  
When he'd be private, there might  
he spend

Hours alone in his lady's chamber :  
Into this crevice I dropped our friend.

## IV

Splash, went he, as under he ducked,  
—I knew at the bottom rain-drip-  
pings stagnate ;

Next a handful of blossoms I plucked  
To bury him with, my bookshelf's  
magnate ;

Then I went indoors, brought out a  
loaf,

Half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis ;  
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf  
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

## V

Now, this morning, betwixt the moss  
And gum that locked our friend in  
limbo,

A spider had spun his web across,  
And sat in the midst with arms  
akimbo :

So, I took pity, for learning's sake,  
And, *de profundis, accentibus laetis*,  
*Cantate !* quoth I, as I got a rake,  
And up I fished his delectable trea-  
tise.

## VI

Here you have it, dry in the sun,  
 With all the binding all of a blister,  
 And great blue spots where the ink has  
   run,  
 And reddish streaks that wink and  
   glisten  
 O'er the page so beautifully yellow:  
 Oh, well have the droppings played  
   their tricks!  
 Did he guess how toadstools grow, this  
   fellow?

Here's one stuck in his chapter six!

## VII

How did he like it when the live  
   creatures  
 Tickled and toused and browsed him  
   all over,  
 And worm, slug, eft, with serious  
   features,  
 Came in, each one, for his right of  
   trover?  
 —When the water-beetle with great  
   blind deaf face  
 Made of her eggs the stately deposit,  
 And the newt borrowed just so much of  
   the preface  
 As tiled in the top of his black wife's  
   closet?

## VIII

All that life and fun and romping,  
 All that frisking and twisting and  
   coupling,  
 While slowly our poor friend's leaves  
   were swamping  
 And clasps were cracking and covers  
   suppling!  
 As if you had carried sour John Knox  
 To the play-house at Paris, Vienna  
   or Munich,  
 Fastened him into a front-row box,  
 And danced off the ballet with  
   trousers and tunic.

## IX

Come, old martyr! What, torment  
   enough is it?  
 Back to my room shall you take your  
   sweet self!  
 Good-bye, mother-beetle; husband-eft,  
   sufficit!  
 See the snug niche I have made on  
   my shelf.

A.'s book shall prop you up, B.'s shall  
   cover you,  
 Here's C. to be grave with, or D. to  
   be gay,  
 And with E. on each side, and F. right  
   over you,  
 Dry-rot at ease till the Judgment-  
   day!

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH  
CLOISTER

## I

GR-R-R—there go, my heart's abhor-  
   rence!  
 Water your damned flower-pots, do!  
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,  
 God's blood, would not mine kill you!  
 What? your myrtle-bush wants trim-  
   ming?  
 Oh, that rose has prior claims—  
 Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?  
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

## II

At the meal we sit together:  
*Salve tibi!* I must hear  
 Wise talk of the kind of weather,  
 Sort of season, time of year:  
*Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely*  
*Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:*  
*What's the Latin name for 'parsley'?*  
 What's the Greek name for Swine's  
   Snout?

## III

Whew! We'll have our platter bur-  
   nished,  
 Laid with care on our own shelf!  
 With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,  
 And a goblet for ourself,  
 Rinsed like something sacrificial  
 Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—  
 Marked with L. for our initial!  
 (He-he! There his lily snaps!)

## IV

*Saint*, forsooth! While brown Dolores  
 Squats outside the Convent bank,  
 With Sanchicha, telling stories,  
 Steeping tresses in the tank,  
 Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-  
   hairs,  
 —Can't I see his dead eye glow,  
 Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?  
 (That is, if he'd let it show!)

## V

When he finishes refection,  
 Knife and fork he never lays  
 Cross-wise, to my recollection,  
 As do I, in Jesu's praise.  
 I, the Trinity illustrate,  
 Drinking watered orange-pulp—  
 In three sips the Arian frustrate;  
 While he drains his at one gulp!

## VI

Oh, those melons! If he's able  
 We're to have a feast; so nice!  
 One goes to the Abbot's table,  
 All of us get each a slice.  
 How go on your flowers? None  
 double?  
 Not one fruit-sort can you spy?  
 Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,  
 Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

## VII

There's a great text in Galatians,  
 Once you trip on it, entails  
 Twenty-nine distinct damnations,  
 One sure, if another fails:  
 If I trip him just a-dying,  
 Sure of Heaven as sure as can be,  
 Spin him round and send him flying  
 Off to Hell, a Manichee?

## VIII

Or, my scrofulous French novel  
 On grey paper with blunt type!  
 Simply glance at it, you grovel  
 Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:  
 If I double down its pages  
 At the woeful sixteenth print,  
 When he gathers his greengages,  
 Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

## IX

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture  
 Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave  
 Such a flaw in the indenture  
 As he'd miss till, past retrieve,  
 Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
 We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine...*  
 'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ*  
*Ave, Virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!

## THE LABORATORY

## [ANCIEN RÉGIME]

## I

Now that I, tying thy glass mask  
 tightly,  
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curl-  
 ing whitely,  
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-  
 smithy—  
 Which is the poison to poison her,  
 prithee?

## II

He is with her; and they know that I  
 know  
 Where they are, what they do: they  
 believe my tears flow  
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me  
 fled to the drear  
 Empty church, to pray God in, for  
 them!—I am here.

## III

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy  
 paste,  
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in  
 haste!  
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange  
 things,  
 Than go where men wait me and dance  
 at the King's.

## IV

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?  
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold  
 oozings come!  
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite  
 blue,  
 Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison  
 too?

## V

Had I but all of them, thee and thy  
 treasures,  
 What a wild crowd of invisible plea-  
 sures!  
 To carry pure death in an earring, a  
 casket,  
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket!

VI

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to  
give  
And Pauline should have just thirty  
minutes to live!  
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with  
her head  
And her breast and her arms and her  
hands, should drop dead!

VII

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too  
grim!  
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing  
and dim?  
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn  
it and stir,  
And try it and taste, ere she fix and  
prefer!

VIII

What a drop! She's not little, no  
minion like me—  
That's why she ensnared him: this  
never will free  
The soul from those masculine eyes,—  
say, 'no!'  
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-  
go.

IX

For only last night, as they whispered,  
I brought  
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I  
thought  
Could I keep them one half minute fixed,  
she would fall,  
Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does  
it all!

X

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!  
Let death be felt and the proof remain;  
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—  
He is sure to remember her dying face!

XI

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay,  
be not morose  
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it  
close:  
The delicate droplet, my whole for-  
tune's fee—  
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt  
me?

XII

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to  
your fill,  
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth  
if you will!  
But brush this dust off me, lest horror  
it brings  
Ere I know it—next moment I dance  
at the King's!

THE CONFESSIONAL

[SPAIN]

I

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,  
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or  
hope  
Are lies, and lies—there! through my  
door  
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,  
There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled  
Till spite of them I reach the world!

II

You think Priests just and holy men!  
Before they put me in this den  
I was a human creature too,  
With flesh and blood like one of you,  
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride  
Like lilies in your world outside.

III

I had a lover—shame avaunt!  
This poor wrenched body, grim and  
gaunt,  
Was kissed all over till it burned,  
By lips the truest, love e'er turned  
His heart's own tint: one night they  
kissed  
My soul out in a burning mist.

IV

So, next day when the accustomed  
train  
Of things grew round my sense again,  
'That is a sin,' I said: and slow  
With downcast eyes to church I go,  
And pass to the confession-chair,  
And tell the old mild father there.

V

But when I falter Beltran's name,  
'Ha?' quoth the father; 'much I  
blame

The sin ; yet wherefore idly grieve ?  
Despair not,—strenuously retrieve !  
Nay, I will turn this love of thine  
To lawful love, almost divine.

## VI

For he is young; and led astray,  
This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,  
To change the laws of church and state ;  
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,  
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll  
Its cloud away and save his soul.

## VII

For, when he lies upon thy breast,  
Thou may'st demand and be possessed  
Of all his plans, and next day steal  
To me, and all those plans reveal,  
That I and every priest, to purge  
His soul, may fast and use the scourge.'

## VIII

That father's beard was long and white,  
With love and truth his brow seemed  
bright ;  
I went back, all on fire with joy,  
And, that same evening, bade the boy,  
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,  
Something to prove his love of me.

## IX

He told me what he would not tell  
For hope of Heaven or fear of Hell ;  
And I lay listening in such pride !  
And, soon as he had left my side,  
Tripped to the church by morning-light  
To save his soul in his despire.

## X

I told the father all his schemes,  
Who were his comrades, what their  
dreams ;  
'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray  
The one spot from his soul away ;  
To-night he comes, but not the same  
Will look !' . At night he never came.

## XI

Nor next night : on the after-morn,  
I went forth with a strength new-born.  
The church was empty ; something  
drew

My steps into the street ; I knew  
It led me to the market-place :  
Where, lo, on high, the father's face !

## XII

That horrible black scaffold drest,  
That stapled block . . . God sink the  
rest !  
That head strapped back, that blind-  
ing vest,  
Those knotted hands and naked breast,  
Till near one busy hangman pressed,  
And, on the neck these arms caressed. . .

## XIII

No part in aught they hope or fear !  
No Heaven with them, no Hell !—and  
here,  
No Earth, not so much space as pens  
My body in their worst of dens  
But shall bear God and Man my cry,  
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie !

## CRISTINA

## I

SHE should never have looked at me  
If she meant I should not love her !  
There are plenty . . . men, you call  
such,  
I suppose . . . she may discover  
All her soul to, if she pleases,  
And yet leave much as she found  
them :  
But I'm not so, and she knew it  
When she fixed me, glancing round  
them.

## II

What ? To fix me thus meant nothing ?  
But I can't tell (there's my weak-  
ness)  
What her look said !—no vile cant,  
sure,  
About 'need to strew the bleakness  
Of some lone shore with its pearl-seed,  
That the sea feels'—no 'strange  
yearning  
That such souls have, most to lavish  
Where there's chance of least return-  
ing.'

## III

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God  
knows !  
But not quite so sunk that moments,  
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,  
When the spirit's true endowments



Stand out plainly from its false ones,  
And apprise it if pursuing  
Or the right way or the wrong way,  
To its triumph or undoing.

## IV

There are flashes struck from mid-  
nights,

There are fire-flames noondays kindle,  
Whereby piled-up honours perish,  
Whereby sworn ambitions dwindle,  
While just this or that poor impulse  
Which for once had play unstified  
Seems the sole work of a lifetime  
That away the rest have trifled.

## V

Doubt you if, in some such moment,  
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,  
Ages past the soul existed,  
Here an age 'tis resting merely,  
And hence fleets again for ages,  
While the true end, sole and single,  
It stops here for is, this love-way,  
With some other soul to mingle?

## VI

Else it loses what it lived for  
And eternally must lose it;  
Better ends may be in prospect,  
Deeper blisses (if you choose it)  
But this life's end and this love-bliss  
Have been lost here. Doubt you  
whether  
This she felt as, looking at me,  
Mine and her souls rushed together.

## VII

Oh, observe! Of course, next moment,  
The world's honours, in derision,  
Trampled out the light for ever:  
Never fear but there's provision  
Of the Devil's to quench knowledge  
Lest we walk the earth in rapture!  
—Making those who catch God's secret  
Just so much more prize their cap-  
ture.

## VIII

Such am I: the secret's mine now!  
She has lost me, I have gained her;  
Her soul's mine: and thus, grown  
perfect,  
I shall pass my life's remainder.

Life will just hold out the proving  
Both our powers, alone and blended;  
And then, come the next life quickly!  
This world's use will have been ended.

## THE LOST MISTRESS

## I

ALL's over, then: does truth sound  
bitter  
As one at first believes?  
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night  
twitter  
About your cottage eaves!

## II

And the leaf-buds on the vine are  
woolly,  
I noticed that, to-day;  
One day more bursts them open fully  
—You know the red turns grey.

## III

To-morrow we meet the same then,  
dearest?  
May I take your hand in mine?  
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the  
merest  
Keep much that I'll resign:

## IV

For each glance of that eye so bright  
and black,  
Though I keep with heart's endea-  
vour,—  
Your voice, when you wish the snow-  
drops back,  
Though it stay in my soul for ever!—

## V

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,  
Or only a thought stronger;  
I will hold your hand but as long as all  
may,  
Or so very little longer!

## EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES

## FAME

SEE, as the prettiest graves will do in  
time,  
Our poet's wants the freshness of its  
prime:



Spite of the sexton's browsing horse,  
 the sods  
 Have struggled through its binding  
 osier-rods ;  
 Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean  
 awry,  
 Wanting the brick-work promised by-  
 and-by ;  
 How the minute grey lichens, plate o'er  
 plate,  
 Have softened down the crisp-cut name  
 and date !

## LOVE

So, the year's done with !  
*(Love me for ever !)*  
 All March begun with,  
 April's endeavour ;  
 May-wreaths that bound me  
 June needs must sever ;  
 Now snows fall round me,  
 Quenching June's fever—  
*(Love me for ever !)*

## MEETING AT NIGHT

## I

THE grey sea and the long black land ;  
 And the yellow half-moon large and  
 low ;  
 And the startled little waves that leap  
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
 And quench its speed in the slushy  
 sand.

## II

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;  
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;  
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp  
 scratch  
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and  
 fears,  
 Than the two hearts beating each to  
 each !

## PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the  
 sea,  
 And the sun looked over the mountain's  
 rim :  
 And straight was a path of gold for him,  
 And the need of a world of men for me.

## SONG

## I

NAY but you, who do not love her,  
 Is she not pure gold, my mistress ?  
 Holds earth aught—speak truth—  
 above her ?  
 Aught like this tress, see, and this  
 tress,  
 And this last fairest tress of all,  
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall ?

## II

Because, you spend your lives in prais-  
 ing ;  
 To praise, you search the wide world  
 over :  
 So, why not witness, calmly gazing,  
 If earth holds aught—speak truth—  
 above her ?  
 Above this tress, and this I touch  
 But cannot praise, I love so much !

## A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

## I

LET 's contend no more, Love,  
 Strive nor weep :  
 All be as before, Love,  
 —Only sleep !

## II

What so wild as words are ?  
 I and thou  
 In debate, as birds are,  
 Hawk on bough !

## III

See the creature stalking  
 While we speak !  
 Hush and hide the talking,  
 Cheek on cheek !

## IV

What so false as truth is,  
 False to thee ?  
 Where the serpent's tooth is,  
 Shun the tree—

## V

Where the apple reddens  
 Never pry—  
 Lest we lose our Edens,  
 Eve and I !

## VI

Be a god and hold me  
With a charm !  
Be a man and fold me  
With thine arm !

## VII

Teach me, only teach, Love !  
As I ought  
I will speak thy speech, Love,  
Think thy thought—

## VIII

Meet, if thou require it,  
Both demands,  
Laying flesh and spirit  
In thy hands.

## IX

That shall be to-morrow  
Not to-night :  
I must bury sorrow  
Out of sight :

## X

—Must a little weep, Love,  
(Foolish me !)  
And so fall asleep, Love,  
Loved by thee.

## EVELYN HOPE

## I

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-  
flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;  
Little has yet been changed, I think :  
The shutters are shut, no light may  
pass  
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's  
chink.

## II

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name ;  
It was not her time to love ; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—  
And the sweet white brow is all of  
her.

## III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
And, just because I was thrice as old  
And our paths in the world diverged  
so wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be  
told ?  
We were fellow mortals, nought  
beside ?

## IV

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the  
love :  
I claim you still, for my own love's  
sake !  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not  
a few :  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

## V

But the time will come,—at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant,  
I shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long  
still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay ?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall  
divine,  
And your mouth of your own gera-  
nium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in  
fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

## VI

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the  
climes ;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full  
scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me :  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !  
What is the issue ? let us see !

## VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !

My heart seemed full as it could hold—

There was place and to spare for the frank young smile

And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.

So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.

There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

## LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

## I

WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles

Miles and miles

On the solitary pastures where our sheep

Half-asleep

Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop

As they crop—

## II

Was the site once of a city great and gay,

(So they say)

Of our country's very capital, its prince

Ages since

Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far

Peace or war.

## III

Now—the country does not even boast a tree,

As you see,

To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills

From the hills

Intersect and give a name to, (else they run

Into one)

## IV

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires

Up like fires

O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall Bounding all,

Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,

Twelve abreast.

## V

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass

Never was !

Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads

And embeds

Every vestige of the city, guessed alone, Stock or stone—

## VI

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe

Long ago ;

Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame

Struck them tame ;

And that glory and that shame alike, the gold

Bought and sold.

## VII

Now,—the single little turret that remains

On the plains,

By the caper overrooted, by the gourd Overscored,

While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks

Through the chinks—

## VIII

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time

Sprang sublime,

And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced

As they raced,

And the monarch and his minions and his dames

Viewed the games.

## IX

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve

Smiles to leave

To their folding, all our many-tinkling  
fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistin-  
guished grey  
Melt away—

## X

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow  
hair  
Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers  
caught soul  
For the goal,  
When the king looked, where she looks  
now, breathless, dumb  
Till I come.

## XI

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
Far and wide,  
All the mountains topped with temples,  
all the glades'  
Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—  
and then,  
All the men !

## XII

When I do come, she will speak not,  
she will stand,  
Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first  
embrace  
Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and  
speech  
Each on each

## \* XIII

In one year they sent a million fighters  
forth  
South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen  
pillar high  
As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in  
full force—  
Gold, of course.

## XIV

Oh, heart ! oh, blood that freezes,  
blood that burns !  
Earth's returns

For whole centuries of folly, noise and  
sin !  
Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories  
and the rest.  
Love is best !

## A LOVERS' QUARREL

## I

Oh, what a dawn of day !  
How the March sun feels like May !  
All is blue again  
After last night's rain,  
And the South dries the hawthorn-  
spray.  
Only, my Love's away !  
I'd as lief that the blue were grey.

## II

Runnels, which rilllets swell,  
Must be dancing down the dell  
With a foamy head  
On the beryl bed  
Paven smooth as a hermit's cell ;  
Each with a tale to tell,  
Could my Love but attend as well.

## III

Dearest, three months ago !  
When we lived blocked-up with snow,—  
When the wind would edge  
In and in his wedge,  
In, as far as the point could go—  
Not to our ingle, though,  
Where we loved each the other so !

## IV

Laughs with so little cause !  
We devised games out of straws.  
We would try and trace  
One another's face  
In the ash, as an artist draws ;  
Free on each other's flaws,  
How we chattered like two church  
daws !

## V

What's in the 'Times'?—a scold  
At the Emperor deep and cold ;  
He has taken a bride  
To his gruesome side,  
That's as fair as himself is bold :  
There they sit ermine-stoled,  
And she powders her hair with gold.

## VI

Fancy the Pampas' sheen !  
 Miles and miles of gold and green  
     Where the sunflowers blow  
     In a solid glow,  
 And to break now and then the screen—  
     Black neck and eyeballs keen,  
 Up a wild horse leaps between !

## VII

Try, will our table turn ?  
 Lay your hands there light, and yearn  
     Till the yearning slips  
     Thro' the finger-tips  
 In a fire which a few discern,  
     And a very few feel burn,  
 And the rest, they may live and learn !

## VIII

Then we would up and pace,  
 For a change, about the place,  
     Each with arm o'er neck :  
     'Tis our quarter-deck,  
 We are seamen in woeful case.  
     Help in the ocean-space !  
 Or, if no help, we'll embrace.

## IX

See, how she looks now, drest  
 In a sledging-cap and vest !  
     'Tis a huge fur cloak—  
     Like a reindeer's yoke  
 Falls the lappet along the breast :  
     Sleeves for her arms to rest,  
 Or to hang, as my Love likes best.

## X

Teach me to flirt a fan  
 As the Spanish ladies can,  
     Or I tint your lip  
     With a burnt stick's tip  
 And you turn into such a man !  
     Just the two spots that span  
 Half the bill of the young male swan.

## XI

Dearest, three months ago  
 When the mesmerizer Snow  
     With his hand's first sweep  
     Put the earth to sleep !  
 'Twas a time when the heart could  
     show  
     All—how was earth to know,  
 'Neath the mute hand's to-and-fro ?

## XII

Dearest, three months ago  
 When we loved each other so,  
     Lived and loved the same  
     Till an evening came  
 When a shaft from the Devil's bow  
     Pierced to our ingle-glow,  
 And the friends were friend and foe !

## XIII

Not from the heart beneath—  
 'Twas a bubble born of breath,  
     Neither sneer nor vaunt,  
     Nor reproach nor taunt.  
 See a word, how it severeth !  
     Oh, power of life and death  
 In the tongue, as the Preacher saith !

## XIV

Woman, and will you cast  
 For a word, quite off at last  
     Me, your own, your You,—  
     Since, as truth is true,  
 I was You all the happy Past—  
     Me do you leave aghast  
 With the memories We amassed ?

## XV

Love, if you knew the light  
 That your soul casts in my sight,  
     How I look to you  
     For the pure and true,  
 And the beauteous and the right,—  
     Bear with a moment's spite  
 When a mere mote threatens the white !

## XVI

What of a hasty word ?  
 Is the fleshly heart not stirred  
     By a worm's pin-prick  
     Where its roots are quick ?  
 See the eye, by a fly's-foot blurred—  
     Ear, when a straw is heard  
 Scratch the brain's coat of curd !

## XVII

Foul be the world or fair  
 More or less, how can I care ?  
     'Tis the world the same  
     For my praise or blame,  
 And endurance is easy there.  
     Wrong in the one thing rare—  
 Oh, it is hard to bear !

## XVIII

Here's the spring back or close,  
 When the almond-blossom blows ;  
 In that minor third  
 There is none but the cuckoo knows :  
 Heaps of the guelder-rose !  
 I must bear with it, I suppose.

## XIX

Could but November come,  
 Were the noisy birds struck dumb  
 At the warning slash  
 Of his driver's-lash—  
 I would laugh like the valiant Thumb  
 Facing the castle glum  
 And the giant's fee-faw-fum !

## XX

Then, were the world well stript  
 Of the gear wherein equipped  
 We can stand apart,  
 Heart dispense with heart  
 In the sun, with the flowers unripped,—  
 Oh, the world's hangings ripped,  
 We were both in a bare-walled crypt !

## XXI

Each in the crypt would cry  
 'But one freezes here ! and why ?  
 When a heart as chill  
 At my own would thrill  
 Back to life, and its fires out-fly ?  
 Heart, shall we live or die ?  
 The rest, . . . settle it by and by !'

## XXII

So, she'd efface the score,  
 And forgive me as before.  
 It is twelve o'clock :  
 I shall hear her knock  
 In the worst of a storm's uproar,  
 I shall pull her through the door,  
 I shall have her for evermore !

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN  
THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN  
 PERSON OF QUALITY)

## I

HAD I but plenty of money, money  
 enough and to spare,  
 The house for me, no doubt, were a  
 house in the city-square ;  
 Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads  
 at the window there !

## II

Something to see, by Bacchus, some-  
 thing to hear, at least !  
 There, the whole day long, one's life is  
 a perfect feast ;  
 While up at a villa one lives, I maintain  
 it, no more than a beast.

## III

Well now, look at our villa ! stuck like  
 the horn of a bull  
 Just on a mountain's edge as bare as  
 the creature's skull,  
 Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly  
 a leaf to pull !  
 —I scratch my own, sometimes, to see  
 if the hair's turned wool.

## IV

But the city, oh the city—the square  
 with the houses ! Why ?  
 They are stone-faced, white as a curd,  
 there's something to take the eye !  
 Houses in four straight lines, not a  
 single front awry !  
 You watch who crosses and gossips,  
 who saunters, who hurries by ;  
 Green blinds, as a matter of course, to  
 draw when the sun gets high ;  
 And the shops with fanciful signs which  
 are painted properly.

## V

What of a villa ? Though winter be  
 over in March by rights,  
 'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall  
 have withered well off the heights :  
 You've the brown ploughed land before,  
 where the oxen steam and wheeze,  
 And the hills over-smoked behind by  
 the faint grey olive-trees.

## VI

Is it better in May, I ask you ? you've  
 summer all at once ;  
 In a day he leaps complete with a few  
 strong April suns !  
 'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat,  
 scarce risen three fingers well,  
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows  
 out its great red bell  
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for  
 the children to pick and sell.



## VII

Is it ever hot in the square ? There 's  
 a fountain to spout and splash !  
 In the shade it sings and springs ; in  
 the shine such foam-bows flash  
 On the horses with curling fish-tails,  
 that prance and paddle and pash  
 Round the lady atop in the conch—  
 fifty gazers do not abash,  
 Though all that she wears is some weeds  
 round her waist in a sort of sash !

## VIII

All the year long at the villa, nothing 's  
 to see though you linger,  
 Except yon cypress that points like  
 Death's lean lifted forefinger.  
 Some think fireflies pretty, when they  
 mix in the corn and mingle,  
 Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks  
 of it seem a-tingle.  
 Late August or early September, the  
 stunning cicala is shrill,  
 And the bees keep their tiresome whine  
 round the resinous firs on the hill.  
 Enough of the seasons,—I spare you  
 the months of the fever and chill.

## IX

Ere opening your eyes in the city, the  
 blessed church-bells begin :  
 No sooner the bells leave off, than the  
 diligence rattles in :  
 You get the pick of the news, and it  
 costs you never a pin.  
 By and by there's the travelling doctor  
 gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth ;  
 Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up  
 the market beneath.  
 At the post-office such a scene-picture  
 —the new play, piping hot !  
 And a notice how, only this morning,  
 three liberal thieves were shot.  
 Above it, behold the archbishop's most  
 fatherly of rebukes,  
 And beneath, with his crown and his  
 lion, some little new law of the  
 Duke's !  
 Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the  
 Reverend Don So-and-so  
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca,  
 Saint Jerome, and Cicero,

'And moreover,' (the sonnet goes rhym-  
 ing,) 'the skirts of Saint Paul has  
 reached,

Having preached us those six Lent  
 lectures more unctuous than ever  
 he preached.'

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the proces-  
 sion ! our Lady borne smiling and  
 smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles,  
 and seven swords stuck in her  
 heart !

*Bang, whang, whang* goes the drum,  
*tootle-te-tootle* the fife ;

No keeping one's haunches still : it's  
 the greatest pleasure in life.

## X

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear !  
 fowls, wine, at double the rate.

They have clapped a new tax upon salt,  
 and what oil pays passing the gate  
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the  
 villa for me, not the city !

Beggars can scarcely be choosers : but  
 still—ah, the pity, the pity !

Look, two and two go the priests, then  
 the monks with cowls and sandals,  
 And the penitents dressed in white  
 shirts, a-holding the yellow candles ;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and  
 another a cross with handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the  
 rear, for the better prevention of  
 scandals :

*Bang, whang, whang* goes the drum,  
*tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no  
 such pleasure in life !

## A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

## I

Oh, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very  
 sad to find !

I can hardly misconceive you ; it would  
 prove me deaf and blind ;

But although I take your meaning, 'tis  
 with such a heavy mind !

## II

Here you come with your old music,  
 and here 's all the good it brings.



What, they lived once thus at Venice  
where the merchants were the  
kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges  
used to wed the sea with rings ?

## III

Ay, because the sea 's the street there ;  
and 'tis arched by . . . what you  
call

. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it,  
where they kept the carnival :

I was never out of England—it's as if  
I saw it all !

## IV

Did young people take their pleasure  
when the sea was warm in May ?

Balls and masks begun at midnight,  
burning ever to mid-day

When they made up fresh adventures  
for the morrow, do you say ?

## V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so  
round and lips so red,—

On her neck the small face buoyant,  
like a bell-flower on its bed,

O'er the breast's superb abundance  
where a man might base his head ?

## VI

Well, (and it was graceful of them)  
they'd break talk off and afford

—She, to bite her mask's black velvet,  
he, to finger on his sword,

While you sat and played Toccatas,  
stately at the clavichord ?

## VII

What ? Those lesser thirds so plain-  
tive, sixths diminished, sigh on  
sigh,

Told them something ? Those suspen-  
sions, those solutions—'Must we  
die ?'

Those commiserating sevenths—'Life  
might last ! we can but try !'

## VIII

'Were you happy ?'—'Yes.'—'And are  
you still as happy ?'—'Yes. And  
you ?'

—'Then, more kisses !'—'Did I stop  
them, when a million seemed so  
few ?'

Hark ! the dominant's persistence, till  
it must be answered to !

## IX

So an octave struck the answer. Oh,  
they praised you, I dare say !

'Brave Galuppi ! that was music ! good  
alike at grave and gay !

I can always leave off talking, when I  
hear a master play.'

## X

Then they left you for their pleasure :  
till in due time, one by one,

Some with lives that came to nothing,  
some with deeds as well undone,

Death came tacitly and took them  
where they never see the sun.

## XI

But when I sit down to reason, think  
to take my stand nor swerve,

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung  
from nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till  
I creep thro' every nerve.

## XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creak-  
ing where a house was burned—

'Dust and ashes, dead and done with,  
Venice spent what Venice earned !

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—  
where a soul can be discerned.

## XIII

Yours for instance, you know physics,  
something of geology,

Mathematics are your pastime ; souls  
shall rise in their degree ;

Butterflies may dread extinction,—  
you'll not die, it cannot be !

## XIV

As for Venice and its people, merely  
born to bloom and drop,

Here on earth they bore their fruitage,  
mirth and folly were the crop :

What of soul was left, I wonder, when  
the kissing had to stop ?

## XV

'Dust and ashes!' So you creak it,  
and I want the heart to scold.  
Dear dead women, with such hair, too  
—what's become of all the gold  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?  
I feel chilly and grown old.

## OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

## I

THE morn when first it thunders in  
March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they  
say:  
As I leaned and looked over the aloed  
arch  
Of the villa-gate, this warm March  
day,  
No flash snapt, no dumb thunder  
rolled  
In the valley beneath where, white  
and wide  
And washed by the morning's water-gold,  
Florence lay out on the mountain side.

## II

River and bridge and street and square  
Lay mine, as much at my beck and  
call,  
Through the live translucent bath of air,  
As the sights in a magic crystal ball.  
And of all I saw and of all I praised,  
The most to praise and the best to see,  
Was the startling bell-tower Giotto  
raised:  
But why did it more than startle me?

## III

Giotto, how, with that soul of yours,  
Could you play me false who loved  
you so?  
Some slights if a certain heart endures  
Yet it feels, I would have your  
fellows know!  
I' faith, I perceive not why I should  
care  
To break a silence that suits them  
best,  
But the thing grows somewhat hard to  
bear  
When I find a Giotto join the rest.

## IV

On the arch where olives overhead  
Print the blue sky with twig and leaf,  
(That sharp-curved leaf which they  
never shed)  
'Twixt the aloes, I used to lean in  
chief,  
And mark through the winter after-  
noons,  
By a gift God grants me now and then,  
In the mild decline of those suns like  
moons,  
Who walked in Florence, besides her  
men.

## V

They might chirp and chaffer, come  
and go  
For pleasure or profit, her men  
alive—  
My business was hardly with them,  
I trow,  
But with empty cells of the human  
hive;  
—With the chapter-room, the cloister-  
porch,  
The church's apsis, aisle or nave,  
Its crypt, one fingers along with a torch,  
Its face, set full for the sun to shave.

## VI

Wherever a fresco peels and drops,  
Wherever an outline weakens and  
wanes  
Till the latest life in the painting stops,  
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-  
tick pains!  
One, wishful each scrap should clutch  
the brick,  
Each tinge not wholly escape the  
plaster,  
—A lion who dies of an ass's kick,  
The wronged great soul of an ancient  
Master.

## VII

For oh, this world and the wrong it  
does!  
They are safe in Heaven with their  
backs to it,  
The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum  
and buzz  
Round the works of, you of the little  
wit!

Do their eyes contract to the earth's  
old scope,  
Now that they see God face to face,  
And have all attained to be poets, I hope?  
'Tis their holiday now, in any case.

VIII

Much they reck of your praise and you !  
But the wronged great souls—can  
they be quit  
Of a world where their work is all to do,  
Where you style them, you of the  
little wit,  
Old Master This and Early the Other,  
Not dreaming that Old and New are  
fellows :  
A younger succeeds to an elder brother,  
Da Vincis derive in good time from  
Dellos.

IX

And here where your praise might yield  
returns,  
And a handsome word or two give help,  
Here, after your kind, the mastiff girns  
And the puppy pack of poodles yelp.  
What, not a word for Stefano there,  
Of brow once prominent and starry,  
Called Nature's Ape and the world's  
despair  
For his peerless painting ? (see  
Vasari.)

X

There stands the Master. Study, my  
friends,  
What a man's work comes to ! so he  
plans it,  
Performs it, perfects it, makes amends  
For the toiling and moiling, and then,  
*sic transit !*  
Happier the thrifty blind-folk labour,  
With upturned eye while the hand is  
busy,  
Not sidling a glance at the coin of their  
neighbour !  
'Tis looking downward that makes  
one dizzy.

XI

'If you knew their work you would  
deal your dole.'  
May I take upon me to instruct you ?  
When Greek Art ran and reached the  
goal,

Thus much had the world to boast  
*in fructu*—  
The truth of Man, as by God first  
spoken, .

Which the actual generations garble,  
Was re-uttered, and Soul (which Limbs  
betoken)  
And Limbs (Soul informs) made new  
in marble.

XII

So, you saw yourself as you wished you  
were,  
As you might have been, as you  
cannot be ;  
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus  
there :  
And grew content in your poor  
degree  
With your little power, by those  
statues' godhead,  
And your little scope, by their eyes'  
full sway,  
And your little grace, by their grace  
embodied,  
And your little date, by their forms  
that stay.

XIII

You would fain be kinglier, say, than  
I am ?  
Even so, you will not sit like Theseus.  
You'd fain be a model ? the Son of  
Priam  
Has yet the advantage in arms' and  
knees' use.  
You're wroth—can you slay your  
snake like Apollo ?  
You're grieved—still Niobe's the  
grander !  
You live—there's the Racers' frieze to  
follow :  
You die—there's the dying Alex-  
ander.

XIV

So, testing your weakness by their  
strength,  
Your meagre charms by their rounded  
beauty,  
Measured by Art in your breadth and  
length,  
You learned—to submit is a mortal's  
duty.

—When I say 'you' 'tis the common soul,  
The collective, I mean: the race of Man  
That receives life in parts to live in  
a whole,  
And grow here according to God's  
clear plan.

## XV

Growth came when, looking your last  
on them all,  
You turned your eyes inwardly one  
fine day  
And cried with a start—What if we so  
small  
Be greater and grander the while  
than they !  
Are they perfect of lineament, perfect  
of stature ?  
In both, of such lower types are we  
Precisely because of our wider nature ;  
For time, theirs—ours, for eternity.

## XVI

To-day's brief passion limits their  
range ;  
It seethes with the morrow for us  
and more.  
They are perfect—how else ? they shall  
never change ;  
We are faulty—why not ? we have  
time in store.  
The Artificer's hand is not arrested  
With us—we are rough-hewn, no-  
wise polished :  
They stand for our copy, and, once  
invested  
With all they can teach, we shall see  
them abolished.

## XVII

'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be  
leaven—  
The better! what's come to perfec-  
tion perishes.  
Things learned on earth, we shall prac-  
tise in Heaven.  
Works done least rapidly, Art most  
cherishes.  
Thyself shall afford the example,  
Giotto !  
Thy one work, not to decrease or  
diminish,  
Done at a stroke, was just (was it not ?)  
'O !'  
Thy great Campanile is still to finish.

## XVIII

Is it true that we are now, and shall be  
hereafter,  
But what and where depend on life's  
minute ?  
Hails heavenly cheer or infernal laughter  
Our first step out of the gulf or in it ?  
Shall Man, such step within his en-  
deavour,  
Man's face, have no more play and  
action  
Than joy which is crystallized for ever,  
Or grief, an eternal petrification ?

## XIX

On which I conclude, that the early  
painters,  
To cries of 'Greek Art and what more  
wish you ?'—  
Replied, 'To become now self-acquain-  
ters,  
And paint man, man, whatever the  
issue !  
Make new hopes shine through the flesh  
they fray,  
New fears aggrandize the rags and  
tatters :  
To bring the invisible full into play !  
Let the visible go to the dogs—what  
matters ?'

## XX

Give these, I exhort you, their guerdon  
and glory  
For daring so much, before they  
well did it.  
The first of the new, in our race's  
story,  
Beats the last of the old, 'tis no idle  
quiddit.  
The worthies began a revolution,  
Which if on earth you intend to  
acknowledge,  
Why, honour them now—(ends my  
allocution)  
Nor confer your degree when the  
folks leave college.

## XXI

There's a fancy some lean to and others  
hate—  
That, when this life is ended, begins  
New work for the soul in another state,  
Where it strives and gets weary,  
loses and wins ;

Where the strong and the weak, this  
world's congeries,  
Repeat in large what they practised  
in small,  
Through life after life in unlimited  
series ;  
Only the scale's to be changed, that's  
all.

XXII

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has  
seen  
By the means of Evil that Good is  
best,  
And through earth and its noise, what  
is Heaven's serene,—  
When its faith in the same has stood  
the test—  
Why, the child grown man, you burn  
the rod,  
The uses of labour are surely done :  
There remaineth a rest for the people  
of God,  
And I have had troubles enough for  
one.

XXIII

But at any rate I have loved the season  
Of Art's spring-birth so dim and  
dewy,  
My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,  
And painter—who but Cimabue ?  
Nor ever was man of them all indeed,  
From these to Ghiberti and Ghir-  
landajo,  
Could say that he missed my critic-  
meed.  
So now to my special grievance—  
heigh ho !

XXIV

Their ghosts now stand, as I said  
before,  
Watching each fresco flaked and  
rasped,  
Blocked up, knocked out, or white-  
washed o'er  
—No getting again what the church  
has grasped !  
The works on the wall must take their  
chance ;  
'Works never conceded to England's  
thick clime !'  
(I hope they prefer their inheritance  
Of a bucketful of Italian quick-lime.)

XXV

When they go at length, with such a  
shaking  
Of heads o'er the old delusions, sadly  
Each master his way through the black  
streets taking,  
Where many a lost work breathes  
though badly—  
Why don't they bethink them of who  
has merited ?  
Why not reveal, while their pictures  
dree  
Such doom, that a captive's to be out-  
ferreted ?  
Why is it they never remember me ?

XXVI

Not that I expect the great Bigordi  
Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric,  
bellicose ;  
Nor the wronged Lippino ; and not a  
word I  
Say of a scrap of Fra Angelico's :  
But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi,  
To grant me a taste of your into-  
naco—  
Some Jerome that seeks the Heaven  
with a sad eye ?  
Not a churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco ?

XXVII

Could not the ghost with the close red  
cap,  
My Pollajolo, the twice a craftsman,  
Save me a sample, give me the hap  
Of a muscular Christ that shows the  
draughtsman ?  
No Virgin by him, the somewhat petty,  
Of finical touch and tempera crum-  
bly—  
Could not Alesso Baldovinetti  
Contribute so much, I ask him  
humbly ?

XXVIII

Margheritone of Arezzo,  
With the grave-clothes garb and  
swaddling barret,  
(Why purse up mouth and beak in a  
pet so,  
You bald, old, saturnine, poll-clawed  
parrot ?)

Not a poor glimmering Crucifixion,  
Where in the foreground kneels the  
donor ?  
If such remain, as is my conviction,  
The hoarding it does you but little  
honour.

## XXIX

They pass: for them the panels may  
thrill,  
The tempera grow alive and ting-  
lish—  
Their pictures are left to the mercies  
still  
Of dealers and stealers, Jews and the  
English,  
Who, seeing mere money's worth in  
their prize,  
Will sell it to somebody calm as  
Zeno  
At naked High Art, and in ecstasies  
Before some clay-cold, vile Carlino !

## XXX

No matter for these ! But Giotto,  
you,  
Have you allowed, as the town-  
tongues babble it,—  
Oh, never ! it shall not be counted  
true—  
That a certain precious little tablet  
Which Buonarroti eyed like a lover,—  
Was buried so long in oblivion's  
womb  
And, left for another than I to discover,  
Turns up at last ! and to whom ?—  
to whom ?

## XXXI

I, that have haunted the dim San  
Spirito,  
(Or was it rather the Ognissanti ?)  
Patient on altar-steps planting a weary  
toe !  
Nay, I shall have it yet ! *detur*  
*amanti !*  
My Koh-i-noor—or (if that's a plati-  
tude)  
Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Sofi's  
eye !  
So, in anticipative gratitude,  
What if I take up my hope and  
prophecy ?

## XXXII

When the hour grows ripe, and a  
certain dotard  
Is pitched, no parcel that needs in-  
voicing,  
To the worse side of the Mont Saint  
Gothard,  
We shall begin by way of rejoicing ;  
None of that shooting the sky (blank  
cartridge),  
Nor a civic guard, all plumes and  
lacquer,  
Hunting Radetzky's soul like a partridge  
Over Morello with squib and cracker.

## XXXIII

This time we'll shoot better game and  
bag 'em hot—  
No mere display at the stone of Dante,  
But a kind of sober Witana-gemot  
(Ex : 'Casa Guidi,' *quod videas ante*)  
Shall ponder, once Freedom restored  
to Florence,  
How Art may return that departed  
with her.  
Go, hated house, go each trace of the  
Lorraine's,  
And bring us the days of Orgagna  
hither !

## XXXIV

How we shall prologuize, how we shall  
perorate,  
Utter fit things upon art and his-  
tory—  
Feel truth at blood-heat and the false  
at a zero rate,  
And make of the want of the age no  
mystery !  
Contrasting the fructuous and sterile  
eras,  
Show, monarchy ever its uncouth  
cub licks  
Out of the bear's shape into Chimae-  
ra's—  
While Pure Art's birth is still the  
republic's !

## XXXV

Then one shall propose in a speech  
(curt Tuscan,  
Expurgate and sober, with scarcely  
an '*issimo*,')  
To end now our half-told tale of Cam-  
buscan,



And turn the Bell-tower's *alt* to  
*altissimo* :  
 And fine as the beak of a young bec-  
 caccia  
 The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,  
 Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,  
 Completing Florence, as Florence,  
 Italy.

XXXVI

Shall I be alive that morning the  
 scaffold  
 Is broken away, and the long-pent  
 fire,  
 Like the golden hope of the world,  
 unbaffled  
 Springs from its sleep, and up goes  
 the spire  
 While, 'God and the People' plain for  
 its motto,  
 Thence the new tricolour flaps at the  
 sky ?  
 At least to foresee that glory of Giotto  
 And Florence together, the first  
 am I !

' DE GUSTIBUS—'

I

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of  
 trees,  
 (If our loves remain)  
 In an English lane,  
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with  
 poppies.  
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—  
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates  
 please,  
 Making love, say,—  
 The happier they !  
 Draw yourself up from the light of the  
 moon,  
 And let them pass, as they will too  
 soon,  
 With the beanflowers' boon,  
 And the blackbird's tune,  
 And May, and June !

II

What I love best in all the world,  
 Is, a castle, precipice-encurled,  
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apen-  
 nine.  
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine,

(If I get my head from out the mouth  
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's  
 bands,  
 And come again to the land of lands)—  
 In a sea-side house to the farther  
 South,  
 Where the baked cicalas die of drouth,  
 And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—  
 stands,  
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,  
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'er-  
 crusted,  
 My sentinel to guard the sands  
 To the water's edge. For, what ex-  
 pands  
 Before the house, but the great opaque  
 Blue breadth of sea without a break ?  
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles  
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,  
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.  
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles  
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh  
 melons,  
 And says there's news to-day—the  
 king  
 Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,  
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a  
 sling :  
 —She hopes they have not caught the  
 felons.  
 Italy, my Italy !  
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me—  
 (When fortune's malice  
 Lost her, Calais)  
 Open my heart and you will see  
 Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'  
 Such lovers old are I and she ;  
 So it always was, so shall ever be !

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

I

OH, to be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-  
 wood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny  
 leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard  
 bough  
 In England—now !



## II

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the  
 swallows !  
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree  
 in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the  
 clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent  
 spray's edge—  
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each  
 song twice over,  
 Lest you should think he never could  
 recapture  
 The first fine careless rapture !  
 And though the fields look rough with  
 hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes  
 anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's  
 dower  
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-  
 flower !

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE  
SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to  
 the North-West died away ;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,  
 reeking into Cadiz Bay ;  
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in  
 face Trafalgar lay ;  
 In the dimmest North-East distance,  
 dawned Gibraltar grand and gray ;  
 'Here and here did England help me :  
 how can I help England ?'—say,  
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to  
 God to praise and pray,  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent  
 over Africa.

## SAUL

## I

SAID Abner, 'At last thou art come !  
 Ere I tell, ere thou speak,  
 Kiss my cheek, wish me well !' Then  
 I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.  
 And he, 'Since the King, O my friend,  
 for thy countenance sent,  
 Neither drunken nor eaten have we ;  
 nor until from his tent

Thou return with the joyful assurance  
 the King liveth yet,  
 Shall our lip with the honey be bright,  
 with the water be wet.  
 For out of the black mid-tent's silence,  
 a space of three days,  
 Not a sound hath escaped to thy ser-  
 vants, of prayer or of praise,  
 To betoken that Saul and the Spirit  
 have ended their strife,  
 And that, faint in his triumph, the  
 monarch sinks back upon life.

## II

Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved !  
 God's child, with His dew  
 On thy gracious gold hair, and those  
 lilies still living and blue  
 Just broken to twine round thy harp-  
 strings, as if no wild heat  
 Were now raging to torture the desert !'

## III

Then I, as was meet,  
 Knelt down to the God of my fathers,  
 and rose on my feet,  
 And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder.  
 The tent was unlooped ;  
 I pulled up the spear that obstructed,  
 and under I stooped ;  
 Hands and knees on the slippery grass-  
 patch, all withered and gone,  
 That extends to the second enclosure,  
 I groped my way on  
 Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open.  
 Then once more I prayed,  
 And opened the foldskirts and entered,  
 and was not afraid,  
 But spoke, 'Here is David, thy ser-  
 vant !' And no voice replied.  
 At the first I saw nought but the  
 blackness ; but soon I descried  
 A something more black than the  
 blackness—the vast the upright  
 Main prop which sustains the pavilion :  
 and slow into sight  
 Grew a figure against it, gigantic and  
 blackest of all :  
 Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the  
 tent-roof, showed Saul.

## IV

He stood as erect as that tent-prop ;  
 both arms stretched out wide

On the great cross-support in the  
centre, that goes to each side ;  
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung  
there, as, caught in his pangs  
And waiting his change, the king-  
serpent all heavily hangs,  
Far away from his kind, in the pine,  
till deliverance come  
With the spring-time,—so agonized  
Saul, drear and stark, blind and  
dumb.

## V

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the  
lilies we twine round its chords  
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the  
noontide—those sunbeams like  
swords !  
And I first played the tune all our  
sheep know, as, one after one,  
So docile they come to the pen-door,  
till folding be done.  
They are white and untorn by the  
bushes, for lo, they have fed  
Where the long grasses stifle the water  
within the stream's bed ;  
And now one after one seeks its lodging,  
as star follows star  
Into eve and the blue far above us,—  
so blue and so far !

## VI

—Then the tune, for which quails on  
the cornland will each leave his  
mate  
To fly after the player ; then, what  
makes the crickets elate,  
Till for boldness they fight one another :  
and then, what has weight  
To set the quick jerboa a-musing out-  
side his sand house—  
There are none such as he for a wonder,  
half bird and half mouse !  
God made all the creatures and gave  
them our love and our fear,  
To give sign, we and they are His  
children, one family here.

## VII

Then I played the help-tune of our  
reapers, their wine-song, when  
hand  
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good  
friendship, and great hearts ex-  
pand

And grow one in the sense of this  
world's life.—And then, the last  
song

When the dead man is praised on his  
journey—'Bear, bear him along  
With his few faults shut up like dead  
flowerets ! are balm-seeds not here  
To console us ? The land has none left  
such as he on the bier.

Oh, would we might keep thee, my  
brother !'—And then, the glad  
chaunt

Of the marriage,—first go the young  
maidens, next, she whom we vaunt  
As the beauty, the pride of our dwell-  
ing.—And then, the great march

Wherein man runs to man to assist him  
and buttress an arch

Nought can break ; who shall harm  
them, our friends ?—Then, the  
chorus intoned

As the Levites go up to the altar in  
glory enthroned.

But I stopped here—for here in the  
darkness, Saul groaned.

## VIII

And I paused, held my breath in such  
silence, and listened apart ;

And the tent shook, for mighty Saul  
shuddered—and sparkles 'gan dart  
From the jewels that woke in his turban  
at once with a start—

All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies  
courageous at heart.

So the head—but the body still moved  
not, still hung there erect.

And I bent once again to my playing,  
pursued it unchecked,

As I sang,—

## IX

'Oh, our manhood's prime vigour !  
no spirit feels waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing,  
nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living ! the leaping  
from rock up to rock—

The strong rending of boughs from the  
fir-tree,—the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water,  
—the hunt of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is  
couched in his lair.

And the meal—the rich dates yellowed  
 over with gold dust divine,  
 And the locust's-flesh steeped in the  
 pitcher! the full draught of wine,  
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel  
 where bulrushes tell  
 That the water was wont to go warbling  
 so softly and well.  
 How good is man's life, the mere living!  
 how fit to employ  
 All the heart and the soul and the  
 senses, for ever in joy!  
 Hast thou loved the white locks of thy  
 father, whose word thou didst guard  
 When he trusted thee forth with the  
 armies, for glorious reward?  
 Didst thou see the thin hands of thy  
 mother, held up as men sung  
 The low song of the nearly-departed,  
 and heard her faint tongue  
 Joining in while it could to the witness,  
 'Let one more attest,  
 I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a  
 lifetime, and all was for best!'  
 Then they sung thro' their tears in  
 strong triumph, not much—but  
 the rest.  
 And thy brothers, the help and the con-  
 test, the working whence grew  
 Such result as, from seething grape-  
 bundles, the spirit strained true!  
 And the friends of thy boyhood—that  
 boyhood of wonder and hope,  
 Present promise, and wealth of the  
 future beyond the eye's scope,—  
 Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch;  
 a people is thine;  
 And all gifts, which the world offers  
 singly, on one head combine!  
 On one head, all the beauty and strength,  
 love and rage (like the throe  
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its  
 labour and lets the gold go)  
 High ambition and deeds which surpass  
 it, fame crowning it,—all  
 Brought to blaze on the head of one  
 creature—King Saul!

## X

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—  
 heart, hand, harp and voice,  
 Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow,  
 each bidding rejoice

Saul's fame in the light it was made for  
 —as when, dare I say,  
 The Lord's army, in rapture of service,  
 strains through its array,  
 And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—  
 'Saul!' cried I, and stopped,  
 And waited the thing that should  
 follow. Then Saul, who hung  
 propped  
 By the tent's cross-support in the centre,  
 was struck by his name.  
 Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy  
 summons goes right to the aim,  
 And some mountain, the last to with-  
 stand her, that held (he alone,  
 While the vale laughed in freedom and  
 flowers) on a broad bust of stone  
 A year's snow bound about for a breast-  
 plate,—leaves grasp of the sheet?  
 Fold on fold all at once it crowds  
 thunderously down to his feet,  
 And there fronts you, stark, black, but  
 alive yet, your mountain of old,  
 With his rents, the successive bequeath-  
 ings of ages untold—  
 Yea, each harm got in fighting your  
 battles, each furrow and scar  
 Of his head thrust 'twixt you and  
 the tempest—all hail, there they  
 are!  
 Now again to be softened with verdure,  
 again hold the nest  
 Of the dove, tempt the goat and its  
 young to the green on its crest  
 For their food in the ardours of summer!  
 One long shudder thrilled  
 All the tent till the very air tingled,  
 then sank and was stilled  
 At the King's self left standing before  
 me, released and aware.  
 What was gone, what remained? all  
 to traverse 'twixt hope and de-  
 spair;  
 Death was past, life not come: so he  
 waited. Awhile his right hand  
 Held the brow, helped the eyes left too  
 vacant forthwith to remand  
 To their place what new objects should  
 enter: 'twas Saul as before.  
 I looked up and dared gaze at those  
 eyes, nor was hurt any more  
 Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn,  
 ye watch from the shore,

At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—  
 a sun's slow decline  
 Over hills which, resolved in stern  
 silence, o'erlap and entwine  
 Base with base to knit strength more  
 intense: so, arm folded in arm  
 O'er the chest whose slow heavings  
 subsided.

## XI

What spell or what charm,  
 (For, awhile there was trouble within  
 me) what next should I urge  
 To sustain him where song had restored  
 him?—Song filled to the verge  
 His cup with the wine of this life,  
 pressing all that it yields  
 Of mere fruitage, the strength and  
 the beauty! Beyond, on what  
 fields,  
 Glean a vintage more potent and perfect  
 to brighten the eye  
 And bring blood to the lip, and com-  
 mend them the cup they put by?  
 He saith, 'It is good'; still he drinks  
 not: he lets me praise life,  
 Gives assent, yet would die for his own  
 part.

## XII

Then fancies grew rife  
 Which had come long ago on the  
 pastures, when round me the sheep  
 Fed in silence—above, the one eagle  
 wheeled slow as in sleep;  
 And I lay in my hollow, and mused on  
 the world that might lie  
 'Neath his ken, though I saw but the  
 strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:  
 And I laughed—'Since my days are  
 ordained to be passed with my  
 flocks,  
 Let me people at least, with my fancies,  
 the plains and the rocks,  
 Dream the life I am never to mix with,  
 and image the show  
 Of mankind as they live in those fashions  
 I hardly shall know!  
 Schemes of life, its best rules and right  
 uses, the courage that gains,  
 And the prudence that keeps what  
 men strive for.' And now these  
 old trains

Of vague thought came again; I grew  
 surer; so, once more the string  
 Of my harp made response to my spirit,  
 as thus—

## XIII

'Yea, my King,'

I began—'thou dost well in rejecting  
 mere comforts that spring  
 From the mere mortal life held in  
 common by man and by brute:  
 In our flesh grows the branch of this  
 life, in our soul it bears fruit.  
 Thou hast marked the slow rise of the  
 tree,—how its stem trembled first  
 Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's  
 antler; then safely outburst  
 The fan-branches all round; and thou  
 mindedst when these too, in turn  
 Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed  
 perfect: yet more was to learn,  
 Ev'n the good that comes in with the  
 palm-fruit. Our dates shall we  
 slight,  
 When their juice brings a cure for all  
 sorrow? or care for the plight  
 Of the palm's self whose slow growth  
 produced them? Not so! stem  
 and branch  
 Shall decay, nor be known in their  
 place, while the palm-wine shall  
 staunch  
 Every wound of man's spirit in winter.  
 I pour thee such wine.  
 Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit  
 for! the spirit be thine!  
 By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome  
 thee, thou still shalt enjoy  
 More indeed, than at first when in-  
 conscious, the life of a boy.  
 Crush that life, and behold its wine  
 running! each deed thou hast done  
 Dies, revives, goes to work in the world;  
 until e'en as the sun  
 Looking down on the earth, though  
 clouds spoil him, though tempests  
 efface,  
 Can find nothing his own deed produced  
 not, must everywhere trace  
 The results of his past summer-prime,—  
 so, each ray of thy will,  
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess,  
 long over, shall thrill

Thy whole people the countless, with  
ardour, till they too give forth  
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn,  
fill the South and the North  
With the radiance thy deed was the  
germ of. Carouse in the Past !  
But the license of age has its limit ;  
thou diest at last :  
As the lion when age dims his eyeball,  
the rose at her height,  
So with man—so his power and his  
beauty for ever take flight.  
No ! again a long draught of my soul-  
wine ! look forth o'er the years—  
Thou hast done now with eyes for the  
actual ; begin with the seer's !  
Is Saul dead ? in the depth of the vale  
make his tomb—bid arise  
A grey mountain of marble heaped four-  
square, till, built to the skies,  
Let it mark where the great First King  
slumbers : whose fame would ye  
know ?  
Up above see the rock's naked face,  
where the record shall go  
In great characters cut by the scribe,—  
Such was Saul, so he did ;  
With the sages directing the work, by  
the populace chid,—  
For not half, they'll affirm, is com-  
prised there ! Which fault to  
amend,  
In the grove with his kind grows  
the cedar, whereon they shall  
spend  
(See, in tablets 'tis level before them)  
their praise, and record  
With the gold of the graver, Saul's  
story,—the statesman's great word  
Side by side with the poet's sweet com-  
ment. The river's a-wave  
With smooth paper-reeds grazing each  
other when prophet-winds rave :  
So the pen gives unborn generations  
their due and their part  
In thy being ! Then, first of the  
mighty, thank God that thou art !

## XIV

And behold while I sang . . . But O Thou  
who didst grant me that day,  
And before it not seldom hast granted  
Thy help to essay

Carry on and complete an adventure,—  
my Shield and my Sword  
In that act where my soul was Thy  
servant, Thy word was my word,—  
Still be with me, who then at the sum-  
mit of human endeavour  
And scaling the highest, man's thought  
could, gazed hopeless as ever  
On the new stretch of Heaven above  
me—till, mighty to save,  
Just one lift of Thy hand cleared that  
distance—God's throne from man's  
grave !  
Let me tell out my tale to its ending—  
my voice to my heart  
Which can scarce dare believe in what  
marvels last night I took part,  
As this morning I gather the fragments,  
alone with my sheep,  
And still fear lest the terrible glory  
evanish like sleep !  
For I wake in the grey dewy covert,  
while Hebron upheaves  
The dawn struggling with night on his  
shoulder, and Kidron retrieves  
Slow the damage of yesterday's sun-  
shine.

## XV

I say then,—my song  
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch,  
and ever more strong  
Made a proffer of good to console him  
—he slowly resumed  
His old motions and habitudes kingly.  
The right hand replumed  
His black locks to their wonted com-  
posure, adjusted the swathes  
Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat  
that his countenance bathes,  
He wipes off with the robe ; and he  
girds now his loins as of yore,  
And feels slow for the armlets of price,  
with the clasp set before.  
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere  
error had bent  
The broad brow from the daily com-  
munion ; and still, though much  
spent  
Be the life and the bearing that front  
you, the same, God did choose,  
To receive what a man may waste,  
desecrate, never quite lose.



So sank he along by the tent-prop till,  
 stayed by the pile  
 Of his armour and war-cloak and  
 garments, he leaned there awhile,  
 And so sat out my singing,—one arm  
 round the tent-prop, to raise  
 His bent head, and the other hung  
 slack—till I touched on the praise  
 I foresaw from all men in all times, to  
 the man patient there;  
 And thus ended, the harp falling for-  
 ward. Then first I was 'ware  
 That he sat, as I say, with my head  
 just above his vast knees  
 Which were thrust out on each side  
 around me, like oak roots which  
 please  
 To encircle a lamb when it slumbers.  
 I looked up to know  
 If the best I could do had brought  
 solace: he spoke not, but slow  
 Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till  
 he laid it with care  
 Soft and grave, but in mild settled will,  
 on my brow: thro' my hair  
 The large fingers were pushed, and he  
 bent back my head, with kind  
 power—  
 All my face back, intent to peruse it,  
 as men do a flower.  
 Thus held he me there with his great  
 eyes that scrutinized mine—  
 And oh, all my heart how it loved him!  
 but where was the sign?  
 I yearned—'Could I help thee, my  
 father, inventing a bliss,  
 I would add to that life of the Past, both  
 the Future and this;  
 I would give thee new life altogether,  
 as good, ages hence,  
 As this moment,—had love but the  
 warrant, love's heart to dispense!'

## XVI

Then the truth came upon me. No harp  
 more—no song more! outbroke—

## XVII

'I have gone the whole round of Crea-  
 tion: I saw and I spoke!  
 I, a work of God's hand for that pur-  
 pose, received in my brain  
 And pronounced on the rest of His  
 handwork—returned Him again

His creation's approval or censure: I  
 spoke as I saw.  
 I report, as a man may of God's work  
 —all's love, yet all's law!  
 Now I lay down the judgeship He lent  
 me. Each faculty tasked  
 To perceive Him, has gained an abyss,  
 where a dewdrop was asked.  
 Have I knowledge? confounded it  
 shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.  
 Have I forethought? how purblind,  
 how blank, to the Infinite Care!  
 Do I task any faculty highest, to image  
 success?  
 I but open my eyes,—and perfection,  
 no more and no less,  
 In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me,  
 and God is seen God  
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in  
 the soul and the clod.  
 And thus looking within and around  
 me, I ever renew  
 (With that stoop of the soul which in  
 bending upraises it too)  
 The submission of Man's nothing-  
 perfect to God's All-Complete,  
 As by each new obeisance in spirit,  
 I climb to His feet!  
 Yet with all this abounding experience,  
 this Deity known,  
 I shall dare to discover some province,  
 some gift of my own.  
 There's a faculty pleasant to exercise,  
 hard to hoodwink,  
 I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I  
 laugh as I think)  
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it,  
 wot ye, I worst  
 E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold!  
 I could love if I durst!  
 But I sink the pretension as fearing  
 a man may o'ertake  
 God's own speed in the one way of love:  
 I abstain for love's sake.  
 —What, my soul? see thus far and no  
 farther? when doors great and  
 small,  
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,  
 should the hundredth appal?  
 In the least things, have faith, yet dis-  
 trust in the greatest of all?  
 Do I find love so full in my nature,  
 God's ultimate gift,

That I doubt His own love can compete  
with it ? here, the parts shift ?  
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,  
the end, what Began ?—  
Would I fain in my impotent yearning  
do all for this man,  
And dare doubt He alone shall not help  
him, who yet alone can ?  
Would it ever have entered my mind,  
the bare will, much less power,  
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of,  
the marvellous dower  
Of the life he was gifted and filled  
with ? to make such a soul,  
Such a body, and then such an earth  
for insphering the whole ?  
And doth it not enter my mind (as my  
warm tears attest)  
These good things being given, to go  
on, and give one more, the best ?  
Ay, to save and redeem and restore  
him, maintain at the height  
This perfection,—succeed with life's  
dayspring, death's minute of night ?  
Interpose at the difficult minute,  
snatch Saul, the mistake,  
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now,  
—and bid him awake  
From the dream, the probation, the  
prelude, to find himself set  
Clear and safe in new light and new  
life,—a new harmony yet  
To be run, and continued, and ended—  
who knows ?—or endure !  
The man taught enough by life's  
dream, of the rest to make sure ;  
By the pain-throb, triumphantly win-  
ning intensified bliss,  
And the next world's reward and  
repose, by the struggles in this.

## XVIII

'I believe it ! 'tis Thou, God, that  
givest, 'tis I who receive :  
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my  
power to believe.  
All's one gift : Thou canst grant it  
moreover, as prompt to my prayer  
As I breathe out this breath, as I open  
these arms to the air.  
From Thy will, stream the worlds, life  
and nature, thy dread Sabaoth :  
I will ?—the mere atoms despise me !  
why am I not loth

To look that, even that in the face too ?  
why is it I dare  
Think but lightly of such impuissance ?  
what stops my despair ?  
This ;—'tis not what man Does which  
exalts him, but what man Would  
do !  
See the King—I would help him but  
cannot, the wishes fall through.  
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow,  
grow poor to enrich,  
To fill up his life, starve my own out,  
I would—knowing which,  
I know that my service is perfect. Oh,  
speak through me now !  
Would I suffer for him that I love ?  
So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou !  
So shall crown Thee the topmost,  
ineffablest, uttermost crown—  
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly,  
nor leave up nor down  
One spot for the creature to stand in !  
It is by no breath,  
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salva-  
tion joins issue with death !  
As Thy Love is discovered almighty,  
almighty be proved  
Thy power, that exists with and for it,  
of being Beloved !  
He who did most, shall bear most ; the  
strongest shall stand the most  
weak.  
'Tis the weakness in strength, that  
I cry for ! my flesh, that I  
seek  
In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it.  
O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee ;  
a Man like to me,  
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for  
ever : a Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life  
to thee ! See the Christ stand !'

## XIX

I know not too well how I found my  
way home in the night.  
There were witnesses, cohorts about  
me, to left and to right,  
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen,  
the alive, the aware—  
I repressed, I got through them as  
hardly, as strugglingly there,



As a runner beset by the populace  
famished for news—  
Life or death. The whole earth was  
awakened, hell loosed with her  
crews;  
And the stars of night beat with emotion,  
and tingled and shot  
Out in fire the strong pain of pent  
knowledge: but I fainted not,  
For the Hand still impelled me at once  
and supported, suppressed  
All the tumult, and quenched it with  
quiet, and holy behest,  
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and  
the earth sank to rest.  
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had  
withered from earth—  
Not so much, but I saw it die out in  
the day's tender birth;  
In the gathered intensity brought to  
the grey of the hills;  
In the shuddering forests' new awe;  
in the sudden wind-thrills;  
In the startled wild beasts that bore  
off, each with eye sidling still  
Though averted with wonder and  
dread; in the birds stiff and chill  
That rose heavily, as I approached  
them, made stupid with awe!  
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,  
—he felt the new Law.  
The same stared in the white humid  
faces upturned by the flowers;  
The same worked in the heart of  
the cedar, and moved the vine-  
bowers:  
And the little brooks witnessing mur-  
mured, persistent and low,  
With their obstinate, all but hushed  
voices—'E'en so, it is so!'

### MY STAR

ALL that I know  
Of a certain star,  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue,  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that dartles the red and the  
blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,  
hangs furled:

They must solace themselves with  
the Saturn above it.

What matter to me if their star is a  
world?

Mine has opened its soul to me;  
therefore I love it.

### BY THE FIRE-SIDE

#### I

How well I know what I mean to do  
When the long dark Autumn even-  
ings come,

And where, my soul, is thy pleasant  
hue?

With the music of all thy voices,  
dumb

In life's November too!

#### II

I shall be found by the fire, suppose,  
O'er a great wise book as beseemeth  
age,

While the shutters flap as the cross-  
wind blows,

And I turn the page, and I turn the  
page,

Not verse now, only prose!

#### III

Till the young ones whisper, finger on  
lip,

'There he is at it, deep in Greek:

Now, then, or never, out we slip

To cut from the hazels by the creek  
A mainmast for our ship!'

#### IV

I shall be at it indeed, my friends!

Greek puts already on either side

Such a branch-work forth as soon  
extends

To a vista opening far and wide,  
And I pass out where it ends.

#### V

The outside-frame, like your hazel-  
trees—

But the inside-archway narrows fast,  
And a rarer sort succeeds to these,

And we slope to Italy at last  
And youth, by green degrees.

## VI

I follow wherever I am led,  
 Knowing so well the leader's hand :  
 Oh, woman-country, wooed not wed,  
 Loved all the more by earth's male-  
 lands,  
 Laid to their hearts instead !

## VII

Look at the ruined chapel again  
 Half-way up in the Alpine gorge.  
 Is that a tower, I point you plain,  
 Or is it a mill, or an iron forge  
 Breaks solitude in vain ?

## VIII

A turn, and we stand in the heart of  
 things ;  
 The woods are round us, heaped and  
 dim ;  
 From slab to slab how it slips and  
 springs—  
 The thread of water single and slim,  
 Through the ravage some torrent  
 brings !

## IX

Does it feed the little lake below ?  
 That speck of white just on its  
 marge  
 Is Pella ; see, in the evening-glow,  
 How sharp the silver spear-heads  
 charge  
 When Alp meets Heaven in snow.

## X

On our other side is the straight-up  
 rock ;  
 And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge  
 and it  
 By boulder-stones where lichens mock  
 The marks on a moth, and small ferns  
 fit  
 Their teeth to the polished block.

## XI

Oh, the sense of the yellow mountain-  
 flowers,  
 And the thorny balls, each three in  
 one,  
 The chestnuts throw on our path in  
 showers !  
 —For the drop of the woodland fruit's  
 begun,  
 These early November hours,

## XII

That crimson the creeper's leaf across  
 Like a splash of blood, intense,  
 abrupt,  
 O'er a shield else gold from rim to boss,  
 And lay it for show on the fairy-  
 cupped  
 Elf-needled mat of moss,

## XIII

By the rose-flesh mushrooms, un-  
 divulged  
 Last evening—nay, in to-day's first  
 dew  
 Yon sudden coral nipple bulged  
 Where a freaked, fawn-coloured,  
 flaky crew  
 Of toad-stools peep indulged.

## XIV

And yonder, at foot of the fronting ridge  
 That takes the turn to a range  
 beyond,  
 Is the chapel reached by the one-arched  
 bridge  
 Where the water is stopped in a  
 stagnant pond  
 Danced over by the midge.

## XV

The chapel and bridge are of stone alike,  
 Blackish-grey and mostly wet ;  
 Cut hemp-stalks steep in the narrow  
 dyke.  
 See here again, how the lichens fret  
 And the roots of the ivy strike !

## XVI

Poor little place, where its one priest  
 comes  
 On a festa-day, if he comes at all,  
 To the dozen folk from their scattered  
 homes,  
 Gathered within that precinct small  
 By the dozen ways one roams—

## XVII

To drop from the charcoal-burners' huts,  
 Or climb from the hemp-dressers'  
 low shed,  
 Leave the grange where the woodman  
 stores his nuts,  
 Or the wattled cote where the fowlers  
 spread  
 Their gear on the rock's bare juts.

## XVIII

It has some pretension too, this front,  
 With its bit of fresco half-moon-wise  
 Set over the porch, Art's early wont :  
 'Tis John in the Desert, I surmise,  
 But has borne the weather's brunt—

## XIX

Not from the fault of the builder,  
 though,  
 For a pent-house properly projects  
 Where three carved beams make a  
 certain show,  
 Dating—good thought of our archi-  
 tect's—  
 'Five, six, nine, he lets you know.

## XX

And all day long a bird sings there,  
 And a stray sheep drinks at the pond  
 at times ;  
 The place is silent and aware ;  
 It has had its scenes, its joys and  
 crimes,  
 But that is its own affair.

## XXI

My perfect wife, my Leonor,  
 Oh, heart my own, oh, eyes, mine too,  
 Whom else could I dare look backward  
 for,  
 With whom beside should I dare  
 pursue  
 The path grey heads abhor ?

## XXII

For it leads to a crag's sheer edge with  
 them ;  
 Youth, flowery all the way, there  
 stops—  
 Not they ; age threatens and they  
 condemn,  
 Till they reach the gulf wherein youth  
 drops,  
 One inch from our life's safe hem !

## XXIII

With me, youth led . . . I will speak  
 now,  
 No longer watch you as you sit  
 Reading by fire-light, that great brow  
 And the spirit-small hand propping it,  
 Mutely, my heart knows how—

## XXIV

When, if I think but deep enough,  
 You are wont to answer, prompt as  
 rhyme ;  
 And you, too, find without a rebuff  
 The response your soul seeks many  
 a time  
 Piercing its fine flesh-stuff.

## XXV

My own, confirm me ! If I tread  
 This path back, is it not in pride  
 To think how little I dreamed it led  
 To an age so blest that by its side  
 Youth seems the waste instead ?

## XXVI

My own, see where the years conduct !  
 At first, 'twas something our two  
 souls  
 Should mix as mists do ; each is  
 sucked  
 Into each now : on, the new stream  
 rolls,  
 Whatever rocks obstruct.

## XXVII

Think, when our one soul understands  
 The great Word which makes all  
 things new—  
 When earth breaks up and Heaven  
 expands—  
 How will the change strike me and you  
 In the House not made with hands ?

## XXVIII

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,  
 Your heart anticipate my heart,  
 You must be just before, in fine,  
 See and make me see, for your part,  
 New depths of the Divine !

## XXIX

But who could have expected this,  
 When we two drew together first  
 Just for the obvious human bliss,  
 To satisfy life's daily thirst  
 With a thing men seldom miss ?

## XXX

Come back with me to the first of all,  
 Let us lean and love it over again—  
 Let us now forget and now recall,  
 Break the rosary in a pearly rain,  
 And gather what we let fall !

## XXXI

What did I say ?—that a small bird  
sings

All day long, save when a brown  
pair

Of hawks from the wood float with  
wide wings

Strained to a bell ; 'gainst the noon-  
day glare

You count the streaks and rings.

## XXXII

But at afternoon or almost eve

'Tis better ; then the silence grows  
To that degree, you half believe

It must get rid of what it knows,  
Its bosom does so heave.

## XXXIII

Hither we walked, then, side by side,  
Arm in arm and cheek to cheek,

And still I questioned or replied,

While my heart, convulsed to really  
speak,

Lay choking in its pride.

## XXXIV

Silent the crumbling bridge we cross,  
And pity and praise the chapel  
sweet,

And care about the fresco's loss,

And wish for our souls a like retreat,  
And wonder at the moss.

## XXXV

Stoop and kneel on the settle under—  
Look through the window's grated  
square :

Nothing to see ! for fear of plunder,

The cross is down and the altar bare,  
As if thieves don't fear thunder.

## XXXVI

We stoop and look in through the grate,  
See the little porch and rustic door,

Read duly the dead builder's date,

Then cross the bridge we crossed  
before,

Take the path again—but wait !

## XXXVII

Oh moment, one and infinite !

The water slips o'er stock and stone ;  
The West is tender, hardly bright :

How grey at once is the evening  
grown—

One star, the chrysolite !

## XXXVIII

We two stood there with never a third,

But each by each, as each knew well :  
The sights we saw and the sounds we  
heard,

The lights and the shades made up  
a spell

Till the trouble grew and stirred.

## XXXIX

Oh, the little more, and how much it is !

And the little less, and what worlds  
away !

How a sound shall quicken content to  
bliss,

Or a breath suspend the blood's best  
play,

And life be a proof of this !

## XL

Had she willed it, still had stood the  
screen

So slight, so sure, 'twixt my love and  
her :

I could fix her face with a guard  
between,

And find her soul as when friends  
confer,

Friends—lovers that might have been.

## XLI

For my heart had a touch of the wood-  
land-time,

Wanting to sleep now over its best.

Shake the whole tree in the summer-  
prime,

But bring to the last leaf no such  
test :

'Hold the last fast !' runs the rhyme.

## XLII

For a chance to make your little much,

To gain a lover and lose a friend,

Venture the tree and a myriad such,  
When nothing you mar but the year  
can mend !

But a last leaf—fear to touch !

## XLIII

Yet should it unfasten itself and fall

Eddying down till it find your face

At some slight wind—(best chance of  
all)

Be your heart henceforth its dwelling-  
place

You trembled to forestal !

XLIV

Worth how well, those dark grey eyes,  
—That hair so dark and dear, how  
worth  
That a man should strive and agonize,  
And taste a very hell on earth  
For the hope of such a prize !

XLV

Oh, you might have turned and tried  
a man,  
Set him a space to weary and wear  
And prove which suited more your  
plan,  
His best of hope or his worst despair,  
Yet end as he began.

XLVI

But you spared me this, like the heart  
you are,  
And filled my empty heart at a word.  
If you join two lives, there is oft a scar,  
They are one and one, with a shadowy  
third ;  
One near one is too far.

XLVII

A moment after, and hands unseen  
Were hanging the night around us  
fast ;  
But we knew that a bar was broken  
between  
Life and life : we were mixed at last  
In spite of the mortal screen.

XLVIII

The forests had done it ; there they  
stood ;  
We caught for a second the powers  
at play :  
They had mingled us so, for once and  
for good,  
Their work was done—we might go  
or stay,  
They relapsed to their ancient mood.

XLIX

How the world is made for each of us !  
How all we perceive and know in it  
Tends to some moment's product thus,  
When a soul declares itself—to wit,  
By its fruit—the thing it does !

L

Be Hate that fruit or Love that fruit,  
It forwards the General Deed of Man,  
And each of the Many helps to recruit  
The life of the race by a general plan ;  
Each living his own, to boot.

LI

I am named and known by that hour's  
feat ;  
There took my station and degree :  
So grew my own small life complete  
As nature obtained her best of me—  
One born to love you, Sweet !

LII

And to watch you sink by the fire-side  
now  
Back again, as you mutely sit  
Musing by fire-light, that great brow  
And the spirit-small hand propping it  
Yonder, my heart knows how !

LIII

So, the earth has gained by one man  
more,  
And the gain of earth must be  
Heaven's gain too,  
And the whole is well worth thinking  
o'er  
When the autumn comes : which I  
mean to do  
One day, as I said before.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

I

My love, this is the bitterest, that thou  
Who art all truth and who dost love  
me now  
As thine eyes say, as thy voice  
breaks to say—  
Shouldst love so truly and couldst love  
me still  
A whole long life through, had but love  
its will,  
Would death that leads me from thee  
brook delay !

II

I have but to be by thee, and thy hand  
Would never let mine go, nor heart  
withstand

The beating of my heart to reach its  
place.  
When should I look for thee and feel  
thee gone ?  
When cry for the old comfort and find  
none ?  
Never, I know ! Thy soul is in thy  
face.

## III

Oh, I should fade—'tis willed so !  
might I save,  
Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave  
Joy to thy sense, for that was  
precious too.  
It is not to be granted. But the soul  
Whence the love comes, all ravage  
leaves that whole ;  
Vainly the flesh fades ; soul makes  
all things new.

## IV

And 'twould not be because my eye  
grew dim  
Thou couldst not find the love there,  
thanks to Him  
Who never is dishonoured in the  
spark  
He gave us from His fire of fires, and  
bade  
Remember whence it sprang nor be  
afraid  
While that burns on, though all the  
rest grow dark.

## V

So, how thou wouldst be perfect, white  
and clean  
Outside as inside, soul and soul's  
demesne  
Alike, this body given to show it by !  
Oh, three-parts through the worst of  
life's abyss,  
What plaudits from the next world  
after this,  
Couldst thou repeat a stroke and  
gain the sky !

## VI

And is it not the bitterer to think  
That, disengage our hands and thou  
wilt sink

Although thy love was love in very  
deed ?  
I know that nature ! Pass a festive  
day  
Thou dost not throw its relic-flower  
away  
Nor bid its music's loitering echo  
speed.

## VII

Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie  
where it fell ;  
If old things remain old things all is  
well,  
For thou art grateful as becomes  
man best :  
And hadst thou only heard me play  
one tune,  
Or viewed me from a window, not so  
soon  
With thee would such things fade as  
with the rest.

## VIII

I seem to see ! we meet and part ;  
'tis brief ;  
The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,  
The very chair I sat on, breaks the  
rank ;  
That is a portrait of me on the wall—  
Three lines, my face comes at so slight  
a call :  
And for all this, one little hour's to  
thank.

## IX

But now, because the hour through  
years was fixed,  
Because our inmost beings met and  
mixed,  
Because thou once hast loved me—  
wilt thou dare  
Say to thy soul and Who may list  
beside,  
'Therefore she is immortally my bride,  
Chance cannot change my love, nor  
time impair.

## X

'So, what if in the dusk of life that's  
left,  
I, a tired traveller, of my sun bereft,



Look from my path when, mimicking  
the same,  
The fire-fly glimpses past me, come  
and gone ?  
—Where was it till the sunset ? where  
anon  
It will be at the sunrise ! what's to  
blame ?'

XI

Is it so helpful to thee ? canst thou  
take  
The mimic up, nor, for the true thing's  
sake,  
Put gently by such efforts at a beam ?  
Is the remainder of the way so long  
Thou need'st the little solace, thou the  
strong ?  
Watch out thy watch, let weak ones  
doze and dream !

XII

'—Ah, but the fresher faces ! Is it  
true,'  
Thou'lt ask, 'some eyes are beautiful  
and new ?  
Some hair,—how can one choose but  
grasp such wealth ?  
And if a man would press his lips to  
lips  
Fresh as the wilding hedge-rose cup  
there slips  
The dew-drop out of, must it be by  
stealth ?

XIII

'It cannot change the love still kept  
for Her,  
Much more than, such a picture to  
prefer  
Passing a day with, to a room's bare  
side :  
The painted form takes nothing she  
possessed,  
Yet, while the Titian's Venus lies at  
rest,  
A man looks. Once more, what is  
there to chide ?'

XIV

So must I see, from where I sit and  
watch,  
My own self sell myself, my hand  
attach

Its warrant to the very thefts from  
me—  
Thy singleness of soul that made me  
proud,  
Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,  
Thy man's-truth I was bold to bid  
God see !

XV

Love so, then, if thou wilt ! Give all  
thou canst  
Away to the new faces—disentranced,  
(Say it and think it) obdurate no  
more,  
Re-issue looks and words from the old  
mint,  
Pass them afresh, no matter whose the  
print  
Image and superscription once they  
bore !

XVI

Re-coin thyself and give it them to  
spend,—  
It all comes to the same thing at the  
end,  
Since mine thou wast, mine art and  
mine shalt be,  
Faithful or faithless, sealing up the  
sum  
Or lavish of my treasure, thou must  
come  
Back to the heart's place here I keep  
for thee !

XVII

Only, why should it be with stain at  
all ?  
Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of  
coronal,  
Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow ?  
Why need the other women know so  
much,  
And talk together, 'Such the look and  
such  
The smile he used to love with, then  
as now !'

XVIII

Might I die last and show thee ! Should  
I find  
Such hardship in the few years left  
behind,

If free to take and light my lamp,  
and go  
Into thy tomb, and shut the door and  
sit  
Seeing thy face on those four sides of it  
The better that they are so blank,  
I know !

## XIX

Why, time was what I wanted, to  
turn o'er  
Within my mind each look, get more  
and more  
By heart each word, too much to  
learn at first ;  
And join thee all the fitter for the  
pause  
'Neath the low door-way's lintel. That  
were cause  
For lingering, though thou calledst,  
if I durst !

## XX

And yet thou art the nobler of us two :  
What dare I dream of, that thou canst  
not do,  
Outstripping my ten small steps with  
one stride ?  
I'll say then, here 's a trial and a task—  
Is it to bear ?—if easy, I'll not ask :  
Though love fail, I can trust on in  
thy pride.

## XXI

Pride ?—when those eyes forestal the  
life behind  
The death I have to go through !—  
when I find,  
Now that I want thy help most, all  
of thee !  
What did I fear ? Thy love shall hold  
me fast  
Until the little minute's sleep is past  
And I wake saved.—And yet it will  
not be !

## TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

## I

I WONDER do you feel to-day  
As I have felt, since, hand in hand,  
We sat down on the grass, to stray  
In spirit better through the land,  
This morn of Rome and May ?

## II

For me, I touched a thought, I know,  
Has tantalized me many times,  
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw  
Mocking across our path) for rhymes  
To catch at and let go.

## III

Help me to hold it ! First it left  
The yellowing fennel, run to seed  
There, branching from the brickwork's  
cleft,  
Some old tomb's ruin ; yonder weed  
Took up the floating weft,

## IV

Where one small orange cup amassed  
Five beetles,—blind and green they  
glope  
Among the honey-meal : and last,  
Everywhere on the grassy slope  
I traced it. Hold it fast !

## V

The champaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere !  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
An everlasting wash of air—  
Rome's ghost since her decease.

## VI

Such life there, through such lengths  
of hours,  
Such miracles performed in play,  
Such primal naked forms of flowers,  
Such letting Nature have her way  
While Heaven looks from its towers !

## VII

How say you ? Let us, O my dove,  
Let us be unashamed of soul,  
As earth lies bare to heaven above !  
How is it under our control  
To love or not to love ?

## VIII

I would that you were all to me,  
You that are just so much, no more.  
Nor yours, nor mine,—nor slave nor  
free !  
Where does the fault lie ? what the  
core  
Of the wound, since wound must be ?

## IX

I would I could adopt your will,  
 See with your eyes, and set my heart  
 Beating by yours, and drink my fill  
 At your soul's springs,—your part,  
 my part  
 In life, for good and ill.

## X

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,  
 Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,  
 Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the  
 rose  
 And love it more than tongue can  
 speak—  
 Then the good minute goes.

## XI

Already how am I so far  
 Out of that minute? Must I go  
 Still like the thistle ball, no bar,  
 Onward, whenever light winds blow,  
 Fixed by no friendly star?

## XII

Just when I seemed about to learn!  
 Where is the thread now? Off  
 again!  
 The old trick! Only I discern—  
 Infinite passion, and the pain  
 Of finite hearts that yearn.

## MISCONCEPTIONS

## I

THIS is a spray the Bird clung to,  
 Making it blossom with pleasure,  
 Ere the high tree-top she spung to,  
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure  
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying  
 feet hung to,—  
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung  
 to!

## II

This is a heart the Queen leant on,  
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,  
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic  
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer  
 went on—  
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to,  
 spent on!

## A SERENADE AT THE VILLA

## I

THAT was I, you heard last night  
 When there rose no moon at all,  
 Nor, to pierce the strained and tight  
 Tent of heaven, a planet small:  
 Life was dead, and so was light.

## II

Not a twinkle from the fly,  
 Not a glimmer from the worm.  
 When the crickets stopped their cry,  
 When the owls forbore a term,  
 You heard music; that was I.

## III

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,  
 Sultrily suspired for proof:  
 In at heaven and out again,  
 Lightning!—where it broke the roof,  
 Bloodlike, some few drops of rain.

## IV

What they could my words expressed,  
 O my Love, my All, my One!  
 Singing helped the verses best,  
 And when singing's best was done,  
 To my lute I left the rest.

## V

So wore night; the East was gray,  
 White the broad-faced hemlock-  
 flowers;  
 There would be another day;  
 Ere its first of heavy hours  
 Found me, I had past away.

## VI

What became of all the hopes,  
 Words and song and lute as well?  
 Say, this struck you—'When life  
 gropes  
 Feebly for the path where fell  
 Light last on the evening slopes,

## VII

'One friend in that path shall be  
 To secure my steps from wrong;  
 One to count night day for me,  
 Patient through the watches long,  
 Serving most with none to see.'

## VIII

Never say—as something bodes—  
 'So, the worst has yet a worse!  
 When life halts 'neath double loads,  
 Better the task-master's curse  
 Than such music on the roads!

## IX

'When no moon succeeds the sun,  
Nor can pierce the midnight's tent  
Any star, the smallest one,  
While some drops, where lightning  
went,  
Show the final storm begun—

## X

'When the fire-fly hides its spot,  
When the garden-voices fail  
In the darkness thick and hot,—  
Shall another voice avail,  
That shape be where these are not ?

## XI

'Has some plague a longer lease  
Proffering its help uncouth ?  
Can't one even die in peace ?  
As one shuts one's eyes on youth,  
Is that face the last one sees ?'

## XII

Oh, how dark your villa was,  
Windows fast and obdurate !  
How the garden grudged me grass  
Where I stood—the iron gate  
Ground its teeth to let me pass !

## ONE WAY OF LOVE

## I

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.  
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves  
And strew them where Pauline may  
pass.  
She will not turn aside ? Alas !  
Let them lie. Suppose they die ?  
The chance was they might take her  
eye.

## II

How many a month I strove to suit  
These stubborn fingers to the lute !  
To-day I venture all I know.  
She will not hear my music ? So !  
Break the string ; fold music's wing :  
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing !

## III

My whole life long I learned to love.  
This hour my utmost art I prove  
And speak my passion.—Heaven or  
Hell ?

She will not give me Heaven ? 'Tis well !  
Lose who may—I still can say,  
Those who win Heaven, blest are they !

## ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE

## I

JUNE was not over,  
Though past the full,  
And the best of her roses  
Had yet to blow,  
When a man I know  
(But shall not discover,  
Since ears are dull,  
And time discloses)  
Turned him and said with a man's true  
air,  
Half sighing a smile in a yawn, as 't  
were,—  
'If I tire of your June, will she greatly  
care ?'

## II

Well, Dear, in-doors with you !  
True, serene deadness  
Tries a man's temper.  
What's in the blossom  
June wears on her bosom ?  
Can it clear scores with you ?  
Sweetness and redness,  
*Eadem semper !*  
Go, let me care for it greatly or slightly  
If June mends her bowers now, your  
hand left unsightly  
By plucking their roses,—my June will  
do rightly,

## III

And after, for pastime,  
If June be refulgent  
With flowers in completeness,  
All petals, no prickles,  
Delicious as trickles  
Of wine poured at mass-time,—  
And choose One indulgent  
To redness and sweetness :  
Or if, with experience of man and of  
spider,  
June use my June-lightning, the strong  
insect-ridder,  
And stop the fresh spinning,—why,  
June will consider.

## A PRETTY WOMAN

## I

THAT fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,  
And the blue eye  
Dear and dewy,  
And that infantine fresh air of hers !

## II

To think men cannot take you, Sweet,  
And enfold you,  
Ay, and hold you,  
And so keep you what they make you,  
Sweet !

## III

You like us for a glance, you know—  
For a word's sake,  
Or a sword's sake,  
All's the same, whate'er the chance,  
you know.

## IV

And in turn we make you ours, we  
say—  
You and youth too,  
Eyes and mouth too,  
All the face composed of flowers, we  
say.

## V

All's our own, to make the most of,  
Sweet—  
Sing and say for,  
Watch and pray for,  
Keep a secret or go boast of, Sweet !

## VI

But for loving, why, you would not,  
Sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you  
In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet !

## VII

So, we leave the sweet face fondly  
there :  
Be its beauty  
Its sole duty !  
Let all hope of grace beyond, lie there !

## VIII

And while the face lies quiet there,  
Who shall wonder  
That I ponder  
A conclusion ? I will try it there.

## IX

As,—why must one, for the love for-  
gone,  
Scout mere liking ?  
Thunder-striking  
Earth,—the Heaven, we looked above  
for, gone !

## X

Why with beauty, needs there money  
be—  
Love with liking ?  
Crush the fly-king  
In his gauze, because no honey-bee ?

## XI

May not liking be so simple-sweet,  
If love grew there  
'Twould undo there  
All that breaks the cheek to dimples  
sweet ?

## XII

Is the creature too imperfect, say ?  
Would you mend it  
And so end it ?  
Since not all addition perfects aye !

## XIII

Or is it of its kind, perhaps,  
Just perfection—  
Whence, rejection  
Of a grace not to its mind, perhaps ?

## XIV

Shall we burn up, tread that face at once  
Into tinder,  
And so hinder  
Sparks from kindling all the place at  
once ?

## XV

Or else kiss away one's soul on her ?  
Your love-fancies !  
—A sick man sees  
Truer, when his hot eyes roll on her !

## XVI

Thus the craftsman thinks to grace the  
rose,—  
Plucks a mould-flower  
For his gold flower,  
Uses fine things that efface the rose :

## XVII

Rosy rubies make its cup more rose,  
Precious metals  
Ape the petals,—  
Last, some old king locks it up, morose !

## XVIII

Then, how grace a rose ? I know a  
way !  
Leave it, rather.  
Must you gather ?  
Smell, kiss, wear it—at last, throw  
away !

## RESPECTABILITY

## I

DEAR, had the world in its caprice  
Deigned to proclaim 'I know you  
both,

Have recognized your plighted troth,  
Am sponsor for you: live in peace!'—  
How many precious months and years  
Of youth had passed, that speed so  
fast,

Before we found it out at last,  
The world, and what it fears?

## II

How much of priceless life were spent  
With men that every virtue decks,  
And women models of their sex,  
Society's true ornament,—  
Ere we dared wander, nights like this,  
Thro' wind and rain, and watch the  
Seine,

And feel the Boulevard break again  
To warmth and light and bliss?

## III

I know! the world proscribes not love;  
Allows my finger to caress  
Your lip's contour and downiness,  
Provided it supply a glove.

The world's good word!—the Institute!  
Guizot receives Montalembert!

Eh? down the court three lampions  
flare—

Put forward your best foot!

## LOVE IN A LIFE

## I

Room after room,  
I hunt the house through  
We inhabit together.  
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou  
shalt find her,  
Next time, herself!—not the trouble  
behind her  
Left in the curtain, the couch's per-  
fume!

As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath  
blossomed anew:

Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave  
of her feather.

## II

Yet the day wears,  
And door succeeds door;  
I try the fresh fortune—  
Range the wide house from the wing to  
the centre.

Still the same chance! she goes out as  
I enter.

Spend my whole day in the quest,—  
who cares?

But 'tis twilight, you see,—with such  
suites to explore,

Such closets to search, such alcoves to  
importune!

## LIFE IN A LOVE

ESCAPE me?

Never—

Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,  
So long as the world contains us  
both,

Me the loving and you the loth,  
While the one eludes, must the other  
pursue.

My life is a fault at last, I fear:  
It seems too much like a fate, indeed  
Though I do my best I shall scarce  
succeed.

But what if I fail of my purpose here?  
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And baffled, get up and begin again,—  
So the chace takes up one's life, that's  
all.

While, look but once from your farthest  
bound

At me so deep in the dust and dark,  
No sooner the old hope drops to ground  
Than a new one, straight to the self-  
same mark,

I shape me—

Ever

Removed!

## IN THREE DAYS

## I

So, I shall see her in three days  
And just one night, but nights are  
short,

Then two long hours, and that is morn.  
See how I come, unchanged, unworn!



Feel, where my life broke off from  
thine,  
How fresh the splinters keep and  
fine,—  
Only a touch and we combine !

## II

Too long, this time of year, the days !  
But nights—at least the nights are  
short.

As night shows where her one moon is,  
A hand's-breadth of pure light and bliss,  
So life's night gives my lady birth  
And my eyes hold her ! what is worth  
The rest of heaven, the rest of earth ?

## III

O loaded curls, release your store  
Of warmth and scent as once before  
The tingling hair did, lights and darks  
Outbreaking into fairy sparks,  
When under curl and curl I pried  
After the warmth and scent inside,  
Thro' lights and darks how manifold—  
The dark inspired, the light controlled !  
As early Art embrowned the gold.

## IV

What great fear, should one say,  
'Three days  
That change the world, might change  
as well

Your fortune ; and if joy delays,  
Be happy that no worse befell.'  
What small fear, if another says,  
'Three days and one short night beside  
May throw no shadow on your ways ;  
But years must teem with change un-  
tried,

With chance not easily defied,  
With an end somewhere undescried.'  
No fear !—or if a fear be born  
This minute, it dies out in scorn.  
Fear ? I shall see her in three days  
And one night, now the nights are  
short,

Then just two hours, and that is morn.

## IN A YEAR

## I

NEVER any more  
While I live,  
Need I hope to see his face  
As before.

Once his love grown chill,  
Mine may strive—  
Bitterly we re-embrace,  
Single still.

## II

Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him ? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head ?  
Strange ! that very way  
Love begun :  
I as little understand  
Love's decay.

## III

When I sewed or drew,  
I recall  
How he looked as if I sung,  
—Sweetly too.  
If I spoke a word,  
First of all  
Up his cheek the colour sprung,  
Then he heard.

## IV

Sitting by my side,  
At my feet,  
So he breathed the air I breathed,  
Satisfied !  
I, too, at love's brim  
Touched the sweet :  
I would die if death bequeathed  
Sweet to him.

## V

'Speak, I love thee best !'  
He exclaimed.  
'Let thy love my own foretell,'  
I confessed :  
'Clasp my heart on thine  
Now unblamed,  
Since upon thy soul as well  
Hangeth mine !'

## VI

Was it wrong to own,  
Being truth ?  
Why should all the giving prove  
His alone ?  
I had wealth and ease,  
Beauty, youth—  
Since my lover gave me love,  
I gave these.

## VII

That was all I meant,  
 —To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised,  
 To content.  
 Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised  
 Was it strange ?

## VIII

Would he loved me yet,  
 On and on.  
 While I found some way undreamed  
 —Paid my debt !  
 Gave more life and more,  
 Till, all gone,  
 He should smile 'She never seemed  
 Mine before.

## IX

'What—she felt the while, '  
 Must I think ?  
 Love's so different with us men,'  
 He should smile.  
 'Dying for my sake—  
 White and pink !  
 Can't we touch these bubbles then  
 But they break ?'

## X

Dear, the pang is brief,  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
 Grows belief !  
 Well, this cold clay clod  
 Was man's heart.  
 Crumble it—and what comes next ?  
 Is it God ?

## WOMEN AND ROSES

## I

I DREAM of a red-rose tree.  
 And which of its roses three  
 Is the dearest rose to me ?

## II

Round and round, like a dance of  
 snow  
 In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go  
 Floating the women faded for ages,  
 Sculptured in stone, on the poet's  
 pages.

Then follow women fresh and gay,  
 Living and loving and loved to-day,  
 Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of  
 maidens,  
 Beauties unborn. And all, to one  
 cadence,  
 They circle their rose on my rose tree.

## III

Dear rose, thy term is reached,  
 Thy leaf hangs loose and bleached :  
 Bees pass it unimpeached.

## IV

Stay then, stoop, since I cannot climb,  
 You, great shapes of the antique time !  
 How shall I fix you, fire you, freeze you,  
 Break my heart at your feet to please  
 you ?  
 Oh, to possess, and be possessed !  
 Hearts that beat 'neath each pallid  
 breast !  
 But once of love, the poesy, the passion,  
 Drink once and die !—In vain, the  
 same fashion,  
 They circle their rose on my rose tree.

## V

Dear rose, thy joy's undimmed ;  
 Thy cup is ruby-rimmed,  
 Thy cup's heart nectar-brimmed.

## VI

Deep as drops from a statue's plinth  
 The bee sucked in by the hyacinth,  
 So will I bury me while burning,  
 Quench like him at a plunge my yearn-  
 ing,  
 Eyes in your eyes, lips on your lips !  
 Fold me fast where the cincture slips,  
 Prison all my soul in eternities of  
 pleasure !  
 Girdle me once ! But no—in their old  
 measure  
 They circle their rose on my rose tree.

## VII

Dear rose without a thorn,  
 Thy bud's the babe unborn :  
 First streak of a new morn.

## VIII

Wings, lend wings for the cold, the  
 clear !  
 What's far conquers what is near.

Roses will bloom nor want beholders,  
 Sprung from the dust where our own  
 flesh moulders  
 What shall arrive with the cycle's  
 change ?  
 A novel grace and a beauty strange.  
 I will make an Eve, be the artist that  
 began her,  
 Shaped her to his mind !—Alas ! in like  
 manner  
 They circle their rose on my rose tree.

## BEFORE

## I

LET them fight it out, friend ! things  
 have gone too far.  
 God must judge the couple ! leave  
 them as they are  
 —Whichever one's the guiltless, to his  
 glory,  
 And whichever one the guilt's with to  
 my story.

## II

Why, you would not bid men, sunk in  
 such a slough,  
 Strike no arm out further, stick and  
 stink as now,  
 Leaving right and wrong to settle the  
 embroilment,  
 Heaven with snaky Hell, in torture and  
 entoilment ?

## III

Who's the culprit of them ? How  
 must he conceive  
 God—the queen he caps to, laughing  
 in his sleeve,  
 'Tis but decent to profess oneself  
 beneath her :  
 Still, one must not be too much in  
 earnest, either !

## IV

Better sin the whole sin, sure that God  
 observes,  
 Than go live his life out ! life will try  
 his nerves,  
 When the sky which noticed all, makes  
 no disclosure,  
 And the earth keeps up her terrible  
 composure.

## V

Let him pace at pleasure, past the walls  
 of rose,  
 Pluck their fruits when grape-trees  
 graze him as he goes.  
 For he 'gins to guess the purpose of the  
 garden,  
 With the sly mute thing beside, there,  
 for a warden.

## VI

What's the leopard-dog-thing, constant  
 at his side,  
 A leer and lie in every eye of its obse-  
 quious hide ?  
 When will come an end to all the mock  
 obeisance,  
 And the price appear that pays for the  
 misfeasance ?

## VII

So much for the culprit. Who's the  
 martyred man ?  
 Let him bear one stroke more, for be  
 sure he can !  
 He that strove thus evil's lump with  
 good to leaven,  
 Let him give his blood at last and get  
 his Heaven !

## VIII

All or nothing, stake it ! trusts he God  
 or no ?  
 Thus far and no farther ? farther ? be  
 it so !  
 Now, enough of your chicane of prudent  
 pauses,  
 Sage provisos, sub-intents and saving-  
 clauses !

## IX

Ah, 'forgive' you bid him ? While  
 God's champion lives,  
 Wrong shall be resisted : dead, why, he  
 forgives.  
 But you must not end my friend ere you  
 begin him ;  
 Evil stands not crowned on earth, while  
 breath is in him !

## X

Once more—Will the wronger, at this  
 last of all,  
 Dare to say, 'I did wrong,' rising in his  
 fall ?

No ?—Let go, then ! both the fighters  
to their places !  
While I count three, step you back as  
many paces !

## AFTER

TAKE the cloak from his face, and at  
first  
Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man !  
Death has done all death can.

And, absorbed in the new life he  
leads,  
He recks not, he heeds  
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both  
strike  
On his senses alike,  
And are lost in the solemn and strange  
Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase  
His offence, my disgrace ?  
I would we were boys as of old  
In the field, by the fold :  
His outrage, God's patience, man's  
scorn  
Were so easily borne.

I stand here now, he lies in his place :  
Cover the face.

## THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

## A PICTURE AT FANO

## I

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou  
only leave  
That child, when thou hast done  
with him, for me !  
Let me sit all the day here, that when  
eve  
Shall find performed thy special  
ministry  
And time come for departure, thou,  
suspending  
Thy flight, may'st see another child for  
tending,  
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

## II

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no  
more,  
From where thou standest now, to  
where I gaze,  
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er  
With those wings, white above the  
child who prays  
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel  
thee guarding  
Me, out of all the world ; for me, dis-  
carding  
Yon Heaven thy home, that waits  
and opes its door !

## III

I would not look up thither past thy  
head  
Because the door opes, like that  
child, I know,  
For I should have thy gracious face  
instead,  
Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou  
bend me low  
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands  
together,  
And lift them up to pray, and gently  
tether  
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy  
garment's spread ?

## IV

If this was ever granted, I would rest  
My head beneath thine, while thy  
healing hands  
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy  
breast,  
Pressing the brain, which too much  
thought expands,  
Back to its proper size again, and  
smoothing  
Distortion down till every nerve had  
soothing,  
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

## V

How soon all worldly wrong would be  
repaired !  
I think how I should view the earth  
and skies  
And sea, when once again my brow  
was bared  
After thy healing, with such different  
eyes.

O, world, as God has made it! all is  
 beauty:  
 And knowing this, is love, and love is  
 duty.  
 What further may be sought for or  
 declared?

## VI

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach  
 (Alfred, dear friend!)—that little  
 child to pray,  
 Holding the little hands up, each to each  
 Pressed gently,—with his own head  
 turned away  
 Over the earth where so much lay before  
 him  
 Of work to do, though Heaven was  
 opening o'er him,  
 And he was left at Fano by the beach.

## VII

We were at Fano, and three times we  
 went  
 To sit and see him in his chapel there,  
 And drink his beauty to our soul's  
 content  
 —My angel with me too: and since  
 I care  
 For dear Guercino's fame (to which in  
 power  
 And glory comes this picture for a  
 dower,  
 Fraught with a pathos so magnificent),

## VIII

And since he did not work so earnestly  
 At all times, and has else endured  
 some wrong—  
 I took one thought his picture struck  
 from me,  
 And spread it out, translating it to  
 song.  
 My Love is here. Where are you, dear  
 old friend?  
 How rolls the Wairoa at your world's  
 far end?  
 This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

## MEMORABILIA

## I

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,  
 And did he stop and speak to you?  
 And did you speak to him again?  
 How strange it seems, and new!

## II

But you were living before that,  
 And you are living after,  
 And the memory I started at—  
 My starting moves your laughter!

## III

I crossed a moor, with a name of its  
 own  
 And a use in the world no doubt,  
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
 'Mid the blank miles round about:

## IV

For there I picked up on the heather  
 And there I put inside my breast  
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—  
 Well, I forget the rest.

## POPULARITY

## I

STAND still, true poet that you are!  
 I know you; let me try and draw  
 you.  
 Some night you'll fail us: when afar  
 You rise, remember one man saw  
 you,  
 Knew you, and named a star!

## II

My star, God's glow-worm! Why  
 extend  
 That loving hand of His which leads  
 you,  
 Yet locks you safe from end to end  
 Of this dark world, unless He needs  
 you—  
 Just saves your light to spend?

## III

His clenched Hand shall uncloset at  
 last,  
 I know, and let out all the beauty:  
 My poet holds the Future fast,  
 Accepts the coming ages' duty,  
 Their Present for this Past.

## IV

That day, the earth's feast-master's  
 brow  
 Shall clear, to God the chalice raising;  
 'Others give best at first, but Thou  
 Forever set'st our table praising,  
 Keep'st the good wine till now!

## V

Meantime, I'll draw you as you stand,  
With few or none to watch and  
wonder :

I'll say—a fisher, on the sand  
By Tyre the Old, with ocean-plunder,  
A netful, brought to land.

## VI

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells  
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes  
Whereof one drop worked miracles,  
And coloured like Astarte's eyes  
Raw silk the merchant sells ?

## VII

And each bystander of them all  
Could criticize, and quote tradition  
How depths of blue sublimed some pall  
—To get which, pricked a king's  
ambition ;  
Worth sceptre, crown and ball.

## VIII

Yet there's the dye, in that rough mesh,  
The sea has only just o'er-whispered !  
Live whelks, each lip's beard dripping  
fresh,  
As if they still the water's lisp heard  
Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.

## IX

Enough to furnish Solomon  
Such hangings for his cedar-house,  
That, when gold-robed he took the  
throne  
In that abyss of blue, the Spouse  
Might swear his presence shone

## X

Most like the centre-spike of gold  
Which burns deep in the blue-bell's  
womb,  
What time, with ardours manifold,  
The bee goes singing to her groom,  
Drunken and overbold.

## XI

Mere conchs ! not fit for warp or woof !  
Till cunning comes to pound and  
squeeze  
And clarify,—refine to proof  
The liquor filtered by degrees,  
While the world stands aloof.

## XII

And there's the extract, flasked and fine,  
And priced and saleable at last !  
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes  
combine  
To paint the Future from the Past,  
Put blue into their line.

## XIII

Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle  
eats :  
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns  
his cup :  
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—  
Both gorge. Who fished the murex  
up ?  
What porridge had John Keats ?

## MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE- GOTHA

## I

HIST, but a word, fair and soft !  
Forth and be judged, Master Hugues !  
Answer the question I've put you so  
oft—  
What do you mean by your moun-  
tainous fugues ?  
See, we're alone in the loft,—

## II

I, the poor organist here,  
Hugues, the composer of note—  
Dead, though, and done with, this  
many a year :  
Let's have a colloquy, something to  
quote,  
Make the world prick up its ear !

## III

See, the church empties apace :  
Fast they extinguish the lights—  
Hallo there, sacristan ! five minutes'  
grace !  
Here's a crank pedal wants setting  
to rights,  
Baulks one of holding the base.

## IV

See, our huge house of the sounds,  
Hushing its hundreds at once,  
Bids the last loiterer back to his bounds !  
—Oh, you may challenge them, not  
a response  
Get the church-saints on their rounds !



## V

(Saints go their rounds, who shall doubt ?

—March, with the moon to admire,  
Up nave, down chancel, turn transept about,

Supervise all betwixt pavement and spire,

Put rats and mice to the rout—

## VI

Aloys and Jurien and Just—

Order things back to their place,  
Have a sharp eye lest the candlesticks rust,

Rub the church-plate, darn the sacrament-lace,

Clear the desk-velvet of dust.)

## VII

Here's your book, younger folks shelve !

Played I not off-hand and runningly,  
Just now, your masterpiece, hard number twelve ?

Here's what should strike,—could one handle it cunningly :

Help the axe, give it a helve !

## VIII

Page after page as I played,

Every bar's rest, where one wipes  
Sweat from one's brow, I looked up and surveyed,

O'er my three claviers, yon forest of pipes

Whence you still peeped in the shade.

## IX

Sure you were wishful to speak,

You, with brow ruled like a score,  
Yes, and eyes buried in pits on each cheek,  
Like two great breves as they wrote them of yore

Each side that bar, your straight beak !

## X

Sure you said—'Good, the mere notes !

Still, couldst thou take my intent,  
Know what procured me our Company's votes—

Masters being lauded and sciolists shent,

Parted the sheep from the goats !'

## XI

Well then, speak up, never flinch !

Quick, ere my candle's a snuff

—Burnt, do you see ? to its uttermost inch—

I believe in you, but that's not enough :

Give my conviction a clinch !

## XII

First you deliver your phrase

—Nothing propound, that I see,

Fit in itself for much blame or much praise—

Answered no less, where no answer needs be :

Off start the Two on their ways !

## XIII

Straight must a Third interpose,

Volunteer needlessly help—

In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,

So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,

Argument's hot to the close !

## XIV

One dissertates, he is candid ;

Two must discept,—has distinguished ;

Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did ;

Four protests ; Five makes a dart at the thing wished :

Back to One, goes the case bandied.

## XV

One says his say with a difference—

More of expounding, explaining !

All now is wrangle, abuse and vociferance—

Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining—

Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

## XVI

One is incisive, corrosive ;

Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant ;

Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive ;

Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant :

Five . . . O Danaides, O Sieve !

## XVII

Now, they ply axes and crowbars ;  
 Now, they prick pins at a tissue  
 Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's  
 Worked on the bone of a lie. To  
 what issue ?  
 Where is our gain at the Two-bars ?

## XVIII

*Est fuga, volvitur rota !*  
 On we drift. Where looms the dim  
 port ?  
 One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute  
 their quota—  
 Something is gained, if one caught  
 but the import—  
 Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha !

## XIX

What with affirming, denying,  
 Holding, risposting, subjoining,  
 All's like . . . it's like . . . for an instance  
 I'm trying . . .  
 There ! See our roof, its gilt mould-  
 ing and groining  
 Under those spider-webs lying !

## XX

So your fugue broadens and thickens,  
 Greatens and deepens and lengthens,  
 Till one exclaims—'But where's music,  
 the dickens ?  
 Blot ye the gold, while your spider-  
 web strengthens  
 —Blacked to the stoutest of tickens ?'

## XXI

I for man's effort am zealous :  
 Prove me such censure's unfounded !  
 Seems it surprising a lover grows  
 jealous—  
 Hopes 'twas for something his organ-  
 pipes sounded,  
 Tiring three boys at the bellows ?

## XXII

Is it your moral of Life ?  
 Such a web, simple and subtle,  
 Weave we on earth here in impotent  
 strife,  
 Backward and forward each throw-  
 ing his shuttle,  
 Death ending all with a knife ?

## XXIII

Over our heads Truth and Nature—  
 Still our life's zigzags and dodges,  
 Ins and outs, weaving a new legis-  
 lature—  
 God's gold just shining its last where  
 that lodges,  
 Palled beneath Man's usurpature !

## XXIV

So we o'ershroud stars and roses,  
 Cherub and trophy and garland.  
 Nothings grow something which quietly  
 closes  
 Heaven's earnest eye,—not a glimpse  
 of the far land  
 Gets through our comments and glozes.

## XXV

Ah, but traditions, inventions,  
 (Say we and make up a visage)  
 So many men with such various inten-  
 tions  
 Down the past ages must know more  
 than this age !  
 Leave the web all its dimensions !

## XXVI

Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf,  
 Proved a mere mountain in labour ?  
 Better submit—try again—what's the  
 clef ?  
 'Faith, it's no trifle for pipe and for  
 tabor—  
 Four flats, the minor in F.

## XXVII

Friend, your fugue taxes the finger :  
 Learning it once, who would lose it ?  
 Yet all the while a misgiving will  
 linger,  
 Truth's golden o'er us although we  
 refuse it—  
 Nature, thro' dust-clouds we fling her !

## XXVIII

Hugues ! I advise *meâ poenâ*  
 (Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon)  
 Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear  
 the arena !  
 Say the word, straight I unstop the  
 Full-Organ,  
 Blare out the *mode Palestrina*.

## XXIX

While in the roof, if I'm right there,  
 . . . Lo, you, the wick in the socket !  
 Hallo, you sacristan, show us a light there !  
 Down it dips, gone like a rocket !  
 What, you want, do you, to come  
 unawares,

Sweeping the church up for first morn-  
 ing-prayers,  
 And find a poor devil has ended his  
 cares  
 At the foot of your rotten-runged rat-  
 riddled stairs ?  
 Do I carry the moon in my pocket ?

## ROMANCES

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

## I

You know, we French stormed Ratis-  
 bon :

A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day ;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

## II

Just as perhaps he mused 'My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall,'—  
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

## III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
 You hardly could suspect—  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came through)  
 You looked twice ere you saw his  
 breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

## IV

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's  
 grace  
 We've got you Ratisbon !  
 The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him !' The Chief's eye flashed ;  
 his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

## V

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother-eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :  
 'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' his sol-  
 dier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said :  
 'I'm killed, Sire !' And his Chief beside,  
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

## THE PATRIOT

## AN OLD STORY

## I

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
 With myrtle mixed in my path like  
 mad :  
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and  
 sway,  
 The church-spires flamed, such flags  
 they had,  
 A year ago on this very day !

## II

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
 The old walls rocked with the crowd  
 and cries.  
 Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise  
 repels—  
 But give me your sun from yonder  
 skies !'  
 They had answered, 'And afterward,  
 what else ?'

## III

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep !  
Nought man could do, have I left  
undone :

And you see my harvest, what I  
reap  
This very day, now a year is run.

## IV

There's nobody on the house-tops  
now—

Just a palsied few at the windows  
set ;  
For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better  
yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

## V

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead  
bleeds,

For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

## VI

Thus I entered, and thus I go !  
In triumphs, people have dropped  
down dead.

'Paid by the World,—what dost thou  
owe

Me ?' God might question : now in-  
stead,

'Tis God shall repay ! I am safer so.

## MY LAST DUCHESS

## FERRARA

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the  
wall,

Looking as if she were alive ; I call  
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pan-  
dolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she  
stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her ?  
I said

'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured coun-  
tenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest  
glance,

But to myself they turned (since none  
puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you,  
but I)

And seemed as they would ask me, if  
they durst,

How such a glance came there ; so, not  
the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't  
was not

Her husband's presence only, called  
that spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : per-  
haps

Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle  
laps

Over my Lady's wrist too much,' or  
'Paint

Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat ;'

such stuff

Was courtesy, she thought, and cause  
enough

For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say ? . . . too

soon made glad,

Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went

everywhere.

Sir, 't was all one ! My favour at her  
breast,

The dropping of the daylight in the  
West,

The bough of cherries some officious  
fool

Broke in the orchard for her, the white  
mule

She rode with round the terrace—all  
and each

Would draw from her alike the approv-  
ing speech,

Or blush, at least. She thanked men,  
—good ; but thanked

Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if  
she ranked

My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old  
name

With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to  
blame

This sort of trifling ? Even had you  
skill

In speech—(which I have not)—to  
make your will

Quite clear to such an one, and say 'Just  
this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you  
miss,  
Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made  
excuse,  
—E'en then would be some stooping,  
and I chuse  
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no  
doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed  
without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I  
gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There  
she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise?  
We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your Master's known munifi-  
cence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I  
avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune,  
though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze  
for me.

## COUNT GISMOND

## AIX IN PROVENCE

## I

CHRIST God, who savest man, save most  
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!  
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,  
Chose time and place and company  
To suit it; when he struck at length  
My honour 'twas with all his strength.

## II

And doubtlessly ere he could draw  
All points to one, he must have  
schemed!  
That miserable morning saw  
Few half so happy as I seemed,  
While being dressed in Queen's array  
To give our Tourney prize away.

## III

I thought they loved me, did me grace  
To please themselves; 'twas all their  
deed;  
God makes, or fair or foul, our face;  
If showing mine so caused to bleed  
My Cousins' hearts, they should have  
dropped  
A word, and straight the play had  
stopped.

## IV

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen  
By virtue of her brow and breast;  
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,  
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,  
Had either of them spoke, instead  
Of glancing sideways with still head!

## V

But no: they let me laugh, and sing  
My birthday-song quite through,  
adjust  
The last rose in my garland, fling  
A last look on the mirror, trust  
My arms to each an arm of theirs,  
And so descend the castle-stairs—

## VI

And come out on the morning-troop  
Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,  
And called me Queen, and made me  
stoop  
Under the canopy—(a streak  
That pierced it, of the outside sun,  
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft  
dun)—

## VII

And they could let me take my state  
And foolish throne amid applause  
Of all come there to celebrate  
My Queen's-day—Oh, I think the cause  
Of much was, they forgot no crowd  
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

## VIII

Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent  
Upon me, when my cousins cast  
Theirs down; 'twas time I should pre-  
sent  
The victor's crown, but . . . there,  
'twill last  
No long time . . . the old mist again  
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

## IX

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk  
 With his two boys: I can proceed.  
 Well, at that moment, who should stalk  
 Forth boldly (to my face, indeed)  
 But Gauthier, and he thundered  
 'Stay!'  
 And all stayed. 'Bring no crowns, I say!'

## X

Bring torches! Wind the penance-  
 sheet  
 About her! Let her shun the chaste,  
 Or lay herself before their feet!  
 Shall she, whose body I embraced  
 A night long, queen it in the day?  
 For Honour's sake no crowns, I say!'

## XI

I? What I answered? As I live,  
 I never fancied such a thing  
 As answer possible to give.  
 What says the body when they  
 spring  
 Some monstrous torture-engine's whole  
 Strength on it? No more says the soul.

## XII

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew  
 That I was saved. I never met  
 His face before, but, at first view,  
 I felt quite sure that God hath set  
 Himself to Satan; who would spend  
 A minute's mistrust on the end?

## XIII

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat  
 Gave him the lie, then struck his  
 mouth  
 With one back-handed blow that wrote  
 In blood men's verdict there. North,  
 South,  
 East, West, I looked. The lie was  
 dead,  
 And damned, and truth stood up  
 instead.

## XIV

This glads me most, that I enjoyed  
 The heart of the joy, with my con-  
 tent  
 In watching Gismond unalloyed  
 By any doubt of the event:  
 God took that on Him—I was bid  
 Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

## XV

Did I not watch him while he let  
 His armourer just brace his greaves,  
 Rivet his hauberk, on the fret  
 The while! His foot... my memory  
 leaves  
 No least stamp out, nor how anon  
 He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

## XVI

And e'en before the trumpet's sound  
 Was finished, prone lay the false  
 Knight,  
 Prone as his lie, upon the ground:  
 Gismond flew at him, used no sleight  
 Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,  
 Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

## XVII

Which done, he dragged him to my  
 feet  
 And said 'Here die, but end thy  
 breath  
 In full confession, lest thou fleet  
 From my first, to God's second death!  
 Say, hast thou lied?' And, 'I have  
 lied  
 To God and her,' he said, and died.

## XVIII

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked  
 —What safe my heart holds, though  
 no word  
 Could I repeat now, if I tasked  
 My powers for ever, to a third  
 Dear even as you are. Pass the rest  
 Until I sank upon his breast.

## XIX

Over my head his arm he flung  
 Against the world; and scarce I felt  
 His sword (that dripped by me and  
 swung)  
 A little shifted in its belt:  
 For he began to say the while  
 How South our home lay many a mile.

## XX

So 'mid the shouting multitude  
 We two walked forth to never more  
 Return. My Cousins have pursued  
 Their life, untroubled as before  
 I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-  
 place  
 God lighten! May his soul find grace!



## XXI

Our elder boy has got the clear  
 Great brow; tho' when his brother's  
 black  
 Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond  
 here?  
 And have you brought my tercel  
 back?  
 I just was telling Adela  
 How many birds it struck since May.

## THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

MORNING, evening, noon and night,  
 'Praise God,' sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,  
 By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;  
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell:

But ever, at each period,  
 He stopped and sang, 'Praise God.'

Then back again his curls he threw,  
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, 'Well  
 done;

I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

As well as if thy voice to-day  
 Were praising God, the Pope's great  
 way.

This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome  
 Praises God from Peter's dome.'

Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I  
 Might praise Him, that great way, and  
 die!'

Night passed, day shone,  
 And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures away,  
 A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, 'Nor day nor night  
 Now brings the voice of my delight.'

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,  
 Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,  
 Lived there, and played the craftsman  
 well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,  
 Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:  
 The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away  
 Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,  
 And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one  
 If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, 'A praise is in mine ear;  
 There is no doubt in it, no fear:

So sing old worlds, and so  
 New worlds that from my footstool go.

Clearer loves sound other ways:  
 I miss my little human praise.'

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off  
 fell.

The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,  
 And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by  
 The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,  
 Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career  
 Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,  
 Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,  
 An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear  
 He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,  
 And on his sight the angel burned.

'I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,  
 And set thee here; I did not well.

Vainly I left my angel-sphere,  
 Vain was thy dream of many a year.

Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it  
 dropped—  
 Creation's chorus stopped!

Go back and praise again  
 The early way, while I remain.

With that weak voice of our disdain,  
 Take up Creation's pausing strain.

Back to the cell and poor employ :  
 Become the craftsman and the boy !'  
 Theocrite grew old at home ;  
 A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.  
 One vanished as the other died :  
 They sought God side by side.

## INSTANS TYRANNUS

## I

OF the million or two, more or less,  
 I rule and possess,  
 One man, for some cause undefined,  
 Was least to my mind.

## II

I struck him, he grovelled of course—  
 For, what was his force ?  
 I pinned him to earth with my weight  
 And persistence of hate :  
 And he lay, would not moan, would not  
     curse,  
 As his lot might be worse.

## III

'Were the object less mean, would he  
     stand  
 At the swing of my hand !  
 For obscurity helps him and blots  
 The hole where he squats.'  
 So I set my five wits on the stretch  
 To inveigle the wretch.  
 All in vain ! gold and jewels I threw,  
 Still he couched there perdue.  
 I tempted his blood and his flesh,  
 Hid in roses my mesh,  
 Choicest cates and the flagon's best  
     spilth :  
 Still he kept to his filth !

## IV

Had he kith now or kin, were access  
 To his heart, did I press—  
 Just a son or a mother to seize !  
 No such booty as these !  
 Were it simply a friend to pursue  
 'Mid my million or two,  
 Who could pay me in person or pelf  
 What he owes me himself.  
 No ! I could not but smile through my  
     chafe :  
 For the fellow lay safe  
 As his mates do, the midge and the nit,  
 —Through minuteness, to wit.

## V

Then a humour more great took its  
     place  
 At the thought of his face,  
 The droop, the low cares of the mouth,  
 The trouble uncouth  
 'Twixt the brows, all that air one is  
     fain  
 To put out of its pain—  
 And, 'no !' I admonished myself,  
 'Is one mocked by an elf,  
 Is one baffled by toad or by rat ?  
 The gravamen's in that !  
 How the lion, who crouches to suit  
 His back to my foot,  
 Would admire that I stand in debate !  
 But the Small turns the Great  
 If it vexes you,—that is the thing !  
 Toad or rat vex the King ?  
 Though I waste half my realm to  
     unearth  
 Toad or rat, 'tis well worth !'

## VI

So, I soberly laid my last plan  
 To extinguish the man.  
 Round his creep-hole, with never a  
     break  
 Ran my fires for his sake ;  
 Over-head, did my thunder combine  
 With my under-ground mine :  
 Till I looked from my labor content  
 To enjoy the event.

## VII

When sudden . . . how think ye, the  
     end ?  
 Did I say 'without friend ?'  
 Say rather, from marge to blue marge  
 The whole sky grew his targe  
 With the sun's self for visible boss,  
 While an Arm ran across  
 Which the earth heaved beneath like  
     a breast  
 Where the wretch was safe prest !  
 Do you see ? just my vengeance com-  
     plete,  
 The man sprang to his feet,  
 Stood erect, caught at God's skirts,  
     and prayed !  
 —So, I was afraid !

## MESMERISM

## I

ALL I believed is true !  
 I am able yet  
 All I want to get  
 By a method as strange as new :  
 Dare I trust the same to you ?

## II

If at night, when doors are shut,  
 And the wood-worm picks,  
 And the death-watch ticks,  
 And the bar has a flag of smut,  
 And a cat 's in the water-butt—

## III

And the socket floats and flares,  
 And the house-beams groan,  
 And a foot unknown  
 Is surmised on the garret-stairs,  
 And the locks slip unawares—

## IV

And the spider, to serve his ends,  
 By a sudden thread,  
 Arms and legs outspread,  
 On the table's midst descends,  
 Comes to find, God knows what  
 friends !—

## V

If since eve drew in, I say,  
 I have sat and brought  
 (So to speak) my thought  
 To bear on the woman away,  
 Till I felt my hair turn grey—

## VI

Till I seemed to have and hold,  
 In the vacancy  
 'Twixt the wall and me,  
 From the hair-plait's chestnut-gold  
 To the foot in its muslin fold—

## VII

Have and hold, then and there,  
 Her, from head to foot,  
 Breathing and mute,  
 Passive and yet aware,  
 In the grasp of my steady stare—

## VIII

Hold and have, there and then,  
 All her body and soul  
 That completes my Whole,  
 All that women add to men,  
 In the clutch of my steady ken—

## IX

Having and holding, till  
 I imprint her fast  
 On the void at last  
 As the sun does whom he will  
 By the calctypist's skill—

## X

Then,—if my heart's strength serve,  
 And through all and each  
 Of the veils I reach  
 To her soul and never swerve,  
 Knitting an iron nerve—

## XI

Commanding that to advance  
 And inform the shape  
 Which has made escape  
 And before my countenance  
 Answers me glance for glance—

## XII

I, still with a gesture fit  
 Of my hands that best  
 Do my soul's behest,  
 Pointing the power from it,  
 While myself do steadfast sit—

## XIII

Steadfast and still the same  
 On my object bent,  
 While the hands give vent  
 To my ardour and my aim  
 And break into very flame—

## XIV

Then, I reach, I must believe,  
 Not her soul in vain,  
 For to me again  
 It reaches, and past retrieve  
 Is wound in the toils I weave—

## XV

And must follow as I require,  
 As befits a thrall,  
 Bringing flesh and all,  
 Essence and earth-attire,  
 To the source of the tractile fire—

## XVI

Till the house called hers, not mine,  
 With a growing weight  
 Seems to suffocate  
 If she break not its leaden line  
 And escape from its close confine—

## XVII

Out of doors into the night !  
 On to the maze  
 Of the wild wood-ways,  
 Not turning to left nor right  
 From the pathway, blind with sight—

## XVIII

Making thro' rain and wind  
 O'er the broken shrubs,  
 'Twixt the stems and stubs,  
 With a still, composed, strong mind,  
 Not a care for the world behind—

## XIX

Swifter and still more swift,  
 As the crowding peace  
 Doth to joy increase  
 In the wide blind eyes uplift,  
 Thro' the darkness and the drift !

## XX

While I—to the shape, I too  
 Feel my soul dilate  
 Not a whit abate  
 And relax not a gesture due,  
 As I see my belief come true.

## XXI

For, there ! have I drawn or no  
 Life to that lip ?  
 Do my fingers dip  
 In a flame which again they throw  
 On the cheek that breaks a-glow ?

## XXII

Ha ! was the hair so first ?  
 What, unfileted,  
 Made alive, and spread  
 Through the void with a rich outburst,  
 Chestnut gold-interspersed ?

## XXIII

Like the doors of a casket-shrine,  
 See, on either side,  
 Her two arms divide  
 Till the heart betwixt makes sign,  
 Take me, for I am thine !

## XXIV

'Now—now'—the door is heard !  
 Hark, the stairs ! and near—  
 Nearer—and here—  
 'Now !' and at call the third  
 She enters without a word.

## XXV

On doth she march and on  
 To the fancied shape ;  
 It is, past escape,  
 Herself, now : the dream is done  
 And the shadow and she are one.

## XXVI

First I will pray. Do Thou  
 That ownest the soul,  
 Yet wilt grant control  
 To another, nor disallow  
 For a time, restrain me now !

## XXVII

I admonish me while I may,  
 Not to squander guilt,  
 Since require Thou wilt  
 At my hand its price one day !  
 What the price is, who can say ?

## THE GLOVE

(PETER RONSAARD *loquitur*.)

'HEIGHO,' yawned one day King  
 Francis,  
 'Distance all value enhances !  
 When a man's busy, why, leisure  
 Strikes him as wonderful pleasure :  
 'Faith, and at leisure once is he ?  
 Straightway he wants to be busy.  
 Here we've got peace ; and aghast I'm  
 Caught thinking war the true pastime !  
 Is there a reason in metre ?  
 Give us your speech, master Peter !'  
 I who, if mortal dare say so,  
 Ne'er am at loss with my Naso,  
 'Sire,' I replied, 'joys prove cloudlets:  
 Men are the merest Ixions'—  
 Here the King whistled aloud, 'Let's  
 . . . Heigho . . . go look at our lions !'  
 Such are the sorrowful chances  
 If you talk fine to King Francis.  
 And so, to the courtyard proceeding,  
 Our company, Francis was leading,  
 Increased by new followers tenfold  
 Before he arrived at the penfold ;

Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen  
 At sunset the western horizon.  
 And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the  
     foremost  
 With the dame he professed to adore  
     most—  
 Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed  
 Her, and the horrible pitside;  
 For the penfold surrounded a hollow  
 Which led where the eye scarce dared  
     follow,  
 And shelved to the chamber secluded  
 Where Bluebeard, the great lion,  
     brooded.  
 The King hailed his keeper, an Arab  
 As glossy and black as a scarab,  
 And bade him make sport and at once  
     stir  
 Up and out of his den the old monster.  
 They opened a hole in the wire-work  
 Across it, and dropped there a firework,  
 And fled: one's heart's beating re-  
     doubled;  
 A pause, while the pit's mouth was  
     troubled,  
 The blackness and silence so utter,  
 By the firework's slow sparkling and  
     sputter;  
 Then earth in a sudden contortion  
 Gave out to our gaze her abortion!  
 Such a brute! Were I friend Clement  
     Marot  
 (Whose experience of nature's but  
     narrow,  
 And whose faculties move in no small  
     mist  
 When he versifies David the Psalmist)  
 I should study that brute to describe you  
*Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu!*  
 One's whole blood grew curdling and  
     creepy  
 To see the black mane, vast and heapy,  
 The tail in the air stiff and straining,  
 The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,  
 As over the barrier which bounded  
 His platform, and us who surrounded  
 The barrier, they reached and they  
     rested  
 On the space that might stand him in  
     best stead:  
 For who knew, he thought, what the  
     amazement,  
 The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,

And if, in this minute of wonder,  
 No outlet, 'mid lightning and thunder,  
 Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,  
 The lion at last was delivered?  
 Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead!  
 And you saw by the flash on his fore-  
     head,  
 By the hope in those eyes wide and  
     steady,  
 He was leagues in the desert already,  
 Driving the flocks up the mountain,  
 Or catlike couched hard by the fountain  
 To waylay the date-gathering negress:  
 So guarded he entrance or egress.  
 'How he stands!' quoth the King:  
     'we may well swear,  
 (No novice, we've won our spurs else-  
     where,  
 And so can afford the confession,)  
 We exercise wholesome discretion  
 In keeping aloof from his threshold;  
 Once hold you, those jaws want no  
     fresh hold,  
 Their first would too pleasantly purloin  
 The visitor's brisket or surloin:  
 But who's he would prove so fool-  
     hardy?  
 Not the best man of Marignan, pardie!'

The sentence no sooner was uttered,  
 Than over the rails a glove fluttered,  
 Fell close to the lion, and rested:  
 The dame 'twas, who flung it and  
     jested  
 With life so, De Lorge had been wooing  
 For months past; he sat there pur-  
     suing  
 His suit, weighing out with nonchal-  
     ance  
 Fine speeches like gold from a balance.  
 Sound the trumpet, no true knight's  
     a tarrier!  
 De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,  
 Walked straight to the glove,—while  
     the lion  
 Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye  
     on  
 The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's  
     sapphire,  
 And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir,—  
 Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,  
 Leaped back where the lady was seated,

And full in the face of its owner  
Flung the glove.

‘Your heart’s queen, you  
dethrone her ?  
So should I!’—cried the King—‘’twas  
mere vanity,  
Not love, set that task to humanity !’  
Lords and ladies alike turned with  
loathing  
From such a proved wolf in sheep’s  
clothing.

Not so, I ; for I caught an expression  
In her brow’s undisturbed self-possession

Amid the Court’s scoffing and merri-  
ment,—

As if from no pleasing experiment  
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful  
So long as the process was needful,—  
As if she had tried in a crucible,  
To what ‘speeches like gold’ were re-  
ducible,

And, finding the finest prove copper,  
Felt the smoke in her face was but  
proper ;

To know what she had *not* to trust to,  
Was worth all the ashes and dust too.  
She went out ’mid hooting and laugh-  
ter ;

Clement Marot stayed ; I followed  
after,

And asked, as a grace, what it all  
meant ?

If she wished not the rash deed’s  
recalment ?

‘For I’—so I spoke—‘am a Poet :  
Human nature,—behoves that I know  
it !’

She told me, ‘Too long had I heard  
Of the deed proved alone by the word :  
For my love—what De Lorge would  
not dare !

With my scorn—what De Lorge could  
compare !

And the endless descriptions of death  
He would brave when my lip formed  
a breath,

I must reckon as braved, or, of course,  
Doubt his word—and moreover, per-  
force,

For such gifts as no lady could spurn,  
Must offer my love in return.

When I looked on your lion, it brought  
All the dangers at once to my thought,  
Encountered by all sorts of men,  
Before he was lodged in his den,—  
From the poor slave whose club or bare  
hands

Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,  
With no King and no Court to applaud,  
By no shame, should he shrink, over-  
awed,

Yet to capture the creature made  
shift,

That his rude boys might laugh at the  
gift,

—To the page who last leaped o’er the  
fence

Of the pit, on no greater pretence  
Than to get back the bonnet he dropped,  
Lest his pay for a week should be  
stopped.

So, wiser I judged it to make  
One trial what “death for my sake”  
Really meant, while the power was yet  
mine,

Than to wait until time should define  
Such a phrase not so simply as I,  
Who took it to mean just “to die.”  
The blow a glove gives is but weak :  
Does the mark yet discolour my cheek ?  
But when the heart suffers a blow,  
Will the pain pass so soon, do you  
know ?’

I looked, as away she was sweeping,  
And saw a youth eagerly keeping  
As close as he dared to the doorway ;  
No doubt that a noble should more  
weigh

His life than befits a plebeian ;  
And yet, had our brute been Nemean—  
(I judge by a certain calm fervour  
The youth stepped with, forward to  
serve her)

—He’d have scarce thought you did  
him the worst turn

If you whispered ‘Friend, what you’d  
get, first earn !’

And when, shortly after, she carried  
Her shame from the Court, and they  
married,

To that marriage some happiness,  
maugre

The voice of the Court, I dared augur.



For De Lorge, he made women with  
men vie,  
Those in wonder and praise, these in  
envy;  
And in short stood so plain a head  
taller  
That he wooed and won . . . how do  
you call her ?  
The Beauty, that rose in the sequel  
To the King's love, who loved her a  
week well.  
And 'twas noticed he never would  
honour  
De Lorge (who looked daggers upon  
her)  
With the easy commission of stretching  
His legs in the service, and fetching  
His wife, from her chamber, those  
straying  
Sad gloves she was always mislaying,  
While the King took the closet to chat  
in,—  
But of course this adventure came pat  
in.  
And never the King told the story,  
How bringing a glove brought such  
glory,  
But the wife smiled—'His nerves are  
grown firmer :  
Mine he brings now and utters no  
murmur !'  
*Venienti occurrere morbo !*  
With which moral I drop my theorbo.

### TIME'S REVENGES

I'VE a Friend, over the sea ;  
I like him, but he loves me.  
It all grew out of the books I write ;  
They find such favour in his sight  
That he slaughters you with savage  
looks  
Because you don't admire my books :  
He does himself though,—and if some  
vein  
Were to snap to-night in this heavy  
brain,  
To-morrow month, if I lived to try,  
Round should I just turn quietly,  
Or out of the bedclothes stretch my  
hand  
Till I found him. come from his foreign  
land,

To be my nurse in this poor place,  
And make my broth and wash my face  
And light my fire, and, all the while,  
Bear with his old good-humoured  
smile  
That I told him 'Better have kept  
away  
Than come and kill me, night and day,  
With, worse than fever's throbs and  
shoots,  
The creaking of his clumsy boots.'  
I am as sure that this he would do,  
As that Saint Paul's is striking Two.  
And I think I had rather . . . woe is  
me !  
—Yes, rather see him than not see,  
If lifting a hand would seat him there  
Before me in the empty chair  
To-night, when my head aches indeed,  
And I can neither think nor read  
Nor make these purple fingers hold  
The pen ; this garret 's freezing cold !  
And I've a Lady—There he wakes,  
The laughing fiend and prince of  
snakes  
Within me, at her name, to pray  
Fate send some creature in the way  
Of my love for her, to be down-torn.  
Upthrust and outward-borne  
So I might prove myself that sea  
Of passion which I needs must be !  
Call my thoughts false and my fancies  
quaint  
And my style infirm and its figures  
faint,  
All the critics say, and more blame yet,  
And not one angry word you get !  
But, please you, wonder I would put  
My cheek beneath that Lady's foot  
Rather than trample under mine  
The laurels of the Florentine,  
And you shall see how the Devil spends  
A fire God gave for other ends !  
I tell you, I stride up and down  
This garret, crowned with love's best  
crown,  
And feasted with love's perfect feast,  
To think I kill for her, at least,  
Body and soul and peace and fame,  
Alike youth's end and manhood's aim,  
—So is my spirit, as flesh with sin,  
Filled full, eaten out and in

With the face of her, the eyes of her,  
 The lips, the little chin, the stir  
 Of shadow round her mouth; and she  
 —I'll tell you,—calmly would decree  
 That I should roast at a slow fire,  
 If that would compass her desire  
 And make her one whom they invite  
 To the famous ball to-morrow night.  
 There may be Heaven; there must be  
 Hell;  
 Meantime, there is our Earth here—  
 well!

### THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

THAT second time they hunted me  
 From hill to plain, from shore to sea,  
 And Austria, hounding far and wide  
 Her blood-hounds through the country-  
 side  
 Breathed hot and instant on my  
 trace,—  
 I made six days a hiding-place  
 Of that dry green old aqueduct  
 Where I and Charles, when boys have  
 plucked  
 The fire-flies from the roof above,  
 Bright creeping through the moss they  
 love.  
 —How long it seems since Charles was  
 lost!  
 Six days the soldiers crossed and  
 crossed  
 The country in my very sight;  
 And when that peril ceased at night,  
 The sky broke out in red dismay  
 With signal-fires; well, there I lay  
 Close covered o'er in my recess,  
 Up to the neck in ferns and cress,  
 Thinking on Metternich our friend,  
 And Charles's miserable end,  
 And much beside, two days; the third,  
 Hunger o'ercame me when I heard  
 The peasants from the village go  
 To work among the maize; you know,  
 With us in Lombardy, they bring  
 Provisions packed on mules, a string  
 With little bells that cheer their task,  
 And casks, and boughs on every cask  
 To keep the sun's heat from the wine;  
 These I let pass in jingling line,  
 And, close on them, dear noisy crew,  
 The peasants from the village, too;

For at the very rear would troop  
 Their wives and sisters in a group  
 To help, I knew; when these had  
 passed,  
 I threw my glove to strike the last,  
 Taking the chance: she did not start,  
 Much less cry out, but stooped apart  
 One instant, rapidly glanced round,  
 And saw me beckon from the ground:  
 A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;  
 She picked my glove up while she  
 stripped  
 A branch off, then rejoined the rest  
 With that; my glove lay in her breast:  
 Then I drew breath: they disappeared:  
 It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone  
 Exactly where my glove was thrown.  
 Meanwhile came many thoughts; on  
 me  
 Rested the hopes of Italy;  
 I had devised a certain tale  
 Which, when 'twas told her, could not  
 fail  
 Persuade a peasant of its truth;  
 I meant to call a freak of youth  
 This hiding, and give hopes of pay,  
 And no temptation to betray.  
 But when I saw that woman's face,  
 Its calm simplicity of grace,  
 Our Italy's own attitude  
 In which she walked thus far, and  
 stood,  
 Planting each naked foot so firm,  
 To crush the snake and spare the  
 worm—  
 At first sight of her eyes, I said,  
 'I am that man upon whose head  
 They fix the price, because I hate  
 The Austrians over us: the State  
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much,  
 If you betray me to their clutch  
 And be your death, for aught I know,  
 If once they find you saved their foe.  
 Now, you must bring me food and  
 drink,  
 And also paper, pen and ink,  
 And carry safe what I shall write  
 To Padua, which you'll reach at  
 night  
 Before the Duomo shuts; go in,  
 And wait till Tenebrae begin;

Walk to the Third Confessional,  
Between the pillar and the wall,  
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes  
peace?*

Say it a second time, then cease ;  
And if the voice inside returns,  
*From Christ and Freedom ; what concerns  
The cause of Peace ?*—for answer, slip  
My letter where you placed your lip ;  
Then come back happy we have done  
Our mother service—I, the son,  
As you the daughter of our land !'

Three mornings more, she took her  
stand

In the same place, with the same eyes :  
I was no surer of sun-rise  
Than of her coming : we conferred  
Of her own prospects, and I heard  
She had a lover—stout and tall,  
She said—then let her eyelids fall,  
'He could do much'—as if some doubt  
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,  
'She could not speak for others, who  
Had other thoughts ; herself she  
knew :'

And so she brought me drink and food.  
After four days, the scouts pursued  
Another path ; at last arrived  
The help my Paduan friends contrived  
To furnish me : she brought the news.  
For the first time I could not choose  
But kiss her hand, and lay my own  
Upon her head—'This faith was shown  
To Italy, our mother ; she  
Uses my hand and blesses thee !'  
She followed down to the sea-shore ;  
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought  
Concerning—much less wished for—  
aught

Beside the good of Italy,  
For which I live and mean to die !  
I never was in love ; and since  
Charles proved false, nothing could con-  
vince

My inmost heart I had a friend.  
However, if I pleased to spend  
Real wishes on myself—say, three—  
I know at least what one should be ;  
I would grasp Metternich until  
I felt his red wet throat distil

In blood thro' these two hands : and  
next,

—Nor much for that am I perplexed—  
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,  
Should die slow of a broken heart  
Under his new employers : last  
—Ah, there, what should I wish ? For  
fast

Do I grow old and out of strength.  
If I resolved to seek at length  
My father's house again, how scared  
They all would look, and unprepared !  
My brothers live in Austria's pay  
—Disowned me long ago, men say ;  
And all my early mates who used  
To praise me so—perhaps induced  
More than one early step of mine—  
Are turning wise ; while some opine  
'Freedom grows License,' some suspect  
'Haste breeds Delay,' and recollect  
They always said, such premature  
Beginnings never could endure !  
So, with a sullen 'All's for best,'  
The land seems settling to its rest.  
I think, then, I should wish to stand  
This evening in that dear, lost land,  
Over the sea the thousand miles,  
And know if yet that woman smiles  
With the calm smile ; some little farm  
She lives in there, no doubt ; what  
harm

If I sat on the door-side bench,  
And, while her spindle made a trench  
Fantastically in the dust,  
Inquired of all her fortunes—just  
Her children's ages and their names,  
And what may be the husband's aims  
For each of them. I'd talk this out,  
And sit there, for an hour about,  
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay  
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how  
It steals the time ! To business now !

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY

PIANO DI SORRENTO

FORTÙ, Fortù, my beloved one,  
Sit here by my side,  
On my knees put up both little feet !  
I was sure, if I tried,

I could make you laugh spite of Scirocco.  
 Now, open your eyes,  
 Let me keep you amused till he vanish  
 In black from the skies,  
 With telling my memories over  
 As you tell your beads;  
 All the Plain saw me gather, I garland  
 —The flowers or the weeds.  
 Time for rain! for your long hot dry  
 Autumn  
 Had net-worked with brown  
 The white skin of each grape on the  
 bunches,  
 Marked like a quail's crown,  
 Those creatures you make such account  
 of,  
 Whose heads,—specked with white  
 Over brown like a great spider's back,  
 As I told you last night,—  
 Your mother bites off for her supper.  
 Red-ripe as could be,  
 Pomegranates were chapping and splitting  
 In halves on the tree:  
 And betwixt the loose walls of great  
 flintstone,  
 Or in the thick dust  
 On the path, or straight out of the rock-  
 side,  
 Wherever could thrust  
 Some burnt sprig of bold hardy rock-  
 flower  
 Its yellow face up,  
 For the prize were great butterflies  
 fighting,  
 Some five for one cup.  
 So, I guessed, ere I got up this morning,  
 What change was in store,  
 By the quick rustle-down of the quail-  
 nets  
 Which woke me before  
 I could open my shutter, made fast  
 With a bough and a stone,  
 And look thro' the twisted dead vine-  
 twigs,  
 Sole lattice that's known.  
 Quick and sharp rang the rings down  
 the net-poles,  
 While, busy beneath,  
 Your priest and his brother tugged at  
 them,  
 The rain in their teeth.

And out upon all the flat house-roofs  
 Where split figs lay drying,  
 The girls took the frails under cover:  
 Nor use seemed in trying  
 To get out the boats and go fishing,  
 For, under the cliff,  
 Fierce the black water frothed o'er the  
 blind-rock.  
 No seeing our skiff  
 Arrive about noon from Amalfi,  
 —Our fisher arrive,  
 And pitch down his basket before us,  
 All trembling alive  
 With pink and grey jellies, your sea-  
 fruit;  
 You touch the strange lumps,  
 And mouths gape there, eyes open, all  
 manner  
 Of horns and of humps,  
 Which only the fisher looks grave at,  
 While round him like imps  
 Cling screaming the children as naked  
 And brown as his shrimps;  
 Himself too as bare to the middle  
 —You see round his neck  
 The string and its brass coin suspended,  
 That saves him from wreck.  
 But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,  
 So back, to a man,  
 Came our friends, with whose help in  
 the vineyards  
 Grape-harvest began.  
 In the vat, halfway up in our house-side,  
 Like blood the juice spins,  
 While your brother all bare-legged is  
 dancing  
 Till breathless he grins  
 Dead-beaten in effort on effort  
 To keep the grapes under,  
 Since still when he seems all but master,  
 In pours the fresh plunder  
 From girls who keep coming and going  
 With basket on shoulder,  
 And eyes shut against the rain's  
 driving;  
 Your girls that are older,—  
 For under the hedges of aloe,  
 And where, on its bed  
 Of the orchard's black mould, the love-  
 apple  
 Lies pulpy and red,  
 All the young ones are kneeling and  
 filling

Their laps with the snails  
Tempted out by this first rainy weather,—

Your best of regales,  
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,  
When, supping in state,  
We shall feast our grape-gleaners (two  
dozen,

Three over one plate)  
With lasagne so tempting to swallow  
In slippery ropes,  
And gourds fried in great purple  
slices,

That colour of popes.  
Meantime, see the grape bunch they've  
brought you :

The rain-water slips  
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each  
globe

Which the wasp to your lips  
Still follows with fretful persistence :  
Nay, taste, while awake,  
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-  
ball

That peels, flake by flake,  
Like an onion, each smoother and  
whiter ;

Next, sip this weak wine  
From the thin green glass flask, with its  
stopper,

A leaf of the vine ;  
And end with the prickly-pear's red  
flesh

That leaves thro' its juice  
The stony black seeds on your pearl-  
teeth.

Scirocco is loose !  
Hark ! the quick, whistling pelt of the  
olives

Which, thick in one's track,  
Tempt the stranger to pick up and  
bite them,

Tho' not yet half black !  
How the old twisted olive trunks  
shudder !

The medlars let fall  
Their hard fruit, and the brittle great  
fig-trees

Snap off, figs and all,  
For here comes the whole of the  
tempest !

No refuge, but creep  
Back again to my side and my shoulder,  
And listen or sleep.

O how will your country show next  
week,

When all the vine-boughs  
Have been stripped of their foliage to  
pasture

The mules and the cows ?  
Last eve, I rode over the mountains ;  
Your brother, my guide,  
Soon left me, to feast on the myrtles  
That offered, each side,  
Their fruit-balls, black, glossy and  
luscious,—

Or strip from the sorbs  
A treasure, so rosy and wondrous,  
Of hairy gold orbs !  
But my mule picked his sure, sober  
path out,

Just stopping to neigh  
When he recognized down in the  
valley

His mates on their way  
With the faggots, and barrels of water ;  
And soon we emerged

From the plain, where the woods could  
scarce follow ;  
And still as we urged

Our way, the woods wondered, and  
left us,  
As up still we trudged

Though the wild path grew wilder each  
instant,

And place was e'en grudged  
'Mid the rock-chasms and piles of loose  
stones

Like the loose broken teeth  
Of some monster which climbed there  
to die

From the ocean beneath—  
Place was grudged to the silver-grey  
fume-weed

That clung to the path,  
And dark rosemary ever a-dying  
That, 'spite the wind's wrath,  
So loves the salt rock's face to seaward,  
And lentisks as staunch

To the stone where they root and bear  
berries,

And . . . what shows a branch  
Coral-coloured, transparent, with cir-  
clets

Of pale seagreen leaves :  
Over all trod my mule with the caution  
Of gleaners o'er sheaves,



Still, foot after foot like a lady :  
 So, round after round,  
 He climbed to the top of Calvano,  
 And God's own profound  
 Was above me, and round me the  
   mountains,  
 And under, the sea,  
 And within me, my heart to bear witness  
 What was and shall be !  
 Oh, heaven and the terrible crystal !  
 No rampart excludes  
 Your eye from the life to be lived  
 In the blue solitudes !  
 Oh, those mountains, their infinite  
   movement !  
 Still moving with you ;  
 For, ever some new head and breast of  
   them  
 Thrusts into view  
 To observe the intruder ; you see it  
 If quickly you turn  
 And, before they escape you, surprise  
   them :  
 They grudge you should learn  
 How the **soft** plains they look on, lean over  
 And love (they pretend)  
 —Cower **beneath** them, the flat sea-  
   pine **crouches**,  
 The wild fruit-trees bend,  
 E'en the myrtle-leaves curl, shrink and  
   shut,  
 All is silent and grave,  
 'Tis a sensual and timorous beauty,  
 How fair, but a slave !  
 So, I turned to the sea ; and there  
   slumbered  
 As greenly as ever  
 Those isles of the siren, your Galli ;  
 No ages can sever  
 The Three, nor enable their sister  
 To join them,—halfway  
 On the voyage, she looked at Ulysses—  
 No further to-day,  
 Tho' the small one, just launched in the  
   wave,  
 Watches breast-high and steady  
 From under the rock, her bold sister  
 Swum halfway already.  
 Forth, shall we sail there together  
 And see from the sides  
 Quite new rocks show their faces, new  
   haunts  
 Where the siren abides ?

Shall we sail round and round them,  
   close over  
 The rocks, tho' unseen,  
 That ruffle the grey glassy water  
 To glorious green ?  
 Then scramble from splinter to splinter,  
 Reach land and explore,  
 On the largest, the strange square black  
   turret  
 With never a door,  
 Just a loop to admit the quick lizards ;  
 Then, stand there and hear  
 The birds' quiet singing, that tells us  
 What life is, so clear ?  
 —The secret they sang to Ulysses  
 When, ages ago,  
 He heard and he knew this life's secret  
 I hear and I know !  
 Ah, see ! The sun breaks o'er Calvano ;  
 He strikes the great gloom  
 And flutters it o'er the mount's summit  
 In airy gold fume !  
 All is over ! Look out, see the gipsy,  
 Our tinker and smith,  
 Has arrived, set up bellows and forge,  
 And down-squatted forthwith  
 To his hammering, under the wall  
   there ;  
 One eye keeps aloof  
 The urchins that itch to be putting  
 His jews'-harps to proof,  
 While the other, thro' locks of curled  
   wire,  
 Is watching how sleek  
 Shines the hog, come to share in the  
   windfall  
 —An abbot's own cheek.  
 All is over ! Wake up and come out  
   now,  
 And down let us go,  
 And see the fine things got in order  
 At Church for the show  
 Of the Sacrament, set forth this evening ;  
 To-morrow's the Feast  
 Of the Rosary's Virgin, by no means  
 Of Virgins the least,  
 As you'll hear in the off-hand dis-  
   course  
 Which (all nature, no art)  
 The Dominican brother, these three  
   weeks,  
 Was getting by heart.



Not a pillar nor post but is dized  
 With red and blue papers ;  
 All the roof waves with ribbons, each  
 altar

A-blaze with long tapers ;  
 But the great masterpiece is the  
 scaffold

Rigged glorious to hold  
 All the fiddlers and fifers and drummers  
 And trumpeters bold,  
 Not afraid of Bellini nor Auber,  
 Who, when the priest's hoarse,  
 Will strike us up something that's brisk  
 For the feast's second course.

And then will the flaxen-wigged Image  
 Be carried in pomp  
 Thro' the plain, while in gallant pro-  
 cession

The priests mean to stomp.  
 And all round the glad church lie old  
 bottles

With gunpowder stopped,  
 Which will be, when the Image re-  
 enters,

Religiously popped.  
 And at night from the crest of Calvano  
 Great bonfires will hang,  
 On the plain will the trumpets join  
 chorus,

And more poppers bang !  
 At all events, come—to the garden,  
 As far as the wall ;  
 See me tap with a hoe on the plaster  
 Till out there shall fall  
 A scorpion with wide angry nippers !

—' Such trifles ! ' you say ?  
 Forth, in my England at home,  
 Men meet gravely to-day  
 And debate, if abolishing Corn-laws  
 Be righteous and wise  
 —If 'twere proper, Scirocco should  
 vanish  
 In black from the skies !

### IN A GONDOLA

*He sings*

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my  
 heart  
 In this my singing  
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears  
 part ;  
 The very night is clinging

Closer to Venice's streets to leave one space  
 Above me, whence thy face  
 May light my joyous heart to thee its  
 dwelling-place.

*She speaks*

Say after me, and try to say  
 My very words, as if each word  
 Came from you of your own accord,  
 In your own voice, in your own way :  
 ' This woman's heart and soul and brain  
 Are mine as much as this gold chain  
 She bids me wear ; which ? (say again)  
 ' I choose to make by cherishing  
 A precious thing, or choose to fling  
 Over the boat-side, ring by ring.'  
 And yet once more say . . . no word  
 more !

Since words are only words. Give o'er !  
 Unless you call me, all the same,  
 Familiarly by my pet-name  
 Which, if the Three should hear you call,  
 And me reply to, would proclaim  
 At once our secret to them all.  
 Ask of me, too, command me, blame—  
 Do, break down the partition-wall  
 'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds  
 Curtained in dusk and splendid folds.  
 What's left but—all of me to take ?  
 I am the Three's : prevent them, slake  
 Your thirst ! 'Tis said, the Arab sage  
 In practising with gems can loose  
 Their subtle spirit in his cruce  
 And leave but ashes : so, sweet mage,  
 Leave them my ashes when thy use  
 Sucks out my soul, thy heritage !

*He sings*

I

Past we glide, and past, and past !  
 What's that poor Agnese doing  
 Where they make the shutters fast ?  
 Grey Zanobi's just a-wooing  
 To his couch the purchased bride :  
 Past we glide !

II

Past we glide, and past, and past !  
 Why's the Pucci Palace flaring  
 Like a beacon to the blast ?  
 Guests by hundreds, not one caring  
 If the dear host's neck were wried :  
 Past we glide !

*She sings*

I

The Moth's kiss, first !  
Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals up ; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

II

The Bee's kiss, now !  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.

*He sings*

I

What are we two ?  
I am a Jew,  
And carry thee, farther than friends  
can pursue,  
To a feast of our tribe ;  
Where they need thee to bribe  
The devil that blasts them unless he  
imbibe  
Thy . . . Scatter the vision for ever !  
And now,  
As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou !

II

Say again, what we are ?  
The sprite of a star,  
I lure thee above where the destinies  
bar  
My plumes their full play  
Till a ruddier ray  
Than my pale one announce there is  
withering away  
Some . . . Scatter the vision for ever !  
And now,  
As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou !

*He muses*

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest ?  
The land's lap or the water's breast ?  
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,  
Or swim in lucid shallows, just  
Eluding water-lily leaves,

An inch from Death's black fingers,  
thrust

To lock you, whom release he must ;  
Which life were best on Summer eves ?

*He speaks, musing*

Lie back ; could thought of mine  
improve you ?

From this shoulder let there spring  
A wing ; from this, another wing ;  
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move  
you !

Snow-white must they spring, to blend  
With your flesh, but I intend  
They shall deepen to the end,  
Broader, into burning gold,  
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold  
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet  
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet  
As if a million sword-blades hurled  
Defiance from you to the world !

Rescue me Thou, the only real !  
And scare away this mad Ideal  
That came, nor motions to depart !  
Thanks ! Now, stay ever as thou art !

*Still he muses*

I

What if the Three should catch at last  
Thy serenader ? While there's cast  
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast  
Gian pinions me, Himself has past  
His stylet thro' my back ; I reel ;  
And . . . is it Thou I feel ?

II

They trail me, these three godless  
knaves,  
Past every church that sains and saves,  
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves  
By Lido's wet accursed graves,  
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,  
And . . . on Thy breast I sink !

*She replies, musing*

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-  
deep,  
As I do : thus : were death so unlike  
sleep,  
Caught this way ? Death's to fear  
from flame, or steel,  
Or poison doubtless ; but from water—  
feel !

Go find the bottom ! Would you stay  
me ! There !

Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-  
grass

To plait in where the foolish jewel was,  
I flung away : since you have praised  
my hair,

'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

*He speaks*

Row home ? must we row home ? Too  
surely

Know I where its front's demurely  
Over the Giudecca piled ;

Window just with window mating,

Door on door exactly waiting,

All's the set face of a child :

But behind it, where's a trace

Of the staidness and reserve,

And formal lines without a curve,

In the same child's playing-face ?

No two windows look one way

O'er the small sea-water thread

Below them. Ah, the autumn day

I, passing, saw you overhead !

First, out a cloud of curtain blew,

Then, a sweet cry, and last, came you—

To catch your loory that must needs

Escape just then, of all times then,

To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,

And make me happiest of men.

I scarce could breathe to see you reach

So far back o'er the balcony,

(To catch him ere he climbed too high

Above you in the Smyrna peach)

That quick the round smooth cord of  
gold,

This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,

Fell down you like a gorgeous snake

The Roman girls were wont, of old,

When Rome there was, for coolness'  
sake

To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.

Dear loory, may his beak retain

Ever its delicate rose stain

As if the wounded lotus-blossoms

Had marked their thief to know again !

Stay longer yet, for others' sake  
Than mine ! what should your chamber  
do ?

—With all its rarities that ache  
In silence while day lasts, but wake

At night-time and their life renew,  
Suspended just to pleasure you  
That brought against their will together  
These objects, and, while day lasts,  
weave

Around them such a magic tether  
That they look dumb : your harp,  
believe,

With all the sensitive tight strings  
That dare not speak, now to itself  
Breathes slumberously as if some elf  
Went in and out the chords, his wings  
Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,  
As an angel may, between the maze  
Of midnight palace-pillars, on  
And on, to sow God's plagues have gone  
Through guilty glorious Babylon.  
And while such murmurs flow, the  
nymph

Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell  
As the dry limpet for the lymph  
Come with a tune he knows so well.  
And how your statues' hearts must  
swell !

And how your pictures must descend  
To see each other, friend with friend !  
Oh, could you take them by surprise,  
You'd find Schidone's eager Duke  
Doing the quaintest courtesies  
To that prim Saint by Haste-thee-Luke !  
And, deeper into her rock den,  
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen  
You'd find retreated from the ken  
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—  
As if the Tizian thinks of her,  
And is not, rather, gravely bent  
On seeing for himself what toys  
Are these, his progeny invent,  
What litter now the board employs  
Whereon he signed a document  
That got him murdered ! Each enjoys  
Its night so well, you cannot break  
The sport up, so, indeed must make  
More stay with me, for others' sake

*She speaks*

I

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,  
Is used to tie the jasmine back  
That overfloods my room with sweets,  
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets  
My Zanze : if the ribbon's black,  
The Three are watching ; keep away.

## II

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreathe  
A mesh of water-weeds about  
Its prow, as if he unaware  
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot  
stair ;

That I may throw a paper out  
As you and he go underneath.

There 's Zanze's vigilant taper ; safe are  
we !

Only one minute more to-night with  
me ?

Resume your past self of a month ago !  
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be  
The lady with the colder breast than  
snow :

Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch  
my hand

More than I touch yours when I step to  
land,

And say, 'All thanks, Siora !'—

Heart to heart,  
And lips to lips ! Yet once more, ere  
we part,

Clasp me, and make me thine, as mine  
thou art !

*He is surprised, and stabbed*

It was ordained to be so, Sweet,—and  
best

Comes now, beneath thine eyes, and on  
thy breast

Still kiss me ! Care not for the cowards !  
Care

Only to put aside thy beauteous hair  
My blood will hurt ! The Three, I do  
not scorn

To death, because they never lived :  
but I

Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one  
more kiss)—can die !

## WARING

## I

## I

WHAT 's become of Waring  
Since he gave us all the slip,  
Chose land-travel or seafaring,  
Boots and chest or staff and scrip,  
Rather than pace up and down  
Any longer London-town ?

## II

Who'd have guessed it from his lip  
Or his brow's accustomed bearing,  
On the night he thus took ship  
Or started landward ?—little caring  
For us, it seems, who supped together  
(Friends of his too, I remember)  
And walked home thro' the merry  
weather,

The snowiest in all December.

I left his arm that night myself  
For what 's-his-name's, the new prose-  
poet

That wrote the book there, on the  
shelf—

How, forsooth, was I to know it  
If Waring meant to glide away  
Like a ghost at break of day ?  
Never looked he half so gay !

## III

He was prouder than the Devil :  
How he must have cursed our revel !  
Ay, and many other meetings,  
Indoor visits, outdoor greetings,  
As up and down he paced this London,  
With no work done, but great works  
undone,

Where scarce twenty knew his name.  
Why not, then, have earlier spoken,  
Written, bustled ? Who's to blame  
If your silence kept unbroken ?  
' True, but there were sundry jottings,  
Stray-leaves, fragments, blurs and  
blottings,

Certain first steps were achieved  
Already which'—(is that your mean-  
ing ?)

' Had well borne out whoe'er believed  
In more to come !' But who goes  
gleaning

Hedge-side chance-blades, while full-  
sheaved

Stand cornfields by him ? Pride, a'er-  
weening

Pride alone, puts forth such claims  
O'er the day's distinguished names.

## IV

Meantime, how much I loved him,  
I find out now I've lost him :  
I, who cared not if I moved him,  
Who could so carelessly accost him,

Henceforth never shall get free  
Of his ghostly company,  
His eyes that just a little wink  
As deep I go into the merit  
Of this and that distinguished spirit—  
His cheeks' raised colour, soon to  
sink,

As long I dwell on some stupendous  
And tremendous (Heaven defend us !)  
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous  
Demoniac-seraphic  
Penman's latest piece of graphic.  
Nay, my very wrist grows warm  
With his dragging weight of arm !  
E'en so, swimmingly appears,  
Through one's after-supper musings,  
Some lost Lady of old years  
With her beauteous vain endeavour  
And goodness unrepaid as ever ;  
The face, accustomed to refusings,  
We, puppies that we were . . . Oh  
never

Surely, nice of conscience, scrupled  
Being aught like false, forsooth, to ?  
Telling aught but honest truth to ?  
What a sin, had we centupled  
Its possessor's grace and sweetness !  
No ! she heard in its completeness  
Truth, for truth's a weighty matter,  
And truth, at issue, we can't flatter !  
Well, 'tis done with ; she's exempt  
From damning us thro' such a sally ;  
And so she glides, as down a valley,  
Taking up with her contempt,  
Past our reach ; and in, the flowers  
Shut her unregarded hours.

V

Oh, could I have him back once more,  
This Waring, but one half-day more !  
Back, with the quiet face of yore,  
So hungry for acknowledgment  
Like mine ! I'd fool him to his bent !  
Feed, should not he, to heart's content ?

I'd say, ' to only have conceived  
Your great works, though they ne'er  
make progress,  
Surpasses all we've yet achieved !'  
I'd lie so, I should be believed.  
I'd make such havoc of the claims  
Of the day's distinguished names  
To feast him with, as feasts an ogress

Her sharp-toothed golden-crowned  
child !

Or, as one feasts a creature rarely  
Captured here, unreconciled  
To capture ; and completely gives  
Its pettish humours licence, barely  
Requiring that it lives.

VI

Ichabod, Ichabod,  
The glory is departed !  
Travels Waring East away ?  
Who, of knowledge, by hearsay,  
Reports a man upstart  
Somewhere as a God,  
Hordes grown European-hearted,  
Millions of the wild made tame  
On a sudden at his fame ?  
In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?  
Or who, in Moscow, toward the Czar,  
With the demurest of footfalls  
Over the Kremlin's pavement, bright  
With serpentine and syenite,  
Steps, with five other Generals  
That simultaneously take snuff,  
For each to have pretext enough  
To kerchiefwise unfold his sash  
Which, softness' self, is yet the stuff  
To hold fast where a steel chain snaps,  
And leave the grand white neck no gash ?  
Waring, in Moscow, to those rough  
Cold northern natures borne, perhaps,  
Like the lambwhite maiden dear  
From the circle of mute kings  
Unable to repress the tear,  
Each as his sceptre down he flings,  
To Dian's fane at Taurica,  
Where now a captive priestess, she  
always  
Mingles her tender grave Hellenic  
speech  
With theirs, tuned to the hailstone-  
beaten beach,  
As pours some pigeon, from the myrrhy  
lands  
Rapt by the whirlblast to fierce Scythian  
strands  
Where breed the swallows, her melo-  
dious cry  
Amid their barbarous twitter !  
In Russia ? Never ! Spain were fitter !  
Ay, most likely 'tis in Spain  
That we and Waring meet again



Now, while he turns down that cool  
 narrow lane  
 Into the blackness, out of grave  
 Madrid  
 All fire and shine, abrupt as when  
 there's slid  
 Its stiff gold blazing pall  
 From some black coffin-lid.  
 Or, best of all,  
 I love to think  
 The leaving us was just a feint ;  
 Back here to London did he slink,  
 And now works on without a wink  
 Of sleep, and we are on the brink  
 Of something great in fresco-paint :  
 Some garret's ceiling, walls and floor,  
 Up and down and o'er and o'er  
 He splashes, as none splashed before  
 Since great Caldara Polidore.  
 Or Music means this land of ours  
 Some favour yet, to pity won  
 By Purcell from his Rosy Bowers,—  
 ' Give me my so-long promised son,  
 Let Waring end what I begun ! '  
 Then down he creeps and out he steals  
 Only when the night conceals  
 His face ; in Kent 'tis cherry-time,  
 Or, hops are picking : or, at prime  
 Of March, he wanders as, too happy,  
 Years ago when he was young,  
 Some mild eve when woods grew sappy  
 And the early moths had sprung  
 To life from many a trembling sheath  
 Woven the warm boughs beneath ;  
 While small birds said to themselves  
 What should soon be actual song,  
 And young gnats, by tens and twelves,  
 Made as if they were the throng  
 That crowd around and carry aloft  
 The sound they have nursed, so sweet  
 and pure,  
 Out of a myriad noises soft,  
 Into a tone that can endure  
 Amid the noise of a July noon  
 When all God's creatures crave their boon,  
 All at once and all in tune,  
 And get it, happy as Waring then,  
 Having first within his ken  
 What a man might do with men :  
 And far too glad, in the even-glow,  
 To mix with the world he meant to take  
 Into his hand, he told you, so—  
 And out of it his world to make,

To contract and to expand  
 As he shut or oped his hand.  
 Oh, Waring, what's to really be ?  
 A clear stage and a crowd to see !  
 Some Garrick—say—out shall not he  
 The heart of Hamlet's mystery pluck ?  
 Or, where most unclean beasts are rife,  
 Some Junius—am I right ?—shall tuck  
 His sleeve, and forth with flaying-  
 knife !  
 Some Chatterton shall have the luck  
 Of calling Rowley into life !  
 Some one shall somehow run a muck  
 With this old world, for want of strife  
 Sound asleep. Contrive, contrive  
 To rouse us, Waring ! Who's alive ?  
 Our men scarce seem in earnest now.  
 Distinguished names !—but 'tis, some-  
 how,  
 As if they played at being names  
 Still more distinguished, like the games  
 Of children. Turn our sport to earnest  
 With a visage of the sternest !  
 Bring the real times back, confessed  
 Still better than our very best !

## II

## I

' WHEN I last saw Waring . . . '  
 (How all turned to him who spoke—  
 You saw Waring ? Truth or joke ?  
 In land-travel, or sea-faring ?)

## II

' We were sailing by Triest,  
 Where a day or two we harboured :  
 A sunset was in the West,  
 When, looking over the vessel's side,  
 One of our company espied  
 A sudden speck to larboard.  
 And, as a sea-duck flies and swims  
 At once, so came the light craft up,  
 With its sole lateen sail that trims  
 And turns (the water round its rims  
 Dancing, as round a sinking cup)  
 And by us like a fish it curled,  
 And drew itself up close beside,  
 Its great sail on the instant furled,  
 And o'er its planks, a shrill voice cried,  
 (A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's)  
 ' Buy wine of us, you English Brig ?  
 Or fruit, tobacco and cigars ?



A Pilot for you to Triest ?  
Without one, look you ne'er so big,  
They'll never let you up the bay !  
We natives should know best."  
I turned, and "just those fellows'  
way."

Our captain said, "The 'long-shore  
thieves  
Are laughing at us in their sleeves."

III

'In truth, the boy leaned laughing back;  
And one, half-hidden by his side  
Under the furl'd sail, soon I spied,  
With great grass hat and kerchief  
black,

Who looked up with his kingly throat,  
Said somewhat, while the other shook  
His hair back from his eyes to look  
Their longest at us ; then the boat,  
I know not how, turned sharply round,  
Laying her whole side on the sea  
As a leaping fish does ; from the lee,  
Into the weather, cut somehow  
Her sparkling path beneath our bow ;  
And so went off, as with a bound,  
Into the rosy and golden half  
Of the sky, to overtake the sun  
And reach the shore, like the sea-calf  
Its singing cave ; yet I caught one  
Glance ere away the boat quite passed,  
And neither time nor toil could mar  
Those features : so I saw the last  
Of Waring !'—You ? Oh, never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar !  
Look East, where whole new thousands  
are !

In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?

THE TWINS

'Give' and 'It-shall-be-given-unto-you.'

I

GRAND rough old Martin Luther  
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,  
The better the uncouth :  
Do roses stick like burrs ?

II

A beggar asked an alms  
One day at an abbey-door,  
Said Luther ; but, seized with qualms,  
The Abbot replied, 'We're poor !

III

'Poor, who had plenty once,  
When gifts fell thick as rain :  
But they give us nought, for the nonce,  
And how should we give again ?'

IV

Then the beggar, 'See your sins !  
Of old, unless I err,  
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,  
Date and Dabitur.

V

'While Date was in good case  
Dabitur flourished too :  
For Dabitur's lenten face,  
No wonder if Date rue.

VI

'Would ye retrieve the one ?  
Try and make plump the other !  
When Date's penance is done,  
Dabitur helps his brother.

VII

'Only, beware relapse !'  
The Abbot hung his head.  
This beggar might be, perhaps,  
An angel, Luther said.

A LIGHT WOMAN

I

So far as our story approaches the end,  
Which do you pity the most of us  
three ?—  
My friend, or the mistress of my friend  
With her wanton eyes, or me ?

II

My friend was already too good to lose,  
And seemed in the way of improve-  
ment yet,  
When she crossed his path with her  
hunting-noose  
And over him drew her net.

III

When I saw him tangled in her toils,  
A shame, said I, if she adds just him  
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,  
The hundredth, for a whim !

## IV

And before my friend be wholly hers,  
 How easy to prove to him, I said,  
 An eagle's the game her pride prefers,  
 Though she snaps at the wren in-  
 stead !

## V

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to  
 take,  
 My hand sought hers as in earnest  
 need,  
 And round she turned for my noble  
 sake,  
 And gave me herself indeed.

## VI

The eagle am I, with my fame in the  
 world,  
 The wren is he, with his maiden face.  
 —You look away and your lip is curled ?  
 Patience, a moment's space !

## VII

For see—my friend goes shaking and  
 white ;  
 He eyes me as the basilisk :  
 I have turned, it appears, his day to  
 night,  
 Eclipsing his sun's disk.

## VIII

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief :  
 ' Though I love her—that he com-  
 prehends—  
 One should master one's passions, (love,  
 in chief)  
 And be loyal to one's friends ! '

## IX

And she,—she lies in my hand as tame  
 As a pear late basking over a wall ;  
 Just a touch to try and off it came ;  
 'Tis mine,—can I let it fall ?

## X

With no mind to eat it, that's the  
 worst !  
 Were it thrown in the road, would  
 the case assist ?  
 'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies'  
 thirst  
 When I gave its stalk a twist.

## XI

And I,—what I seem to my friend, you  
 see—  
 What I soon shall seem to his love,  
 you guess.  
 What I seem to myself, do you ask of  
 me ?  
 No hero, I confess.

## XII

'Tis an awkward thing to play with  
 souls,  
 And matter enough to save one's  
 own.  
 Yet think of my friend, and the burning  
 coals  
 He played with for bits of stone !

## XIII

One likes to show the truth for the  
 truth ;  
 That the woman was light is very  
 true :  
 But suppose she says,—Never mind  
 that youth—  
 What wrong have I done to you ?

## XIV

Well, any how, here the story stays,  
 So far at least as I understand ;  
 And, Robert Browning, you writer of  
 plays,  
 Here's a subject made to your hand !

## THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

## I

I SAID—Then, Dearest, since 'tis so,  
 Since now at length my fate I know,  
 Since nothing all my love avails,  
 Since all, my life seemed meant for,  
 fails,  
 Since this was written and needs  
 must be—  
 My whole heart rises up to bless  
 Your name in pride and thankfulness !  
 Take back the hope you gave,—I  
 claim  
 Only a memory of the same,  
 —And this beside, if you will not  
 blame,  
 Your leave for one more last ride  
 with me.

## II

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;  
Those deep dark eyes where pride  
demurs

When pity would be softening through,  
Fixed me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance :  
right !

The blood replenished me again ;  
My last thought was at least not vain :  
I and my mistress, side by side  
Shall be together, breathe and ride,  
So one day more am I deified—

Who knows but the world may end  
to-night.

## III

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud  
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed  
By many benedictions—sun's  
And moon's and evening-star's at  
once—

And so, you, looking and loving  
best,

Conscious grew, your passion drew  
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,  
Down on you, near and yet more near,  
Till flesh must fade for heaven was  
here !—

Thus leant she and lingered—joy and  
fear !

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

## IV

Then we began to ride. My soul  
Smoothed itself out—a long-cramped  
scroll

Freshening and fluttering in the wind.  
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry ?

Had I said that, had I done this,

So might I gain, so might I miss.

Might she have loved me ? just as well

She might have hated,—who can tell ?

Where had I been now if the worst  
befell ?

And here we are riding, she and I.

## V

Fail I alone, in words and deeds ?

Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?

We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew,

Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either  
side.

I thought,—All labour, yet no less  
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.

Look at the end of work, contrast

The petty Done, the Undone vast,

This Present of theirs with the hopeful  
Past !

I hoped she would love me : here we  
ride.

## VI

What hand and brain went ever  
paired ?

What heart alike conceived and dared ?  
What act proved all its thought had  
been. ?

What will but felt the fleshly screen ?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.

There's many a crown for who can  
reach.

Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !

The flag stuck on a heap of bones,

A soldier's doing ! what atones ?

They scratch his name on the Abbey-  
stones.

My riding is better, by their leave.

## VII

What does it all mean, poet ? well,

Your brains beat into rhythm—you  
tell

What we felt only ; you expressed

You hold things beautiful the best,

And pace them in rhyme so, side by  
side.

'Tis something, nay 'tis much—but  
then,

Have you yourself what's best for  
men ?

Are you—poor, sick, old ere your  
time—

Nearer one whit your own sublime

Than we who never have turned a  
rhyme ?

Sing, riding's a joy ! For me,  
I ride.

## VIII

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave

A score of years to Art, her slave,

And that's your Venus—whence we  
turn

To yonder girl that fords the burn !

You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?  
 What, man of music, you, grown grey  
 With notes and nothing else to say,  
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
 'Greatly his opera's strains intend,  
 But in music we know how fashions  
 end !'

I gave my youth—but we ride, in  
 fine.

## IX

Who knows what's fit for us ? Had  
 fate

Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
 My being ; had I signed the bond—  
 Still one must lead some life beyond,  
 —Have a bliss to die with, dim-  
 described.

This foot once planted on the goal,  
 This glory-garland round my soul,  
 Could I descry such ? Try and test !  
 I sink back shuddering from the quest—  
 Earth being so good, would Heaven  
 seem best ?

Now, Heaven and she are beyond  
 this ride.

## X

And yet—she has not spoke so long !  
 What if Heaven be that, fair and  
 strong

At life's best, with our eyes upturned  
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,

We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?

What if we still ride on, we two,

With life for ever old yet new,  
 Changed not in kind but in degree,

The instant made eternity,—  
 And Heaven just prove that I and she

Ride, ride together, for ever ride ?

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

## A CHILD'S STORY

(WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. M.  
 THE YOUNGER)

## I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover city ;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;

But, when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townsfolk suffer so  
 From vermin, was a pity.

## II

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the  
 cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cooks'  
 own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

## III

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking :

' 'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's  
 a noddy ;

And as for our Corporation—shock-  
 ing

To think we buy gowns lined with  
 ermine

For dolts that can't or won't deter-  
 mine

What's best to rid us of our vermin !

You hope, because you're old and  
 obese,

To find in the furry civic robe ease ?

Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a  
 racking

To find the remedy we're lacking,

Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-  
 ing !'

At this the Mayor and Corporation

Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV

An hour they sate in council,

At length the Mayor broke silence :

'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown  
 sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—

I'm sure my poor head aches again

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! '  
 Just as he said this, what should hap  
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
 ' Bless us,' cried the Mayor, ' what's  
   that ? '

(With the Corporation as he sat,  
 Looking little though wondrous fat ;  
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
 Save when at noon his paunch grew  
   mutinous

For a plate of turtle green and glu-  
   tinous)

' Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?  
 Anything like the sound of a rat  
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! '

## V

' Come in ! '—the Mayor cried, looking  
   bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure !  
 His queer long coat from heel to head  
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
 And he himself was tall and thin,  
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy  
   skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 But lips where smiles went out and in—  
 There was no guessing his kith and  
   kin !

And nobody could enough admire  
 The tall man and his quaint attire :  
 Quoth one : ' It's as my great-grand-  
   sire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's  
   tone,

Had walked this way from his painted  
   tomb-stone ! '

## VI

He advanced to the council-table :  
 And, ' Please your honours,' said he,  
   ' I'm able,

By means of a secret charm to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 That creep or swim or fly or run,  
 After me so as you never saw !

And I chiefly use my charm  
 On creatures that do people harm,  
 The mole and toad and newt and  
   viper ;

And people call me the Pied Piper.'

(And here they noticed round his neck  
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
 To match with his coat of the self-  
   same cheque ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
   straying

As if impatient to be playing  
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

' Yet,' said he, ' poor piper as I am,  
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
 Last June, from his huge swarms of  
   gnats ;

I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats :  
 And as for what your brain bewilders,  
 If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders ? '  
 ' One ? fifty thousand ! '—was the ex-  
   clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-  
   tion.

## VII

Into the street the Piper stept,  
 Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept  
 In his quiet pipe the while ;

Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
 And green and blue his sharp eyes  
   twinkled

Like a candle-flame where salt is  
 sprinkled ;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe  
   uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grum-  
   bling ;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
   rumbling ;

And out of the houses the rats came-  
   tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny  
   rats,

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats,  
   tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
 Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step for step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser  
 Wherein all plunged and perished !  
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
 To Rat-land home his commentary :  
 Which was, ' At the first shrill notes of  
 the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
 Into a cider-press's gripe :

And a moving away of pickle-tub-  
 boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-  
 boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-  
 flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by  
 psaltery

Is breathed) called out, Oh rats,  
 rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast dry-  
 saltery !

So, munch on, crunch on, take your  
 nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !  
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,

All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, Come, bore  
 me !

—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

## VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin  
 people

Ring the bells till they rocked the  
 steeple.

' Go,' cried the Mayor, ' and get long  
 poles !

Poke out the nests and block up the holes !  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,

And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats !'—when suddenly, up the

face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-  
 place,

With a, ' First, if you please, my thou-  
 sand guilders !'

## IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor  
 looked blue ;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,

Hock ;

And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !

' Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a  
 knowing wink,

Our business was done at the river's  
 brink ;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what's dead can't come to life,

I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to  
 shrink

From the duty of giving you something  
 for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your  
 poke ;

But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
 Of them, as you very well know, was

in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take

fifty !'

## X

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 ' No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !

I've promised to visit by dinner time  
 Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's  
 rich in.

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—

With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a

stiver !

And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe to another fashion.'

## XI

' How ?' cried the Mayor, ' d'ye think  
 I'll brook

Being worse treated than a Cook ?  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?



You threaten us, fellow? Do your  
worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!’

## XII

Once more he stept into the street;  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight  
cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such  
sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling, that seemed like  
a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching  
and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues  
chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when  
barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like  
pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily  
after  
The wonderful music with shouting and  
laughter.

## XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council  
stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of  
wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper’s back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council’s bosoms  
beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High  
Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and  
daughters!  
However he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps  
addressed,

And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
‘He never can cross that mighty top!  
He’s forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!’  
When, lo, as they reached the moun-  
tain’s side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the  
children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut  
fast.  
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the  
way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—  
‘It’s dull in our town since my play-  
mates left!  
I can’t forget that I’m bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me.  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous  
land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees  
grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than pea-  
cocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles’  
wings:  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!’

## XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!  
There came into many a burgher’s  
pate  
A text which says, that Heaven’s  
Gate  
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate  
As the needle’s eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
 To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
 If he'd only return the way he went,  
 And bring the children behind him.  
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
 They made a decree that lawyers never  
 Should think their records dated duly  
 If, after the day of the month and year,  
 These words did not as well appear,  
 'And so long after what happened here  
 On the Twenty-second of July,  
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : '  
 And the better in memory to fix  
 The place of the children's last retreat,  
 They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—  
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour.  
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;  
 But opposite the place of the cavern  
 They wrote the story on a column,  
 And on the great Church-Window painted  
 The same, to make the world acquainted  
 How their children were stolen away ;  
 And there it stands to this very day.  
 And I must not omit to say  
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
 Of alien people that ascribe  
 The outlandish ways and dress  
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
 To their fathers and mothers having risen  
 Out of some subterraneous prison  
 Into which they were trepanned  
 Long time ago in a mighty band  
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
 But how or why, they don't understand.

## XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers  
 Of scores out with all men—especially  
 pipers :  
 And, whether they pipe us free, from  
 rats or from mice,  
 If we've promised them aught, let us  
 keep our promise.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS

## I

YOU'RE my friend :  
 I was the man the Duke spoke to ;  
 I helped the Duchess to cast off his  
 yoke, too ;  
 So, here's the tale from beginning to end,  
 My friend !

## II

Ours is a great wild country :  
 If you climb to our castle's top,  
 I don't see where your eye can stop ;  
 For when you've passed the corn-field  
 country,  
 Where vineyards leave off, flocks are  
 packed,  
 And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,  
 And cattle-tract to open-chase,  
 And open-chase to the very base  
 Of the mountain, where, at a funeral  
 pace,  
 Round about, solemn and slow,  
 One by one, row after row,  
 Up and up the pine-trees go,  
 So, like black priests up, and so  
 Down the other side again  
 To another greater, wilder country,  
 That's one vast red drear burnt-up  
 plain,  
 Branched through and through with  
 many a vein  
 Whence iron's dug, and copper's  
 dealt ;  
 Look right, look left, look straight  
 before,—  
 Beneath they mine, above they smelt,  
 Copper-ore and iron-ore,  
 And forge and furnace mould and melt,  
 And so on, more and ever more,  
 Till, at the last, for a bounding belt,  
 Comes the salt sand hoar of the great  
 sea-shore,  
 —And the whole is our Duke's country !

## III

I was born the day this present Duke  
was—

(And O, says the song, ere I was old !)  
In the castle where the other Duke  
was—

(When I was happy and young, not  
old !)

I in the Kennel, he in the Bower :

We are of like age to an hour.

My father was Huntsman in that day ;

Who has not heard my father say

That, when a boar was brought to bay,

Three times, four times out of five,

With his huntspear he'd contrive

To get the killing-place transfixed,

And pin him true, both eyes betwixt ?

And that's why the old Duke would  
rather

He lost a salt-pit than my father,

And loved to have him ever in call ;

That's why my father stood in the  
hall

When the old Duke brought his infant  
out

To show the people, and while they  
passed

The wondrous bantling round about,

Was first to start at the outside blast

As the Kaiser's courier blew his horn,

Just a month after the babe was born.

'And,' quoth the Kaiser's courier,  
'since

The Duke has got an Heir, our Prince

Needs the Duke's self at his side : '

The Duke looked down and seemed to  
wince,

But he thought of wars o'er the world  
wide,

Castles a-fire, men on their march,

The toppling tower, the crashing arch ;

And up he looked, and awhile he eyed

The row of crests and shields and  
banners,

Of all achievements after all manners,

And 'ay,' said the Duke with a surly  
pride.

The more was his comfort when he  
died

At next year's end, in a velvet suit,

With a gilt glove on his hand, and his  
foot

In a silken shoe for a leather boot,

Petticoated like a herald,

In a chamber next to an ante-room,

Where he breathed the breath of page  
and groom,

What he called stink, and they, per-  
fume :

—They should have set him on red  
Berold,

Mad with pride, like fire to manage !

They should have got his cheek fresh  
tannage

Such a day as to-day in the merry sun-  
shine !

Had they stuck on his fist a rough-foot  
merlin !

(Hark, the wind's on the heath at its  
game !

Oh for a noble falcon-lanner

To flap each broad wing like a banner,

And turn in the wind, and dance like  
flame !)

Had they broached a cask of white beer  
from Berlin !

—Or if you incline to prescribe mere  
wine

Put to his lips when they saw him pine,

A cup of our own Moldavia fine,

Cotnar, for instance, green as May  
sorrel,

And ropy with sweet,—we shall not  
quarrel.

## IV

So, at home, the sick tall yellow  
Duchess

Was left with the infant in her clutches,  
She being the daughter of God knows

who :

And now was the time to revisit her  
tribe,

So, abroad and afar they went, the  
two,

And let our people rail and gibe

At the empty Hall and extinguished  
fire,

As loud as we liked, but ever in vain,

Till after long years we had our desire,

And back came the Duke and his  
mother again.

## V

And he came back the pertest little ape

That ever affronted human shape ;

Full of his travel, struck at himself.

You'd say, he despised our bluff old ways ?  
 —Not he ! For in Paris they told the elf  
 That our rough North land was the Land of Lays,  
 The one good thing left in evil days ;  
 Since the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,  
 And only in wild nooks like ours  
 Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,  
 And see true castles, with proper towers,  
 Young-hearted women, old-minded men,  
 And manners now as manners were then.  
 So, all that the old Dukes had been, without knowing it,  
 This Duke would fain know he was, without being it ;  
 'Twas not for the joy's self, but the joy of his showing it,  
 Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our seeing it,  
 He revived all usages thoroughly worn-out,  
 The souls of them fumed-forth, the hearts of them torn-out :  
 And chief in the chase his neck he perilled,  
 On a lathy horse, all legs and length,  
 With blood for bone, all speed, no strength ;  
 —They should have set him on red Berold,  
 With the red eye slow consuming in fire,  
 And the thin stiff ear like an abbey spire !

## VI

Well, such as he was, he must marry, we heard :  
 And out of a convent, at the word,  
 Came the Lady, in time of spring.  
 —Oh, old thoughts they cling, they cling !  
 That day, I know, with a dozen oaths  
 I clad myself in thick hunting-clothes  
 Fit for the chase of urox or buffle  
 In winter-time when you need to muffle.

But the Duke had a mind we should cut a figure,  
 And so we saw the Lady arrive :  
 My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger !  
 She was the smallest lady alive,  
 Made, in a piece of Nature's madness,  
 Too small, almost, for the life and gladness  
 That over-filled her, as some hive  
 Out of the bears' reach on the high trees  
 Is crowded with its safe merry bees :  
 In truth, she was not hard to please !  
 Up she looked, down she looked, round at the mead,  
 Straight at the castle, that's best indeed  
 To look at from outside the walls :  
 As for us, styled the 'serfs and thralls,'  
 She as much thanked me as if she had said it,  
 (With her eyes, do you understand ?)  
 Because I patted her horse while I led it ;  
 And Max, who rode on her other hand,  
 Said, no bird flew past but she inquired  
 What its true name was, nor ever seemed tired—  
 If that was an eagle she saw hover,  
 And the green and grey bird on the field was the plover.  
 When suddenly appeared the Duke :  
 And as down she sprung, the small foot pointed  
 On to my hand,—as with a rebuke,  
 And as if his backbone were not jointed,  
 The Duke stepped rather aside than forward,  
 And welcomed her with his grandest smile ;  
 And, mind you, his mother all the while  
 Chilled in the rear, like a wind to Nor'ward ;  
 And up, like a weary yawn, with its pullies  
 Went, in a shriek, the rusty porteullis ;  
 And, like a glad sky the north-wind sullies,  
 The Lady's face stopped its play,  
 As if her first hair had grown grey—  
 For such things must begin some one day !

## VII

In a day or two she was well again ;  
 As who should say, ' You labour in  
     vain !  
 This is all a jest against God, who  
     meant  
 I should ever be, as I am, content  
 And glad in His sight ; therefore, glad  
     I will be !'  
 So, smiling as at first went she.

## VIII

She was active, stirring, all fire—  
 Could not rest, could not tire—  
 To a stone she might have given life !  
 (I myself loved once, in my day)  
 —For a Shepherd's, Miner's, Hunts-  
     man's wife,  
 (I had a wife, I know what I say)  
 Never in all the world such an one !  
 And here was plenty to be done,  
 And she that could do it, great or  
     small,  
 She was to do nothing at all.  
 There was already this man in his post,  
 This in his station, and that in his  
     office,  
 And the Duke's plan admitted a wife,  
     at most,  
 To meet his eye, with the other trophies,  
 Now outside the Hall, now in it,  
 To sit thus, stand thus, see and be seen,  
 At the proper place in the proper  
     minute,  
 And die away the life between.  
 And it was amusing enough, each  
     infraction  
 Of rule (but for after-sadness that came)  
 To hear the consummate self-satis-  
     faction  
 With which the young Duke and the  
     old Dame  
 Would let her advise, and criticise,  
 And, being a fool, instruct the wise,  
 And, child-like, parcel out praise or  
     blame :  
 They bore it all in complacent guise,  
 As though an artificer, after contriving  
 A wheel-work image as if it were living,  
 Should find with delight it could motion  
     to strike him !  
 So found the Duke, and his mother like  
     him :

The Lady hardly got a rebuff—  
 That had not been contemptuous  
     enough,  
 With his cursed smirk, as he nodded  
     applause,  
 And kept off the old mother-cat's claws.

## IX

So, the little Lady grew silent and thin,  
 Paling and ever paling,  
 As the way is with a hid chagrin ;  
 And the Duke perceived that she  
     was ailing,  
 And said in his heart, ' 'Tis done to  
     spite me,  
 But I shall find in my power to right  
     me !'  
 Don't swear, friend—the Old One,  
     many a year,  
 Is in Hell, and the Duke's self . . . you  
     shall hear.

## X

Well, early in autumn, at first winter-  
     warning,  
 When the stag had to break with his  
     foot, of a morning,  
 A drinking-hole out of the fresh tender  
     ice,  
 That covered the pond till the sun, in  
     a trice,  
 Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,  
 And another and another, and faster  
     and faster,  
 Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide  
     water rolled :  
 Then it so chanced that the Duke our  
     master  
 Asked himself what were the pleasures  
     in season,  
 And found, since the calendar bade  
     him be hearty,  
 He should do the Middle Age no treason  
 In resolving on a hunting-party.  
 Always provided, old books showed the  
     way of it !  
 What meant old poets by their strictures ?  
 And when old poets had said their say  
     of it,  
 How taught old painters in their  
     pictures ?  
 We must revert to the proper channels,  
 Workings in tapestry, paintings on  
     panels,



And gather up Woodcraft's authentic traditions :

Here was food for our various ambitions,  
As on each case, exactly stated,

—To encourage your dog, now, the properest chirrup,

Or best prayer to St. Hubert on mounting your stirrup—

We of the household took thought and debated.

Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin

His sire was wont to do forest-work in ;  
Blesseder he who nobly sunk 'ohs'

And 'ahs' while he tugged on his grandsire's trunk-hose ;

What signified hats if they had no rims on,

Each slouching before and behind like the scallop,

And able to serve at sea for a shallop,  
Loaded with lacquer and looped with crimson ?

So that the deer now, to make a short rhyme on't,

What with our Venerers, Prickers, and Verderers,

Might hope for real hunters at length, and not murderers,

And oh, the Duke's tailor—he had a hot time on't !

# XI

Now you must know, that when the first dizziness

Of flap-hats and buff-coats and jack-boots subsided,

The Duke put this question, 'The Duke's part provided,

Had not the Duchess some share in the business ?'

For out of the mouth of two or three witnesses

Did he establish all fit-or-unfitnesses :  
And, after much laying of heads together,

Somebody's cap got a notable feather  
By the announcement with proper unction

That he had discovered the lady's function ;

Since ancient authors gave this tenet,  
'When horns wind a mort and the deer

is at siege,

Let the dame of the Castle prick forth on her jennet,

And, with water to wash the hands of her liege

In a clean ewer with a fair toweling,  
Let her preside at the disemboweling.'

Now, my friend, if you had so little religion

As to catch a hawk, some falcon-lanner,

And thrust her broad wings like a banner

Into a coop for a vulgar pigeon ;  
And if day by day, and week by week,

You cut her claws, and sealed her eyes,  
And clipped her wings, and tied her beak,

Would it cause you any great surprise  
If, when you decided to give her an airing,

You found she needed a little preparing ?

—I say, should you be such a curmudgeon,

If she clung to the perch, as to take it in dudgeon ?

Yet when the Duke to his lady signified,

Just a day before, as he judged most dignified,

In what a pleasure she was to participate,—

And, instead of leaping wide in flashes,  
Her eyes just lifted their long lashes,

As if pressed by fatigue even he could not dissipate,

And duly acknowledged the Duke's forethought,

But spoke of her health, if her health were worth aught,

Of the weight by day and the watch by night,

And much wrong now that used to be right,

So, thanking him, declined the hunting,—

Was conduct ever more affronting ?  
With all the ceremony settled—

With the towel ready, and the sewer  
Polishing up his oldest ewer,

And the jennet pitched upon, a piebald,

Black-barred, cream-coated and pink eye-ball'd,—



No wonder if the Duke was nettled !  
 And when she persisted nevertheless,—  
 Well, I suppose here's the time to  
 confess  
 That there ran half round our Lady's  
 chamber  
 A balcony none of the hardest to  
 clamber ;  
 And that Jacynth the tire-woman,  
 ready in waiting,  
 Stayed in call outside, what need of  
 relating ?  
 And since Jacynth was like a June rose,  
 why, a fervent  
 Adorer of Jacynth, of course, was your  
 servant ;  
 And if she had the habit to peep through  
 the casement,  
 How could I keep at any vast dis-  
 tance ?  
 And so, as I say, on the Lady's per-  
 sistence,  
 The Duke, dumb stricken with amaze-  
 ment,  
 Stood for a while in a sultry smother,  
 And then, with a smile that partook of  
 the awful,  
 Turned her over to his yellow mother  
 To learn what was decorous and lawful ;  
 And the mother smelt blood with a  
 cat-like instinct,  
 As her cheek quick whitened thro' all  
 its quince-tinct.  
 Oh, but the Lady heard the whole truth  
 at once !  
 What meant she ?—Who was she ?—  
 Her duty and station,  
 The wisdom of age and the folly of  
 youth, at once,  
 Its decent regard and its fitting rela-  
 tion—  
 In brief, my friend, set all the devils in  
 hell free  
 And turn them out to carouse in a  
 belfry,  
 And treat the priests to a fifty-part  
 canon,  
 And then you may guess how that  
 tongue of hers ran on !  
 Well, somehow or other it ended at  
 last  
 And, licking her whiskers, out she  
 passed ;

And after her,—making (he hoped) a  
 face  
 Like Emperor Nero or Sultan Saladin,  
 Stalked the Duke's self with the austere  
 grace  
 Of ancient hero or modern paladin,  
 From door to staircase—oh, such a  
 solemn  
 Unbending of the vertebral column !

## XII

However, at sunrise our company  
 mustered ;  
 And here was the huntsman bidding  
 unkennel,  
 And there 'neath his bonnet the pricker  
 blustered,  
 With feather dank as a bough of wet  
 fennel ;  
 For the court-yard's four walls were  
 filled with fog  
 You might cut as an axe chops a log.  
 Like so much wool for colour and  
 bulkiness ;  
 And out rode the Duke in a perfect  
 sulkiness,  
 Since, before breakfast, a man feels but  
 queasily,  
 And a sinking at the lower abdomen  
 Begins the day with indifferent omen.  
 And lo, as he looked around uneasily,  
 The sun ploughed the fog up and drove  
 it asunder  
 This way and that from the valley  
 under ;  
 And, looking through the court-yard  
 arch,  
 Down in the valley, what should meet  
 him  
 But a troop of Gipsies on their march,  
 No doubt with the annual gifts to greet  
 him.

## XIII

Now, in your land, Gipsies reach you,  
 only  
 After reaching all lands beside ;  
 North they go, South they go, trooping  
 or lonely,  
 And still, as they travel far and wide,  
 Catch they and keep now a trace here,  
 a trace there,  
 That puts you in mind of a place here,  
 a place there.

But with us, I believe they rise out of  
 the ground,  
 And nowhere else, I take it, are found  
 With the earth-tint yet so freshly  
 embrowned;  
 Born, no doubt, like insects which breed  
 on  
 The very fruit they are meant to feed  
 on.  
 For the earth—not a use to which they  
 don't turn it,  
 The ore that grows in the mountain's  
 womb,  
 Or the sand in the pits like a honey-  
 comb,  
 They sift and soften it, bake it and burn  
 it—  
 Whether they weld you, for instance,  
 a snaffle  
 With side-bars never a brute can  
 baffle;  
 Or a lock that's a puzzle of wards  
 within wards;  
 Or, if your colt's fore-foot inclines to  
 curve inwards,  
 Horseshoes they'll hammer which turn  
 on a swivel  
 And won't allow the hoof to shrivel.  
 Then they cast bells like the shell of the  
 winkle,  
 That keep a stout heart in the ram  
 with their tinkle;  
 But the sand—they pinch and pound  
 it like otters;  
 Commend me to Gipsy glass-makers  
 and potters!  
 Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,  
 Where just a faint cloud of rose shall  
 appear,  
 As if in pure water you dropped and let  
 die  
 A bruise black-blooded mulberry;  
 And that other sort, their crowning  
 pride,  
 With long white threads distinct in-  
 side,  
 Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots  
 which dangle  
 Loose such a length and never tangle,  
 Where the bold sword-lily cuts the  
 clear waters,  
 And the cup-lily couches with all the  
 white daughters:

Such are the works they put their hand  
 to,  
 And the uses they turn and twist iron  
 and sand to.  
 And these made the troop, which our  
 Duke saw sally  
 Towards his castle from out of the  
 valley,  
 Men and women, like new-hatched  
 spiders,  
 Come out with the morning to greet  
 our riders.  
 And up they wound till they reached  
 the ditch,  
 Whereat all stopped save one, a witch,  
 That I knew, as she hobbled from the  
 group,  
 By her gait, directly, and her stoop,  
 I, whom Jacynth was used to impor-  
 tune  
 To let that same witch tell us our  
 fortune.  
 The oldest Gipsy then above ground;  
 And, so sure as the autumn season  
 came round,  
 She paid us a visit for profit or pastime,  
 And every time, as she swore, for the  
 last time.  
 And presently she was seen to sidle  
 Up to the Duke till she touched his  
 bridle,  
 So that the horse of a sudden reared up  
 As under its nose the old witch peered  
 up  
 With her worn-out eyes, or rather eye-  
 holes  
 Of no use now but to gather brine,  
 And began a kind of level whine  
 Such as they used to sing to their viols  
 When their ditties they go grinding  
 Up and down with nobody minding:  
 And, then as of old, at the end of the  
 humming  
 Her usual presents were forthcoming  
 —A dog-whistle blowing the fiercest of  
 trebles,  
 (Just a sea-shore stone holding a dozen  
 fine pebbles,)  
 Or a porcelain mouth-piece to screw on a  
 pipe-end,—  
 And so she awaited her annual stipend.  
 But this time, the Duke would scarcely  
 vouchsafe

A word in reply ; and in vain she felt  
With twitching fingers at her belt  
For the purse of sleek pine-martin pelt,  
Ready to put what he gave in her pouch  
safe,—

Till, either to quicken his apprehension,  
Or possibly with an after-intention,  
She was come, she said, to pay her duty  
To the new Duchess, the youthful  
beauty.

No sooner had she named his Lady,  
Than a shine lit up the face so shady,  
And its smirk returned with a novel  
meaning—

For it struck him, the babe just wanted  
weaning ;

If one gave her a taste of what life was  
and sorrow,

She, foolish to-day, would be wiser to-  
morrow ;

And who so fit a teacher of trouble  
As this sordid crone bent wellnigh  
double ?

So, glancing at her wolf-skin vesture,  
(If such it was, for they grow so hirsute  
That their own fleece serves for natural  
fur-suit)

He was contrasting, 'twas plain from  
his gesture,

The life of the Lady so flower-like and  
delicate

With the loathsome squalor of this  
helicat.

I, in brief, was the man the Duke  
beckoned

From out of the throng, and while I  
drew near

He told the crone, as I since have  
reckoned

By the way he bent and spoke into her  
ear

With circumspection and mystery,  
The main of the Lady's history,  
Her frowardness and ingratitude ;

And for all the crone's submissive  
attitude

I could see round her mouth the loose  
plaits tightening,

And her brow with assenting intelli-  
gence brightening.

As though, she engaged with hearty  
goodwill

Whatever he now might enjoin to fulfil,

And promised the Lady a thorough  
frightening.

And so, just giving her a glimpse  
Of a purse, with the air of a man who  
imps

The wing of the hawk that shall fetch  
the hernshaw,

He bade me take the Gipsy mother  
And set her telling some story or other  
Of hill or dale, oak-wood or fernshaw,  
To while away a weary hour

For the Lady left alone in her bower,  
Whose mind and body craved exertion  
And yet shrank from all better diver-  
sion.

## XIV

Then clapping heel to his horse, the  
mere curveter,

Out rode the Duke, and after his hollo  
Horses and hounds swept, huntsman  
and servitor,

And back I turned and bade the crone  
follow.

And what makes me confident what 's  
to be told you

Had all along been of this crone 's  
devising,

Is, that, on looking round sharply,  
behold you,

There was a novelty quick as surpris-  
ing :

For first, she had shot up a full head in  
stature,

And her step kept pace with mine nor  
faltered,

As if age had foregone its usurpature,  
And the ignoble mien was wholly  
altered,

And the face looked quite of another  
nature.

And the change reached too, whatever  
the change meant,

Her shaggy wolf-skin cloak's arrange-  
ment :

For where its tatters hung loose like  
sedges,

Gold coins were glittering on the  
edges,

Like the band-roll strung with tomans  
Which proves the veil a Persian  
woman's :

And under her brow, like a snail's  
horns newly

Come out as after the rain he paces,  
Two unmistakeable eye-points duly  
Live and aware looked out of their  
places.

So, we went and found Jacynth at the  
entry

Of the Lady's chamber standing sentry ;  
I told the command and produced my  
companion,

And Jacynth rejoiced to admit any one,  
For since last night, by the same  
token,

Not a single word had the Lady  
spoken :

They went in both to the presence  
together,

While I in the balcony watched the  
weather.

xv

And now, what took place at the very  
first of all,

I cannot tell, as I never could learn it :  
Jacynth constantly wished a curse to  
fall

On that little head of hers and burn it,  
If she knew how she came to drop so  
soundly

Asleep of a sudden and there continue  
The whole time sleeping as profoundly  
As one of the boars my father would pin  
you

'Twixt the eyes where the life holds  
garrison,

—Jacynth forgive me the comparison !  
But where I begin my own narration  
Is a little after I took my station  
To breathe the fresh air from the  
balcony,

And, having in those days a falcon eye,  
To follow the hunt thro' the open  
country,

From where the bushes thinlier crested  
The hillocks, to a plain where's not  
one tree.

When, in a moment, my ear was  
arrested

By—was it singing, or was it saying,  
Or a strange musical instrument  
playing

In the chamber ?—and to be certain  
I pushed the lattice, pulled the curtain,  
And there lay Jacynth asleep,  
Yet as if a watch she tried to keep,

In a rosy sleep along the floor  
With her head against the door ;  
While in the midst, on the seat of state,  
Was a queen—the Gipsy woman late,  
With head and face downbent  
On the Lady's head and face intent :  
For, coiled at her feet like a child at  
ease,

The Lady sat between her knees  
And o'er them the Lady's clasped hands  
met,

And on those hands her chin was set,  
And her upturned face met the face of  
the crone

Wherein the eyes had grown and  
grown

As if she could double and quadruple  
At pleasure the play of either pupil  
—Very like, by her hands, slow fan-  
ning,

As up and down like a gor-crow's  
flappers

They moved to measure, or bell  
clappers.

I said, is it blessing, is it banning,  
Do they applaud you or burlesque  
you—

Those hands and fingers with no flesh  
on ?

But, just as I thought to spring in to  
the rescue,

At once I was stopped by the Lady's  
expression :

For it was life her eyes were drinking  
From the crone's wide pair above un-  
winking,

—Life's pure fire received without  
shrinking,

Into the heart and breast whose heaving  
Told you no single drop they were  
leaving,

—Life, that filling her, passed re-  
dundant

Into her very hair, back swerving  
Over each shoulder, loose and abundant,  
As her head thrown back showed the  
white throat curving,

And the very tresses shared in the  
pleasure,

Moving to the mystic measure,  
Bounding as the bosom bounded.

I stopped short, more and more con-  
founded,

As still her cheeks burned and eyes  
glistened,

As she listened and she listened :

When all at once a hand detained me,  
And the selfsame contagion gained me,  
And I kept time to the wondrous  
chime,

Making out words and prose and  
rhyme,

Till it seemed that the music furled  
Its wings like a task fulfilled, and  
dropped

From under the words it first had  
propped,

And left them midway in the world,  
And word took word as hand takes  
hand,

I could hear at last, and understand,  
And when I held the unbroken thread,  
The Gipsy said :—

‘And so at last we find my tribe,  
And so I set thee in the midst,  
And to one and all of them describe  
What thou saidst and what thou didst,  
Our long and terrible journey through,  
And all thou art ready to say and do  
In the trials that remain :  
I trace them the vein and the other  
vein

That meet on thy brow and part again,  
Making our rapid mystic mark ;  
And I bid my people prove and probe  
Each eye’s profound and glorious globe  
Till they detect the kindred spark  
In those depths so dear and dark,  
Like the spots that snap and burst and  
flee,

Circling over the midnight sea.  
And on that round young cheek of  
thine

I make them recognise the tinge,  
As when of the costly scarlet wine  
They drip so much as will impinge  
And spread in a thinnest scale afloat  
One thick gold drop from the olive’s coat  
Over a silver plate whose sheen  
Still thro’ the mixture shall be seen.  
For so I prove thee, to one and all,  
Fit, when my people ope their breast,  
To see the sign, and hear the call,  
And take the vow, and stand the test  
Which adds one more child to the rest—

When the breast is bare and the arms  
are wide,

And the world is left outside.

For there is probation to decree,  
And many and long must the trials be  
Thou shalt victoriously endure,  
If that brow is true and those eyes are  
sure ;

Like a jewel-finder’s fierce assay  
Of the prize he dug from its mountain  
tomb,—

Let once the vindicating ray  
Leap out amid the anxious gloom,  
And steel and fire have done their part  
And the prize falls on its finder’s heart ;  
So, trial after trial past,  
Wilt thou fall at the very last  
Breathless, half in trance  
With the thrill of the great deliverance,  
Into our arms for evermore ;  
And thou shalt know, those arms once  
curled

About thee, what we knew before,  
How love is the only good in the  
world.

Henceforth be loved as heart can love,  
Or brain devise, or hand approve !  
Stand up, look below,

It is our life at thy feet we throw  
To step with into light and joy ;  
Not a power of life but we’ll employ  
To satisfy thy nature’s want ;  
Art thou the tree that props the plant,  
Or the climbing plant that seeks the  
tree—

Canst thou help us, must we help thee ?  
If any two creatures grew into one,  
They would do more than the world  
has done ;

Though each apart were never so  
weak,

Yet vainly through the world should  
ye seek

For the knowledge and the might  
Which in such union grew their right :  
So, to approach, at least, that end,  
And blend,—as much as may be, blend  
Thee with us or us with thee,  
As climbing-plant or propping-tree,  
Shall some one deck thee, over and  
down,

Up and about, with blossoms and  
leaves ?



Fix his heart's fruit for thy garland-crown.

Cling with his soul as the gourd-vine cleaves,

Die on thy boughs and disappear

While not a leaf of thine is sere ?

Or is the other fate in store,

And art thou fitted to adore,

To give thy wondrous self away,

And take a stronger nature's sway ?

I foresee and I could foretell

Thy future portion, sure and well—

But those passionate eyes speak true,  
speak true,

And let them say what thou shalt do !

Only, be sure thy daily life,

In its peace, or in its strife,

Never shall be unobserved ;

We pursue thy whole career,

And hope for it, or doubt, or fear,—

Lo, hast thou kept thy path or swerved,

We are beside thee, in all thy ways,

With our blame, with our praise,

Our shame to feel, our pride to show,

Glad, angry—but indifferent, no !

Whether it is thy lot to go,

For the good of us all, where the haters meet

In the crowded city's horrible street ;

Or thou step alone through the morass

Where never sound yet was

Save the dry quick clap of the stork's bill,

For the air is still, and the water still,

When the blue breast of the dipping coot

Dives under, and all is mute.

So at the last shall come old age,

Decrepit as befits that stage ;

How else wouldst thou retire apart

With the hoarded memories of thy heart.

And gather all to the very least

Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,

Let fall through eagerness to find

The crowning dainties yet behind ?

Ponder on the entire Past

Laid together thus at last,

When the twilight helps to fuse

The first fresh, with the faded hues,

And the outline of the whole,

As round eve's shades their framework roll.

Grandly fronts for once thy soul.

And then as, 'mid the dark, a gleam  
Of yet another morning breaks,  
And like the hand which ends a dream,  
Death, with the might of his sunbeam  
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes,  
Then—'

Ay, then, indeed, something  
would happen !

But what ? For here her voice changed  
like a bird's ;

There grew more of the music and less  
of the words :

Had Jacynth only been by me to clap  
pen

To paper and put you down every  
syllable

With those clever clerkly fingers,

All that I've forgotten as well as what  
lingers

In this old brain of mine that 's but ill  
able

To give you even this poor version

Of the speech I spoil, as it were, with  
stammering

—More fault of those who had the  
hammering

Of prosody into me and syntax,

And did it, not with hobnails but tin-  
tacks !

But to return from this excursion.—

Just, do you mark, when the song was  
sweetest,

The peace most deep and the charm  
completest,

There came, shall I say, a snap—

And the charm vanished !

And my sense returned, so strangely  
banished,

And, starting as from a nap,

I knew the crone was bewitching my  
lady,

With Jacynth asleep ; and but one  
spring made I,

Down from the casement, round to the  
portal,

Another minute and I had entered,—

When the door opened, and more than  
mortal

Stood, with a face where to my mind  
centred

All beauties I ever saw or shall see.

The Duchess—I stopped as if struck by  
palsy.



She was so different, happy and beautiful,  
 I felt at once that all was best,  
 And that I had nothing to do, for the rest,  
 But wait her commands, obey and be dutiful.  
 Not that, in fact, there was any commanding,  
 —I saw the glory of her eye,  
 And the brow's height and the breast's expanding,  
 And I was hers to live or to die.  
 As for finding what she wanted,  
 You know God Almighty granted  
 Such little signs should serve his wild creatures  
 To tell one another all their desires,  
 So that each knows what its friend requires,  
 And does its bidding without teachers.  
 I preceded her; the crone  
 Followed silent and alone;  
 I spoke to her, but she merely jabbered  
 In the old style; both her eyes had slunk  
 Back to their pits; her stature shrunk;  
 In short, the soul in its body sunk  
 Like a blade sent home to its scabbard.  
 We descended, I preceding;  
 Crossed the court with nobody heeding;  
 All the world was at the chase,  
 The court-yard like a desert-place,  
 The stable emptied of its small fry;  
 I saddled myself the very palfrey  
 I remember patting while it carried her,  
 The day she arrived and the Duke married her.  
 And, do you know, though it's easy  
 Deceiving  
 Oneself in such matters, I can't help believing  
 The Lady had not forgotten it either,  
 And knew the poor devil so much  
 Beneath her  
 Would have been only too glad for her  
 Service  
 To dance on hot ploughshares like a  
 Turk dervise,  
 But unable to pay proper duty where  
 Owing it  
 Was reduced to that pitiful method of  
 Showing it:

For though the moment I began setting  
 His saddle on my own nag of Berold's  
 Begetting,  
 (Not that I meant to be obtrusive)  
 She stopped me, while his rug was shifting,  
 By a single rapid finger's lifting,  
 And, with a gesture kind but conclusive,  
 And a little shake of the head, refused me,—  
 I say, although she never used me,  
 Yet when she was mounted, the Gipsy  
 Behind her,  
 And I ventured to remind her,  
 I suppose with a voice of less steadiness  
 Than usual, for my feeling exceeded me,  
 —Something to the effect that I was in  
 Readiness  
 Whenever God should please she  
 Needed me,—  
 Then, do you know, her face looked  
 Down on me  
 With a look that placed a crown on me,  
 And she felt in her bosom,—mark, her  
 Bosom—  
 And, as a flower-tree drops its blossom,  
 Dropped me. . . ah, had it been a purse  
 Of silver, my friend, or gold that's worse,  
 Why, you see, as soon as I found  
 Myself  
 So understood,—that a true heart so  
 May gain  
 Such a reward,—I should have gone  
 Home again,  
 Kissed Jacynth, and soberly drowned  
 Myself!  
 It was a little plait of hair  
 Such as friends in a convent make  
 To wear, each for the other's sake,—  
 This, see, which at my breast I wear,  
 Ever did (rather to Jacynth's grudging-  
 ment),  
 And ever shall, till the Day of Judgment.  
 And then,—and then,—to cut short,—  
 This is idle,  
 These are feelings it is not good to  
 Foster,—  
 I pushed the gate wide, she shook the  
 Bridle,  
 And the palfrey bounded,—and so we  
 Lost her.

## XVI

When the liquor's out, why clink the  
cannakin ?  
I did think to describe you the panic in  
The redoubtable breast of our master  
the mannikin,  
And what was the pitch of his mother's  
yellowness,  
How she turned as a shark to snap the  
spare-rib  
Clean off, sailors say, from a pearl-  
diving Carib,  
When she heard, what she called, the  
flight of the feloness  
—But it seems such child's play,  
What they said and did with the Lady  
away !  
And to dance on, when we've lost the  
music,  
Always made me—and no doubt makes  
you—sick.  
Nay, to my mind, the world's face  
looked so stern  
As that sweet form disappeared through  
the postern,  
She that kept it in constant good  
humour,  
It ought to have stopped ; there seemed  
nothing to do more.  
But the world thought otherwise and  
went on,  
And my head's one that its spite was  
spent on :  
Thirty years are fled since that morn-  
ing,  
And with them all my head's adorning.  
Nor did the old Duchess die outright,  
As you expect, of suppressed spite,  
The natural end of every adder  
Not suffered to empty its poison-  
bladder :  
But she and her son agreed, I take it,  
That no one should touch on the story  
to wake it,  
For the wound in the Duke's pride  
rankled fiery,  
So, they made no search and small  
inquiry—  
And when fresh Gipsies have paid us  
a visit, I've  
Noticed the couple were never inquisi-  
tive,

But told them they're folks the Duke  
don't want here,  
And bade them make haste and cross  
the frontier.  
Brief, the Duchess was gone and the  
Duke was glad of it,  
And the old one was in the young one's  
stead,  
And took, in her place, the household's  
head,  
And a blessed time the household had  
of it !  
And were I not, as a man may say,  
cautious  
How I trench, more than needs, on the  
nauseous,  
I could favour you with sundry touches  
Of the paint-smutches with which the  
Duchess  
Heightened the mellowness of her  
cheek's yellowness  
(To get on faster) until at last her  
Cheek grew to be one master-plaster  
Of mucus and fucus from mere use of  
ceruse :  
In short, she grew from scalp to udder  
Just the object to make you shudder.

## XVII

You're my friend—  
What a thing friendship is, world  
without end !  
How it gives the heart and soul a  
stir-up  
As if somebody broached you a glorious  
runlet,  
And poured out, all lovelily, sparkingly,  
sunlit,  
Our green Moldavia, the streaky syrup,  
Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids—  
Friendship may match with that  
monarch of fluids ;  
Each supple a dry brain, fills you its  
ins-and-outs,  
Gives your life's hour-glass a shake  
when the thin sand doubts  
Whether to run on or stop short, and  
guarantees  
Age is not all made of stark sloth and  
arrant ease.  
I have seen my little Lady once more,  
Jacynth, the Gipsy, Berold, and the  
rest of it,

For to me spoke the Duke, as I told you before ;  
 I always wanted to make a clean breast of it :  
 And now it is made—why, my heart's-blood, that went trickle,  
 Trickle, but anon, in such muddy dribblets,  
 Is pumped up brisk now, through the main ventricle,  
 And genially floats me about the giblets.  
 I'll tell you what I intend to do :  
 I must see this fellow his sad life through—  
 He is our Duke, after all,  
 And I, as he says, but a serf and thrall.  
 My father was born here, and I inherit His fame, a chain he bound his son with :  
 Could I pay in a lump I should prefer it,  
 But there's no mine to blow up and get done with,  
 So, I must stay till the end of the chapter.  
 For, as to our middle-age-manners-adapter,  
 Be it a thing to be glad on or sorry on,  
 Some day or other, his head in a morion,  
 And breast in a hauberk, his heels he'll kick up,  
 Slain by an onslaught fierce of hiccup.  
 And then, when red doth the sword of our Duke rust,  
 And its leathern sheath lie o'ergrown with a blue crust,  
 Then, I shall scrape together my earnings ;  
 For, you see, in the churchyard Jacynth reposes,  
 And our children all went the way of the roses :  
 It's a long lane that knows no turnings.  
 One needs but little tackle to travel in ;  
 So, just one stout cloak shall I indue :  
 And for a staff, what beats the javelin  
 With which his boars my father pinned you ?  
 And then, for a purpose you shall hear presently,

Taking some Cotnar, a tight plump skinfull,  
 I shall go journeying, who but I, pleasantly !  
 Sorrow is vain and despondency sinful.  
 What's a man's age ? He must hurry more, that's all ;  
 Cram in a day, what his youth took a year to hold :  
 When we mind labour, then only, we're too old—  
 What age had Methusalem when he begat Saul ?  
 And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees,  
 (Come all the way from the north-parts with sperm oil)  
 I hope to get safely out of the turmoil  
 And arrive one day at the land of the Gipsies,  
 And find my Lady, or hear the last news of her  
 From some old thief and son of Lucifer,  
 His forehead chapleted green with weathy hop,  
 Sunburned all over like an Æthiop.  
 And when my Cotnar begins to operate  
 And the tongue of the rogue to run at a proper rate,  
 And our wine-skin, tight once, shows each flaccid dent,  
 I shall drop in with—as if by accident—  
 ' You never knew then, how it all ended,  
 What fortunes good or bad attended  
 The little Lady your Queen befriended ?'  
 —And when that's told me, what's remaining ?  
 This world's too hard for my explaining.  
 The same wise judge of matters equine  
 Who still preferred some slim four-year-old  
 To the big-boned stock of mighty Berold,  
 And, for strong Cotnar, drank French weak wine,  
 He also must be such a Lady's scorner !  
 Smooth Jacob still robs homely Esau :  
 Now up, now down, the world's one see-saw.  
 —So, I shall find out some snug corner

Under a hedge, like Orson the wood-knight,  
 Turn myself round and bid the world  
 good night ;  
 And sleep a sound sleep till the trumpet's  
 blowing  
 Wakes me (unless priests cheat us lay-  
 men)  
 To a world where will be no further  
 throwing  
 Pearls before swine that can't value  
 them. Amen !

### A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

[Time—Shortly after the revival of  
 learning in Europe.]

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,  
 Singing together.  
 Leave we the common crofts, the  
 vulgar thorpes,  
 Each in its tether  
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the  
 plain,  
 Cared-for till cock-crow :  
 Look out if yonder be not day again  
 Rimming the rock-row !  
 That's the appropriate country ; there,  
 man's thought,  
 Rarer, intenser,  
 Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it  
 ought,  
 Chafes in the censor !  
 Leave we the unlettered plain its herd  
 and crop ;  
 Seek we sepulture  
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top,  
 Crowded with culture !  
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest  
 excels ;  
 Clouds overcome it ;  
 No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's  
 Circling its summit !  
 Thither our path lies ; wind we up the  
 heights :  
 Wait ye the warning ?  
 Our low life was the level's and the  
 night's ;  
 He's for the morning !  
 Step to a tune, square chests, erect the  
 head,  
 'Ware the beholders !

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,  
 Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling  
 thorpe and croft,  
 Safe from the weather !

He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,  
 Singing together,

He was a man born with thy face and  
 throat,

Lyric Apollo !

Long he lived nameless : how should  
 spring take note

Winter would follow ?

Till lo, the little touch, and youth was  
 gone !

Cramped and diminished,

Moaned he, ' New measures, other feet  
 anon !

My dance is finished ? '

No, that's the world's way ! (keep the  
 mountain-side,

Make for the city,)

He knew the signal, and stepped on  
 with pride

Over men's pity ;

Left play for work, and grappled with  
 the world

Bent on escaping :

' What's in the scroll,' quoth he, ' thou  
 keepest furled ?

Show me their shaping,

Theirs, who most studied man, the bard  
 and sage,—

Give ! '—So he gowned him,

Straight got by heart that book to its  
 last page :

Learned, we found him !

Yea, but we found him bald too—eyes  
 like lead,

Accents uncertain :

' Time to taste life,' another would  
 have said,

' Up with the curtain ! '—

This man said rather, ' Actual life comes  
 next ?

Patience a moment !

Grant I have mastered learning's  
 crabbed text,

Still, there's the comment.

Let me know all ! Prate not of most  
 or least,

Painful or easy :

Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,

    Ay, nor feel queasy !'

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,

    When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to give !

    Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts—

    Fancy the fabric

Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,

    Ere mortar dab brick !

(Here 's the town-gate reached : there 's the market-place

    Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace

    (Hearten our chorus)

That before living he'd learn how to live—

    No end to learning :

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

    Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say—' But time escapes !

    Live now or never !'

He said, ' What 's time ? leave Now for dogs and apes !

    Man has Forever.'

Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :

*Calculus* racked him :

Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :

*Tussis* attacked him.

' Now, Master, take a little rest !'—not he !

    (Caution redoubled !

Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly)

    Not a whit troubled,

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

    Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)

    Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,

    Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,

    Bad is our bargain !

Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,

    (He loves the burthen)—

God's task to make the heavenly period

    Perfect the earthen ?

Did not he magnify the mind, show clear

    Just what it all meant ?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

    Paid by instalment !

He ventured neck or nothing—Heaven's success

    Found, or earth's failure :

' Wilt thou trust death or not ?' He answered ' Yes !

    Hence with life's pale lure !'

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

    Sees it and does it :

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

    Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

    His hundred 's soon hit :

This high man, aiming at a million,

    Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—should he need the next,

    Let the world mind him !

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed

    Seeking shall find Him.

So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,

    Ground he at grammar ;

Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :

    While he could stammer

He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—

    Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*, Dead from the waist down.

Well, here 's the platform, here 's the proper place.

    Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered race, Swallows and curlews !

Here 's the top-peak ! the multitude below

    Live, for they can, there.

This man decided not to Live but  
Know—

Bury this man there ?

Here—here 's his place, where meteors  
shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go ! let joy break with  
the storm,

Peace let the dew send !

Lofty designs must close in like effects :  
Loftily lying,

Leave him—still loftier than the world  
suspects,

Living and dying.

### JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDI- TATION

THERE 's heaven above, and night by  
night,

I look right through its gorgeous  
roof ;

No suns and moons though e'er so  
bright

Avail to stop me ; splendour-proof

I keep the broods of stars aloof :

For I intend to get to God,

For 'tis to God I speed so fast,

For in God's breast, my own abode,

Those shoals of dazzling glory, past,

I lay my spirit down at last.

I lie where I have always lain,

God smiles as He has always smiled ;

Ere suns and moons could wax and  
wane,

Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled

The heavens, God thought on me His  
child ;

Ordained a life for me, arrayed

Its circumstances, every one

To the minutest ; ay, God said

This head this hand should rest upon

Thus, ere He fashioned star or sun.

And having thus created me,

Thus rooted me, He bade me grow,

Guiltless for ever, like a tree

That buds and blooms, nor seeks to  
know

The law by which it prospers so :

But sure that thought and word and  
deed

All go to swell His love for me,

Me, made because that love had need

Of something irrevocably  
Pledged solely its content to be.

Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend,

No poison-gourd foredoomed to  
stoop !

I have God's warrant, could I blend

All hideous sins, as in a cup,

To drink the mingled venoms up,

Secure my nature will convert

The draught to blossoming gladness  
fast,

While sweet dew's turn to the gourd's  
hurt,

And bloat, and while they bloat it,  
blast,

As from the first its lot was cast.

For as I lie, smiled on, full fed

By unexhausted power to bless,

I gaze below on Hell's fierce bed,

And those its waves of flame oppress,

Swarming in ghastly wretchedness ;

Whose life on earth aspired to be

One altar-smoke, so pure !—to win

If not love like God's love to me,

At least to keep His anger in ;

And all their striving turned to sin.

Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown  
white

With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,

The martyr, the wan acolyte,

The incense-swinging child,—undone

Before God fashioned star or sun !

God, whom I praise ; how could I  
praise,

If such as I might understand,

Make out and reckon on His ways,

And bargain for His love, and stand,

Paying a price, at His right hand ?

### THE HERETIC'S TRAGEDY

#### A MIDDLE-AGE INTERLUDE

ROSA MUNDI ; SEU, FULCITE ME FLORI-  
BUS. A CONCEIT OF MASTER GYS-  
BRECHT, CANON-REGULAR OF SAINT  
JODOCUS-BY-THE-BAR, YPRES CITY.  
CANTUQUE, *Virgilius*. AND HATH  
OFTEN BEEN SUNG AT HOCK-TIDE  
AND FESTIVALS. GAVISUS ERAM,  
*Jessides*.

(It would seem to be a glimpse from  
the burning of Jacques du Bourg-  
Molay, at Paris, A.D. 1314 ; as dis-



torted by the refraction from Flemish brain to brain, during the course of a couple of centuries.)

I

PREADMONISHETH THE ABBOT DEODAET  
THE Lord, we look to once for all,

Is the Lord we should look at, all at once :

He knows not to vary, saith Saint Paul,

Nor the shadow of turning, for the nonce.

See Him no other than as He is !

Give both the Infinitudes their due—

Infinite mercy, but, I wis,

As infinite a justice too.

[*Organ : plagal-cadence.*

As infinite a justice too.

II

ONE SINGETH

John, Master of the Temple of God,

Falling to sin the Unknown Sin,

What he bought of Emperor Aldabrod,

He sold it to Sultan Saladin :

Till, caught by Pope Clement, a-buzzing there,

Hornet-prince of the mad wasps' hive,

And clipt of his wings in Paris square,

They bring him now to be burned alive.

[*And wanteth there grace of lute or clavicithern, ye shall say to confirm him who singeth—*

We bring John now to be burned alive.

III

In the midst is a goodly gallows built ;

'Twixt fork and fork, a stake is stuck ;

But first they set divers tumbrils a-tilt,

Make a trench all round with the city muck

Inside they pile log upon log, good store ;

Faggots not few, blocks great and small,

Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more,—

For they mean he should roast in the sight of all.

CHORUS

We mean he should roast in the sight of all.

IV

Good sappy bavins that kindle forth-with ;

Billets that blaze substantial and slow ;

Pine-stump split deftly, dry as pith ;

Larch-heart that chars to a chalk-white glow :

Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,

Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,

Spit in his face, then leap back safe,

Sing 'Laudes' and bid clap-to the torch.

CHORUS

*Laus Deo*—who bids clap-to the torch.

V

John of the Temple, whose fame so bragged,

Is burning alive in Paris square !

How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged ?

Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there ?

Or heave his chest, while a band goes round ?

Or threat with his fist, since his arms are spliced ?

Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound ?

—Thinks John, I will call upon Jesus Christ.

[*Here one crosseth himself.*

VI

Jesus Christ—John had bought and sold,

Jesus Christ—John had eaten and drunk ;

To him, the Flesh meant silver and gold.

(*Salvâ reverentiâ.*)

Now it was, 'Saviour, bountiful lamb,

I have roasted Thee Turks, though men roast me.

See Thy servant, the plight wherein I am !

Art Thou a Saviour ? Save Thou me !'

## CHORUS

'Tis John the mocker cries, Save  
Thou me !

## VII

Who maketh God's menace an idle  
word ?

—Saith, it no more means what it  
proclaims,

Than a damsel's threat to her wanton  
bird ?—

For she too prattles of ugly names.

—Saith, he knoweth but one thing,—  
what he knows ?

That God is good and the rest is  
breath ;

Why else is the same styled, Sharon's  
rose ?

Once a rose, ever a rose, he saith.

## CHORUS

O, John shall yet find a rose, he  
saith !

## VIII

Alack, there be roses and roses, John !

Some, honied of taste like your  
leman's tongue :

Some, bitter—for why ? (roast gaily  
on !)

Their tree struck root in devil's  
dung !

When Paul once reasoned of righteous-  
ness

And of temperance and of judgment  
to come,

Good Felix trembled, he could no less—  
John, snickering, crook'd his wicked  
thumb.

## CHORUS

What cometh to John of the wicked  
thumb ?

## IX

Ha ha, John plucketh now at his rose

To rid himself of a sorrow at heart !

Lo,—petal on petal, fierce rays un-  
close ;

Anther on anther, sharp spikes  
outstart ;

And with blood for dew, the bosom  
boils ;

And a gust of sulphur is all its smell ;

And lo, he is horribly in the toils

Of a coal-black giant flower of Hell !

## CHORUS

What maketh Heaven, That maketh  
Hell.

## X

So, as John called now, through the fire  
amain,

On the Name, he had cursed with, all  
his life—

To the Person, he bought and sold  
again—

For the Face, with his daily buffets  
rife—

Feature by feature It took its place !

And his voice, like a mad dog's  
choking bark,

At the steady Whole of the Judge's  
Face—

Died. Forth John's soul flared into  
the dark.

## SUBJOINETH THE ABBOT DEODAET

God help all poor souls lost in the  
dark !

## HOLY-CROSS DAY

ON WHICH THE JEWS WERE FORCED TO  
ATTEND AN ANNUAL CHRISTIAN  
SERMON IN ROME.

[ ' Now was come about Holy-Cross  
Day, and now must my lord preach his  
first sermon to the Jews : as it was of  
old cared for in the merciful bowels  
of the Church, that, so to speak, a  
crumb at least from her conspicuous  
table here in Rome, should be, though  
but once yearly, cast to the famishing  
dogs, under-trampled and bespitten-  
upon beneath the feet of the guests.  
And a moving sight in truth, this, of  
so many of the besotted, blind, restive  
and ready-to-perish Hebrews ! now  
maternally brought—nay, (for He saith,  
" Compel them to come in ") haled, as  
it were, by the head and hair, and  
against their obstinate hearts, to par-  
take of the heavenly grace. What  
awakening, what striving with tears,  
what working of a yeasty conscience !  
Nor was my lord wanting to himself on  
so apt an occasion ; witness the abund-  
ance of conversions which did incon-  
tinently reward him : though not to

my lord be altogether the glory.'—  
*Diary by the Bishop's Secretary, 1600.]*

Though what the Jews really said, on  
thus being driven to church, was rather  
to this effect :—

I

FEE, faw, fum ! bubble and squeak !  
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the  
week.

Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,  
Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff,  
Take the church-road, for the bell's  
due chime  
Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-  
time.

II

Boh, here's Barnabas ! Job, that's  
you ?  
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too ?  
Shame, man ! greedy beyond your  
years  
To handsel the bishop's shaving-  
shears ?  
Fair play's a jewel ! leave friends in  
the lurch ?  
Stand on a line ere you start for the  
church.

III

Higgledy piggledy, packed we lie,  
Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,  
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,  
Worms in a carcase, fleas in a sleeve.  
Hist ! square shoulders, settle your  
thumbs  
And buzz for the bishop—here he  
comes.

IV

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog !  
I liken his Grace to an acorned hog.  
What, a boy at his side, with the bloom  
of a lass,  
To help and handie my lord's hour-  
glass !  
Didst ever behold so lithe a chine ?  
His cheek hath laps like a fresh-singed  
swine.

V

Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,  
Or somebody deal him a dig in the  
paunch !

Look at the purse with the tassel and  
knob,

And the gown with the angel and  
thingumbob.

What's he at, quotha ? reading his  
text !

Now you've his curtsey—and what  
comes next ?

VI

See to our converts—you doomed black  
dozen—

No stealing away—nor cog nor cozen !  
You five that were thieves, deserve it  
fairly ;

You seven that were beggars, will live  
less sparely ;

You took your turn and dipped in the  
hat,

Got fortune—and fortune gets you ;  
mind that !

VII

Give your first groan—compunction's  
at work ;

And soft ! from a Jew you mount to a  
Turk.

Lo, Micah,—the selfsame beard on  
chin

He was four times already converted  
in !

Here's a knife, clip quick—it's a sign  
of grace—

Or he ruins us all with his hanging-  
face.

VIII

Whom now is the bishop a-leering at ?  
I know a point where his text falls pat.  
I'll tell him to-morrow, a word just  
now

Went to my heart and made me vow  
I meddle no more with the worst of  
trades—

Let somebody else pay his serenades,

IX

Groan all together now, whee—hee—  
hee !

It's a work, it's a-work, ah, woe is  
me !

It began, when a herd of us, picked and  
placed,

Were spurred through the Corso,  
stripped to the waist ;

Jew-brutes, with sweat and blood well  
spent  
To usher in worthily Christian Lent.

## X

It grew, when the hangman entered our  
bounds,  
Yelled, pricked us out to his church like  
hounds.

It got to a pitch, when the hand indeed  
Which gutted my purse, would throttle  
my creed.

And it overflows, when, to even the odd,  
Men I helped to their sins, help me to  
their God.

## XI

But now, while the scapegoats leave  
our flock,

And the rest sit silent and count the  
clock,

Since forced to muse the appointed  
time

On these precious facts and truths  
sublime,—

Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,  
In saying Ben Ezra's Song of Death.

## XII

For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,  
Called sons and sons' sons to his side,  
And spoke, 'This world has been harsh  
and strange;

Something is wrong: there needeth a  
change.

But what, or where? at the last, or  
first?

In one point only we sinned, at worst.

## XIII

'The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,  
And again in his border see Israel set.  
When Judah beholds Jerusalem,  
The stranger-seed shall be joined to  
them:

To Jacob's House shall the Gentiles  
cleave.

So the Prophet saith and his sons  
believe.

## XIV

'Ay, the children of the chosen race  
Shall carry and bring them to their  
place:

In the land of the Lord shall lead the  
same,

Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall  
blame,

When the slaves enslave, the oppressed  
ones o'er

The oppressor triumph for evermore?

## XV

'God spoke, and gave us the word to  
keep:

Bade never fold the hands nor sleep

'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and  
ward,

Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.  
By His servant Moses the watch was  
set:

Though near upon cock-crow, we keep  
it yet.

## XVI

'Thou! if Thou wast He, who at mid-  
watch came,

By the starlight, naming a dubious  
Name!

And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash  
With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash  
Fell on Thee coming to take Thine  
own,

And we gave the Cross, when we owed  
the Throne—

## XVII

'Thou art the Judge. We are bruised  
thus.

But, the judgment over, join sides  
with us!

Thine too is the cause! and not more  
Thine

Than ours, is the work of these dogs and  
swine,

Whose life laughs through and spits at  
their creed,

Who maintain Thee in word, and defy  
Thee in deed!

## XVIII

'We withstood Christ then? be mindful  
how

At least we withstand Barabbas now!

Was our outrage sore? but the worst  
we spared,

To have called these—Christians, had  
we dared!

Let defiance to them pay mistrust of  
Thee,  
And Rome make amends for Calvary !

XIX

‘By the torture, prolonged from age to  
age,  
By the infamy, Israel’s heritage,  
By the Ghetto’s plague, by the garb’s  
disgrace,  
By the badge of shame, by the felon’s  
place,  
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,  
And the summons to Christian fellow-  
ship,—

XX

‘We boast our proof that at least the  
Jew  
Would wrest Christ’s name from the  
Devil’s crew.  
Thy face took never so deep a shade  
But we fought them in it, God our aid !  
A trophy to bear, as we march, Thy  
band  
South, East, and on to the Pleasant  
Land !’

[*The present Pope abolished this bad  
business of the sermon.*—R. B.]

PROTUS

AMONG these latter busts we count by  
scores,  
Half-emperors and quarter-emperors,  
Each with his bay-leaf fillet, loose-  
thonged vest,  
Loric and low-browed Gorgon on the  
breast,—  
One loves a baby face, with violets  
there,  
Violets instead of laurel in the hair,  
As those were all the little locks could  
bear.

Now read here. ‘Protus ends a period  
Of empery beginning with a god ;  
Born in the porphyry chamber at  
Byzant,  
Queens by his cradle, proud and minis-  
trant :  
And if he quickened breath there,  
’twould like fire  
Pantingly through the dim vast realm  
transpire.

A fame that he was missing, spread  
afar—  
The world, from its four corners, rose  
in war,  
Till he was borne out on a balcony  
To pacify the world when it should see.  
The captains ranged before him, one,  
his hand  
Made baby points at, gained the chief  
command.  
And day by day more beautiful he  
grew  
In shape, all said, in feature and in hue,  
While young Greek sculptors gazing on  
the child  
Became, with old Greek sculpture,  
reconciled.  
Already sages laboured to condense  
In easy tomes a life’s experience :  
And artists took grave counsel to  
impart  
In one breath and one hand-sweep, all  
their art—  
To make his graces prompt as blossom-  
ing  
Of plentifully-watered palms in spring :  
Since well beseems it, whoso mounts  
the throne,  
For beauty, knowledge, strength, should  
stand alone,  
And mortals love the letters of his  
name.’

—Stop ! Have you turned two pages ?  
Still the same.  
New reign, same date. The scribe goes  
on to say  
How that same year, on such a month  
and day,  
‘John the Pannonian, groundedly  
believed  
A blacksmith’s bastard, whose hard  
hand reprieved  
The Empire from its fate the year  
before,—  
Came, had a mind to take the crown,  
and wore  
The same for six years, (during which  
the Huns  
Kept off their fingers from us) till his  
sons  
Put something in his liquor’—and so  
forth.

Then a new reign. Stay—'Take at its  
just worth'  
(Subjoins an annotator) 'what I give  
As hearsay. Some think, John let  
Protus live  
And slip away. 'Tis said, he reached  
man's age  
At some blind northern court; made,  
first a page,  
Then, tutor to the children; last, of use  
About the hunting-stables. I deduce  
He wrote the little tract "On worming  
dogs,"  
Whereof the name in sundry catalogues  
Is extant yet. A Protus of the race  
Is rumoured to have died a monk in  
Thrace,—  
And if the same, he reached senility.'  
Here's John the Smith's rough-  
hammered head. Great eye  
Gross jaw and griped lips do what  
granite can  
To give you the crown-grasper. What  
a man!

### THE STATUE AND THE BUST

THERE'S a palace in Florence, the  
world knows well,  
And a statue watches it from the square,  
And this story of both do our townsmen  
tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,  
At the farthest window facing the East  
Asked, 'Whorides by with the royal air?'  
The brides-maids' prattle around her  
ceased;  
She leaned forth, one on either hand;  
They saw how the blush of the bride  
increased—

They felt by its beats her heart expand—  
As one at each ear and both in a breath  
Whispered, 'The Great-Duke Ferdin-  
mand.'

That selfsame instant, underneath,  
The Duke rode past in his idle way,  
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.  
Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,  
Till he threw his head back—'Who is  
she?'

—'A Bride the Riccardi brings home  
to-day.'

Hair in heaps lay heavily  
Over a pale brow spirit-pure—  
Carved like the heart of the coal-black  
tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure—  
And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes  
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise  
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—  
The Duke grew straightway brave and  
wise.

He looked at her, as a lover can;  
She looked at him, as one who awakes,—  
The Past was a sleep, and her life began.

Now, love so ordered for both their  
sakes,

A feast was held that selfsame night  
In the pile which the mighty shadow  
makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,  
But the Palace overshadows one,  
Because of a crime which may God  
requite!

To Florence and God the wrong was  
done,

Through the first republic's murder  
there

By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the  
square)

Turned in the midst of his multitude  
At the bright approach of the bridal  
pair.

Face to face the lovers stood  
A single minute and no more,  
While the bridegroom bent as a man  
subdued—

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—  
For the Duke on the lady a kiss con-  
ferred,

As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?  
If a word did pass, which I do not  
think,

Only one out of the thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's  
brink

He and his bride were alone at last  
In a bed-chamber by a taper's blink.



Calmly he said that her lot was cast,  
That the door she had passed was shut  
on her

Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,  
Through a certain window facing the  
East

She could watch like a convent's  
chronicler.

Since passing the door might lead to a  
feast,

And a feast might lead to so much  
beside,

He, of many evils, chose the least.

'Freely I choose too,' said the bride—

'Your window and its world suffice,'

Replied the tongue, while the heart  
replied—

'If I spend the night with that devil  
twice,

May his window serve as my loop of hell  
Whence a damned soul looks on Para-  
dise !

'I fly to the Duke who loves me well,  
Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow  
Ere I count another ave-bell.

'Tis only the coat of a page to borrow,  
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,  
And I save my soul—but not to-  
morrow'—

(She checked herself and her eye grew  
dim)—

'My father tarries to bless my state :  
I must keep it one day more for him.

'Is one day more so long to wait ?  
Moreover the Duke rides past, I know ;  
We shall see each other, sure as fate.'

She turned on her side and slept. Just  
so !

So we resolve on a thing and sleep :  
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, 'Dear or  
cheap

As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove  
To body or soul, I will drain it deep.'

And on the morrow, bold with love,  
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on  
call,

As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove)

And smiled ' 'Twas a very funeral,  
Your lady will think, this feast of ours,—  
A shame to efface, whate'er befall !

'What if we break from the Arno  
bowers,

And try if Petraja, cool and green,  
Cure last night's fault with this morn-  
ing's flowers ?'

The bridegroom, not a thought to be  
seen

On his steady brow and quiet mouth,  
Said, 'Too much favour for me so mean !

'But, alas ! my lady leaves the South ;  
Each wind that comes from the Apen-  
nine

Is a menace to her tender youth :

'Nor a way exists, the wise opine,  
If she quits her palace twice this year,  
To avert the flower of life's decline.'

Quoth the Duke, 'A sage and a kindly  
fear.

Moreover Petraja is cold this spring :  
Be our feast to-night as usual here !'

And then to himself—'Which night  
shall bring

Thy bride to her lover's embraces,  
fool—

Or I am the fool, and thou art the king !

'Yet my passion must wait a night, nor  
cool—

For to-night the Envoy arrives from  
France,

Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my  
tool.

'I need thee still and might miss per-  
chance.

To-day is not wholly lost, beside,  
With its hope of my lady's counten-  
ance :

'For I ride—what should I do but ride ?  
And passing her palace, if I list,  
May glance at its window—well betide !'

So said, so done : nor the lady missed  
One ray that broke from the ardent  
brow,

Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit  
kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow,  
No morrow's sun should arise and set  
And leave them then as it left them  
now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,  
With still fresh cause to wait one day  
more

Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,  
With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,  
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,  
But not in despite of heaven and earth—  
The rose would blow when the storm  
passed by.

Meantime they could profit in winter's  
dearth

By winter's fruits that supplant the  
rose :

The world and its ways have a certain  
worth !

And to press a point while these oppose  
Were a simple policy ; better wait :  
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's  
fate,

Who daily may ride and pass and look  
Where his lady watches behind the  
grate !

And she—she watched the square like  
a book

Holding one picture and only one,  
Which daily to find she undertook :

When the picture was reached the book  
was done,

And she turned from the picture at  
night to scheme

Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

So weeks grew months, years—gleam  
by gleam

The glory dropped from their youth and  
love,

And both perceived they had dreamed  
a dream ;

Which hovered as dreams do, still  
above,—

But who can take a dream for a truth ?  
Oh, hide our eyes from the next re-  
move !

One day as the lady saw her youth  
Depart, and the silver thread that  
streaked

Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's  
tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so  
peaked,—

And wondered who the woman was,  
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass—

'Summon here,' she suddenly said,  
'Before the rest of my old self pass,

'Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,  
Who fashions the clay no love will  
change,

And fixes a beauty never to fade.

'Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange  
Arrest the remains of young and fair,  
And rivet them while the seasons range.

'Make me a face on the window there,  
Waiting as ever, mute the while,  
My love to pass below in the square !

'And let me think that it may beguile  
Dreary days which the dead must spend  
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

'To say, "What matters it at the end ?  
I did no more while my heart was warm  
Than does that image, my pale-faced  
friend."

'Where is the use of the lip's red charm,  
The heaven of hair, the pride of the  
brow,

And the blood that blues the inside  
arm—

'Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,  
The earthly gift to an end divine ?  
A lady of clay is as good, I trow.'

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine  
With flowers and fruits which leaves  
enlace,

Was set where now is the empty shrine—  
(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,  
As a ghost might lean from a chink of  
sky,

The passionate pale lady's face—

Eyeing ever with earnest eye  
And quick-turned neck at its breathless  
stretch,

Some one who ever is passing by—)

The Duke had sighed like the simplest  
wretch

In Florence, 'Youth—my dream escapes !

Will its record stay ?' And he bade  
them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes—  
'Can the soul, the will, die out of a man  
Ere his body find the grave that gapes ?

'John of Douay shall effect my plan,  
Set me on horseback here aloft,  
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

'In the very square I have crossed so  
oft !

That men may admire, when future suns  
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

'While the mouth and the brow stay  
brave in bronze—

Admire and say, "When he was alive,  
How he would take his pleasure once !"

'And it shall go hard but I contrive  
To listen the while and laugh in my  
tomb

At idleness which aspires to strive.'

So ! while these wait the trump of  
doom,

How do their spirits pass, I wonder,  
Nights and days in the narrow room ?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder  
What a gift life was, ages ago,  
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Only they see not God, I know,  
Nor all that chivalry of His,  
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—  
Since, the end of life being manifest,  
He had burned his way thro' the world  
to this.

I hear you reproach, 'But delay was  
best,

For their end was a crime.'—Oh, a  
crime will do

As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,  
Sufficient to vindicate itself  
And prove its worth at a moment's  
view !

Must a game be played for the sake of  
pelf ?

Where a button goes, 'twere an epi-  
gram

To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

The true has no value beyond the  
sham :

As well the counter as coin, I submit,  
When your table's a hat, and your  
prize, a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every  
whit,

Venture as truly, use the same skill,  
Do your best, whether winning or  
losing it,

If you choose to play !—is my prin-  
ciple.

Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

The counter our lovers staked was lost  
As surely as if it were lawful coin :  
And the sin I impute to each frustrate  
ghost

Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a vice, I  
say.

You of the virtue, (we issue join)  
How strive you ? *De te, fabula !*

### PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,

The sullen wind was soon awake,  
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
And did its worst to vex the lake,  
I listened with heart fit to break.

When glided in Porphyria ; straight  
She shut the cold out and the storm,  
And kneeled and made the cheerless  
grate

Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;  
Which done, she rose, and from her  
form

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,  
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied  
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,

And, last, she sat down by my side  
And called me. When no voice replied,  
She put my arm about her waist,  
And made her smooth white shoulder  
bare,

And all her yellow hair displaced,  
And, stooping, made my cheek lie  
there,

And spread o'er all her yellow hair,  
Murmuring how she loved me—she  
Too weak, for all her heart's en-  
deavour,

To set its struggling passion free  
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,  
And give herself to me for ever.  
But passion sometimes would prevail,  
Nor could to-night's gay feast re-  
strain

A sudden thought of one so pale  
For love of her, and all in vain;  
So, she was come through wind and  
rain.

Be sure I looked up at her eyes  
Happy and proud; at last I knew  
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise  
Made my heart swell, and still it  
grew

While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine,  
fair,

Perfectly pure and good: I found  
A thing to do, and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she;  
I am quite sure she felt no pain.

As a shut bud that holds a bee,  
I warily oped her lids; again  
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.  
And I untightened next the tress  
About her neck; her cheek once  
more

Blushed bright beneath my burning  
kiss:

I propped her head up as before,  
Only, this time my shoulder bore  
Her head, which droops upon it still:

The smiling rosy little head,  
So glad it has its utmost will,  
That all it scorned at once is fled,  
And I, its love, am gained instead!  
Porphyria's love: she guessed not  
how

Her darling one wish would be heard.  
And thus we sit together now,

And all night long we have not  
stirred,

And yet God has not said a word!

## 'CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME'

(See Edgar's song in 'LEAR')

### I

My first thought was, he lied in every  
word,

That hoary cripple, with malicious  
eye

Askance to watch the working of his  
lie

On mine, and mouth scarce able to  
afford

Suppression of the glee that pursed and  
scored

Its edge at one more victim gained  
thereby.

### II

What else should he be set for, with his  
staff?

What, save to waylay with his lies,  
ensnare

All travellers that might find him  
posted there,

And ask the road? I guessed what  
skull-like laugh

Would break, what crutch 'gin write  
my epitaph

For pastime in the dusty thorough-  
fare,

### III

If at his counsel I should turn aside

Into that ominous tract which, all  
agree,

Hides the Dark Tower. Yet ac-  
quiescingly

I did turn as he pointed; neither pride  
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,  
So much as gladness that some end  
might be.

### IV

For, what with my whole world-wide  
wandering,

What with my search drawn out thro'  
years, my hope

Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope  
With that obstreperous joy success

would bring,—

I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring  
My heart made, finding failure in its  
scope.

V

As when a sick man very near to death  
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin  
and end  
The tears and takes the farewell of  
each friend,  
And hears one bid the other go, draw  
breath  
Freelier outside, ('since all is o'er,' he  
saith,  
'And the blow fallen no grieving can  
amend;')

VI

While some discuss if near the other  
graves  
Be room enough for this, and when  
a day  
Suits best for carrying the corpse  
away,  
With care about the banners, scarves  
and staves,—  
And still the man hears all, and only  
craves  
He may not shame such tender love  
and stay.

VII

Thus, I had so long suffered in this  
quest,  
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been  
writ  
So many times among 'The Band'—  
to wit,  
The knights who to the Dark Tower's  
search addressed  
Their steps—that just to fail as they,  
seemed best,  
And all the doubt was now—should  
I be fit.

VIII

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,  
That hateful cripple, out of his high-  
way  
Into the path he pointed. All the  
day  
Had been a dreary one at best, and  
dim  
Was settling to its close, yet shot one  
grim  
Red leer to see the plain catch its  
estray.

IX

For mark! no sooner was I fairly  
found  
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or  
two,  
Than, pausing to throw backward a  
last view  
To the safe road, 'twas gone; grey  
plain all round:  
Nothing but plain to the horizon's  
bound.  
I might go on; nought else remained  
to do.

X

So, on I went. I think I never saw  
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing  
throve:  
For flowers—as well expect a cedar  
grove!  
But cockle, spurge, according to their  
law  
Might propagate their kind, with none  
to awe,  
You'd think; a burr had been a  
treasure-trove.

XI

No! penury, inertness and grimace,  
In some strange sort, were the land's  
portion. 'See  
Or shut your eyes,' said Nature  
peevisly,  
'It nothing skills: I cannot help my  
case:  
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must  
cure this place,  
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners  
free.'

XII

If there pushed any ragged thistle-  
stalk  
Above its mates, the head was chopped  
—the bents  
Were jealous else. What made those  
holes and rents  
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves—  
bruised as to baulk  
All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute  
must walk  
Pashing their life out, with a brute's  
intent.

## XIII

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair  
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked  
the mud

Which underneath looked kneaded  
up with blood.

One stiff blind horse, his every bone  
a-stare,

Stood stupified, however he came there:  
Thrust out past service from the  
devil's stud!

## XIV

Alive? he might be dead for aught I  
know,

With that red, gaunt and colloped  
neck a-strain,

And shut eyes underneath the rusty  
mane;

Seldom went such grotesqueness with  
such woe;

I never saw a brute I hated so;  
He must be wicked to deserve such  
pain.

## XV

I shut my eyes and turned them on my  
heart.

As a man calls for wine before he  
fights,

I asked one draught of earlier,  
happier sights,

Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.  
Think first, fight afterwards—the sol-  
dier's art:

One taste of the old time sets all to  
rights!

## XVI

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's redden-  
ing face

Beneath its garniture of curly gold,

Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold  
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,  
That way he used. Alas, one night's  
disgrace!

Out went my heart's new fire and left  
it cold.

## XVII

Giles, then, the soul of honour—there  
he stands

Frank as ten years ago when knighted  
first.

What honest men should dare (he  
said) he durst.

Good—but the scene shifts—faugh!  
what hangman's hands

Pin to his breast a parchment? his  
own bands

Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and  
curs't!

## XVIII

Better this Present than a Past like  
that;

Back therefore to my darkening path  
again.

No sound, no sight as far as eye could  
strain.

Will the night send a howlet or a  
bat?

I asked: when something on the dismal  
flat

Came to arrest my thoughts and  
change their train.

## XIX

A sudden little river crossed my path  
As unexpected as a serpent comes.

No sluggish tide congenial to the  
glooms—

This, as it frothed by, might have been  
a bath

For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the  
wrath

Of its black eddy bespate with flakes  
and spumes.

## XX

So petty yet so spiteful! all along,  
Low scrubby alders kneeled down

over it;  
Drenched willows flung them head-  
long in a fit

Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:  
The river which had done them all the

wrong,  
Whate'er that was, rolled by, de-  
terred no whit.

## XXI

Which, while I forded,—good saints,  
how I feared

To set my foot upon a dead man's  
cheek,

Each step, or feel the spear I thrust  
to seek



For hollows, tangled in his hair or  
beard!  
—It may have been a water-rat I  
speared,  
But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's  
shriek.

XXII

Glad was I when I reached the other  
bank.  
Now for a better country. Vain  
presage!  
Who were the strugglers, what war  
did they wage  
Whose savage trample thus could pad  
the dank  
Soil to a plash? toads in a poisoned  
tank,  
Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

XXIII

The fight must so have seemed in that  
fell cirque.  
What penned them there, with all the  
plain to choose?  
No foot-print leading to that horrid  
mews,  
None out of it. Mad brewage set to  
work  
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-  
slaves the Turk  
Pits for his pastime, Christians  
against Jews.

XXIV

And more than that—a furlong on—  
why, there!  
What bad use was that engine for,  
that wheel,  
Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit  
to reel  
Men's bodies out like silk? with all the  
air  
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,  
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth  
of steel.

XXV

Then came a bit of stubbed ground,  
once a wood,  
Next a marsh, it would seem, and  
now mere earth  
Desperate and done with; (so a fool  
finds mirth,

Makes a thing and then mars it, till his  
mood  
Changes and off he goes!) within a  
rood—  
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark  
black dearth.

XXVI

Now blotches rankling, coloured gay  
and grim,  
Now patches where some leanness of  
the soil's  
Broke into moss or substances like  
boils;  
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in  
him  
Like a distorted mouth that splits its  
rim  
Gaping at death, and dies while it  
recoils.

XXVII

And just as far as ever from the end!  
Nought in the distance but the even-  
ing, nought  
To point my footstep further! At  
the thought,  
A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-  
friend,  
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing  
dragon-penned  
That brushed my cap—perchance the  
guide I sought.

XXVIII

For, looking up, aware I somehow  
grew,  
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had  
given place  
All round to mountains—with such  
name to grace  
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen  
in view.  
How thus they had surprised me,—  
solve it, you!  
How to get from them was no clearer  
case.

XXIX

Yet half I seemed to recognise some  
trick  
Of mischief happened to me, God  
knows when—  
In a bad dream perhaps. Here  
ended, then,

Progress this way. When, in the very  
nick  
Of giving up, one time more, came a  
click  
As when a trap shuts—you're inside  
the den!

## XXX

Burningly it came on me all at once,  
This was the place! those two hills  
on the right,  
Crouched like two bulls locked horn  
in horn in fight;  
While to the left, a tall scalped moun-  
tain... Dunce,  
Fool, to be dozing at the very nonce,  
After a life spent training for the  
sight!

## XXXI

What in the midst lay but the Tower  
itself?  
The round squat turret, blind as the  
fool's heart,  
Built of brown stone, without a  
counterpart  
In the whole world. The tempest's  
mocking elf  
Points to the shipman thus the unseen  
shelf  
He strikes on, only when the timbers  
start.

## XXXII

Not see? because of night perhaps?—  
Why, day  
Came back again for that! before it left,  
The dying sunset kindled through a  
cleft:  
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,  
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—  
'Now stab and end the creature—to  
the heft!'

## XXXIII

Not hear? when noise was everywhere!  
it tolled  
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,  
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—  
How such a one was strong, and such  
was bold,  
And such was fortunate, yet each of old  
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the  
woe of years.

## XXXIV

There they stood, ranged along the hill-  
sides, met  
To view the last of me, a living frame  
For one more picture! in a sheet of  
flame  
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet  
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,  
And blew. '*Childe Roland to the  
Dark Tower came.*'

## MEN, AND WOMEN

## 'TRANSCENDENTALISM'

## A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS

STOP playing, poet! may a brother  
speak?  
'Tis you speak, that's your error.  
Song's our art:  
Whereas you please to speak these  
naked thoughts  
Instead of draping them in sights and  
sounds.  
—True thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts  
fit to treasure up!  
But why such long prolusion and dis-  
play,

Such turning and adjustment of the  
harp,  
And taking it upon your breast, at  
length,  
Only to speak dry words across its  
strings?  
Stark-naked thought is in request  
enough:  
Speak prose and hollo it till Europe  
hears!  
The six-foot Swiss tube, braced about  
with bark,  
Which helps the hunter's voice from Alp  
to Alp—  
Exchange our harp for that,—who  
hinders you?

But here's your fault; grown men  
want thought, you think;  
Thought's what they mean by verse,  
and seek in verse:

Boys seek for images and melody,  
Men must have reason—so, you aim at  
men.

Quite otherwise! Objects throng our  
youth, 'tis true;

We see and hear and do not wonder  
much:

If you could tell us what they mean,  
indeed!

As Swedish Boehme never cared for  
plants

Until it happened, a-walking in the fields,  
He noticed all at once that plants could  
speak,

Nay, turned with loosened tongue to  
talk with him.

That day the daisy had an eye indeed—  
Colloquised with the cowslip on such  
themes!

We find them extant yet in Jacob's  
prose.

But by the time youth slips a stage or  
two

While reading prose in that tough book  
he wrote,

(Collating and emendating the same  
And settling on the sense most to our  
mind)

We shut the clasps and find life's  
summer past.

Then, who helps more, pray, to repair  
our loss—

Another Boehme with a tougher book  
And subtler meanings of what roses  
say,—

Or some stout Mage like him of Halber-  
stadt,

John, who made things Boehme wrote  
thoughts about?

He with a 'look you!' vents a brace of  
rhymes,

And in there breaks the sudden rose  
herself,

Over us, under, round us every side,  
Nay, in and out the tables and the  
chairs

And musty volumes, Boehme's book  
and all,—

Buries us with a glory, young once  
more,  
Pouring Heaven into this shut house of  
life.

So come, the harp back to your heart  
again!

You are a poem, though your poem's  
naught.

The best of all you did before, believe,  
Was your own boy's-face o'er the finer  
chords

Bent, following the cherub at the top  
That points to God with his paired half-  
moon wings.

## HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEM- PORARY

I ONLY knew one poet in my life:  
And this, or something like it, was his  
way.

You saw go up and down Valladolid,  
A man of mark, to know next time you  
saw.

His very serviceable suit of black  
Was courtly once and conscientious still,  
And many might have worn it, though  
none did:

The cloak, that somewhat shone and  
showed the threads,

Had purpose, and the ruff, significance.  
He walked and tapped the pavement  
with his cane,

Scenting the world, looking it full in  
face,

An old dog, bald and blindish, at his  
heels.

They turned up, now, the alley by the  
church,

That leads no whither; now, they  
breathed themselves

On the main promenade just at the  
wrong time:

You'd come upon his scrutinizing hat,  
Making a peaked shade blacker than  
itself

Against the single window spared some  
house

Intact yet with its mouldered Moorish  
work,—

Or else surprise the ferule of his stick

Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the  
chinks  
Of some new shop a-building, French  
and fine.  
He stood and watched the cobbler at  
his trade,  
The man who slices lemons into drink,  
The coffee-roaster's brasier, and the boys  
That volunteer to help him turn its  
winch.  
He glanced o'er books on stalls with  
half an eye,  
And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's  
string,  
And broad-edge bold-print posters by  
the wall.  
He took such cognisance of men and  
things,  
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw ;  
If any cursed a woman, he took note ;  
Yet stared at nobody,—they stared at  
him,  
And found, less to their pleasure than  
surprise,  
He seemed to know them and expect as  
much.  
So, next time that a neighbour's tongue  
was loosed,  
It marked the shameful and notorious  
fact,  
We had among us, not so much a spy,  
As a recording chief-inquisitor,  
The town's true master if the town but  
knew !  
We merely kept a Governor for form,  
While this man walked about and took  
account  
Of all thought, said and acted, then  
went home,  
And wrote it fully to our Lord the King  
Who has an itch to know things, He  
knows why,  
And reads them in His bed-room of a  
night.  
Oh, you might smile ! there wanted not  
a touch,  
A tang of . . . well, it was not wholly  
ease  
As back into your mind the man's look  
came—  
Stricken in years a little,—such a brow  
His eyes had to live under !—clear as  
flint

On either side the formidable nose  
Curved, cut and coloured like an eagle's  
claw.  
Had he to do with A.'s surprising fate ?  
When altogether old B. disappeared  
And young C. got his mistress,—was 't  
our friend,  
His letter to the King, that did it all ?  
What paid the bloodless man for so  
much pains ?  
Our Lord the King has favourites mani-  
fold,  
And shifts His ministry some once a  
month ;  
Our city gets new Governors at whiles,—  
But never word or sign, that I could  
hear,  
Notified to this man about the streets  
The King's approval of those letters  
conned  
The last thing duly at the dead of night.  
Did the man love his office ? frowned  
our Lord,  
Exhorting when none heard—' Be-  
seech Me not !  
Too far above My people,—beneath  
Me !  
I set the watch,—how should the people  
know ?  
Forget them, keep Me all the more in  
mind !'  
Was some such understanding 'twixt  
the Two ?

I found no truth in one report at  
least—  
That if you tracked him to his home,  
down lanes  
Beyond the Jewry, and as clean to pace,  
You found he ate his supper in a room  
Blazing with lights, four Titians on the  
wall,  
And twenty naked girls to change his  
plate !  
Poor man, he lived another kind of life  
In that new, stuccoed, third house by  
the bridge,  
Fresh-painted, rather smart than other-  
wise !  
The whole street might o'erlook him as  
he sat,  
Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's  
back,

Playing a decent cribbage with his  
maid  
(Jacynth, you're sure her name was)  
o'er the cheese  
And fruit, three red halves of starved  
winter-pears,  
Or treat of radishes in April! nine,  
Ten, struck the church clock, straight  
to bed went he.

My father, like the man of sense he  
was,  
Would point him out to me a dozen  
times:  
'St—St,' he'd whisper, 'the Corre-  
gidor!'  
I had been used to think that personage  
Was one with lacquered breeches, lus-  
trous belt,  
And feathers like a forest in his hat,  
Who blew a trumpet and proclaimed  
the news,  
Announced the bull-fights, gave each  
church its turn,  
And memorized the miracle in vogue!  
He had a great observance from us  
boys;  
We were in error; that was not the  
man.

I'd like now, yet had haply been  
afraid,  
To have just looked, when this man  
came to die,  
And seen who lined the clean gay  
garret's sides  
And stood about the neat low truckle-  
bed,  
With the heavenly manner of relieving  
guard.  
Here had been, mark, the general-in-  
chief,  
Thro' a whole campaign of the world's  
life and death,  
Doing the King's work all the dim day  
long,  
In his old coat and up to his knees in  
mud,  
Smoked like a herring, dining on a  
crust,—  
And, now the day was won, relieved at  
once!  
No further show or need for that old  
coat,

You are sure, for one thing! Bless us,  
all the while  
How sprucely we are dressed out, you  
and I!  
A second, and the angels alter that.  
Well, I could never write a verse,—  
could you?  
Let's to the Prado and make the most  
of time.

## ARTEMIS PROLOGIZES

I AM a Goddess of the ambrosial courts,  
And save by Here, Queen of Pride, sur-  
passed  
By none whose temples whiten this the  
world.  
Through Heaven I roll my lucid moon  
along;  
I shed in Hell o'er my pale people  
peace;  
On Earth I, caring for the creatures,  
guard  
Each pregnant yellow wolf and fox-  
bitch sleek,  
And every feathered mother's callow  
brood,  
And all that love green haunts and  
loneliness.  
Of men, the chaste adore me, hanging  
crowns  
Of poppies red to blackness, bell and  
stem,  
Upon my image at Athenai here;  
And this dead Youth, Asclepius bends  
above,  
Was dearest to me. He, my buskined  
step  
To follow through the wild-wood leafy  
ways,  
And chase the panting stag, or swift  
with darts  
Stop the swift ounce, or lay the leopard  
low,  
Neglected homage to another God:  
Whence Aphrodite, by no midnight  
smoke  
Of tapers lulled, in jealousy dispatched  
A noisome lust that, as the gadbee  
stings,  
Possessed his stepdame Phaidra for  
himself

The son of Theseus her great absent  
 spouse.  
 Hippolotos exclaiming in his rage  
 Against the fury of the Queen, she  
 judged  
 Life insupportable; and, pricked at  
 heart  
 An Amazonian stranger's race should  
 dare  
 To scorn her, perished by the murderous  
 cord:  
 Yet, ere she perished, blasted in a scroll  
 The fame of him her swerving made not  
 swerve.  
 And Theseus read, returning, and  
 believed,  
 And exiled, in the blindness of his  
 wrath,  
 The man without a crime who, last as  
 first,  
 Loyal, divulged not to his sire the truth.  
 Now Theseus from Poseidon had  
 obtained  
 That of his wishes should be granted  
 Three,  
 And one he imprecated straight—alive  
 May ne'er Hippolotos reach other lands!  
 Poseidon heard, ai ai! And scarce the  
 prince  
 Had stepped into the fixed boots of the  
 car  
 That give the feet a stay against the  
 strength  
 Of the Henetan horses, and around  
 His body flung the reins, and urged  
 their speed  
 Along the rocks and shingles of the  
 shore,  
 When from the gaping wave a monster  
 flung  
 His obscene body in the coursers' path.  
 These, mad with terror, as the sea-bull  
 sprawled  
 Wallowing about their feet, lost care of  
 him  
 That reared them; and the master-  
 chariot-pole  
 Snapping beneath their plunges like a  
 reed,  
 Hippolotos, whose feet were trammeled  
 fast,  
 Was yet dragged forward by the circling  
 rein

Which either hand directed; nor they  
 quenched  
 The frenzy of their flight before each  
 trace,  
 Wheel-spoke and splinter of the woeful  
 car,  
 Each boulder-stone, sharp stub and  
 spiny shell,  
 Huge fish-bone wrecked and wreathed  
 amid the sands  
 On that detested beach, was bright with  
 blood  
 And morsels of his flesh: then fell the  
 steeds  
 Head-foremost, crashing in their mooned  
 fronts,  
 Shivering with sweat, each white eye  
 horror-fixed.  
 His people, who had witnessed all afar,  
 Bore back the ruins of Hippolotos.  
 But when his sire, too swoln with pride,  
 rejoiced  
 (Indomitable as a man foredoomed)  
 That vast Poseidon had fulfilled his  
 prayer,  
 I, in a flood of glory visible,  
 Stood o'er my dying votary and, deed  
 By deed, revealed, as all took place, the  
 truth.  
 Then Theseus lay the woofullest of men,  
 And worthily; but ere the death veils  
 hid  
 His face, the murdered prince full pardon  
 breathed  
 To his rash sire. Whereat Athenai  
 wails.  
 So I, who ne'er forsake my votaries,  
 Lest in the cross-way none the honey-  
 cake  
 Should tender, nor pour out the dog's  
 hot life;  
 Lest at my fane the priests disconsolate  
 Should dress my image with some faded  
 poor  
 Few crowns, made favours of, nor dare  
 object  
 Such slackness to my worshippers who  
 turn  
 The trusting heart and loaded hand  
 elsewhere,  
 As they had climbed Olumpos to report  
 Of Artemis and nowhere found her  
 throne—



I interposed : and, this eventful night,  
 While round the funeral pyre the  
     populace  
 Stood with fierce light on their black  
     robes to blind  
 Each sobbing head, while yet their hair  
     they clipped  
 O'er the dead body of their withered  
     prince,  
 And, in his palace, Theseus prostrated  
 On the cold hearth, his brow cold as the  
     slab  
 'Twas bruised on, groaned away the  
     heavy grief—  
 As the pyre fell, and down the cross logs  
     crashed  
 Sending a crowd of sparkles through the  
     night,  
 And the gay fire, elate with mastery,  
 Towered like a serpent o'er the clotted  
     jars  
 Of wine, dissolving oils and frankin-  
     cense,  
 And splendid gums like gold,—my  
     potency  
 Conveyed the perished man to my  
     retreat  
 In the thrice-venerable forest here.  
 And this white-bearded sage who  
     squeezes now  
 The berried plant, is Phoibos' son of  
     fame,  
 Asclepios, whom my radiant brother  
     taught  
 The doctrine of each herb and flower  
     and root,  
 To know their secret'st virtue and  
     express  
 The saving soul of all : who so has  
     soothed  
 With lavers the torn brow and murdered  
     cheeks,  
 Composed the hair and brought its gloss  
     again,  
 And called the red bloom to the pale  
     skin back,  
 And laid the strips and jagged ends of  
     flesh  
 Even once more, and slacked the sinew's  
     knot  
 Of every tortured limb—that now he lies  
 As if mere sleep possessed him under-  
     neath

These interwoven oaks and pines. Oh,  
     cheer,  
 Divine presenter of the healing rod,  
 Thy snake, with ardent throat and  
     lulling eye,  
 Twines his lithe spires around ! I say,  
     much cheer !  
 Proceed thou with thy wisest phar-  
     macies !  
 And ye, white crowd of woodland sister-  
     nymphs,  
 Ply, as the sage directs, these buds and  
     leaves  
 That strew the turf around the twain !  
     While I  
 Await, in fitting silence, the event.

## AN EPISTLE

CONTAINING THE STRANGE MEDICAL  
 EXPERIENCE OF KARSHISH, THE  
 ARAB PHYSICIAN

KARSHISH, the picker-up of learning's  
     crumbs,  
 The not-incurious in God's handiwork  
 (This man's-flesh He hath admirably  
     made,  
 Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a  
     paste,  
 To coop up and keep down on earth a  
     space  
 That puff of vapour from His mouth,  
     man's soul)  
 —To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,  
 Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,  
 Like me inquisitive how pricks and  
     cracks  
 Befall the flesh through too much stress  
     and strain,  
 Whereby the wily vapour fain would  
     slip  
 Back and rejoin its source before the  
     term,—  
 And aptest in contrivance, under God,  
 To baffle it by deftly stopping such :—  
 The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at  
     home  
 Sends greeting (health and knowledge,  
     fame with peace)  
 Three samples of true snake-stone—  
     rarer still,  
 One of the other sort, the melon-shaped,

(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms  
than drugs)  
And writeth now the twenty-second  
time.

My journeyings were brought to  
Jericho :

Thus I resume. Who studious in our art  
Shall count a little labour unrepaid ?  
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and  
bone

On many a flinty furlong of this land.  
Also, the country-side is all on fire  
With rumours of a marching hither-  
ward :

Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his  
son.

A black lynx snarled and pricked a  
tufted ear ;

Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow  
balls :

I cried and threw my staff and he was  
gone.

Twice have the robbers stripped and  
beaten me,

And once a town declared me for a spy,  
But at the end, I reach Jerusalem,  
Since this poor covert where I pass the  
night,

This Bethany, lies scarce the distance  
thence

A man with plague-sores at the third  
degree

Runs till he drops down dead. Thou  
laughest here !

'Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and  
safe,

To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip  
And share with thee whatever Jewry  
yields.

A viscid choler is observable  
In tertians, I was nearly bold to say,  
And falling-sickness hath a happier cure  
Than our school wots of: there's a  
spider here

Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of  
tombs,

Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey  
back ;

Take five and drop them . . . but who  
knows his mind,

The Syrian run-a-gate I trust this to ?  
His service payeth me a sublimate

Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.  
Best wait : I reach Jerusalem at morn,  
There set in order my experiences,  
Gather what most deserves, and give  
thee all—

Or I might add, Judaea's gum-traga-  
canth

Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-  
grained,

Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the por-  
phyry,

In fine exceeds our produce. Scalp-  
disease

Confounds me, crossing so with lep-  
rosy—

Thou hadst admired one sort I gained  
at Zoar—

But zeal outruns discretion. Here I  
end.

Yet stay : my Syrian blinketh grate-  
fully,

Protesteth his devotion is my price—  
Suppose I write what harms not,  
though he steal ?

I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,  
What set me off a-writing first of all.  
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang  
For, be it this town's barrenness—or  
c'se

The Man had something in the look of  
him—

His case has struck me far more than  
'tis worth.

So, pardon if—(lest presently I lose  
In the great press of novelty at hand  
The care and pains this somehow stole  
from me)

I bid thee take the thing while fresh in  
mind,

Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the  
truth ?

The very man is gone from me but now,  
Whose ailment is the subject of dis-  
course.

Thus then, and let thy better wit help  
all.

'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced  
By epilepsy, at the turning-point  
Of trance prolonged unduly some three  
days,

When, by the exhibition of some drug  
Or spell, exorcization, stroke of art

Unknown to me and which 'twere well  
to know,  
The evil thing out-breaking all at once  
Left the man whole and sound of body  
indeed,—  
But, flinging, so to speak, life's gates too  
wide,  
Making a clear house of it too suddenly,  
The first conceit that entered might  
inscribe  
Whatever it was minded on the wall  
So plainly at that vantage, as it were,  
(First come, first served) that nothing  
subsequent  
Attaineth to erase those fancy-scrawls  
The just-returned and new-established  
soul  
Hath gotten now so thoroughly by  
heart  
That henceforth she will read or these  
or none.  
And first—the man's own firm conviction  
rests  
That he was dead (in fact they buried  
him)  
—That he was dead and then restored  
to life  
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe :  
—'Sayeth, the same bade 'Rise,' and  
he did rise.  
'Such cases are diurnal,' thou wilt cry.  
Not so this figment!—not, that such a  
fume,  
Instead of giving way to time and  
health,  
Should eat itself into the life of life,  
As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones  
and all !  
For see, how he takes up the after-life.  
The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew,  
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,  
The body's habit wholly laudable,  
As much, indeed, beyond the common  
health  
As he were made and put aside to  
show.  
Think, could we penetrate by any drug  
And bathe the wearied soul and worried  
flesh,  
And bring it clear and fair, by three  
days' sleep !  
Whence has the man the balm that  
brightens all ?

This grown man eyes the world now  
like a child.  
Some elders of his tribe, I should pre-  
mise,  
Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,  
To bear my inquisition. While they  
spoke,  
Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told  
the case,—  
He listened not except I spoke to him,  
But folded his two hands and let them  
talk,  
Watching the flies that buzzed : and  
yet no fool.  
And that's a sample how his years  
must go.  
Look if a beggar, in fixed middle-life,  
Should find a treasure, can he use the  
same  
With straitened habits and with tastes  
starved small,  
And take at once to his impoverished  
brain  
The sudden element that changes  
things,  
That sets the undreamed-of rapture at  
his hand,  
And puts the cheap old joy in the  
scorned dust ?  
Is he not such an one as moves to  
mirth—  
Warily parsimonious, when no need,  
Wasteful as drunkenness at undue  
times ?  
All prudent counsel as to what befits  
The golden mean, is lost on such an one :  
The man's fantastic will is the man's  
law.  
So here—we'll call the treasure know-  
ledge, say,  
Increased beyond the fleshly faculty—  
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on  
earth,  
Earth forced on a soul's use while  
seeing Heaven.  
The man is witless of the size, the sum,  
The value in proportion of all things,  
Or whether it be little or be much.  
Discourse to him of prodigious arma-  
ments  
Assembled to besiege his city now,  
And of the passing of a mule with  
gourds—

'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,  
 Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt  
 With stupor at its very littleness,  
 (Far as I see)—as if in that indeed  
 He caught prodigious import, whole results;  
 And so will turn to us the bystanders  
 In ever the same stupor (note this point)  
 That we too see not with his opened eyes.  
 Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,  
 Preposterously, at cross purposes.  
 Should his child sicken unto death,—why, look  
 For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,  
 Or pretermission of his daily craft—  
 While a word, gesture, glance, from that same child  
 At play or in the school or laid asleep,  
 Will startle him to an agony of fear,  
 Exasperation, just as like! demand  
 The reason why—'tis but a word,' object—  
 'A gesture'—he regards thee as our lord  
 Who lived there in the pyramid alone,  
 Looked at us, dost thou mind?—when being young  
 We both would unadvisedly recite  
 Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,  
 Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst  
 All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.  
 Thou and the child have each a veil alike  
 Thrown o'er your heads, from under which ye both  
 Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match  
 Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know!  
 He holds on firmly to some thread of life—  
 (It is the life to lead perforcedly)  
 Which runs across some vast distracting orb  
 Of glory on either side that meagre thread,

Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—  
 The spiritual life around the earthly life!  
 The law of that is known to him as this—  
 His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.  
 So is the man perplexed with impulses  
 Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,  
 Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across,  
 And not along, this black thread through the blaze—  
 'It should be' balked by 'here it cannot be'  
 And oft the man's soul springs into his face  
 As if he saw again and heard again  
 His sage that bade him 'Rise' and he did rise.  
 Something, a word, a tick of the blood within  
 Admonishes—then back he sinks at once  
 To ashes, that was very fire before,  
 In sedulous recurrence to his trade  
 Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;  
 And studiously the humbler for that pride,  
 Professedly the faultier that he knows  
 God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.  
 Indeed the especial marking of the man  
 Is prone submission to the Heavenly will—  
 Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.  
 'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last  
 For that same death which must restore his being  
 To equilibrium, body loosening soul  
 Divorced even now by premature full growth:  
 He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live  
 So long as God please, and just how God please.  
 He even seeketh not to please God more  
 (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.  
 Hence I perceive not he affects to preach

The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be,  
Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do :

How can he give his neighbour the real ground,

His own conviction ? ardent as he is—  
Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old

'Be it as God please' reassureth him.  
I probed the sore as thy disciple should—

'How, beast,' said I, 'this stolid carelessness

Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march

To stamp out like a little spark thy town,

Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once ?'

He merely looked with his large eyes on me.

The man is apathetic, you deduce ?  
Contrariwise he loves both old and young,

Able and weak—affects the very brutes  
And birds—how say I ? flowers of the field—

As a wise workman recognises tools  
In a master's workshop, loving what they make.

Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb :  
Only impatient, let him do his best,  
At ignorance and carelessness and sin—  
An indignation which is promptly curbed :

As when in certain travels I have feigned

To be an ignoramus in our art  
According to some preconceived design,  
And happed to hear the land's practitioners

Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,

Prattle fantastically on disease,  
Its cause and cure—and I must hold my peace !

Thou wilt object—why have I not ere this

Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene

Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,

Conferring with the frankness that befits ?

Alas ! it grieveth me, the learned leech  
Perished in a tumult many years ago,  
Accused,—our learning's fate,—of wizardry,

Rebellion, to the setting up a rule  
And creed prodigious as described to me.

His death which happened when the earthquake fell

(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss  
To occult learning in our lord the sage  
Who lived there in the pyramid alone)  
Was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont—

On vain reccourse, as I conjecture it,  
To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—

How could he stop the earthquake ?  
That's their way !

The other imputations must be lies :  
But take one—though I loathe to give it thee,

In mere respect to any good man's fame !

(And after all, our patient Lazarus  
Is stark mad ; should we count on what he says ?

Perhaps not : though in writing to a leech

'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.)

This man so cured regards the curer then,

As—God forgive me—who but God himself,

Creator and Sustainer of the world,  
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile !

—'Sayeth that such an One was born and lived,

Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,

Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,

And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat,

And must have so avouched himself, in fact,

In hearing of this very Lazarus  
Who saith—but why all this of what he saith ?

Why write of trivial matters, things of  
price  
Calling at every moment for remark ?  
I noticed on the margin of a pool  
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,  
Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange !

Thy pardon for this long and tedious  
case,  
Which, now that I review it, needs must  
seem  
Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth !  
Nor I myself discern in what is writ  
Good cause for the peculiar interest  
And awe indeed this man has touched  
me with.  
Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness  
Had wrought upon me first. I met  
him thus :  
I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken  
hills  
Like an old lion's cheek-teeth. Out  
there came  
A moon made like a face with certain  
spots  
Multiform, manifold and menacing :  
Then a wind rose behind me. So we  
met  
In this old sleepy town at unaware,  
The man and I. I send thee what is  
writ.  
Regard it as a chance, a matter risked  
To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose,  
Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.  
Jerusalem's repose shall make amends  
For time this letter wastes, thy time and  
mine ;  
Till when, once more thy pardon and  
farewell !

The very God ! think, Abib ; dost  
thou think ?  
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving  
too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human  
voice  
Saying, ' O heart I made, a heart beats  
here !  
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in  
Myself.  
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,

But love I gave thee, with Myself to  
love,  
And thou must love Me who have died  
for thee !'  
The madman saith He said so : it is  
strange.

### PICTOR IGNOTUS

[FLORENCE, 15—]

I COULD have painted pictures like that  
youth's  
Ye praise so. How my soul springs  
up ! No bar  
Stayed me—ah, thought which saddens  
while it soothes !  
—Never did fate forbid me, star by  
star,  
To outburst on your night with all my  
gift  
Of fires from God : nor would my  
flesh have shrunk  
From seconding my soul, with eyes  
uplift  
And wide to heaven, or, straight like  
thunder, sunk  
To the centre, of an instant ; or around  
Turned calmly and inquisitive, to  
scan  
The licence and the limit, space and  
bound,  
Allowed to Truth made visible in  
Man.  
And, like that youth ye praise so, all I  
saw,  
Over the canvas could my hand have  
flung,  
Each face obedient to its passion's law,  
Each passion clear proclaimed without  
a tongue ;  
Whether Hope rose at once in all the  
blood,  
A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,  
Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when  
her brood  
Pull down the nesting dove's heart to  
its place ;  
Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,  
And locked the mouth fast, like a  
castle braved,—  
O human faces, hath it spilt, my cup ?  
What did ye give me that I have not  
saved ?



Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well !)  
 Of going—I, in each new picture,—  
 forth,  
 As, making new hearts beat and bosoms  
 swell,  
 To Pope or Kaiser, East, West, South  
 or North,  
 Bound for the calmly satisfied great  
 State,  
 Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,  
 Flowers cast upon the car which bore  
 the freight,  
 Through old streets named afresh  
 from its event,  
 Till it reached home, where learned Age  
 should greet  
 My face, and Youth, the star not yet  
 distinct  
 Above his hair, lie learning at my feet !—  
 Oh, thus to live, I and my picture,  
 linked  
 With love about, and praise, till life  
 should end,  
 And then not go to heaven, but linger  
 here,  
 Here on my earth, earth's every man  
 my friend,—  
 The thought grew frightful, 'twas so  
 wildly dear !  
 But a voice changed it ! Glimpses of  
 such sights  
 Have scared me, like the revels  
 through a door  
 Of some strange House of Idols at its  
 rites ;  
 This world seemed not the world it  
 was before :  
 Mixed with my loving trusting ones  
 there trooped  
 . . . Who summoned those cold faces  
 that begun  
 To press on me and judge me ? Though  
 I stooped  
 Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,  
 They drew me forth, and spite of me . . .  
 enough !  
 These buy and sell our pictures, take  
 and give,  
 Count them for garniture and house-  
 hold-stuff,  
 And where they live our pictures  
 needs must live

And see their faces, listen to their prate,  
 Partakers of their daily pettiness,  
 Discussed of,—‘ This I love, or this I  
 hate,  
 This likes me more, and this affects  
 me less ! ’  
 Wherefore I chose my portion. If at  
 whiles  
 My heart sinks, as monotonous I  
 paint  
 These endless cloisters and eternal aisles  
 With the same series, Virgin, Babe  
 and Saint,  
 With the same cold, calm, beautiful  
 regard,  
 At least no merchant traffics in my  
 heart ;  
 The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward  
 Vain tongues from where my pictures  
 stand apart :  
 Only prayer breaks the silence of the  
 shrine  
 While, blackening in the daily candle-  
 smoke,  
 They moulder on the damp wall's  
 travertine,  
 'Mid echoes the light footstep never  
 woke.  
 So die, my pictures ; surely, gently die !  
 Oh, youth, men praise so,—holds  
 their praise its worth ?  
 Blown harshly, keeps the trump its  
 golden cry ?  
 Tastes sweet the water with such  
 specks of earth ?

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

I AM poor brother Lippo, by your leave !  
 You need not clap your torches to my  
 face.  
 Zooks, what's to blame ? you think  
 you see a monk !  
 What, it's past midnight, and you go  
 the rounds,  
 And here you catch me at an alley's end  
 Where sportive ladies leave their doors  
 ajar ?  
 The Carmine's my cloister : hunt it up,  
 Do,—harry out, if you must show your  
 zeal,  
 Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong  
 hole,

And nip each softling of a wee white mouse,  
*Weke, weke*, that's crept to keep him company!  
 Aha, you know your betters? Then, you'll take  
 Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,  
 And please to know me likewise. Who am I?  
 Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend  
 Three streets off—he's a certain . . . how d'ye call?  
 Master—a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,  
 In the house that caps the corner. Boh! you were best!  
 Remember and tell me, the day you're hanged,  
 How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!  
 But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves  
 Pick up a manner nor discredit you. Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets  
 And count fair prize what comes into their net?  
 He's Judas to a tittle, that man is! Just such a face! why, sir, you make amends.  
 Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hang-dogs go  
 Drink out this quarter-florin to the health  
 Of the munificent House that harbours me  
 (And many more beside, lads! more beside!)  
 And all's come square again. I'd like his face—  
 His, elbowing on his comrade in the door  
 With the pike and lantern,—for the slave that holds  
 John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair  
 With one hand ('look you, now,' as who should say)  
 And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!  
 It's not your chance to have a bit of chalk,

A wood-coal or the like? or you should see!  
 Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.  
 What, brother Lippo's doings, up and down,  
 You know them and they take you! like enough!  
 I saw the proper twinkle in your eye—  
 'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.  
 Let's sit and set things straight now, hip to haunch.  
 Here's spring come, and the nights one makes up bands  
 To roam the town and sing out carnival,  
 And I've been three weeks shut within my mew,  
 A-painting for the great man, saints and saints  
 And saints again. I could not paint all night—  
 Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.  
 There came a hurry of feet and little feet,  
 A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whiffs of song,—  
*Flower o' the broom,*  
*Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!*  
*Flower o' the quince,*  
*I let Lisa go, and what good's in life since?*  
*Flower o' the thyme*—and so on. Round they went.  
 Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter  
 Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,—three slim shapes—  
 And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood,  
 That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went,  
 Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,  
 All the bed-furniture—a dozen knots,  
 There was a ladder! down I let myself,  
 Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,  
 And after them. I came up with the fun  
 Hard by Saint Laurence, hail fellow, well met,—  
*Flower o' the rose,*

*If I've been merry, what matter who knows?*

And so as I was stealing back again  
To get to bed and have a bit of sleep  
Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work  
On Jerome knocking at his poor old  
breast

With his great round stone to subdue  
the flesh,

You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!  
Though your eye twinkles still, you  
shake your head—

Mine's shaved,—a monk, you say—the  
sting's in that!

If Master Cosimo announced himself,  
Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!  
Come, what am I a beast for? tell us,  
now!

I was a baby when my mother died  
And father died and left me in the  
street.

I starved there, God knows how, a year  
or two

On fig skins, melon-parings, rinds and  
shucks,

Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty  
day

My stomach being empty as your hat,  
The wind doubled me up and down I  
went.

Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one  
hand,

(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)  
And so along the wall, over the bridge,  
By the straight cut to the convent. Six  
words, there,

While I stood munching my first bread  
that month:

'So, boy, you're minded,' quoth the  
good fat father

Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-  
time,—

'To quit this very miserable world?  
Will you renounce' . . . The mouthful of  
bread? thought I;

By no means! Brief, they made a  
monk of me;

I did renounce the world, its pride and  
greed,

Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-  
house,

Trash, such as these poor devils of  
Medici

Have given their hearts to—all at eight  
years old.

Well, sir, I found in time, you may be  
sure,

'Twas not for nothing—the good belly-  
ful,

The warm serge and the rope that goes  
all round,

And day-long blessed idleness beside!  
'Let's see what the urchin's fit for'—  
that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must con-  
fess.

Such a to-do! they tried me with their  
books.

Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in  
pure waste!

*Flower o' the clove,*  
*All the Latin I construe is, 'amo' I love!*  
But, mind you, when a boy starves in  
the streets

Eight years together, as my fortune was,  
Watching folk's faces to know who will  
fling

The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he  
desires,

And who will curse or kick him for his  
pains—

Which gentleman processional and fine,  
Holding a candle to the Sacrament  
Will wink and let him lift a plate and  
catch

The droppings of the wax to sell again,  
Or holla for the Eight and have him  
whipped,—

How say I?—nay, which dog bites,  
which lets drop

His bone from the heap of offal in the  
street,—

Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp  
alike,

He learns the look of things, and none  
the less

For admonitions from the hunger-  
pinch.

I had a store of such remarks, be sure,  
Which, after I found leisure, turned to  
use:

I drew men's faces on my copy-books,  
Scrawled them within the antiphony's  
marge,

Joined legs and arms to the long music-  
notes,

Found nose and eyes and chin for A.s  
 and B.s,  
 And made a string of pictures of the  
 world  
 Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and  
 noun,  
 On the wall, the bench, the door. The  
 monks looked black.  
 'Nay,' quoth the Prior, 'turn him out,  
 d' ye say ?  
 In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a  
 lark.  
 What if at last we get our man of parts,  
 We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese  
 And Preaching Friars, to do our church  
 up fine  
 And put the front on it that ought to  
 be !'  
 And hereupon they bade me daub away.  
 Thank you ! my head being crammed,  
 their walls a blank,  
 Never was such prompt disemburden-  
 ing.  
 First, every sort of monk, the black and  
 white,  
 I drew them, fat and lean : then, folks  
 at church,  
 From good old gossips waiting to con-  
 fess  
 Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-  
 ends,—  
 To the breathless fellow at the altar-  
 foot,  
 Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting  
 there  
 With the little children round him in a  
 row  
 Of admiration, half for his beard and  
 half  
 For that white anger of his victim's son  
 Shaking a fist at him with one fierce  
 arm,  
 Signing himself with the other because  
 of Christ  
 (Whose sad face on the cross sees only  
 this  
 After the passion of a thousand years)  
 Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her  
 head  
 Which the intense eyes looked through,  
 came at eve  
 On tip-toe, said a word, dropped in a  
 loaf,

Her pair of earrings and a bunch of  
 flowers  
 The brute took growling, prayed, and  
 then was gone.  
 I painted all, then cried "'tis ask and  
 have—  
 Choose, for more's ready !'—laid the  
 ladder flat,  
 And showed my covered bit of cloister-  
 wall.  
 The monks closed in a circle and praised  
 loud  
 Till checked,—taught what to see and  
 not to see.  
 Being simple bodies,—'that's the very  
 man !  
 Look at the boy who stoops to pat the  
 dog !  
 That woman's like the Prior's niece  
 who comes  
 To care about his asthma : it's the  
 life !'  
 But there my triumph's straw-fire  
 flared and fumed—  
 Their betters took their turn to see and  
 say :  
 The Prior and the learned pulled a face  
 And stopped all that in no time  
 'How ? what's here ?  
 Quite from the mark of painting, bless  
 us all !  
 Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the  
 true  
 As much as pea and pea ! it's devil's-  
 game !  
 Your business is not to catch men with  
 show,  
 With homage to the perishable clay,  
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,  
 Make them forget there's such a thing  
 as flesh.  
 Your business is to paint the souls of  
 men—  
 Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . .  
 no it's not . . .  
 It's vapour done up like a new-born  
 babe—  
 (In that shape when you die it leaves  
 your mouth)  
 It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's  
 the soul !  
 Give us no more of body than shows  
 soul !

Here 's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising  
 God,  
 That sets you praising,—why not stop  
 with him ?  
 Why put all thoughts of praise out of  
 our heads  
 With wonder at lines, colours, and what  
 not ?  
 Paint the soul, never mind the legs and  
 arms !  
 Rub all out, try at it a second time.  
 Oh, that white smallish female with the  
 breasts,  
 She 's just my niece . . . Herodias, I  
 would say,—  
 Who went and danced and got men's  
 heads cut off—  
 Have it all out ! ' Now, is this sense,  
 I ask ?  
 A fine way to paint soul, by painting  
 body  
 So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go  
 further  
 And can't fare worse ! Thus, yellow  
 does for white  
 When what you put for yellow 's  
 simply black,  
 And any sort of meaning looks intense  
 When all beside itself means and looks  
 nought.  
 Why can't a painter lift each foot in  
 turn,  
 Left foot and right foot, go a double  
 step,  
 Make his flesh liker and his soul more  
 like,  
 Both in their order ? Take the pret-  
 tiest face,  
 The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it  
 so pretty  
 You can't discover if it means hope, fear,  
 Sorrow or joy ? won't beauty go with  
 these ?  
 Suppose I've made her eyes all right  
 and blue,  
 Can't I take breath and try to add life's  
 flash,  
 And then add soul and heighten them  
 threefold ?  
 Or say there 's beauty with no soul at  
 all—  
 (I never saw it—put the case the  
 same—)

If you get simple beauty and nought  
 else,  
 You get about the best thing God  
 invents,—  
 That 's somewhat. And you'll find  
 the soul you have missed,  
 Within yourself when you return Him  
 thanks,  
 ' Rub all out ! ' Well, well, there 's my  
 life, in short.  
 And so the thing has gone on ever since.  
 I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken  
 bounds—  
 You should not take a fellow eight years  
 old  
 And make him swear to never kiss the  
 girls.  
 I'm my own master, paint now as I  
 please—  
 Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-  
 house !  
 Lord, it 's fast holding by the rings in  
 front—  
 Those great rings serve more purposes  
 than just  
 To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse !  
 And yet the old schooling sticks, the old  
 grave eyes  
 Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,  
 The heads shake still—' It 's Art's  
 decline, my son !  
 You're not of the true painters, great  
 and old ;  
 Brother Angelico 's the man, you'll  
 find ;  
 Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer :  
 Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the  
 third ! '

*Flower o' the pine,*  
*You keep your mistr . . . manners, and*  
*I'll stick to mine !*  
 I'm not the third, then : bless us, they  
 must know !  
 Don't you think they're the likeliest  
 to know,  
 They with their Latin ? so, I swallow  
 my rage,  
 Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight,  
 and paint  
 To please them—sometimes do, and  
 sometimes don't,  
 For, doing most, there 's pretty sure to  
 come

A turn, some warm eve finds me at my  
saints—

A laugh, a cry, the business of the  
world—

*(Flower o' the peach,*

*Death for us all, and his own life for  
each !)*

And my whole soul revolves, the cup  
runs over,

The world and life's too big to pass for  
a dream,

And I do these wild things in sheer  
despite,

And play the fooleries you catch me at,  
In pure rage ! the old mill-horse, out at  
grass

After hard years, throws up his stiff  
heels so,

Although the miller does not preach to  
him

The only good of grass is to make chaff.  
What would men have ? Do they like  
grass or no—

May they or mayn't they ? all I want's  
the thing

Settled for ever one way : as it is,  
You tell too many lies and hurt yourself.  
You don't like what you only like too  
much,

You do like what, if given you at your  
word,

You find abundantly detestable.

For me, I think I speak as I was taught—  
I always see the Garden and God there  
A-making man's wife—and, my lesson  
learned,

The value and significance of flesh,  
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me : I'm a beast, I  
know.

But see, now—why, I see as certainly  
As that the morning-star's about to  
shine,

What will hap some day. We've a  
youngster here

Comes to our convent, studies what I do,  
Slouches and stares and lets no atom  
drop—

His name is Guidi—he'll not mind the  
monks—

They call him Hulking Tom, he lets  
them talk—

He picks my practice up—he'll paint  
apace,

I hope so—though I never live so long,  
I know what's sure to follow. You be  
judge !

You speak no Latin more than I,  
belike—

However, you're my man, you've seen  
the world

—The beauty and the wonder and the  
power,

The shapes of things, their colours,  
lights and shades,

Changes, surprises,—and God made it  
all !

—For what ? do you feel thankful, ay  
or no,

For this fair town's face, yonder river's  
line,

The mountain round it and the sky  
above,

Much more the figures of man, woman,  
child,

These are the frame to ? What's it all  
about ?

To be passed over, despised ? or dwelt  
upon,

Wondered at ? oh, this last of course !—  
you say.

But why not do as well as say,—paint  
these

Just as they are, careless what comes of  
it ?

God's works—paint anyone, and count  
it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, ' His  
works

Are here already—nature is complete :  
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you  
can't)

There's no advantage ! you must beat  
her, then.'

For, don't you mark, we're made so  
that we love

First when we see them painted, things  
we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to  
see ;

And so they are better, painted—better  
to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was  
given for that—

God uses us to help each other so,



Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,  
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,  
And trust me but you should, though!  
How much more,  
If I drew higher things with the same truth!  
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,  
Interpret God to all of you! oh, oh,  
It makes me mad to see what men shall do  
And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank—it means intensely, and means good:  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.  
'Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!'  
Strikes in the Prior: 'when your meaning's plain  
It does not say to folks—remember matins,  
Or, mind you fast next Friday.' Why, for this  
What need of art at all? A skull and bones,  
Two bits of stick nailed cross-wise, or, what's best,  
A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.  
I painted a Saint Laurence six months since  
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style:  
'How looks my painting, now the scaffold's down?'  
I ask a brother: 'Hugely,' he returns—  
'Already not one phiz of your three slaves  
That turn the Deacon off his toasted side,  
But's scratched and prodded to our heart's content,  
The pious people have so eased their own  
When coming to say prayers there in a rage:  
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.  
Expect another job this time next year,

For pity and religion grow i' the crowd—  
Your painting serves its purpose!'  
Hang the fools!

—That is—you'll not mistake an idle word  
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,  
Tasting the air this spiey night which turns  
The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!  
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me, now!  
It's natural a poor monk out of bounds  
Should have his apt word to excuse himself:  
And hearken how I plot to make amends.  
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece  
. . . There's for you! Give me six months, then go, see  
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless the nuns!  
They want a cast of my office. I shall paint  
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,  
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,  
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet  
As puff on puff of grated orris-root  
When ladies crowd to church at mid-summer.  
And then in the front, of course a saint or two—  
Saint John, because he saves the Florentines,  
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white  
The convent's friends and gives them a long day,  
And Job, I must have him there past mistake,  
The man of Uz, (and Us without the z, Painters who need his patience.) Well, all these  
Secured at their devotions, up shall come  
Out of a corner when you least expect,  
As one by a dark stair into a great light,

Music and talking, who but Lippo ! I !—  
Mazed, motionless and moon-struck—  
I'm the man !

Back I shrink—what is this I see and  
hear ?

I, caught up with my monk's things by  
mistake,

My old serge gown and rope that goes  
all round,

I, in this presence, this pure company !  
Where's a hole, where's a corner for  
escape ?

Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a  
thing

Forward, puts out a soft palm—' Not  
so fast ! '

—Addresses the celestial presence,  
' nay—

He made you and devised you, after all,  
Though he's none of you ! Could  
Saint John there, draw—

His camel-hair make up a painting-  
brush ?

We come to brother Lippo for all that,  
*Iste perfecit opus !* ' So, all smile—

I shuffle sideways with my blushing  
face

Under the cover of a hundred wings  
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when  
you're gay

And play hot cockles, all the doors  
being shut,

Till, wholly unexpected, in there  
pops

The hothead husband ! Thus I scuttle  
off

To some safe bench behind, not letting  
go

The palm of her, the little lily thing  
That spoke the good word for me in the  
nick,

Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy,  
I would say.

And so all's saved for me, and for the  
church

A pretty picture gained. Go, six  
months hence !

Your hand, sir, and good-bye : no  
lights, no lights !

The street's hushed, and I know my  
own way back,

Don't fear me ! There's the grey  
beginning. Zooks !

## ANDREA DEL SARTO

(CALLED 'THE FAULTLESS PAINTER')

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,  
No, my Lucrezia ; bear with me for  
once :

Sit down and all shall happen as you  
wish.

You turn your face, but does it bring  
your heart ?

I'll work then for your friend's friend,  
never fear,

Treat his own subject after his own  
way,

Fix his own time, accept too his own  
price,

And shut the money into this small  
hand

When next it takes mine. Will it ?  
tenderly ?

Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow,  
Love !

I often am much wearier than you think,  
This evening more than usual, and it  
seems

As if—forgive now—should you let me  
sit

Here by the window with your hand in  
mine

And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,  
Both of one mind, as married people  
use,

Quietly, quietly, the evening through,  
I might get up to-morrow to my work  
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.  
To-morrow how you shall be glad for  
this !

Your soft hand is a woman of itself,  
And mine the man's bared breast she  
curls inside.

Don't count the time lost, either ; you  
must serve

For each of the five pictures we re-  
quire—

It saves a model. So ! keep looking  
so—

My serpentining beauty, rounds on  
rounds !

—How could you ever prick those  
perfect ears,

Even to put the pearl there ! oh, so  
sweet—

My face, my moon, my everybody's  
moon,  
Which everybody looks on and calls his,  
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,  
While she looks—no one's: very dear,  
no less!  
You smile? why, there's my picture  
ready made.  
There's what we painters call our  
harmony!  
A common greyness silvers every-  
thing,—  
All in a twilight, you and I alike  
—You, at the point of your first pride  
in me  
(That's gone you know),—but I, at  
every point;  
My youth, my hope, my art, being all  
toned down  
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.  
There's the bell clinking from the  
chapel-top;  
That length of convent-wall across the  
way  
Holds the trees safer, huddled more  
inside;  
The last monk leaves the garden; days  
decrease  
And autumn grows, autumn in every-  
thing.  
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a  
shape  
As if I saw alike my work and self  
And all that I was born to be and do,  
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in  
God's hand.  
How strange now, looks the life He  
makes us lead!  
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!  
I feel He laid the fether: let it lie!  
This chamber for example—turn your  
head—  
All that's behind us! you don't under-  
stand  
Nor care to understand about my art,  
But you can hear at least when people  
speak;  
And that cartoon, the second from the  
door  
—It is the thing, Love! so such things  
should be—  
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.  
I can do with my pencil what I know,

What I see, what at bottom of my heart  
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—  
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly  
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are  
judge  
Who listened to the Legate's talk last  
week,  
And just as much they used to say in  
France.  
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,  
No sketches first, no studies, that's  
long past—  
I do what many dream of all their lives  
—Dream? strive to do, and agonise  
to do,  
And fail in doing. I could count  
twenty such  
On twice your fingers, and not leave  
this town,  
Who strive—you don't know how the  
others strive  
To paint a little thing like that you  
smeared  
Carelessly passing with your robes  
afloat,—  
Yet do much less, so much less, Some-  
one says,  
(I know his name, no matter) so much  
less!  
Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am  
judged.  
There burns a truer light of God in  
them,  
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and  
stopped-up brain,  
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to  
prompt  
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's  
hand of mine.  
Their works drop groundward, but  
themselves, I know,  
Reach many a time a heaven that's  
shut to me,  
Enter and take their place there sure  
enough,  
Though they come back and cannot tell  
the world.  
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit  
here.  
The sudden blood of these men! at a  
word—  
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it  
boils too.

I, painting from myself and to myself,  
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's  
     blame  
 Or their praise either. Somebody  
     remarks  
 Morello's outline there is wrongly  
     traced,  
 His hue mistaken—what of that? or  
     else,  
 Rightly traced and well ordered—what  
     of that?  
 Speak as they please, what does the  
     mountain care?  
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his  
     grasp,  
 Or what's a Heaven for? all is silver-  
     grey  
 Placid and perfect with my art—the  
     worse!  
 I know both what I want and what  
     might gain—  
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh  
 'Had I been two, another and myself,  
 Our head would have o'erlooked the  
     world!' No doubt.  
 Yonder's a work, now, of that famous  
     youth  
 The Urbinate who died five years ago.  
 ('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)  
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,  
 Pouring his soul, with kings and popes  
     to see,  
 Reaching, that Heaven might so re-  
     plenish him,  
 Above and through his art—for it gives  
     way;  
 That arm is wrongly put—and there  
     again—  
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,  
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,  
 He means right—that, a child may  
     understand.  
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.  
 But all the play, the insight and the  
     stretch—  
 Out of me! out of me! And wherefore  
     out?  
 Had you enjoined them on me, given  
     me soul,  
 We might have risen to Rafael, I and  
     you.  
 Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I  
     think—

More than I merit, yes, by many times.  
 But had you—oh, with the same perfect  
     brow,  
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect  
     mouth,  
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a  
     bird  
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the  
     snare—  
 Had you, with these the same, but  
     brought a mind!  
 Some women do so. Had the mouth  
     there urged  
 'God and the glory! never care for gain.  
 The Present by the Future, what is  
     that?  
 Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—  
 Rafael is waiting. Up to God all  
     three!'  
 I might have done it for you. So it  
     seems—  
 Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.  
 Beside, incentives come from the soul's  
     self;  
 The rest avail not. Why do I need  
     you?  
 What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?  
 In this world, who can do a thing, will  
     not—  
 And who would do it, cannot, I per-  
     ceive:  
 Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat,  
     too, the power—  
 And thus we half-men struggle. At the  
     end,  
 God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.  
 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,  
 That I am something underrated here,  
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak  
     the truth.  
 I dared not, do you know, leave home  
     all day,  
 For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.  
 The best is when they pass and look  
     aside;  
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear  
     it all.  
 Well may they speak! That Francis,  
     that first time,  
 And that long festal year at Fontaine-  
     bleau!  
 I surely then could sometimes leave the  
     ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,  
In that humane great monarch's golden  
look,—

One finger in his beard or twisted curl  
Over his mouth's good mark that made  
the smile,

One arm about my shoulder, round my  
neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,  
I painting proudly with his breath on  
me,

All his court round him, seeing with his  
eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire  
of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those  
hearts,—

And, best of all, this, this, this face  
beyond,

This in the background, waiting on my  
work,

To crown the issue with a last reward !  
A good time, was it not, my kingly  
days ?

And had you not grown restless—but  
I know—

'Tis done and past ; 'twas right, my  
instinct said ;

Too live the life grew, golden and not  
grey,

And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun  
should tempt

Out of the grange whose four walls  
make his world.

How could it end in any other way ?

You called me, and I came home to your  
heart.

The triumph was, to have ended there ;  
then if

I reached it ere the triumph, what is  
lost ?

Let my hands frame your face in your  
hair's gold,

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine !

'Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—  
The Roman's is the better when you  
pray.

But still the other's Virgin was his  
wife—'

Men will excuse me. I am glad to  
judge

Both pictures in your presence ;  
clearer grows

My better fortune, I resolve to think.  
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God  
lives,

Said one day Angelo, his very self,  
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these  
years . . .

(When the young man was flaming out  
his thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,  
Too lifted up in heart because of it)

'Friend, there's a certain sorry little  
scrub

Goes up and down our Florence, none  
cares how,

Who, were he set to plan and execute  
As you are, pricked on by your popes  
and kings,

Would bring the sweat into that brow  
of yours !'

To Rafael's !—And indeed the arm is  
wrong.

I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,  
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the  
line should go !

Ay, but the soul ! he's Rafael ! rub it  
out !

Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,  
(What he ? why, who but Michael  
Angelo ?

Do you forget already words like  
those ?)

If really there was such a chance, so  
lost,—

Is, whether you're—not grateful—but  
more pleased.

Well, let me think so. And you smile  
indeed !

This hour has been an hour ! Another  
smile ?

If you would sit thus by me every night  
I should work better, do you compre-  
hend ?

I mean that I should earn more, give  
you more.

See, it is settled dusk now ; there's a  
star ;

Morello's gone, the watch-lights show  
the wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call  
them by.

Come from the window, Love,—come  
in, at last,

Inside the melancholy little house

We built to be so gay with. God is just.  
 King Francis may forgive me. Oft at  
 nights  
 When I look up from painting, eyes  
 tired out,  
 The walls become illumined, brick from  
 brick  
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright  
 gold,  
 That gold of his I did cement them  
 with !  
 Let us but love each other. Must you  
 go ?  
 That Cousin here again ? he waits  
 outside ?  
 Must see you—you, and not with me ?  
 Those loans ?  
 More gaming debts to pay ? you smiled  
 for that ?  
 Well, let smiles buy me ! have you more  
 to spend ?  
 While hand and eye and something of  
 a heart  
 Are left me, work's my ware, and  
 what's it worth ?  
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit  
 The grey remainder of the evening out,  
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly  
 How I could paint, were I but back in  
 France,  
 One picture, just one more—the Virgin's  
 face,  
 Not your's this time ! I want you at my  
 side  
 To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo—  
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.  
 Will you ? To-morrow, satisfy your  
 friend.  
 I take the subjects for his corridor,  
 Finish the portrait out of hand—there,  
 there,  
 And throw him in another thing or two  
 If he demurs ; the whole should prove  
 enough  
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak.  
 Beside,  
 What's better and what's all I care  
 about,  
 Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.  
 Love, does that please you ? Ah, but  
 what does he,  
 The Cousin ! what does he to please you  
 more ?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-  
 night.  
 I regret little, I would change still less.  
 Since there my past life lies, why alter  
 it ?  
 The very wrong to Francis !—it is true  
 I took his coin, was tempted and com-  
 plied,  
 And built this house and sinned, and all  
 is said.  
 My father and my mother died of want.  
 Well, had I riches of my own ? you see  
 How one gets rich ! Let each one bear  
 his lot.  
 They were born poor, lived poor, and  
 poor they died :  
 And I have laboured somewhat in my  
 time  
 And not been paid profusely. Some  
 good son  
 Paint my two hundred pictures—let  
 him try !  
 No doubt, there's something strikes a  
 balance. Yes,  
 You loved me quite enough, it seems  
 to-night.  
 This must suffice me here. What would  
 one have ?  
 In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one  
 more chance—  
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem  
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,  
 For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me  
 To cover—the three first without a wife,  
 While I have mine ! So—still they  
 overcome  
 Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I  
 choose.  
 Again the Cousin's whistle ! Go, my  
 Love.

#### THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

[ROME, 15—.]

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity !  
 Draw round my bed : is Anselm keeping  
 back ?  
 Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I  
 know not ! Well—  
 She, men would have to be your mother  
 once,



Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was !  
What 's done is done, and she is dead  
beside,

Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,  
And as she died so must we die our-  
selves,

And thence ye may perceive the world 's  
a dream.

Life, how and what is it ? As here I lie  
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,  
Hours and long hours in the dead night,  
I ask

'Do I live, am I dead ?' Peace, peace  
seems all.

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for  
peace ;

And so, about this tomb of mine. I  
fought

With tooth and nail to save my niche,  
ye know :

—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my  
care ;

Shrewd was that snatch from out the  
corner South

He graced his carrion with, God curse  
the same !

Yet still my niche is not so cramped but  
thence

One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,  
And somewhat of the choir, those silent  
seats,

And up into the aery dome where live  
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:  
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,  
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,  
With those nine columns round me,  
two and two,

The odd one at my feet where Anselm  
stands :

Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the  
ripe

As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty  
pulse

—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-  
stone,

Put me where I may look at him !  
True peach,

Rosy and flawless : how I earned the  
prize !

Draw close : that conflagration of my  
church

—What then ? So much was saved if  
aught were missed !

My sons, ye would not be my death ?  
Go dig

The white-grape vineyard where the  
oil-press stood,

Drop water gently till the surface sinks,  
And if ye find . . . Ah, God I know not,  
I ! . . .

Bedded in store of rotten figleaves soft,  
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,  
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,  
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,  
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's  
breast . . .

Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas,  
all,

That brave Frascati villa with its bath,  
So, let the blue lump poise between my  
knees,

Like God the Father's globe on both  
His hands

Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,  
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and  
burst !

Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our  
years :

Man goeth to the grave, and where is he ?  
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons ?  
Black—

'Twas ever antique-black I meant !  
How else

Shall ye contrast my frieze to come  
beneath ?

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,  
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and  
perchance

Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,  
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,  
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan  
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last  
garment off,

And Moses with the tables . . . but I  
know

Ye mark me not ! What do they  
whisper thee,

Child of my bowels, Anselm ? Ah, ye  
hope

To revel down my villas while I gasp  
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy  
travertine

Which Gandolf from his tomb-top  
chuckles at !

Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper,  
then !

'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I  
 grieve  
 My bath must needs be left behind,  
 alas !  
 One block, pure green as a pistachio-  
 nut,  
 There 's plenty jasper somewhere in the  
 world—  
 And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to  
 pray  
 Horses for ye, and brown Greek manu-  
 scripts,  
 And mistresses with great smooth  
 marbly limbs ?  
 —That 's if ye carve my epitaph aright,  
 Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's  
 every word,  
 No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second  
 line—  
 Tully, my masters ? Ulpian serves his  
 need !  
 And then how I shall lie through  
 centuries,  
 And hear the blessed mutter of the  
 mass,  
 And see God made and eaten all day  
 long,  
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and  
 taste  
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-  
 smoke !  
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead  
 night,  
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees,  
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a  
 crook,  
 And stretch my feet forth straight as  
 stone can point,  
 And let the bedclothes for a mortcloth  
 drop  
 Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-  
 work :  
 And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange  
 thoughts  
 Grow, with a certain humming in my  
 ears,  
 About the life before I lived this life,  
 And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and  
 Priests,  
 Saint Praxed at his sermon on the  
 mount,  
 Your tall pale mother with her talking  
 eyes,

And new-found agate urns as fresh as  
 day,  
 And marble's language, Latin pure,  
 discreet,  
 —Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend ?  
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best !  
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.  
 All *lapis*, all, sons ! Else I give the  
 Pope  
 My villas : will ye ever eat my heart ?  
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,  
 They glitter like your mother's for my  
 soul,  
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished  
 frieze,  
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my  
 vase  
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a  
 Term,  
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx  
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus  
 down,  
 To comfort me on my entablature  
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask  
 'Do I live, am I dead ?' There, leave  
 me, there !  
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude  
 To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it !  
 Stone—  
 Gritstone, a-crumble ! Clammy squares  
 which sweat  
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing  
 through—  
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world !  
 Well, go ! I blessye. Fewertapers there,  
 But in a row : and, going, turn your  
 backs  
 —Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,  
 And leave me in my church, the church  
 for peace,  
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—  
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-  
 stone,  
 As still he envied me, so fair she was !

#### BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

No more wine ? then we'll push back  
 chairs and talk.  
 A final glass for me, though : cool, i'  
 faith !  
 We ought to have our Abbey back, you  
 see.

It's different, preaching in basilicas,  
And doing duty in some masterpiece  
Like this of brother Pugin's, bless his  
heart!

I doubt if they're half baked, those  
chalk rosettes,

Ciphers and stucco-twiddlings every-  
where;

It's just like breathing in a lime-kiln:  
eh?

These hot long ceremonies of our church  
Cost us a little—oh, they pay the price,  
You take me—amply pay it! Now,  
we'll talk.

So, you despise me, Mr. Gigadibs.  
No deprecation,—nay, I beg you, sir!  
Beside 'tis our engagement: don't you  
know,

I promised, if you'd watch a dinner out,  
We'd see truth dawn together?—truth  
that peeps

Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,  
And body gets its sop and hold its noise  
And leaves soul free a little. Now's  
the time—

'Tis break of day! You do despise me  
then.

And if I say, 'despise me,'—never  
fear—

I know you do not in a certain sense—  
Not in my arm-chair for example:  
here,

I well imagine you respect my place  
(Status, *entourage*, worldly circum-  
stance)

Quite to its value—very much indeed  
—Are up to the protesting eyes of you  
In pride at being seated here for once—  
You'll turn it to such capital account!  
When somebody, through years and  
years to come,

Hints of the bishop,—names me—  
that's enough—

'Blougram? I knew him'—(into it you  
slide)

'Dined with him once, a Corpus Christi  
Day,

All alone, we two—he's a clever man—  
And after dinner,—why, the wine you  
know,—

Oh, there was wine, and good!—what  
with the wine...

'Faith, we began upon all sorts of talk!  
He's no bad fellow, Blougram—he had  
seen

Something of mine he relished—some  
review—

He's quite above their humbug in his  
heart,

Half-said as much, indeed—the thing's  
his trade—

I warrant, Blougram's sceptical at  
times—

How otherwise? I liked him, I con-  
fess!'

*Che che*, my dear sir, as we say at  
Rome,

Don't you protest now! It's fair give  
and take;

You have had your turn and spoken  
your home-truths:

The hand's mine now, and here you  
follow suit.

Thus much conceded, still the first  
fact stays—

You do despise me; your ideal of life  
Is not the bishop's—you would not  
be I—

You would like better to be Goethe, now,  
Or Buonaparte—or, bless me, lower  
still,

Count D'Orsay,—so you did what you  
preferred,

Spoke as you thought, and, as you  
cannot help,

Believed or disbelieved, no matter what,  
So long as on that point, whate'er it  
was,

You loosed your mind, were whole and  
sole yourself.

—That, my ideal never can include,  
Upon that element of truth and worth  
Never be based! for say they make me  
Pope

(They can't—suppose it for our argu-  
ment)

Why, there I'm at my tether's end—  
I've reached

My height, and not a height which  
pleases you.

An unbelieving Pope won't do, you say.  
It's like those eerie stories nurses tell,  
Of how some actor played Death on a  
stage

With pasteboard crown, sham orb and  
tinselled dart,  
And called himself the monarch of the  
world,

Then, going in the tire-room afterward  
Because the play was done, to shift  
himself,

Got touched upon the sleeve familiarly  
The moment he had shut the closet door  
By Death himself. Thus God might  
touch a Pope

At unawares, ask what his baubles  
mean,

And whose part he presumed to play  
just now ?

Best be yourself, imperial, plain and  
true !

So, drawing comfortable breath again,  
You weigh and find whatever more or  
less

I boast of my ideal realized  
Is nothing in the balance when opposed  
To your ideal, your grand simple life,  
Of which you will not realize one jot.  
I am much, you are nothing; you  
would be all,

I would be merely much—you beat me  
there.

No, friend, you do not beat me,—hearken  
why.

The common problem, yours, mine,  
every one's,

Is not to fancy what were fair in life  
Provided it could be,—but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it  
fair

Up to our means—a very different  
thing !

No abstract intellectual plan of life  
Quite irrespective of life's plainest laws,  
But one, a man, who is man and nothing  
more,

May lead within a world which (by  
your leave)

Is Rome or London—not Fool's-  
paradise.

Embellish Rome, idealize away,  
Make Paradise of London if you can,  
You're welcome, nay, you're wise.

A simile !

We mortals cross the ocean of this world  
Each in his average cabin of a life—

The best's not big, the worst yields  
elbow-room.

Now for our six months' voyage—how  
prepare ?

You come on shipboard with a lands-  
man's list

Of things he calls convenient—so they  
are !

An India screen is pretty furniture,  
A piano-forte is a fine resource,  
All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf,  
The new edition fifty volumes long ;  
And little Greek books, with the funny  
type

They get up well at Leipsic, fill the  
next—

Go on ! slabbed marble, what a bath it  
makes !

And Parma's pride, the Jerome, let us  
add !

'Twere pleasant could Correggio's fleet-  
ing glow

Hang full in face of one where'er one  
roams,

Since he more than the others brings  
with him

Italy's self,—the marvellous Modenese !  
Yet 'twas not on your list before,  
perhaps.

—Alas ! friend, here's the agent . . .  
is't the name ?

The captain, or whoever's master  
here—

You see him screw his face up ; what's  
his cry

Ere you set foot on shipboard ? 'Six  
feet square !'

If you won't understand what six feet  
mean,

Compute and purchase stores accord-  
ingly—

And if in pique because he overhauls  
Your Jerome, piano and bath, you  
come on board

Bare—why, you cut a figure at the first  
While sympathetic landmen see you  
off ;

Not afterwards, when, long ere half seas  
over,

You peep up from your utterly naked  
boards

Into some snug and well-appointed  
berth,

Like mine, for instance (try the cooler  
jug—

Put back the other, but don't jog the  
ice)

And mortified you mutter 'Well and  
good—

He sits enjoying his sea-furniture—

'Tis stout and proper, and there's store  
of it,

Though I've the better notion, all  
agree,

Of fitting rooms up! hang the carpenter,  
Neat ship-shape fixings and contriv-

ances—

I would have brought my Jerome,  
frame and all!

And meantime you bring nothing:  
never mind—

You've proved your artist-nature:  
what you don't,

You might bring, so despise me, as I  
say.

Now come, let's backward to the  
starting-place.

See my way: we're two college friends,  
suppose—

Prepare together for our voyage, then,  
Each note and check the other in his  
work,—

Here's mine, a bishop's outfit; criti-  
cize!

What's wrong? why won't you be a  
bishop too?

Why, first, you don't believe, you  
don't and can't,

(Not stately, that is, and fixedly

And absolutely and exclusively)

In any revelation called divine.

No dogmas nail your faith—and what  
remains

But say so, like the honest man you  
are?

First, therefore, overhaul theology!

Nay, I too, not a fool, you please to  
think,

Must find believing every whit as hard,

And if I do not frankly say as much,

The ugly consequence is clear enough.

Now, wait, my friend: well, I do not  
believe—

If you'll accept no faith that is not  
fixed,

Absolute and exclusive, as you say.

(You're wrong—I mean to prove it in  
due time.)

Meanwhile, I know where difficulties lie

I could not, cannot solve, nor ever shall,

So give up hope accordingly to solve—

(To you, and over the wine). Our  
dogmas then

With both of us, though in unlike  
degree,

Missing full credence—overboard with  
them!

I mean to meet you on your own  
premise—

Good, there go mine in company with  
yours!

And now what are we? unbelievers  
both,

Calm and complete, determinately fixed

To-day, to-morrow, and for ever, pray?

You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I  
think!

In no-wise! all we've gained is, that  
belief,

As unbelief before, shakes us by fits,  
Confounds us like its predecessor.

Where's

The gain? how can we guard our un-  
belief,

Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem  
here.

Just when we are safest, there's a sun-  
set-touch,

A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's  
death,

A chorus-ending from Euripides,—

And that's enough for fifty hopes and  
fears

As old and new at once as Nature's self,

To rap and knock and enter in our soul,

Take hands and dance there, a fantastic  
ring,

Round the ancient idol, on his base  
again,—

The grand Perhaps! we look on help-  
lessly,—

There the old misgivings, crooked ques-  
tions are—

This good God,—what He could do, if  
He would,

Would, if He could—then must have  
done long since:



If so, when, where, and how? some  
way must be,—

Once feel about, and soon or late you hit  
Some sense, in which it might be, after  
all.

Why not, 'The Way, the Truth, the  
Life?'

—That way

Over the mountain, which who stands  
upon

Is apt to doubt if it be indeed a road;  
While if he views it from the waste  
itself,

Up goes the line there, plain from base  
to brow,

Not vague, mistakeable! what's a  
break or two

Seen from the unbroken desert either  
side?

And then (to bring in fresh philosophy)  
What if the breaks themselves should  
prove at last

The most consummate of contrivances  
To train a man's eye, teach him what is  
faith?

And so we stumble at truth's very test!  
All we have gained then by our unbelief  
Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,  
For one of faith diversified by doubt:  
We called the chess-board white,—we  
call it black.

'Well,' you rejoin, 'the end's no  
worse, at least

We've reason for both colours on the  
board:

Why not confess, then, where I drop the  
faith

And you the doubt, that I'm as right  
as you?'

Because, friend, in the next place,  
this being so,

And both things even,—faith and  
unbelief

Left to a man's choice,—we'll proceed  
a step,

Returning to our image, which I like.

A man's choice, yes—but a cabin-  
passenger's—

The man made for the special life of the  
world—

Do you forget him? I remember  
though!

Consult our ship's conditions and you  
find

One and but one choice suitable to all,  
The choice, that you unluckily prefer,  
Turning things topsy-turvy—they or it  
Going to the ground. Belief or un-  
belief

Bears upon life, determines its whole  
course,

Begins at its beginning. See the world  
Such as it is,—you made it not, nor I;  
I mean to take it as it is,—and you  
Not so you'll take it,—though you get  
nought else.

I know the special kind of life I like,  
What suits the most my idiosyncrasy,  
Brings out the best of me and bears me  
fruit

In power, peace, pleasantness and length  
of days.

I find that positive belief does this

For me, and unbelief, no whit of this.

—For you, it does, however?—that  
we'll try!

'Tis clear, I cannot lead my life, at  
least,

Induce the world to let me peaceably,  
Without declaring at the outset,

'Friends,  
I absolutely and peremptorily

Believe!'—I say, faith is my waking life.

One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at  
intervals,

We know, but waking's the main point  
with us,

And my provision's for life's waking  
part.

Accordingly, I use heart, head and  
hands

All day, I build, scheme, study and  
make friends;

And when night overtakes me, down  
I lie,

Sleep, dream a little, and get done  
with it,

The sooner the better, to begin afresh.  
What's midnight's doubt before the  
dayspring's faith?

You, the philosopher, that disbelieve,  
That recognize the night, give dreams  
their weight—

To be consistent you should keep your  
bed,



Abstain from healthy acts that prove  
 you a man,  
 For fear you drowse persons at un-  
 awares !  
 And certainly at night you'll sleep and  
 dream,  
 Live through the day and bustle as you  
 please.  
 And so you live to sleep as I to wake,  
 To unbelieve as I to still believe ?  
 Well, and the common sense of the  
 world calls you  
 Bed-ridden,—and its good things come  
 to me.

Its estimation, which is half the fight,  
 That's the first cabin-comfort I secure—  
 The next . . . but you perceive with half  
 an eye !

Come, come, it's best believing, if we  
 may—

You can't but own that !

Next, concede again—

If once we choose belief, on all accounts  
 We can't be too decisive in our faith,  
 Conclusive and exclusive in its terms,  
 To suit the world which gives us the  
 good things.

In every man's career are certain points  
 Whereon he dares not be indifferent ;  
 The world detects him clearly, if he dares,  
 As baffled at the game, and losing life.  
 He may care little or he may care much  
 For riches, honour, pleasure, work,  
 repose,

Since various theories of life and life's  
 Success are extant which might easily  
 Comport with either estimate of these ;  
 And whoso chooses wealth or poverty,  
 Labour or quiet, is not judged a fool  
 Because his fellows would choose other-  
 wise :

We let him choose upon his own  
 account

So long as he's consistent with his  
 choice.

But certain points, left wholly to him-  
 self,

When once a man has arbitrated on,  
 We say, he must succeed there or go  
 hang.

Thus, he should wed the woman he loves  
 most

Or needs most, whatsoe'er the love or  
 need—

For he can't wed twice. Then, he must  
 avouch

Follow, at the least, sufficiently,  
 The force of faith his conscience holds  
 the best

Whate'er the process of conviction  
 was :

For nothing can compensate his mistake  
 On such a point, the man himself being  
 judge—

He cannot wed twice, nor twice lose his  
 soul.

Well now, there's one great form of  
 Christian faith

I happened to be born in—which to  
 teach

Was given me as I grew up, on all  
 hands,

As best and readiest means of living by ;  
 The same on examination being proved  
 The most pronounced moreover, fixed,  
 precise

And absolute form of faith in the whole  
 world—

Accordingly, most potent of all forms  
 For working on the world. Observe,  
 my friend,

Such as you know me, I am free to say,  
 In these hard latter days which hamper  
 one,

Myself, by no immoderate exercise  
 Of intellect and learning, and the tact  
 To let external forces work for me.

—Bid the street's stones be bread and  
 they are bread,

Bid Peter's creed, or, rather, Hilde-  
 brand's,

Exalt me o'er my fellows in the world  
 And make my life an ease and joy and  
 pride,

It does so,—which for me's a great  
 point gained,

Who have a soul and body that exact  
 A comfortable care in many ways.

There's power in me and will to  
 dominate

Which I must exercise, they hurt me  
 else :

In many ways I need mankind's re-  
 spect,

Obedience, and the love that 's born of  
fear :

While at the same time, there 's a taste  
I have,

A toy of soul, a titillating thing.

Refuses to digest these dainties crude.

The naked life is gross till clothed upon :  
I must take what men offer, with a

grace  
As though I would not, could I help it,  
like !

As uniform I wear though over-rich—  
something imposed on me, no choice of  
mine ;

No fancy-dress worn for pure fancy's  
sake

And despicable therefore ! now men  
kneel

And kiss my hand—of course the  
Church's hand.

Thus I am made, thus life is best for me,  
And thus that it should be I have pro-  
cured ;

And thus it could not be another way,  
I venture to imagine.

You'll reply—

So far my choice, no doubt, is a success ;  
But were I made of better elements,  
With nobler instincts, purer tastes, like  
you,

I hardly would account the thing  
success

Though it did all for me I say.

But, friend,

We speak of what is—not of what might  
be,

And how 'twere better if 'twere other-  
wise.

I am the man you see here plain  
enough—

Grant I'm a beast, why, beasts must  
lead beasts' lives !

Suppose I own at once to tail and  
claws—

The tailless man exceeds me ; but being  
tailed

I'll lash out lion-fashion, and leave apes  
To dock their stump and dress their  
haunches up.

My business is not to remake myself,  
But make the absolute best of what  
God made.

Or—our first simile—thence you proved  
me doom<sup>d</sup>  
To a vermin berth still, to the steerage-  
hole,

The sheep-pen or the pig-stye, I should  
strive

To make what use of each were possible ;  
And as this cabin gets upholstery,  
That hutch should rustle with sufficient  
straw.

But, friend, I don't acknowledge  
quite so fast

I fail of all your manhood's lofty tastes  
Enumerated so complacently,  
On the mere ground that you forsooth  
can find

In this particular life I choose to lead  
No fit provision for them. Can you not ?  
Say you, my fault is I address myself  
To grosser estimators than I need ?  
And that 's no way of holding up the  
soul—

Which, nobler, needs men's praise per-  
haps, yet knows

One wise man's verdict outweighs all  
the fools',—

Would like the two, but, forced to choose,  
takes that ?

I pine among my million imbeciles  
(You think) aware some dozen men of  
sense

Eye me and know me, whether I  
believe

In the last winking Virgin, as I vow,  
And am a fool, or disbelieve in her  
And am a knave,—approve in neither  
case,

Withhold their voices though I look  
their way :

Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's  
end

(The thing they gave at Florence,—  
what 's its name ?)

While the mad houseful's plaudits near  
out-bang

His orchestra of salt-box, tongs and  
bones,

He looks through all the roaring and the  
wreaths

Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

Nay, friend, I meet you with an an-  
swer here—

That even your prime men who appraise  
 their kind  
 Are men still, catch a wheel within a  
 wheel,  
 See more in a truth than the truth's  
 simple self,  
 Confuse themselves. You see lads walk  
 the street  
 Sixty the minute; what 's to note in that?  
 You see one lad o'erstride a chimney-  
 stack;  
 Him you must watch—he 's sure to fall,  
 yet stands!  
 Our interest 's on the dangerous edge of  
 things.  
 The honest thief, the tender murderer,  
 The superstitious atheist, demireps  
 That love and save their souls in new  
 French books—  
 We watch while these in equilibrium  
 keep  
 The giddy line midway: one step  
 aside,  
 They're classed and done with. I, then,  
 keep the line  
 Before your sages,—just the men to  
 shrink  
 From the gross weights, coarse scales,  
 and labels broad  
 You offer their refinement. Fool or  
 knave?  
 Why needs a bishop be a fool or knave  
 When there 's a thousand diamond  
 weights between?  
 So I enlist them. Your picked Twelve,  
 you'll find,  
 Profess themselves indignant, scandal-  
 ized  
 At thus being held unable to explain  
 How a superior man who disbelieves  
 May not believe as well: that 's  
 Schelling's way!  
 It's through my coming in the tail of  
 time,  
 Nicking the minute with a happy tact.  
 Had I been born three hundred years  
 ago  
 They'd say, 'What 's strange? Blou-  
 gram of course believes;'  
 And, seventy years since, 'disbelieves  
 of course.'  
 But now, 'He may believe; and yet,  
 and yet

How can he?'—All eyes turn with  
 interest.  
 Whereas, step off the line on either  
 side—  
 You, for example, clever to a fault,  
 The rough and ready man that write  
 apace,  
 Read somewhat seldomer, think per-  
 haps even less—  
 You disbelieve! Who wonders and  
 who cares?  
 Lord So-and-so—his coat bedropt with  
 wax,  
 All Peter's chains about his waist, his  
 back  
 Brave with the needlework of Noodle-  
 dom,  
 Believes! Again, who wonders and  
 who cares?  
 But I, the man of sense and learning  
 too,  
 The able to think yet act, the this, the  
 that,  
 I, to believe at this late time of day!  
 Enough; you see, I need not fear con-  
 tempt.

—Except it 's yours! admire me as  
 these may,  
 You don't. But whom at least do you  
 admire?  
 Present your own perfections, your  
 ideal,  
 Your pattern man for a minute—oh,  
 make haste?  
 Is it Napoleon you would have us grow?  
 Concede the means; allow his head and  
 hand,  
 (A large concession, clever as you are)  
 Good!—In our common primal ele-  
 ment  
 Of unbelief (we can't believe, you  
 know—  
 We're still at that admission, recollect)  
 Where do you find—apart from, tower-  
 ing o'er  
 The secondary temporary aims  
 Which satisfy the gross tastes you  
 despise—  
 Where do you find his star?—his crazy  
 trust  
 God knows through what or in what?  
 it 's alive

And shines and leads him and that's  
all we want.  
Have we aught in our sober night shall  
point  
Such ends as his were, and direct the  
means  
Of working out our purpose straight as  
his,  
Nor bring a moment's trouble on  
success  
With after-care to justify the same ?  
—Be a Napoleon and yet disbelieve !  
Why, the man's mad, friend, take his  
light away.  
What's the vague good of the world for  
which you'd dare  
With comfort to yourself blow millions  
up ?  
We neither of us see it ! we do see  
The blown-up millions—spatter of their  
brains  
And writhing of their bowels and so  
forth,  
In that bewildering entanglement  
Of horrible eventualities  
Past calculation to the end of time !  
Can I mistake for some clear word of  
God  
(Which were my ample warrant for it  
all)  
His puff of hazy instincts, idle talk,  
'The State, that's I,' quack-nonsense  
about crowns,  
And (when one beats the man to his  
last hold)  
A vague idea of setting things to rights,  
Policing people efficaciously,  
More to their profit, most of all to his  
own ;  
The whole to end that dimmest of ends  
By an Austrian marriage, cant to us the  
Church,  
And resurrection of the old *régime*.  
Would I, who hope to live a dozen  
years,  
Fight Austerlitz for reasons such and  
such ?  
No : for, concede me but the merest  
chance  
Doubt may be wrong—there's judg-  
ment, life to come !  
With just that chance, I dare not.  
Doubt proves right ?

This present life is all ?—you offer me  
Its dozen noisy years without a chance  
That wedding an Arch-Duchess, wearing  
lace,  
And getting called by divers new-coined  
names,  
Will drive off ugly thoughts and let me  
dine,  
Sleep, read and chat in quiet as I like !  
Therefore, I will not.

Take another case ;  
Fit up the cabin yet another way.  
What say you to the poet's ? shall we  
write  
Hamlets, Othellos—make the world our  
own,  
Without a risk to run of either sort ?  
I can't !—to put the strongest reason  
first.  
'But try,' you urge, 'the trying shall  
suffice ;  
The aim, if reached or not, makes great  
the life :  
Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to  
fate !'  
Spare my self-knowledge—there's no  
fooling me !  
If I prefer remaining my poor self,  
I say so not in self-dispraise but praise.  
If I'm a Shakespeare, let the well  
alone—  
Why should I try to be what now I  
am ?  
If I'm no Shakespeare, as too prob-  
able,—  
His power and consciousness and self-  
delight  
And all we want in common, shall I  
find—  
Trying for ever ? while on points of  
taste  
Wherewith, to speak it humbly, he  
and I  
Are dowered alike—I'll ask you, I or he,  
Which in our two lives realizes most ?  
Much, he imagined—somewhat, I pos-  
sess.  
He had the imagination ; stick to that !  
Let him say 'In the face of my soul's  
works  
Your world is worthless and I touch it  
not

Lest I should wrong them '—I'll with-  
draw my plea.

But does he say so ? look upon his life !  
Himself, who only can, gives judg-  
ment there.

He leaves his towers and gorgeous  
palaces

To build the trimmest house in Strat-  
ford town ;

Saves money, spends it, owns the worth  
of things,

Giulio Romano's pictures, Dowland's  
lute ;

Enjoys a show, respects the puppets,  
too,

And none more, had he seen its entry  
once,

Than ' Pandulph, of fair Milan car-  
dinal.'

Why then should I who play that  
personage,

The very Pandulph Shakespeare's  
fancy made,

Be told that had the poet chanced to  
start

From where I stand now (some degree  
like mine

Being just the goal he ran his race to  
reach)

He would have run the whole race back,  
forsooth,

And left being Pandulph, to begin  
write plays ?

Ah, the earth's best can be but the  
earth's best !

Did Shakespeare live, he could but sit  
at home

And get himself in dreams the Vatican,  
Greek busts, Venetian paintings, Roman

walls,  
And English books, none equal to his

own,  
Which I read, bound in gold, (he never

did).

—Terni and Naples' bay and Gothard's  
top—

Eh, friend ? I could not fancy one of  
these—

But, as I pour this claret, there they  
are—

I've gained them—crossed St. Gothard  
last July

With ten mules to the carriage and a bed

Slung inside ; is my hap the worse for  
that ?

We want the same things, Shakespeare  
and myself,

And what I want, I have : he, gifted  
more,

Could fancy he too had it when he  
liked,

But not so thoroughly that if fate  
allowed

He would not have it also in my sense.  
We play one game. I send the ball

aloft  
No less adroitly that of fifty strokes

Scarce five go o'er the wall so wide and  
high

Which sends them back to me : I wish  
and get.

He struck balls higher and with better  
skill,

But at a poor fence level with his head,  
And hit—his Stratford house, a coat of

arms,  
Successful dealings in his grain and

wool,—  
While I receive Heaven's incense in my

nose  
And style myself the cousin of Queen

Bess.  
Ask him, if this life's all, who wins the

game ?

Believe—and our whole argument  
breaks up.

Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat ;  
Only, we can't command it ; fire and life

Are all, dead matter's nothing, we  
agree :

And be it a mad dream or God's very  
breath,

The fact's the same,—belief's fire once  
in us,

Makes of all else mere stuff to show  
itself :

We penetrate our life with such a glow  
As fire lends wood and iron—this turns

steel,  
That burns to ash—all's one, fire

proves its power  
For good or ill, since men call flare

success.  
But paint a fire, it will not therefore

burn.

Light one in me, I'll find it food  
enough !

Why, to be Luther—that's a life to  
lead,

Incomparably better than my own.

He comes, reclaims God's earth for  
God, he says,

Sets up God's rule again by simple  
means,

Re-opens a shut book, and all is done.

He flared out in the flaring of man-  
kind ;

Such Luther's luck was—how shall such  
be mine ?

If he succeeded, nothing's left to do :

And if he did not altogether—well,

Strauss is the next advance. All  
Strauss should be

I might be also. But to what result ?

He looks upon no Future : Luther did.

What can I gain on the denying side ?

Ice makes no conflagration. State the  
facts,

Read the text right, emancipate the  
world—

The emancipated world enjoys itself

With scarce a thank-you—Blougram  
told it first

It could not owe a farthing,—not to him  
More than Saint Paul ! 'twould press  
its pay, you think ?

Then add there's still that plaguy  
hundredth chance

Strauss may be wrong. And so a risk  
is run—

For what gain ? not for Luther's, who  
secured

A real Heaven in his heart throughout  
his life,

Supposing death a little altered things.

' Ay, but since really you lack faith,'  
you cry,

' You run the same risk really on all  
sides,

In cool indifference as bold unbelief.

As well be Strauss as swing 'twixt Paul  
and him.

It's not worth having, such imperfect  
faith,

Nor more available to do faith's work  
Than unbelief like mine. Whole faith,  
or none !'

Softly, my friend ! I must dispute  
that point.

Once own the use of faith, I'll find you  
faith.

We're back on Christian ground. You  
call for faith :

I show you doubt, to prove that faith  
exists.

The more of doubt, the stronger faith,  
I say,

If faith o'ercomes doubt. How I know  
it does ?

By life and man's free will, God gave  
for that !

To mould life as we choose it, shows our  
choice :

That's our one act, the previous work's  
His own.

You criticize the soil ? it reared this  
tree—

This broad life and whatever fruit it  
bears !

What matter though I doubt at every  
pore,

Head-doubts, heart-doubts, doubts at  
my fingers' ends,

Doubts in the trivial work of every day,  
Doubts at the very bases of my soul

In the grand moments when she probes  
herself—

If finally I have a life to show,

The thing I did, brought out in evidence  
Against the thing done to me under-

ground

By Hell and all its brood, for aught I  
know ?

I say, whence sprang this ? shows it  
faith or doubt ?

All's doubt in me ; where's break of  
faith in this ?

It is the idea, the feeling and the love  
God means mankind should strive for  
and show forth,

Whatever be the process to that end,—  
And not historic knowledge, logic sound,  
And metaphysical acumen, sure !

' What think ye of Christ,' friend ?  
when all's done and said,

Like you this Christianity or not ?

It may be false, but will you wish it  
true ?

Has it your vote to be so if it can ?

Trust you an instinct silenced long ago



That will break silence and enjoin you  
love

What mortified philosophy is hoarse,  
And all in vain, with bidding you  
despise ?

If you desire faith—then you've faith  
enough :

What else seeks God—nay, what else  
seek ourselves ?

You form a notion of me, we'll suppose,  
On hearsay ; it's a favourable one :

' But still,' (you add) ' there was no  
such good man,

Because of contradictions in the facts.

One proves, for instance, he was born in  
Rome,

This Blougram—yet throughout the  
tales of him

I see he figures as an Englishman.'

Well, the two things are reconcileable.

But would I rather you discovered that,  
Subjoining—' Still, what matter though  
they be ?

Blougram concerns me nought, born  
here or there.'

Pure faith indeed—you know not  
what you ask !

Naked belief in God the Omnipotent,  
Omniscient, Omnipresent, sears too  
much

The sense of conscious creatures to be  
borne.

It were the seeing Him, no flesh shall  
dare.

Some think, Creation's meant to show  
Him forth :

I say, it's meant to hide Him all it can,  
And that's what all the blessed Evil's  
for.

Its use in Time is to environ us,  
Our breath, our drop of dew, with shield  
enough

Against that sight till we can bear its  
stress.

Under a vertical sun, the exposed brain  
And lidless eye and disemprisoned heart  
Less certainly would wither up at once  
Than mind, confronted with the truth  
of Him.

But time and earth case-harden us to live;  
The feeblest sense is trusted most ; the  
child

Feels God a moment, ichors o'er the  
place,

Plays on and grows to be a man like us.  
With me, faith means perpetual un-  
belief

Kept quiet like the snake 'neath  
Michael's foot

Who stands calm just because he feels  
it writhe.

Or, if that's too ambitious,—here's my  
box—

I need the excitation of a pinch  
Threatening the torpor of the inside-  
nose

Nigh on the imminent sneeze that never  
comes.

' Leave it in peace ' advise the simple  
folk—

Make it aware of peace by itching-fits,  
Say I—let doubt occasion still more  
faith !

You'll say, once all believed, man,  
woman, child,

In that dear middle-age these noodles  
praise.

How you'd exult if I could put you  
back

Six hundred years, blot out cosmogony,  
Geology, ethnology, what not,  
(Greek endings with the little passing-  
bell

That signifies some faith's about to die)  
And set you square with Genesis  
again,—

When such a traveller told you his last  
news.

He saw the ark a-top of Ararat  
But did not climb there since 'twas  
getting dusk

And robber-bands infest the mountain's  
foot !

How should you feel, I ask, in such an  
age,

How act ? As other people felt and  
did ;

With soul more blank than this decan-  
ter's knob,

Believe—and yet lie, kill, rob, fornicate  
Full in belief's face, like the beast you'd  
be !

No, when the fight begins within  
himself,

A man 's worth something. God stoops  
o'er his head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both  
tug—  
He 's left, himself, in the middle: the  
soul wakes  
And grows. Prolong that battle through  
his life!  
Never leave growing till the life to  
come!  
Here, we've got callous to the Virgin's  
winks  
That used to puzzle people whole-  
somely—  
Men have outgrown the shame of being  
fools..  
What are the laws of Nature, not to  
bend  
If the Church bid them?—brother  
Newman asks.  
Up with the Immaculate Conception,  
then—  
On to the rack with faith!—is my  
advice.  
Will not that hurry us upon our knees,  
Knocking our breasts, 'It can't be—  
yet it shall!  
Who am I, the worm, to argue with my  
Pope?  
Low things confound the high things!'  
and so forth.  
That 's better than acquitting God with  
grace  
As some folks do. He 's tried—no case  
is proved,  
Philosophy is lenient—He may go!

You'll say—the old system 's not so  
obsolete  
But men believe still: ay, but who and  
where?  
King Bomba's lazzaroni foster yet  
The sacred flame, so Antonelli writes;  
But even of these, what ragamuffin-saint  
Believes God watches him continually,  
As he believes in fire that it will burn,  
Or rain that it will drench him? Break  
fire's law,  
Sin against rain, although the penalty  
Be just a singe or soaking? No, he  
smiles;  
Those laws are laws that can enforce  
themselves.

The sum of all is—yes, my doubt is  
great,  
My faith 's still greater—then my  
faith 's enough,  
I have read much, thought much,  
experienced much,  
Yet would die rather than avow my  
fear  
The Naples' liquefaction may be false,  
When set to happen by the palace-  
clock  
According to the clouds or dinner-time.  
I hear you recommend, I might at least  
Eliminate, declassify my faith  
Since I adopt it; keeping what I must  
And leaving what I can—such points  
as this!  
I won't—that is, I can't throw one  
away.  
Supposing there 's no truth in what I  
said  
About the need of trials to man's faith,  
Still, when you bid me purify the same,  
To such a process I discern no end,  
Clearing off one excrescence to see two;  
There 's ever a next in size, now grown  
as big,  
That meets the knife—I cut and cut  
again!  
First cut the Liquefaction, what comes  
last  
But Fichte's clever cut at God Him-  
self?  
Experimentalize on sacred things!  
I trust nor hand nor eye nor heart nor  
brain  
To stop betimes: they all get drunk  
alike.  
The first step, I am master not to take.

You'd find the cutting-process to  
your taste  
As much as leaving growths of lies  
unpruned,  
Nor see more danger in it, you retort.  
Your taste 's worth mine; but my taste  
proves more wise  
When we consider that the steadfast  
hold  
On the extreme end of the chain of  
faith  
Gives all the advantage, makes the  
difference,

With the rough purblind mass we seek  
to rule.

We are their lords, or they are free of us  
Just as we tighten or relax that hold.  
So, other matters equal, we'll revert  
To the first problem—which, if solved  
my way

And thrown into the balance, turns the  
scale—

How we may lead a comfortable life,  
How suit our luggage to the cabin's  
size.

Of course you are remarking all this  
time

How narrowly and grossly I view life,  
Respect the creature-comforts, care to  
rule

The masses, and regard complacently  
'The cabin,' in our old phrase! Well,  
I do.

I act for, talk for, live for this world  
now,

As this world calls for action, life and  
talk—

No prejudice to what next world may  
prove,

Whose new laws and requirements, my  
best pledge

To observe then, is that I observe these  
now,

Shall do hereafter what I do mean-  
while.

Let us concede (gratuitously though)  
Next life relieves the soul of body, yields

Pure spiritual enjoyments: well, my  
friend,

Why lose this life in the meantime, since  
its use

May be to make the next life more  
intense?

Do you know, I have often had a  
dream

(Work it up in your next month's article)  
Of man's poor spirit in its progress still

Losing true life for ever and a day  
Through ever trying to be and ever

being

In the evolution of successive spheres,  
Before its actual sphere and place of life,

Halfway into the next, which having  
reached,

It shoots with corresponding foolery

Halfway into the next still, on and off!  
As when a traveller, bound from North  
to South,

Scouts fur in Russia—what's its use in  
France?

In France spurns flannel—where's its  
need in Spain?

In Spain drops cloth—too cumbrous for  
Algiers!

Linen goes next, and last the skin itself,  
A superfluity at Timbuctoo.

When, through his journey, was the fool  
at ease?

I'm at ease now, friend—worldly in this  
world

I take and like its way of life; I think  
My brothers who administer the means

Live better for my comfort—that's  
good too;

And God, if He pronounce upon it all,  
Approves my service, which is better still.

If He keep silence,—why, for you or me  
Or that brute-beast pulled-up in to-  
day's 'Times,'

What odds is 't, save to ourselves, what  
life we lead?

You meet me at this issue—you  
declare,

All special-pleading done with, truth is  
truth,

And justifies itself by undreamed ways.  
You don't fear but it's better, if we

doubt,

To say so, acting up to our truth  
perceived

However feebly. Do then,—act away!  
'Tis there I'm on the watch for you!

How one acts

Is, both of us agree, our chief concern:  
And how you'll act is what I fain

would see

If, like the candid person you appear,  
You dare to make the most of your

life's scheme

As I of mine, live up to its full law  
Since there's no higher law that

counterchecks.

Put natural religion to the test  
You've just demolished the revealed

with—quick,  
Down to the root of all that checks  
your will,

All prohibition to lie, kill and thief  
 Or even to be an atheistic priest !  
 Suppose a pricking to incontinence—  
 Philosophers deduce you chastity  
 Or shame, from just the fact that at the  
 first

Whoso embraced a woman in the plain,  
 Threw club down, and forewent his  
 brains beside,

So stood a ready victim in the reach  
 Of any brother-savage club in hand—  
 Hence saw the use of going out of sight  
 In wood or cave to prosecute his loves—  
 I read this in a French book t' other  
 day.

Does law so analysed coerce you much ?  
 Oh, men spin clouds of fuzz where  
 matters end,

But you who reach where the first  
 thread begins,

You'll soon cut that !—which means  
 you can, but won't

Through certain instincts, blind, un-  
 reasoned-out,

You dare not set aside, you can't tell  
 why,

But there they are, and so you let them  
 rule.

Then, friend, you seem as much a slave  
 as I,

A liar, conscious coward and hypocrite,  
 Without the good the slave expects to  
 get,

Suppose he has a master after all !

You own your instincts—why, what  
 else do I,

Who want, am made for, and must have  
 a God

Ere I can be aught, do aught ?—no  
 mere name

Want, but the true thing with what  
 proves its truth,

To wit, a relation from that thing to me,  
 Touching from head to foot—which  
 touch I feel,

And with it take the rest, this life of  
 ours !

I live my life here ; yours you dare not  
 live.

—Not as I state it, who (you please  
 subjoin)

Disfigure such a life and call it names,

While, in your mind, remains another  
 way

For simple men : knowledge and power  
 have rights,

But ignorance and weakness have rights  
 too.

There needs no crucial effort to find  
 truth

If here or there or anywhere about—  
 We ought to turn each side, try hard  
 and see,

And if we can't, be glad we've earned  
 at least

The right, by one laborious proof the  
 more,

To graze in peace earth's pleasant  
 pasturage.

Men are not angels, neither are they  
 brutes.

Something we may see, all we cannot  
 see—

What need of lying ? I say, I see all,  
 And swear to each detail the most  
 minute

In what I think a Pan's face—you,  
 mere cloud :

I swear I hear him speak and see him  
 wink,

For fear, if once I drop the emphasis,  
 Mankind may doubt there's any cloud  
 at all.

You take the simpler life—ready to see,  
 Willing to see—for no cloud's worth a  
 face—

And leaving quiet what no strength can  
 move,

And which, who bids you move ? who  
 has the right ?

I bid you ; but you are God's sheep,  
 not mine—

'*Pastor est tui Dominus.*' You find  
 In these the pleasant pastures of this life  
 Much you may eat without the least  
 offence,

Much you don't eat because your maw  
 objects,

Much you would eat but that your  
 fellow-flock

Open great eyes at you and even butt,  
 And thereupon you like your mates so  
 well

You cannot please yourself, offending  
 them—

Though when they seem exorbitantly  
 sheep,  
 You weigh your pleasure with their  
 butts and bleats  
 And strike the balance. Sometimes  
 certain fears  
 Restrain you—real checks since you find  
 them so—  
 Sometimes you please yourself and  
 nothing checks;  
 And thus you graze through life with  
 not one lie,  
 And like it best.

But do you, in truth's name ?  
 If so, you beat—which means, you are  
 not I—  
 Who needs must make earth mine and  
 feed my fill  
 Not simply unbutted at, unbickered  
 with,  
 But motioned to the velvet of the sward  
 By those obsequious wethers' very  
 selves.  
 Look at me, sir; my age is double  
 yours :  
 At yours, I knew beforehand, so  
 enjoyed,  
 What now I should be—as, permit the  
 word,  
 I pretty well imagine your whole range  
 And stretch of tether twenty years to  
 come.  
 We both have minds and bodies much  
 alike.  
 In truth's name, don't you want my  
 bishopric,  
 My daily bread, my influence and my  
 state ?  
 You're young, I'm old, you must be  
 old one day;  
 Will you find then, as I do hour by  
 hour,  
 Women their lovers kneel to, that cut  
 curls  
 From your fat lap-dog's ears to grace a  
 brooch—  
 Dukes, that petition just to kiss your  
 ring—  
 With much beside you know or may  
 conceive ?  
 Suppose we die to-night: well, here  
 am I,

Such were my gains, life bore this fruit  
 to me,  
 While writing all the same my articles  
 On music, poetry, the fictile vase  
 Found at Albano, chess, or Anacreon's  
 Greek.  
 But you—the highest honour in your  
 life,  
 The thing you'll crown yourself with,  
 all your days,  
 Is—dining here and drinking this last  
 glass  
 I pour you out in sign of amity  
 Before we part for ever. Of your power  
 And social influence, worldly worth in  
 short,  
 Judge what's my estimation by the  
 fact,  
 I do not condescend to enjoin, beseech,  
 Hint secrecy on one of all these words !  
 You're shrewd and know that should  
 you publish one  
 The world would brand the lie—my  
 enemies first,  
 Who'd sneer—'the bishop's an arch-  
 hypocrite,  
 And knave perhaps, but not so frank a  
 fool.'  
 Whereas I should not dare for both my  
 ears  
 Breathe one such syllable, smile one  
 such smile,  
 Before my chaplain who reflects my-  
 self—  
 My shade's so much more potent than  
 your flesh.  
 What's your reward, self-abnegating  
 friend ?  
 Stood you confessed of those excep-  
 tional  
 And privileged great natures that dwarf  
 mine—  
 A zealot with a mad ideal in reach,  
 A poet just about to print his ode,  
 A statesman with a scheme to stop this  
 war,  
 An artist whose religion is his art,  
 I should have nothing to object ! such  
 men  
 Carry the fire, all things grow warm to  
 them,  
 Their druggest's worth my purple, they  
 beat me.



But you,—you're just as little those  
as I—  
You, Gigadibs, who, thirty years of age,  
Write stately for Blackwood's Maga-  
zine,  
Believe you see two points in Hamlet's  
soul  
Unseized by the Germans yet—which  
view you'll print—  
Meantime the best you have to show  
being still  
That lively lightsome article we took  
Almost for the true Dickens,—what's  
its name?  
'The Slum and Cellar—or Whitechapel  
life  
Limned after dark!' it made me laugh,  
I know,  
And pleased a month and brought you  
in ten pounds.  
—Success I recognize and compliment,  
And therefore give you, if you choose,  
three words  
(The card and pencil-scratch is quite  
enough)  
Which whether here, in Dublin or New  
York,  
Will get you, prompt as at my eye-  
brow's wink,  
Such terms as never you aspired to get  
In all our own reviews and some not  
ours.  
Go write your lively sketches—be the first  
'Blougram, or The Eccentric Con-  
fidence'—  
Or better simply say, 'The Outward-  
bound.'  
Why, men as soon would throw it in my  
teeth  
As copy and quote the infamy chalked  
broad  
About me on the church-door opposite.  
You will not wait for that experience  
though,  
I fancy, howsoever you decide,  
To discontinue—not detesting, not  
Defaming, but at least—despising me!

Over his wine so smiled and talked  
his hour  
Sylvester Blougram, styled *in partibus*  
*Episcopus, nec non*—(the deuce knows  
what

It's changed to by our novel hier-  
archy)  
With Gigadibs the literary man,  
Who played with spoons, explored his  
plate's design,  
And ranged the olive-stones about its  
edge,  
While the great bishop rolled him out  
his mind.

For Blougram, he believed, say, half  
he spoke.

The other portion, as he shaped it thus  
For argumentatory purposes,  
He felt his foe was foolish to dispute.  
Some arbitrary accidental thoughts  
That crossed his mind, amusing because  
new,

He chose to represent as fixtures there,  
Invariable convictions (such they  
seemed

Beside his interlocutor's loose cards  
Flung daily down, and not the same  
way twice)

While certain Hell-deep instincts,  
man's weak tongue

Is never bold to utter in their truth  
Because styled Hell-deep ('tis an old  
mistake

To place Hell at the bottom of the earth)  
He ignored these,—not having in readi-  
ness

Their nomenclature and philosophy:  
He said true things, but called them by  
wrong names.

'On the whole,' he thought, 'I justify  
myself

On every point where cavillers like this  
Oppugn my life: he tries one kind of  
fence—

I close—he's worsted, that's enough  
for him;

He's on the ground! if the ground  
should break away

I take my stand on, there's a firmer yet  
Beneath it, both of us may sink and  
reach.

His ground was over mine and broke  
the first:

So let him sit with me this many a year!

He did not sit five minutes. Just a  
week



Sufficed his sudden healthy vehemence.  
(Something had struck him in the  
‘Outward-bound’

Another way than Blougram's purpose  
was)

And having bought, not cabin-furniture  
But settler's-implements (enough for  
three)

And started for Australia—there, I  
hope,

By this time he has tested his first  
plough,

And studied his last chapter of St.  
John.

### CLEON

‘As certain also of your own poets have  
said’—

CLEON the poet, (from the sprinkled  
isles,

Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,  
And laugh their pride when the light  
wave lisps ‘Greece’)—

To Protos in his Tyranny: much  
health!

They give thy letter to me, even  
now:

I read and seem as if I heard thee speak.  
The master of thy galley still unloads  
Gift after gift; they block my court at  
last

And pile themselves along its portico  
Royal with sunset, like a thought of  
thee:

And one white she-slave from the group  
dispersed

Of black and white slaves, (like the  
chequer-work

Pavement, at once my nation's work  
and gift,

Now covered with this settle-down of  
doves)

One lyric woman, in her crocus vest  
Woven of sea-wools, with her two white  
hands

Commends to me the strainer and the  
cup

Thy lip hath bettered ere it blesses  
mine.

Well-counselled, king, in thy munifi-  
cence!

For so shall men remark, in such an act  
Of love for him whose song gives life its  
joy,

Thy recognition of the use of life;  
Nor call thy spirit barely adequate  
To help on life in straight ways, broad  
enough

For vulgar souls, by ruling and the rest.  
Thou, in the daily building of thy tower,  
Whether in fierce and sudden spasms of  
toil,

Or through dim lulls of unapparent  
growth,

Or when the general work 'mid good  
acclaim

Climbed with the eye to cheer the archi-  
tect,

Didst ne'er engage in work for mere  
work's sake—

Hadst ever in thy heart the luring hope  
Of some eventual rest a-top of it,

Whence, all the tumult of the building  
hushed,

Thou first of men mightst look out to  
the East:

The vulgar saw thy tower, thou sawest  
the sun.

For this, I promise on thy festival  
To pour libation, looking o'er the sea,  
Making this slave narrate thy fortunes,  
speak

Thy great words, and describe thy royal  
face—

Wishing thee wholly where Zeus lives  
the most

Within the eventual element of calm.

Thy letter's first requirement meets  
me here.

It is as thou hast heard: in one short  
life

I, Cleon, have effected all those things  
Thou wonderingly dost enumerate.

That epos on thy hundred plates of gold  
Is mine,—and also mine the little chant,  
So sure to rise from every fishing-bark  
When, lights at prow, the seamen haul  
their nets.

The image of the sun-god on the phare  
Men turn from the sun's self to see, is  
mine;

The Poecile, o'er-storied its whole  
length,

As thou didst hear, with painting, is  
 mine too.  
 I know the true proportions of a man  
 And woman also, not observed before ;  
 And I have written three books on the  
 soul,  
 Proving absurd all written hitherto,  
 And putting us to ignorance again.  
 For music,—why, I have combined the  
 moods,  
 Inventing one. In brief, all arts are  
 mine ;  
 Thus much the people know and recog-  
 nize,  
 Throughout our seventeen islands.  
 Marvel not.  
 We of these latter days, with greater  
 mind  
 Than our forerunners, since more com-  
 posite,  
 Look not so great, beside their simple  
 way,  
 To a judge who only sees one way at  
 once,  
 One mind-point, and no other at a  
 time,—  
 Compares the small part of a man of us  
 With some whole man of the heroic age,  
 Great in his way—not ours, nor meant  
 for ours ;  
 And ours is greater, had we skill to  
 know.  
 For, what we call this life of men on  
 earth,  
 This sequence of the soul's achieve-  
 ments here,  
 Being, as I find much reason to con-  
 ceive,  
 Intended to be viewed eventually  
 As a great whole, not analysed to parts,  
 But each part having reference to all,—  
 How shall a certain part, pronounced  
 complete,  
 Endure effacement by another part ?  
 Was the thing done ?—Then, what's  
 to do again ?  
 See, in the chequered pavement oppo-  
 site,  
 Suppose the artist made a perfect  
 rhomb,  
 And next a lozenge, then a trapezoid—  
 He did not overlay them, superimpose  
 The new upon the old and blot it out,  
 But laid them on a level in his work,  
 Making at last a picture ; there it lies.  
 So, first the perfect separate forms were  
 made,  
 The portions of mankind—and after,  
 so,  
 Occurred the combination of the same.  
 Or where had been a progress, other-  
 wise ?  
 Mankind, made up of all the single  
 men,—  
 In such a synthesis the labour ends.  
 Now, mark me—those divine men of  
 old time  
 Have reached, thou sayest well, each at  
 one point  
 The outside verge that rounds our  
 faculty ;  
 And where they reached, who can do  
 more than reach ?  
 It takes but little water just to touch  
 At some one point the inside of a  
 sphere,  
 And, as we turn the sphere, touch all the  
 rest  
 In due succession : but the finer air  
 Which not so palpably nor obviously,  
 Though no less universally, can touch  
 The whole circumference of that emptied  
 sphere,  
 Fills it more fully than the water did ;  
 Holds thrice the weight of water in  
 itself  
 Resolved into a subtler element.  
 And yet the vulgar call the sphere first  
 full  
 Up to the visible height—and after,  
 void ;  
 Not knowing air's more hidden pro-  
 perties.  
 And thus our soul, misknown, cries out  
 to Zeus  
 To vindicate his purpose in our life—  
 Whystay we on the earth unless to grow ?  
 Long since, I imaged, wrote the fiction  
 out,  
 That he or other God, descended here  
 And, once for all, showed simultane-  
 ously  
 What, in its nature, never can be shown  
 Piecemeal or in succession ;—showed, I  
 say,  
 The worth both absolute and relative

Of all his children from the birth of  
time,

His instruments for all appointed work.

I now go on to image,—might we hear

The judgment which should give the  
due to each,

Show where the labour lay and where  
the ease,

And prove Zeus' self, the latent, every-  
where !

This is a dream. But no dream, let us  
hope,

That years and days, the summers and  
the springs

Follow each other with unwaning  
powers ;

The grapes which dye thy wine, are  
richer far

Through culture, than the wild wealth  
of the rock ;

The suave plum than the savage-tasted  
drupe ;

The pastured honey-bee drops choicer  
sweet ;

The flowers turn double, and the leaves  
turn flowers ;

That young and tender crescent-moon,  
thy slave,

Sleeping upon her robe as if on clouds,

Refines upon the women of my youth.

What, and the soul alone deteriorates ?

I have not chanted verse like Homer's,  
no—

Nor swept string like Terpander, no—  
nor carved

And painted men like Phidias and his  
friend :

I am not great as they are, point by  
point :

But I have entered into sympathy

With these four, running these into one  
soul,

Who, separate, ignored each others'  
arts.

Say, is it nothing that I know them all ?

The wild flower was the larger—I have  
dashed

Rose-blood upon its petals, pricked its  
cup's

Honey with wine, and driven its seed  
to fruit,

And show a better flower if not so  
large.

I stand, myself. Refer this to the gods  
Whose gift alone it is ! which, shall I  
dare

(All pride apart) upon the absurd pre-  
text

That such a gift by chance lay in my  
hand,

Discourse of lightly or depreciate ?

It might have fallen to another's hand—  
what then ?

I pass too surely : let at least truth  
stay !

And next, of what thou followest on  
to ask.

This being with me as I declare, O king,  
My works, in all these varicoloured

kinds,

So done by me, accepted so by men—

Thou askest if (my soul thus in men's  
hearts)

I must not be accounted to attain

The very crown and proper end of life.

Inquiring thence how, now life closeth  
up,

I face death with success in my right  
hand :

Whether I fear death less than dost  
thyself

The fortunate of men. ' For ' (writest  
thou)

' Thou leavest much behind, while I  
leave nought :

Thy life stays in the poems men shall  
sing,

The pictures men shall study ; while  
my life,

Complete and whole now in its power  
and joy,

Dies altogether with my brain and arm,

Is lost indeed ; since, what survives  
myself ?

The brazen statue that o'erlooks my  
grave,

Set on the promontory which I named.

And that—some supple courtier of my  
heir

Shall use its robed and sceptred arm,  
perhaps,

To fix the rope to, which best drags it  
down.

I go, then : triumph thou, who dost not  
go ! '

Nay, thou art worthy of hearing my whole mind.  
 Is this apparent, when thou turn'st to muse  
 Upon the scheme of earth and man in chief,  
 That admiration grows as knowledge grows ?  
 That imperfection means perfection hid,  
 Reserved in part, to grace the after-time ?  
 If, in the morning of philosophy,  
 Ere aught had been recorded, aught perceived,  
 Thou, with the light now in thee, couldst have looked  
 On all earth's tenantry, from worm to bird,  
 Ere man had yet appeared upon the stage—  
 Thou wouldst have seen them perfect, and deduced  
 The perfectness of others yet unseen.  
 Conceding which,—had Zeus then questioned thee  
 ' Shall I go on a step, improve on this,  
 Do more for visible creatures than is done ? '  
 Thou wouldst have answered, ' Ay, by making each  
 Grow conscious in himself—by that alone.  
 All's perfect else : the shell sucks fast the rock,  
 The fish strikes through the sea, the snake both swims  
 And slides, the birds take flight, forth range the beasts,  
 Till life's mechanics can no further go—  
 And all this joy in natural life, is put,  
 Like fire from off Thy finger into each,  
 So exquisitely perfect is the same.  
 But 'tis pure fire—and they mere matter are ;  
 It has them, not they it : and so I choose  
 For man, Thy last premeditated work  
 (If I might add a glory to the scheme)  
 That a third thing should stand apart from both,  
 A quality arise within the soul,  
 Which, intro-active, made to supervise  
 And feel the force it has may view itself,

And so be happy.' Man might live at first  
 The animal life : but is there nothing more ?  
 In due time, let him critically learn  
 How he lives ; and, the more he gets to know  
 Of his own life's adaptabilities,  
 The more joy-giving will his life become.  
 The man who hath this quality, is best.

But thou, king, hadst more reasonably said :  
 ' Let progress end at once,—man make no step  
 Beyond the natural man, the better beast,  
 Using his senses, not the sense of sense.'  
 In man there's failure, only since he left  
 The lower and unconscious forms of life.  
 We called it an advance, the rendering plain  
 A spirit might grow conscious of that life,  
 And, by new lore so added to the old,  
 Take each step higher over the brute's head.  
 This grew the only life, the pleasure-house,  
 Watch-tower and treasure-fortress of the soul,  
 Which whole surrounding flats of natural life  
 Seemed only fit to yield subsistence to ;  
 A tower that crowns a country. But alas !  
 The soul now climbs it just to perish there,  
 For thence we have discovered ('tis no dream—  
 We know this, which we had not else perceived)  
 That there's a world of capability  
 For joy, spread round about us, meant for us,  
 Inviting us ; and still the soul craves all,  
 And still the flesh replies, ' Take no jot more  
 Than ere thou climbedst the tower to look abroad !  
 Nay, so much less, as that fatigue has brought

Deduction to it.' We struggle—fain  
to enlarge  
Our bounded physical recipiency,  
Increase our power, supply fresh oil to  
life,  
Repair the waste of age and sickness.  
No,  
It skills not: life's inadequate to joy,  
As the soul sees joy, tempting life to  
take.  
They praise a fountain in my garden  
here  
Wherein a Naiad sends the water-bow  
Thin from her tube; she smiles to see  
it rise.  
What if I told her, it is just a thread  
From that great river which the hills  
shut up,  
And mock her with my leave to take  
the same?  
The artificer has given her one small  
tube  
Past power to widen or exchange—  
what boots  
To know she might spout oceans if she  
could?  
She cannot lift beyond her first thin  
thread,  
And so a man can use but a man's joy  
While he sees God's. Is it, for Zeus to  
boast  
'See, man, how happy I live, and  
despair—  
That I may be still happier—for thy  
use!'  
If this were so, we could not thank our  
Lord,  
As hearts beat on to doing: 'tis not  
so—  
Malice it is not. Is it carelessness?  
Still, no. If care—where is the sign, I  
ask—  
And get no answer: and agree in sum,  
O king, with thy profound discouragement,  
Who seest the wider but to sigh the  
more.  
Most progress is most failure! thou  
sayest well.

The last point now:—thou dost  
except a case—  
Holding joy not impossible to one

With artist-gifts—to such a man as I—  
Who leave behind me living works  
indeed;  
For, such a poem, such a painting lives.  
What? dost thou verily trip upon a  
word,  
Confound the accurate view of what joy is  
(Caught somewhat clearer by my eyes  
than thine)  
With feeling joy? confound the know-  
ing how  
And showing how to live (my faculty)  
With actually living?—Otherwise  
Where is the artist's vantage o'er the  
king?  
Because in my great epos I display  
How divers men young, strong, fair,  
wise, can act—  
Is this as though I acted? if I paint,  
Carve the young Phoebus, am I there-  
fore young?  
Methinks I'm older that I bowed my-  
self  
The many years of pain that taught me  
art!  
Indeed, to know is something, and to  
prove  
How all this beauty might be enjoyed,  
is more:  
But, knowing nought, to enjoy is some-  
thing too.  
Yon rower with the moulded muscles  
there  
Lowering the sail, is nearer it than I.  
I can write love-odes—thy fair slave's  
an ode.  
I get to sing of love, when grown too grey  
For being beloved: she turns to that  
young man,  
The muscles all a-ripple on his back.  
I know the joy of kingship: well—  
thou art king!

'But,' sayest thou—(and I marvel, I  
repeat,  
To find thee tripping on a mere word)  
'what  
Thou writest, paintest, stays: that  
does not die:  
Sappho survives, because we sing her  
songs,  
And Aeschylus, because we read his  
plays!'

Why, if they live still, let them come  
and take  
Thy slave in my despite, drink from thy  
cup,  
Speak in my place. Thou diest while I  
survive ?  
Say rather that my fate is deadlier still,  
In this, that every day my sense of joy  
Grows more acute, my soul (intensified  
By power and insight) more enlarged,  
more keen ;  
While every day my hairs fall more and  
more,  
My hand shakes, and the heavy years  
increase—  
The horror quickening still from year to  
year,  
The consummation coming past escape,  
When I shall know most, and yet least  
enjoy—  
When all my works wherein I prove my  
worth,  
Being present still to mock me in men's  
mouths,  
Alive still, in the phrase of such as thou,  
I, I, the feeling, thinking, acting man,  
The man who loved his life so over-  
much,  
Shall sleep in my urn. It is so horrible,  
I dare at times imagine to my need  
Some future state revealed to us by  
Zeus,  
Unlimited in capability  
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,  
—To seek which, the joy-hunger forces  
us :  
That, stung by straitness of our life,  
made strait  
On purpose to make sweet the life at  
large—  
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call  
death  
We burst there as the worm into the  
fly,  
Who, while a worm still, wants his  
wings. But, no !  
Zeus has not yet revealed it ; and, alas,  
He must have done so, were it possible !  
  
Live long and happy, and in that  
thought die,  
Glad for what was. Farewell. And  
for the rest,

I cannot tell thy messenger aright  
Where to deliver what he bears of thine  
To one called Paulus—we have heard  
his fame  
Indeed, if Christus be not one with  
him—  
I know not, nor am troubled much to  
know.  
Thou canst not think a mere barbarian  
Jew,  
As Paulus proves to be, one circum-  
cised,  
Hath access to a secret shut from us ?  
Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king,  
In stooping to inquire of such an one,  
As if his answer could impose at all.  
He writeth, doth he ? well, and he may  
write.  
Oh, the Jew findeth scholars ! certain  
slaves  
Who touched on this same isle, preached  
him and Christ ;  
And (as I gathered from a bystander)  
Their doctrines could be held by no  
sane man

#### RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I  
I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun  
perceives  
First when he visits, last, too, when he  
leaves  
The world ; and, vainly favoured, it  
repays  
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze  
By no change of its large calm front of  
snow.  
And underneath the Mount, a Flower I  
know,  
He cannot have perceived, that changes  
ever  
At his approach ; and, in the lost  
endeavour  
To live his life, has parted, one by one,  
With all a flower's true graces, for the  
grace  
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,  
With ray-like florets round a disk-like  
face.  
Men nobly call by many a name the  
Mount  
As over many a land of theirs its large



Calm front of snow like a triumphal  
targe  
Is reared, and still with old names,  
fresh ones vie,  
Each to its proper praise and own  
account:  
Men call the Flower, the Sunflower,  
sportively.

II

Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold  
look  
Across the waters to this twilight nook,  
—The far sad waters, Angel, to this  
nook!

III

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East  
indeed?  
Go! Saying ever as thou dost pro-  
ceed,  
That I, French Rudel, choose for my  
device  
A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice  
Before its idol. See! These inexpert  
And hurried fingers could not fail to  
hurt  
The woven picture; 'tis a woman's  
skill  
Indeed; but nothing baffled me, so, ill  
Or well, the work is finished. Say,  
men feed  
On songs I sing, and therefore bask the  
bees  
On my flower's breast as on a platform  
broad:  
But, as the flower's concern is not for  
these  
But solely for the sun, so men applaud  
In vain this Rudel, he not looking here  
But to the East—the East! Go, say  
this, Pilgrim dear!

ONE WORD MORE<sup>1</sup>

TO E. B. B.

*London, September, 1855*

I

THERE they are, my fifty men and  
women  
Naming me the fifty poems finished!

<sup>1</sup> Originally appended to the collection of Poems called 'Men and Women,' the greater portion of which has now been, more correctly, distributed under the other titles of this volume.

Take them, Love, the book and me  
together:  
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie  
also.

II

Rafael made a century of sonnets,  
Made and wrote them in a certain  
volume  
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil  
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:  
These, the world might view—but One,  
the volume.  
Who that one, you ask? Your heart  
instructs you.  
Did she live and love it all her life-  
time?  
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,  
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow  
Where it lay in place of Rafael's  
glory,  
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so  
loving—  
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a  
painter's,  
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a  
poet's?

III

You and I would rather read that  
volume,  
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)  
Lean and list the bosom-beats of  
Rafael,  
Would we not? than wonder at  
Madonnas—  
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,  
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,  
Her, that's left with lilies in the  
Louvre—  
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

IV

You and I will never read that volume.  
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple  
Guarded long the treasure-book and  
loved it.  
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna  
Cried, and the world cried too, 'Ours—  
the treasure!'  
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

## V

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:

Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice.'

While he mused and traced it and retraced it,

(Peradventure with a pen corroded Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,

When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,

Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,

Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,

Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,

Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—

Dante, who loved well because he hated,

Hated wickedness that hinders loving, Dante standing, studying his angel,—

In there broke the folk of his Inferno. Says he—'Certain people of importance'

(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)

'Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet.'

Says the poet—'Then I stopped my painting.'

## VI

You and I would rather see that angel,

Painted by the tenderness of Dante,

Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

## VII

You and I will never see that picture.

While he mused on love and Beatrice,

While he softened o'er his outlined angel,

In they broke, those 'people of importance':

We and Bice bear the loss for ever.

## VIII

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?

This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not

Once, and only once, and for One only, (Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language

Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—

Using nature that's an art to others,

Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.

Ay, of all the artists living, loving, None but would forego his proper dowry,—

Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—

Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,

Put to proof art alien to the artist's,

Once, and only once, and for One only,

So to be the man and leave the artist,

Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

## IX

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!

He who smites the rock and spreads the water,

Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,

Even he, the minute makes immortal.

Proves, perchance, his mortal in the minute,

Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.

While he smites, how can he but remember,

So he smote before, in such a peril,

When they stood and mocked—'Shall smiting help us?'

When they drank and sneered—'A stroke is easy!'

When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,

Throwing him for thanks—'But drought was pleasant.'

Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;

Thus the doing savours of disrelish;

Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;

O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,

Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.

For he bears an ancient wrong about  
him,  
Sees and knows again those phalanxed  
faces,  
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed  
prelude—  
'How shouldst thou, of all men, smite,  
and save us?'  
Guesses what is like to prove the  
sequel—  
'Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought  
was better.'

## X

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic  
warrant!  
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven  
brilliance,  
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial  
fiat.  
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

## XI

Did he love one face from out the  
thousands,  
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and  
wifely,  
Were she but the Aethiopian bond-  
slave,)  
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,  
Keeping a reserve of scanty water  
Meant to save his own life in the desert;  
Ready in the desert to deliver  
(Kneeling down to let his breast be  
opened)  
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

## XII

I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you  
statues,  
Make you music that should all-express  
me;  
So it seems: I stand on my attain-  
ment.  
This of verse alone, one life allows me;  
Verse and nothing else have I to give  
you.  
Other heights in other lives, God  
willing—  
All the gifts from all the heights, your  
own, Love!

## XIII

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—  
Shade so finely touched, love's sense  
must seize it.  
Take these lines, look lovingly and  
nearly,  
Lines I write the first time and the last  
time.  
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-  
brush,  
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient  
proudly,  
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in  
little,  
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,  
Fills his lady's missal-marge with  
flowerets.  
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe  
thro' silver,  
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.  
He who writes, may write for once, as  
I do.

## XIV

Love, you saw me gather men and  
women,  
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
Enter each and all, and use their  
service,  
Speak from every mouth,—the speech,  
a poem.  
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and disbeliev-  
ing:  
I am mine and yours—the rest be all  
men's,  
Karshook, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.  
Let me speak this once in my true  
person,  
Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,  
Though the fruit of speech be just this  
sentence—  
Pray you, look on these my men and  
women,  
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;  
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie  
also!  
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for  
all things.

## XV

Not but that you know me! Lo, the  
moon's self!  
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,

Still we find her face, the thrice-trans-  
figured.

Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,  
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,  
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-  
breadth.

Full she flared it, lamping Sammin-  
iato,

Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and  
rounder,

Perfect till the nightingales applauded.  
Now, a piece of her old self, impo-  
verished,

Hard to greet, she traverses the house-  
roofs,

Hurries with unhandsome thrift of  
silver,

Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

## XVI

What, there's nothing in the moon  
note-worthy?

Nay—for if that moon could love a  
mortal,

Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)  
All her magic ('tis the old sweet my-  
thos)

She would turn a new side to her  
mortal,

Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman,  
steersman—

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,  
Blind to Galileo on his turret,  
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—  
him, even!

Think, the wonder of the moonstruck  
mortal—

When she turns round, comes again in  
heaven,

Opens out anew for worse or better?  
Proves she like some portent of an ice-  
berg

Swimming full upon the ship it founders,  
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered  
crystals?

Proves she as the paved-work of a  
sapphire

Seen by Moses when he climbed the  
mountain?

Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu  
Climbed and saw the very God, the  
Highest,

Stand upon the paved-work of a  
sapphire.

Like the bodied heaven in his clear-  
ness

Shone the stone, the sapphire of that  
paved-work,

When they ate and drank and saw God  
also!

## XVII

What were seen? None knows, none  
ever shall know.

Only this is sure—the sight were  
other,

Not the moon's same side, born late in  
Florence,

Dying now impoverished here in London.  
God be thanked, the meanest of his  
creatures

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the  
world with,

One to show a woman when he loves her.

## XVIII

This I say of me, but think of you,  
Love!

This to you—yourself my moon of  
poets!

Ah, but that's the world's side, there's  
the wonder,

Thus they see you, praise you, think  
they know you.

There, in turn I stand with them and  
praise you,

Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.  
But the best is when I glide from out  
them,

Cross a step or two of dubious twi-  
light,

Come out on the other side, the novel  
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed  
of,

Where I hush and bless myself with  
silence.

## XIX

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,  
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,

Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing  
it,

Drew one angel—borne, see, on my  
bosom!

R. B.

[The two following poems were not reprinted by Browning in any collected edition of his works. The Sonnet was written on August 17, 1834, and published in *The Monthly Repository*, 1834. *Ben Karshook's Wisdom* was written in April, 1854, and published in *The Keepsake*, 1856.]

## SONNET

Eyes, calm beside thee, (Lady, could'st thou know !)

May turn away thick with fast-gathering tears :

I glance not where all gaze : thrilling and low

Their passionate praises reach thee—my cheek wears

Alone no wonder when thou passest by ;  
Thy tremulous lids bent and suffused  
reply

To the irrepressible homage which doth glow

On every lip but mine : if in thine ears  
Their accents linger—and thou dost recall

Me as I stood, still, guarded, very pale,  
Beside each votarist whose lighted brow  
Wore worship like an aureole, ' O'er them all

My beauty,' thou wilt murmur, ' did prevail

Save that one only : '—Lady, could'st thou know !

## BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM

## I

' Would a man 'scape the rod ? '

Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,

' See that he turn to God

The day before his death.'

' Ay, could a man inquire  
When it shall come ! ' I say.  
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—  
' Then let him turn to-day ! '

## II

Quoth a young Sadducee :

' Reader of many rolls,

Is it so certain we

Have, as they tell us, souls ? '

' Son, there is no reply ! '

The Rabbi bit his beard :

' Certain, a soul have I—

We may have none,' he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,

The Right-hand Temple-column,

Taught babes in grace their grammar,

And struck the simple, solemn.

[The following poem first appeared in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1864 and was reprinted in the 1865 Selections, and in later editions of *Dramatis Personae*.]

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

## A PICTURE BY LEIGHTON

BUT give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow !

Let them once more absorb me ! One look now.

Will lap me round for ever, not to pass

Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond :

Hold me but safe again within the bond  
Of one immortal look ! All woe that

was,

Forgotten, and all terror that may be  
Defied,—no past is mine, no future :  
look at me !

# TRAGEDIES AND OTHER PLAYS

## PIPPA PASSES

### A DRAMA

I DEDICATE MY BEST INTENTIONS, IN THIS POEM,  
ADMIRINGLY TO THE AUTHOR OF 'ION,'—  
AFFECTIONATELY TO MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

London, 1841.

R.B.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT ASOLO IN THE  
TREVISAN. *A large, mean, airy  
chamber. A girl, PIPPA, from the  
silk-mills, springin' out of bed.*

DAY !

Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim  
Where spurting and supprest it lay—  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;  
But forth one wavelet, then another,  
    curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,  
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then  
    overflowed the world.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,  
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,  
The least of thy gazes or glances,  
(Be they grants thou art bound to, or  
    gifts above measure)

One of thy choices, or one of thy chances,  
(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or  
    freaks at thy pleasure)

—My Day, if I squander such labour or  
    leisure,

Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me !  
Thy long blue solemn hours serenely  
    flowing,

Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help  
    and good—

Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming,  
    going,

As if earth turned from work in game-  
    some mood—

All shall be mine ! But thou must treat  
    me not

As the prosperous are treated, those who  
    live

At hand here, and enjoy the higher  
    lot,

In readiness to take what thou wilt give,  
And free to let alone what thou refusest ;  
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest  
Me, who am only Pippa,—old-year's  
    sorrow,

Cast off last night, will come again to-  
    morrow—

Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall  
    borrow

Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's  
    sorrow.

All other men and women that this earth  
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,  
Make general plenty cure particular  
    dearth,

Get more joy, one way, if another, less:  
Thou art my single day, God lends to  
    leaven

What were all earth else, with a feel of  
    heaven,—

Sole light that helps me through the  
    year, thy sun's !

Try, now ! Take Asolo's Four Happiest  
    Ones—

And let thy morning rain on that superb  
Great haughty Ottima ; can rain disturb  
Her Sebald's homage ? All the while  
    thy rain

Beats fiercest on her shrub-house win-  
    dow-pane,

He will but press the closer, breathe  
    more warm



Against her cheek; how should she  
mind the storm?  
And, morning past, if mid-day shed a  
gloom  
O'er Jules and Phene,—what care bride  
and groom  
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their  
marriage-day;  
And while they leave church, and go  
home their way,  
Hand clasping hand,—within each  
breast would be  
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite  
of thee!  
Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve  
With mist,—will Luigi and his mother  
grieve—  
The Lady and her child, unmatched,  
forsooth,  
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,  
For true content? The cheerful town,  
warm, close,  
And safe, the sooner that thou art  
morose,  
Receives them! And yet once again,  
outbreak  
In storm at night on Monsignor, they  
make  
Such stir about,—whom they expect  
from Rome  
To visit Asolo, his brothers' home,  
And say here masses proper to release  
A soul from pain,—what storm dares  
hurt his peace?  
Calm would he pray, with his own  
thoughts to ward  
Thy thunder off, nor want the angels'  
guard!  
But Pippa—just one such mischance  
would spoil  
Her day that lightens the next twelve-  
month's toil  
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!  
And here I let time slip for nought!  
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam—caught  
With a single splash from my ewer!  
You that would mock the best pursuer,  
Was my basin over-deep?  
One splash of water ruins you asleep,  
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits  
Wheeling and counterwheeling,  
Reeling, broken beyond healing—  
Now grow together on the ceiling!

That will task your wits!  
Whoever quenched fire first, hoped to see  
Morsel after morsel flee  
As merrily, as giddily . . .  
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on,  
Where settles by degrees the radiant  
cripple?  
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?  
New-blown and ruddy as St. Agnes'  
nipple,  
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk  
bird's poll!  
Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the  
ripple  
Of ocean, bud there,—fairies watch  
unroll  
Such turban-flowers; I say, such lamps  
disperse  
Thick red flame through that dusk  
green universe!  
I am queen of thee, floweret;  
And each fleshy blossom  
Preserve I not—(safer  
Than leaves that embower it,  
Or shells that embosom)  
—From weevil and chafer?  
Laugh through my pane, then;  
solicit the bee;  
Gibe him, be sure; and, in midst  
of thy glee,  
Love thy queen, worship me!  
—Worship whom else? For am I not,  
this day,  
Whate'er I please? What shall I please  
to-day?  
My morning, noon, eve, night—how  
spend my day?  
To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds  
silk,  
The whole year round, to earn just  
bread and milk:  
But, this one day, I have leave to  
go,  
And play out my fancy's fullest  
games;  
I may fancy all day—and it shall  
be so—  
That I taste of the pleasures, am  
called by the names  
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!  
See! Up the Hill-side yonder, through  
the morning,

Some one shall love me, as the world  
calls love :  
I am no less than Ottima, take warning !  
The gardens, and the great stone house  
above,  
And other house for shrubs, all glass in  
front,  
Are mine ; where Sebald steals, as he is  
wont,  
To court me, while old Luca yet reposes ;  
And therefore, till the shrub-house door  
uncloses,  
I . . . what, now ?—give abundant cause  
for prate  
About me—Ottima, I mean—of late,  
Too bold, too confident she'll still face  
down  
The spitefullest of talkers in our town—  
How we talk in the little town below !  
But love, love, love—there's better  
love, I know !  
This foolish love was only day's first  
offer ;  
I choose my next love to defy the scoffer :  
For do not our Bride and Bridegroom  
sally  
Out of Possagno church at noon ?  
Their house looks over Orcana valley—  
Why should not I be the bride as soon  
As Ottima ? For I saw, beside,  
Arrive last night that little bride—  
Saw, if you call it seeing her, one flash  
Of the pale, snow-pure cheek and black  
bright tresses,  
Blacker than all except the black eye-  
lash ;  
I wonder she contrives those lids no  
dresses !  
—So strict was she, the veil  
Should cover close her pale  
Pure cheeks—a bride to look at and  
scarce touch,  
Scarce touch, remember, Jules !—for  
are not such  
Used to be tended, flower-like, every  
feature,  
As if one's breath would fray the lily of  
a creature ?  
A soft and easy life these ladies lead !  
Whiteness in us were wonderful indeed.  
Oh, save that brow its virgin dim-  
ness,  
Keep that foot its lady primness,

Let those ankles never swerve  
From their exquisite reserve,  
Yet have to trip along the streets  
like me,  
All but naked to the knee !  
How will she ever grant her Jules  
a bliss  
So startling as her real first infant  
kiss ?  
Oh, no—not envy, this !

—Not envy, sure !—for if you gave me  
Leave to take or to refuse,  
In earnest, do you think I'd choose  
That sort of new love to enslave me ?  
Mine should have lapped me round from  
the beginning ;  
As little fear of losing it as winning !  
Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate  
their wives,  
And only parents' love can last our lives.  
At eve the son and mother, gentle pair,  
Commune inside our Turret ; what  
prevents  
My being Luigi ? while that mossy lair  
Of lizards through the winter-time, is  
stirred  
With each to each imparting sweet intents  
For this new-year, as brooding bird to  
bird—  
(For I observe of late, the evening walk  
Of Luigi and his mother, always ends  
Inside our ruined turret, where they  
talk,  
Calmer than lovers, yet more kind than  
friends)  
—Let me be cared about, kept out of  
harm,  
And schemed for, safe in love as with  
a charm ;  
Let me be Luigi ! If I only knew  
What was my mother's face—my father,  
too !  
Nay, if you come to that, best love of all  
Is God's ; then why not have God's  
love befall  
Myself as, in the Palace by the Dome,  
Monsignor ?—who to-night will bless  
the home  
Of his dead brother ; and God will bless  
in turn  
That heart which beats, those eyes  
which mildly burn

With love for all men: I, to-night at  
least,  
Would be that holy and beloved priest!  
Now wait!—even I already seem to  
share  
In God's love: what does New-year's  
hymn declare?  
What other meaning do these verses  
bear?

*All service ranks the same with God:  
If now, as formerly He trod  
Paradise, His presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work—God's puppets, best and  
worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.*

*Say not 'a small event!' Why  
'small?'*

*Costs it more pain than this, ye call  
A 'great event,' should come to pass,  
Than that? Untwine me from the  
mass*

*Of deeds which make up life, one deed  
Power shall fall short in, or exceed!*

And more of it, and more of it!—oh,  
yes—

I will pass by, and see their happiness,  
And envy none—being just as great, no  
doubt,

Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!  
A pretty thing to care about  
So mightily, this single holiday!

But let the sun shine! Wherefore  
repine?

—With thee to lead me, O Day of  
mine,

Down the grass-path grey with dew,  
Under the pine-wood, blind with  
boughs,

Where the swallow never flew  
As yet, nor cicala dared carouse—  
Dared carouse!

[*She enters the street.*]

I.—MORNING. *Up the Hill-side, in-  
side the Shrub-house. LUCA'S Wife,  
OTTIMA, and her Paramour the  
German SEBALD.*

*Seb. [sings.]*

*Let the watching lids wink!  
Day's a-blaze with eyes, think—  
Deep into the night, drink!*

*Otti.* Night? Such may be your  
Rhine-land nights, perhaps;  
But this blood-red beam through the  
shutter's chink,  
—We call such light, the morning's: let  
us see!

Mind how you grope your way, though!  
How these tall

Naked geraniums straggle! Push the  
lattice

Behind that frame!—Nay, do I bid  
you?—Sebald,

It shakes the dust down on me! Why,  
of course

The slide-bolt catches.—Well, are you  
content,

Or must I find you something else to  
spoil?

Kiss and be friends, my Sebald! Is it  
full morning?

Oh, don't speak then!

*Seb.* Ay, thus it used to be!  
Ever your house was, I remember, shut  
Till mid-day—I observed that, as I  
strolled

On mornings through the vale here:  
country girls

Were noisy, washing garments in the  
brook,

Hinds drove the slow white oxen up the  
hills,

But no, your house was mute, would  
ope no eye!

And wisely—you were plotting one  
thing there,

Nature, another outside: I looked up—  
Rough white wood shutters, rusty iron  
bars,

Silent as death, blind in a flood of light.  
Oh, I remember!—and the peasants  
laughed

And said, 'The old man sleeps with the  
young wife.'

This house was his, this chair, this  
window—his!

*Otti.* Ah, the clear morning! I can  
see St. Mark's:

That black streak is the belfry. Stop:  
Vicenza

Should lie . . . There's Padua, plain  
enough, that blue!

Look o'er my shoulder, follow my finger.  
*Seb.* Morning?

It seems to me a night with a sun added.  
Where's dew? where's freshness? That  
bruised plant, I bruised  
In getting through the lattice yestereve,  
Droops as it did. See, here's my elbow's  
mark  
In the dust on the sill.

*Otti.* Oh shut the lattice, pray!

*Seb.* Let me lean out. I cannot scent  
blood here,

Foul as the morn may be.

There, shut the world out!

How do you feel now, Ottima? There,  
curse

The world and all outside! Let us  
throw off

This mask: how do you bear yourself?  
Let's out

With all of it!

*Otti.* Best never speak of it.

*Seb.* Best speak again and yet again  
of it,

'Till words cease to be more than words.

'His blood,'

For instance—let those two words mean  
'His blood'

And nothing more. Notice, I'll say  
them now,

'His blood.'

*Otti.* Assuredly if I repented

The deed—

*Seb.* Repent? who should repent, or  
why?

What puts that in your head? Did I  
once say

That I repented?

*Otti.* No, I said the deed—

*Seb.* 'The deed,' and 'the event'—  
just now it was

'Our passion's fruit'—the devil take  
such cant!

Say, once and always, Luca was a wittol,  
I am his cut-throat, you are—

*Otti.* Here is the wine;

I brought it when we left the house  
above,

And glasses too—wine of both sorts.  
Black? white, then?

*Seb.* But am not I his cut-throat?  
What are you?

*Otti.* There, trudges on his business  
from the Duomo

Benet the Capuchin, with his brown hood

And bare feet—always in one place at  
church,

Close under the stone wall by the south  
entry.

I used to take him for a brown cold piece  
Of the wall's self, as out of it he rose

To let me pass—at first, I say, I used—  
Now, so has that dumb figure fastened

on me,

I rather should account the plastered  
wall

A piece of him, so chilly does it strike.

This, Sebald?

*Seb.* No—the white wine—the white  
wine!

Well, Ottima, I promised no new year  
Should rise on us the ancient shameful

way,

Nor does it rise: pour on! To your  
black eyes!

Do you remember last damned New  
Year's day?

*Otti.* You brought those foreign  
prints. We looked at them

Over the wine and fruit. I had to  
scheme

To get him from the fire. Nothing but  
saying

His own set wants the proof-mark,  
roused him up

To hunt them out.

*Seb.* 'Faith, he is not alive  
To fondle you before my face!

*Otti.* Do you  
Fondle me, then! who means to take

your life

For that, my Sebald?

*Seb.* Hark you, Ottima,  
One thing's to guard against. We'll

not make much

One of the other—that is, not make more  
Parade of warmth, childish officious coil,

Than yesterday—as if, Sweet, I sup-  
posed

Proof upon proof was needed now, now  
first,

To show I love you—yes, still love you—  
love you

In spite of Luca and what's come to him  
—Sure sign we had him ever in our

thoughts,

White sneering old reproachful face and  
all!

We'll even quarrel, Love, at times, as if  
We still could lose each other, were not  
tied

By this—conceive you ?

*Otti.* Love !

*Seb.* Not tied so sure !

Because though I was wrought upon,  
have struck

His insolence back into him—am I

So surely yours ?—therefore, forever  
yours ?

*Otti.* Love, to be wise, (one counsel  
pays another)

Should we have—months ago—when  
first we loved,

For instance that May morning we two  
stole

Under the green ascent of sycamores—  
If we had come upon a thing like that  
Suddenly . . .

*Seb.* 'A thing'—there again—'a  
thing !'

*Otti.* Then, Venus' body, had we  
come upon

My husband Luca Gaddi's murdered  
corpse

Within there, at his couch-foot, covered  
close—

Would you have pored upon it ? Why  
persist

In poring now upon it ? For 'tis here  
As much as there in the deserted house :

You cannot rid your eyes of it. For me,  
Now he is dead I hate him worse—I  
hate . . .

Dare you stay here ? I would go back  
and hold

His two dead hands, and say, I hate you  
worse

Luca, than . . .

*Seb.* Off, off ; take your hands off  
mine !

'Tis the hot evening—off ! oh, morning,  
is it ?

*Otti.* There's one thing must be done ;  
you know what thing.

Come in and help to carry. We may  
sleep

Anywhere in the whole wide house to-  
night.

*Seb.* What would come, think you, if  
we let him lie

Just as he is ? Let him lie there until

The angels take him : he is turned by  
this

Off from his face, beside, as you will see.

*Otti.* This dusty pane might serve for  
looking-glass.

Three, four—four grey hairs ! Is it so  
you said

A plait of hair should wave across my  
neck ?

No—this way !

*Seb.* Ottima, I would give your neck,  
Each splendid shoulder, both those  
breasts of yours,

That this were undone ! Killing ?—Kill  
the world

So Luca lives again !—ay, lives to  
sputter

His fulsome dotage on you—yes, and  
feign

Surprise that I returned at eve to sup,  
When all the morning I was loitering  
here—

Bid me dispatch my business and begone.  
I would . . .

*Otti.* See !

*Seb.* No, I'll finish ! Do you think  
I fear to speak the bare truth once for  
all ?

All we have talked of is, at bottom, fine  
To suffer—there's a recompense in guilt ;

One must be venturous and fortunate :  
What is one young for, else ? In age

we'll sigh  
O'er the wild, reckless, wicked days  
flown over ;

Still, we have lived ! The vice was in its  
place.

But to have eaten Luca's bread, have  
worn

His clothes, have felt his money swell  
my purse—

Do lovers in romances sin that way ?

Why, I was starving when I used to call  
And teach you music, starving while you

plucked me

These flowers to smell !

*Otti.* My poor lost friend !

*Seb.* He gave me

Life, nothing less : what if he did re-  
proach

My perfidy, and threaten, and do more—  
Had he no right ? What was to wonder

at ?

He sat by us at table quietly—  
 Why must you lean across till our  
 cheeks touched ?  
 Could he do less than make pretence to  
 strike me ?  
 'Tis not for the crime's sake—I'd com-  
 mit ten crimes  
 Greater, to have this crime wiped out,  
 undone !  
 And you—O, how feel you ? feel you  
 for me ?

*Otti.* Well, then, I love you better  
 now than ever,  
 And best (look at me while I speak to  
 you)—  
 Best for the crime ; nor do I grieve, in  
 truth,  
 This mask, this simulated ignorance,  
 This affectation of simplicity,  
 Falls off our crime ; this naked crime of  
 ours  
 May not, now, be looked over : look it  
 down, then !  
 Great ? let it be great ; but the joys it  
 brought,  
 Pay they or no its price ? Come : they  
 or it !  
 Speak not ! The Past, would you give  
 up the Past  
 Such as it is, pleasure and crime to-  
 gether ?  
 Give up that noon I owned my love for  
 you ?  
 The garden's silence ! even the single  
 bee  
 Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopt ;  
 And where he hid you only could surmise  
 By some campanula's chalice set a-  
 swing :

Who stammered—' Yes, I love you ? '  
*Seb.* And I drew  
 Back ; put far back your face with both  
 my hands  
 Lest you should grow too full of me—  
 your face  
 So seemed athirst for my whole soul and  
 body !

*Otti.* And when I ventured to receive  
 you here,

Made you steal hither in the mornings—  
*Seb.* When

I used to look up 'neath the shrub-house  
 here,

Till the red fire on its glazed windows  
 spread

To a yellow haze ?

*Otti.* Ah—my sign was, the sun  
 Inflamed the sere side of yon chestnut-  
 tree

Nipt by the first frost.

*Seb.* You would always laugh  
 At my wet boots : I had to stride thro'  
 grass

Over my ankles.

*Otti.* Then our crowning night!

*Seb.* The July night ?

*Otti.* The day of it too, Sebald !  
 When the heaven's pillars seemed o'er-  
 bowed with heat,  
 Its black-blue canopy seemed let desc-  
 end

Close on us both, to weigh down each to  
 each,

And smother up all life except our life.  
 So lay we till the storm came.

*Seb.* How it came !

*Otti.* Buried in woods we lay, you  
 recollect ;

Swift ran the searching tempest over-  
 head ;

And ever and anon some bright white  
 shaft

Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof, here  
 burnt and there,

As if God's messenger thro' the close  
 wood screen

Plunged and replunged his weapon at  
 a venture,

Feeling for guilty thee and me : then  
 broke

The thunder like a whole sea overhead—

*Seb.* Yes !

*Otti.*—While I stretched myself upon  
 you, hands

To hands, my mouth to your hot mouth,  
 and shook

All my locks loose, and covered you with  
 them—

You, Sebald, the same you !

*Seb.* Slower, Ottima—

*Otti.* And as we lay—

*Seb.* Less vehemently ! Love me !  
 Forgive me ! take not words, mere  
 words, to heart !

Your breath is worse than wine. Breathe  
 slow, speak slow !



Do not lean on me !

*Otti.* Sebald, as we lay,  
Rising and falling only with our pants,  
Who said, ' Let death come now ! 'tis  
right to die !

Right to be punished ! nought completes  
such bliss

But woe ! ' Who said that ?

*Seb.* How did we ever rise ?  
Was 't that we slept ? Why did it end ?

*Otti.* I felt you,  
Tapering into a point the ruffled ends  
Of my loose locks 'twixt both your  
humid lips—

(My hair is fallen now : knot it again !)

*Seb.* I kiss you now, dear Ottima, now,  
and now !

This way ? Will you forgive me—be  
once more

My great queen ?

*Otti.* Bind it thrice about my brow ;  
Crown me your queen, your spirit's  
arbitress,

Magnificent in sin. Say that !

*Seb.* I crown you  
My great white queen, my spirit's  
arbitress,

Magnificent . . .

[From without is heard the voice of  
PIPPA, singing—

*The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
Morning's at seven ;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;  
The lark's on the wing ;  
The snail's on the thorn ;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world !*

[PIPPA passes.

*Seb.* God's in His heaven ! Do you  
hear that ? Who spoke ?

You, you spoke !

*Otti.* Oh—that little ragged girl !  
She must have rested on the step : we  
give them

But this one holiday the whole year  
round.

Did you ever see our silk-mills—their  
inside ?

There are ten silk-mills now belong to  
you.

She stoops to pick my double hearts-  
ease . . . Sh !

She does not hear : call you out louder !

*Seb.* Leave me !  
Go, get your clothes on—dress those  
shoulders !

*Otti.* Sebald ?

*Seb.* Wipe off that paint. I hate  
you !

*Otti.* Miserable !

*Seb.* My God ! and she is emptied of  
it now !

Outright now !—how miraculously gone  
All of the grace—had she not strange  
grace once ?

Why, the blank cheek hangs listless as  
it likes,

No purpose holds the features up to-  
gether,

Only the cloven brow and puckered  
chin

Stay in their places—and the very hair,  
That seemed to have a sort of life in it,  
Drops, a dead web !

*Otti.* Speak to me—speak not of me !

*Seb.*—That round great full-orbed  
face, where not an angle

Broke the delicious indolence—all  
broken !

*Otti.* To me—not of me !—ungrateful,  
perjured cheat !

A coward, too : but ingrate's worse  
than all !

Beggar—my slave—a fawning, cringing  
lie !

Leave me ! Betray me ! I can see your  
drift !

A lie that walks, and eats, and drinks !

*Seb.* My God !

Those morbid, olive, faultless shoulder-  
blades—

I should have known there was no  
blood beneath !

*Otti.* You hate me, then ? You hate  
me, then ?

*Seb.* To think

She would succeed in her absurd attempt,  
And fascinate by sinning ; and show  
herself

Superior—Guilt from its excess, superior  
To Innocence ! That little peasant's  
voice

Has righted all again. Though I be  
lost,

I know which is the better, never fear,

Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,  
Nature, or trick ! I see what I have done,  
Entirely now ! Oh, I am proud to feel  
Such torments—let the world take  
credit thence—

I, having done my deed, pay too its  
price !

I hate, hate—curse you ! God 's in His  
heaven !

Otti. —Me !

Me ! no, no, Sebald, not yourself—kill  
me !

Mine is the whole crime—do but kill  
me—then

Yourself—then—presently—first hear  
me speak—

I always meant to kill myself—wait,  
you !

Lean on my breast—not as a breast ;  
don't love me

There more because you lean on me, my own  
Heart's Sebald ! There—there—both  
deaths presently !

Seb. My brain is drowned now—  
quite drowned : all I feel

Is . . . is, at swift-recurring intervals,  
A hurrying-down within me, as of  
waters

Loosened to smother up some ghastly pit :  
There they go—whirls from a black, fiery  
sea !

Otti. Not to me, God—to him be  
merciful !

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing  
from the Hill-side to Orcana. Foreign  
Students of Painting and Sculpture,  
from Venice, assembled opposite the  
house of JULES, a young French  
Statuary.*

*First Student.* Attention ! my own post  
is beneath this window, but the pome-  
granate clump yonder will hide three  
or four of you with a little squeezing,  
and Schramm and his pipe must lie flat  
in the balcony. Four, five—who's a  
defaulter ? We want everybody, for  
Jules must not be suffered to hurt his  
bride when the jest's found out.

*Second Stud.* All here ! Only our  
poet's away—never having much meant  
to be present, moonstrike him ! The airs  
of that fellow, that Giovacchino ! He

was in violent love with himself, and had  
a fair prospect of thriving in his suit, so  
unmolested was it,—when suddenly  
a woman falls in love with him, too ;  
and out of pure jealousy he takes him-  
self off to Trieste, immortal poem and all  
—whereto is this prophetic epitaph  
appended already, as Bluphocks assures  
me—' *Here a mammoth-poem lies, Fouled  
to death by butterflies.*' His own fault,  
the simpleton ! Instead of cramp cou-  
plets, each like a knife in your entrails,  
he should write, says Bluphocks, both  
classically and intelligibly.—*Aesculapius  
an Epic. Catalogue of the drugs : Hebe's  
plaister—One strip Cools your lip.  
Phoebus' emulsion—One bottle Clears  
your throttle. Mercury's bolus—One box  
Cures . . .*

*Third Stud.* Subside, my fine fellow !  
If the marriage was over by ten o'clock,  
Jules will certainly be here in a minute  
with his bride.

*Second Stud.* Good !—Only, so should  
the poet's muse have been universally  
acceptable, says Bluphocks, *et canibus  
nostris . . .* and Delia not better known to  
our literary dogs than the boy—Giovac-  
chino !

*First Stud.* To the point, now.  
Where's Gottlieb, the new-comer ? Oh,  
—listen, Gottlieb, to what has called  
down this piece of friendly vengeance on  
Jules, of which we now assemble to  
witness the winding-up. We are all  
agreed, all in a tale, observe, when  
Jules shall burst out on us in a fury by-  
and-by : I am spokesman—the verses  
that are to undeceive Jules bear my  
name of Lutwyche—but each professes  
himself alike insulted by this strutting  
stone-squarer, who came singly from  
Paris to Munich, and thence with a  
crowd of us to Venice and Possagno  
here, but proceeds in a day or two alone  
again—oh, alone, indubitably !—to  
Rome and Florence. He, forsooth, take  
up his portion with these dissolute,  
brutalized, heartless bunglers !—So he  
was heard to call us all : now, is Schramm  
brutalized, I should like to know ? Am  
I heartless ?

*Gott.* Why, somewhat heartless ; for

suppose Jules a coxcomb as much as you choose, still, for this mere coxcombry, you will have brushed off—what do folks style it?—the bloom of his life. Is it too late to alter? These love-letters, now, you call his—I can't laugh at them.

*Fourth Stud.* Because you never read the sham letters of our inditing which drew forth these.

*Gott.* His discovery of the truth will be frightful.

*Fourth Stud.* That's the joke. But you should have joined us at the beginning: there's no doubt he loves the girl—loves a model he might hire by the hour!

*Gott.* See here! 'He has been accustomed,' he writes, 'to have Canova's women about him, in stone, and the world's women beside him, in flesh; these being as much below, as those, above—his soul's aspiration: but now he is to have the real.' There you laugh again! I say, you wipe off the very dew of his youth.

*First Stud.* Schramm! (Take the pipe out of his mouth, somebody). Will Jules lose the bloom of his youth?

*Schramm.* Nothing worth keeping is ever lost in this world: look at a blossom—it drops presently, having done its service and lasted its time; but fruits succeed, and where would be the blossom's place could it continue? As well affirm that your eye is no longer in your body, because its earliest favourite, whatever it may have first loved to look on, is dead and done with—as that any affection is lost to the soul when its first object, whatever happened first to satisfy it, is superseded in due course. Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women?—There follow men, dead and alive, to wonder at. Has he done wondering at men?—There's God to wonder at: and the faculty of wonder may be, at the same time, old and tired enough with respect to its first object, and yet young and fresh sufficiently, so far as concerns its novel one. Thus...

*First Stud.* Put Schramm's pipe into his mouth again! There, you see! Well, this Jules... a wretched fribble—oh, I watched his disportings at Possagno, the other day! Canova's gallery—you know: there he marches first resolutely past great works by the dozen without vouchsafing an eye: all at once he stops full at the *Psiche-fanciulla*—cannot pass that old acquaintance without a nod of encouragement—'In your new place, beauty? Then behave yourself as well here as at Munich—I see you!' Next he posts himself deliberately before the unfinished *Pietà* for half an hour without moving, till up he starts of a sudden, and thrusts his very nose into—I say, into—the group; by which gesture you are informed that precisely the sole point he had not fully mastered in Canova's practice was a certain method of using the drill in the articulation of the knee-joint—and that, likewise, has he mastered at length! Good bye, therefore, to poor Canova—whose gallery no longer needs detain his successor Jules, the predestinated novel thinker in marble!

*Fifth Stud.* Tell him about the women: go on to the women!

*First Stud.* Why, on that matter he could never be supercilious enough. How should we be other (he said) than the poor devils you see, with those debasing habits we cherish? He was not to wallow in that mire, at least: he would wait, and love only at the proper time, and meanwhile put up with the *Psiche-fanciulla*. Now I happened to hear of a young Greek—real Greek girl at Malamocco; a true Islander, do you see, with Alciphron's 'hair like sea-moss'—Schramm knows!—white and quiet as an apparition, and fourteen years old at farthest,—a daughter of Natalia, so she swears—that hag Natalia, who helps us to models at three lire an hour. We selected this girl for the heroine of our jest. So, first, Jules received a scented letter—somebody had seen his Tydeus at the academy, and my picture was nothing to it—a profound admirer bade him persevere—

would make herself known to him ere long—(Paolina, my little friend of the *Fenice*, transcribes divinely). And in due time, the mysterious correspondent gave certain hints of her peculiar charms—the pale cheeks, the black hair—whatever, in short, had struck us in our Malamocco model: we retained her name, too—Phene, which is by interpretation, sea-eagle. Now, think of Jules finding himself distinguished from the herd of us by such a creature! In his very first answer he proposed marrying his monitress: and fancy us over these letters, two, threetimes a day, to receive and dispatch! I concocted the main of it: relations were in the way—secrecy must be observed—in fine, would he wed her on trust, and only speak to her when they were indissolubly united? St—st—Here they come!

*Sixth Stud.* Both of them! Heaven's love, speak softly! speak within yourselves!

*Fifth Stud.* Look at the bridegroom! Half his hair in storm, and half in calm,—patted down over the left temple,—like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it! and the same old blouse that he murders the marble in!

*Second Stud.* Not a rich vest like yours, Hannibal Scratchy!—rich, that your face may the better set it off.

*Sixth Stud.* And the bride! Yes, sure enough, our Phene! Should you have known her in her clothes? How magnificently pale!

*Gott.* She does not also take it for earnest, I hope?

*First Stud.* Oh, Natalia's concern, that is! We settle with Natalia.

*Sixth Stud.* She does not speak—has evidently let out no word. The only thing is, will she equally remember the rest of her lesson, and repeat correctly all those verses which are to break the secret to Jules?

*Gott.* How he gazes on her! Pity—pity!

*First Stud.* They go in—now, silence! You three,—not nearer the window, mind, than that pomegranate—just where the little girl, who a few minutes ago passed us singing, is seated!

II.—*Noon. Over Orcana. The House of JULES, who crosses its threshold with PHENE: she is silent, on which JULES begins—*

Do not die, Phene! I am yours now, you Are mine now; let fate reach me how she likes,

If you'll not die—so, never die! Sit here—

My work-room's single seat. I over-lean

This length of hair and lustrous front; they turn

Like an entire flower upward: eyes—lips—last

Your chin—no, last your throat turns—'tis their scent

Pulls down my face upon you! Nay, look ever

This one way till I change, grow you—I could

Change into you, Beloved!

You by me,  
And I by you; this is your hand in mine,  
And side by side we sit: all's true.  
Thank God!

I have spoken: speak, you!

O, my life to come!  
My Tydeus must be carved, that's there in clay;

Yet how be carved, with you about the chamber?

Where must I place you? When I think that once

This room-full of rough block-work seemed my heaven

Without you! Shall I ever work again, Get fairly into my old ways again,

Bid each conception stand while, trait by trait,

My hand transfers its lineaments to stone?

Will my mere fancies live near you, my truth—

The live truth, passing and repassing me, Sitting beside me?

Now speak!

Only, first,  
See, all your letters! Was't not well contrived?

Their hiding-place is Psyche's robe; she keeps

Your letters next her skin : which drops  
out foremost ?

Ah,—this that swam down like a first  
moonbeam

Into my world !

Again those eyes complete  
Their melancholy survey, sweet and slow,  
Of all my room holds ; to return and  
rest

On me, with pity, yet some wonder too—  
As if God bade some spirit plague a  
world,

And this were the one moment of sur-  
prise

And sorrow while she took her station,  
pausing

O'er what she sees, finds good, and must  
destroy !

What gaze you at ? Those ? Books, I  
told you of ;

Let your first word to me rejoice them,  
too :

This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red  
Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe—  
Read this line . . . no, shame—Homer's  
be the Greek

First breathed me from the lips of my  
Greek girl !

My Odyssey in coarse black vivid type  
With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page  
and page,

To mark great places with due gratitude ;  
' *He said, and on Antinous directed*  
*A bitter shaft* ' . . . a flower blots out the  
rest !

Again upon your search ? My statues,  
then !

—Ah, do not mind that—better that will  
look

When cast in bronze—an Almaign  
Kaiser, that,

Swart-green and gold, with truncheon  
based on hip.

This, rather, turn to ! What, unrecog-  
nized ?

I thought you would have seen that here  
you sit

As I imagined you,—Hippolyta,  
Naked upon her bright Numidian horse !

Recall you this, then ? ' Carve in bold  
relief '—

So, you commanded—' carve, against  
I come,

A Greek, in Athens, as our fashion was,  
Feasting, bay-filleted and thunder-free,  
Who rises 'neath the lifted myrtle-  
branch :

" *Praise those who slew Hipparchus,*"  
cry the guests,

" *While o'er thy head the singer's myrtle*  
*waves*

*As erst above our champions' : stand up,*  
*all ! "*

See, I have laboured to express your  
thought !

Quite round, a cluster of mere hands and  
arms,

(Thrust in all senses, all ways, from all  
sides,

Only consenting at the branch's end  
They strain toward) serves for frame to  
a sole face,

The Praiser's, in the centre—who with  
eyes

Sightless, so bend they back to light  
inside

His brain where visionary forms throng  
up,

Sings, minding not that palpitating arch  
Of hands and arms, nor the quick drip-  
of wine

From the drenched leaves o'erhead, nor  
crowns cast off,

Violet and parsley crowns to trample on—  
Sings, pausing as the patron-ghosts  
approve,

Devoutly their unconquerable hymn !  
But you must say a ' well ' to that—say,

' well ! '

Because you gaze—am I fantastic,  
sweet ?

Gaze like my very life's-stuff, marble—  
marbly

Even to the silence ! why, before I  
found

The real flesh Phene, I inured myself  
To see, throughout all nature, varied  
stuff

For better nature's birth by means of  
art.

With me, each substance tended to one  
form

Of beauty—to the human archetype.  
On every side occurred suggestive germs

Of that—the tree, the flower—or take  
the fruit,—



Some rosy shape, continuing the peach,  
Curved beewise o'er its bough ; as rosy  
limbs,

Depending, nestled in the leaves ; and  
just

From a cleft rose-peach the whole  
Dryad sprang.

But of the stuffs one can be master of,  
How I divined their capabilities !

From the soft-rinded smoothening facile  
chalk

That yields your outline to the air's  
embrace,

Half-softened by a halo's pearly gloom ;  
Down to the crisp imperious steel, so  
sure

To cut its one confided thought clean out  
Of all the world. But marble !—'neath  
my tools

More pliable than jelly—as it were  
Some clear primordial creature dug  
from depths

In the earth's heart, where itself breeds  
itself,

And whence all baser substance may be  
worked ;

Refine it off to air, you may,—condense it  
Down to the diamond ;—is not metal  
there,

When o'er the sudden specks my chisel  
trips ?

—Not flesh, as flake off flake I scale,  
approach,

Lay bare those bluish veins of blood  
asleep ?

Lurks flame in no strange windings  
where, surprised

By the swift implement sent home at  
once,

Flushes and glowings radiate and hover  
About its track ?

Phene ? what—why is this ?  
That whitening cheek, those still-  
dilating eyes !

Ah, you will die—I knew that you would  
die !

PHENE *begins, on his having long  
remained silent.*

Now the end 's coming ; to be sure, it  
must

Have ended sometime ! Tush, why need  
I speak

Their foolish speech ? I cannot bring to  
mind

One half of it, besides ; and do not care  
For old Natalia now, nor any of them.

Oh, you—what are you ?—if I do not  
try

To say the words Natalia made me learn,  
To please your friends,—it is to keep  
myself

Where your voice lifted me, by letting it  
Proceed : but can it ? Even you, per-  
haps,

Cannot take up, now you have once let  
fall,

The music's life, and me along with that—  
No, or you would ! We'll stay, then, as  
we are :

Above the world.

You creature with the eyes !  
If I could look for ever up to them,  
As now you let me,—I believe, all sin,  
All memory of wrong done or suffering  
borne,

Would drop down, low and lower, to the  
earth

Whence all that 's low comes, and there  
touch and stay

—Never to overtake the rest of me,  
All that, unspotted, reaches up to you,  
Drawn by those eyes ! What rises is  
myself,

Not so the shame and suffering ; but  
they sink,

Are left, I rise above them. Keep me so,  
Above the world !

But you sink, for your eyes  
Are altering—altered ! Stay—'I love  
you, love you' . . .

I could prevent it if I understood :  
More of your words to me : was't in the  
tone

Or the words, your power ?

Or stay—I will repeat  
Their speech, if that contents you ! Only,  
change

No more, and I shall find it presently  
—Far back here, in the brain yourself  
filled up.

Natalia threatened me that harm would  
follow

Unless I spoke their lesson to the end,  
But harm to me, I thought she meant,  
not you.



Your friends,—Natalia said they were  
your friends  
And meant you well,—because, I  
doubted it,  
Observing (what was very strange to see)  
On every face, so different in all else,  
The same smile girls like us are used to  
bear,  
But never men, men cannot stoop so low;  
Yet your friends, speaking of you, used  
that smile,  
That hateful smirk of boundless self-  
conceit  
Which seems to take possession of this  
world  
And make of God their tame confederate,  
Purveyor to their appetites . . . you  
know!  
But no—Natalia said they were your  
friends,  
And they assented while they smiled the  
more,  
And all came round me,—that thin  
Englishman  
With light, lank hair seemed leader of  
the rest;  
He held a paper—‘What we want,’ said he,  
Ending some explanation to his friends—  
‘Is something slow, involved and  
mystical,  
To hold Jules long in doubt, yet take his  
taste  
And lure him on, so that, at innermost  
Where he seeks sweetness’ soul, he may  
find—this!  
—As in the apple’s core, the noisome fly:  
For insects on the rind are seen at once,  
And brushed aside as soon, but this is  
found  
Only when on the lips or loathing  
tongue.’  
And so heread what I have got by heart—  
I’ll speak it,—‘Do not die, love! I am  
yours’ . . .  
Stop—is not that, or like that, part of  
words  
Yourself began by speaking? Strange  
to lose  
What cost such pains to learn! Is this  
more right?

*I am a painter who cannot paint;  
In my life, a devil rather than saint,*

*In my brain, as poor a creature too:  
No end to all I cannot do!  
Yet do one thing at least I can—  
Love a man, or hate a man  
Supremely: thus my lore began.  
Through the Valley of Love I went,  
In its loveliest spot to abide,  
And just on the verge where I pitched  
my tent,  
I found Hate dwelling beside.  
(Let the Bridegroom ask what the  
painter meant,  
Of his Bride, of the peerless Bride!)  
And further, I traversed Hate’s grove,  
In its hatefullest nook to dwell;  
But lo, where I flung myself prone,  
couching Love  
Where the deepest shadow fell.  
(The meaning—those black bride’s-  
eyes above,  
Not the painter’s lip should tell!)*

‘And here,’ said he, ‘Jules probably  
will ask,  
*You have black eyes, love,—you are, sure  
enough,  
My peerless bride,—so, do you tell,  
indeed,  
What needs some explanation—what  
means this?’*  
—And I am to go on, without a word—

*So, I grew wiser in Love and Hate,  
From simple, that I was of late.  
For once, when I loved, I would enlase  
Breast, eyelids, hands, feet, form and  
face  
Of her I loved, in one embrace—  
As if by mere love I could love im-  
mensely!  
And when I hated, I would plunge  
My sword, and wipe with the first lunge  
My foe’s whole life out, like a sponge—  
As if by mere hate I could hate in-  
tensely!  
But now I am wiser, know better the  
fashion  
How passion seeks aid from its  
opposite passion,  
And if I see cause to love more, or  
hate more  
Than ever man loved, ever hated,  
before—*

*And seek in the Valley of Love,  
The spot, or the spot in Hate's Grove,  
Where my soul may the sureliest  
reach*

*The essence, nought less, of each,  
The Hate of all Hates, or the Love  
Of all Loves, in its Valley or Grove,—  
I find them the very warders  
Each of the other's borders.*

*I love most, when Love is disguised  
In Hate; and when Hate is sur-  
prised*

*In Love, then I hate most: ask  
How Love smiles through Hate's iron  
casque,*

*Hate grins through Love's rose-  
braided mask,—*

*And how, having hated thee,  
I sought long and painfully  
To wound thee, and not prick  
The skin, but pierce to the quick—  
Ask this, my Jules, and be answered  
straight*

*By thy bride—how the painter  
Lutwyche can hate!*

JULES *interposes.*

Lutwyche! who else? But all of them,  
no doubt,

Hated me: they at Venice—presently  
Their turn, however! You I shall not  
meet:

If I dreamed, saying this would wake me! *Keep*

What's here, this gold—we cannot meet  
again,

Consider—and the money was but meant  
For two years' travel, which is over now,  
All chance, or hope, or care, or need of  
it!

This—and what comes from selling  
these, my casts

And books, and medals, except . . . let  
them go

Together, so the produce keeps you safe,  
Out of Natalia's clutches!—If by chance  
(For all's chance here) I should survive  
the gang

At Venice, root out all fifteen of them,  
We might meet somewhere, since the  
world is wide.

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA,  
singing—

*Give her but a least excuse to love me!  
When—where—  
How—can this arm establish her above  
me,*

*If fortune fixed her as my lady there,  
There already, to eternally reprove me?  
(‘Hist’—said Kate the queen;  
But ‘Oh’—cried the maiden, binding  
her tresses,*

*‘Tis only a page that carols unseen  
Crumbling your hounds their messes!’)*

*Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her  
honour,*

*My heart!*

*Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled  
a donor?*

*Merely an earth's to cleave, a sea's to  
part!*

*But that fortune should have thrust all  
this upon her!*

*(‘Nay, list,’—bade Kate the queen;  
And still cried the maiden, binding her  
tresses,*

*‘Tis only a page that carols unseen  
Fitting your hawks their jesses!’)*

[PIPPA *passes.*

JULES *resumes.*

What name was that the little girl sang  
forth?

Kate? The Cornaro, doubtless, who  
renounced

The crown of Cyprus to be lady here  
At Asolo, where still the peasants keep  
Her memory; and songs tell how many  
a page

Pined for the grace of one so far above  
His power of doing good to, as a queen—  
‘She never could be wronged, be poor,’  
he sighed,

‘For him to help her!’

Yes, a bitter thing  
To see our lady above all need of us;  
Yet so we look ere we will love; not I,  
But the world looks so. If whoever  
loves

Must be, in some sort, god or worshipper,  
The blessing or the blest one, queen or  
page,

Why should we always choose the page's  
part?

Here is a woman with utter need of  
me,—

I find myself queen here, it seems !  
How strange !  
Look at the woman here with the new  
soul,  
Like my own Psyche's,—fresh upon her  
lips  
Alit, the visionary butterfly,  
Waiting my word to enter and make  
bright,  
Or flutter off and leave all blank as first.  
This body had no soul before, but slept  
Or stirred, was beauteous or ungainly,  
free  
From taint or foul with stain, as outward  
things  
Fastened their image on its passiveness :  
Now, it will wake, feel, live—or die  
again !  
Shall to produce form out of unshaped  
stuff  
Be Art—and, further, to evoke a soul  
From form, be nothing ? This new soul  
is mine !  
Now, to kill Lutwyche, what would that  
do ?—save  
A wretched dauber, men will hoot to  
death  
Without me, from their laughter ! Oh,  
to hear  
God's voice plain as I heard it first,  
before  
They broke in with that laughter ! I  
heard them  
Henceforth, not God.  
To Ancona—Greece—some isle !  
I wanted silence only : there is clay  
Everywhere. One may do whate'er  
one likes  
In Art : the only thing is, to make sure  
That one does like it—which takes pains  
to know.  
Scatter all this, my Phene—this mad  
dream !  
Who, what is Lutwyche, what Natalia's  
friends,  
What the whole world except our love—  
my own,  
Own Phene ? But I told you, did I not,  
Ere night we travel for your land—some  
isle

With the sea's silence on it? Stand  
aside—  
I do but break these paltry models up  
To begin Art afresh. Shall I meet  
Lutwyche,  
And save him from my statue's meeting  
him?  
Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!  
Like a god going through his world  
there stands  
One mountain for a moment in the dusk,  
Whole brotherhoods of cedars on its  
brow:  
And you are ever by me while I gaze  
—Are in my arms as now—as now—as  
now!  
Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!  
Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas!

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing from Orcana to the Turret. Two or three of the Austrian Police loitering with BLUPHOCKS, an English vagabond, just in view of the Turret.*

*Bluphocks* <sup>1</sup>. So, that is your Pippa, the little girl who passed us singing? Well, your Bishop's Intendant's money shall be honestly earned:—now, don't make me that sour face because I bring the Bishop's name into the business—we know he can have nothing to do with such horrors—we know that he is a saint and all that a Bishop should be, who is a great man besides. *Oh! were but every worm a maggot, Every fly a grig, Every bough a Christmas faggot, Every tune a jig!* In fact, I have abjured all religions; but the last I inclined to, was the Armenian—for I have travelled, do you see, and at Koenigsberg, Prussia Improper (so styled because there's a sort of bleak hungry sun there,) you might remark over a venerable house-porch, a certain Chaldee inscription; and brief as it is, a mere glance at it used absolutely to change the mood of every bearded passenger. In they turned, one and all; the young and lightsome, with no irreverent pause, the aged and decrepit, with a sensible alacrity,—'twas the Grand Rabbi's

<sup>1</sup> 'He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'

abode, in short. Struck with curiosity, I lost no time in learning Syriac—(these are vowels, you dogs,—follow my stick's end in the mud—*Celarent, Darii, Ferio !*) and one morning presented myself spelling-book in hand, a, b, c,—I picked it out letter by letter, and what was the purport of this miraculous posy? Some cherished legend of the Past, you'll say—'*How Moses hocus-pocust Egypt's land with fly and locust,*'—or, '*How to Jonah sounded harshish, Get thee up and go to Tarshish,*'—or, '*How the angel meeting Balaam, Straight his ass returned a salaam.*' In no wise! '*Shackabrach — Boach — somebody or other — Isaach, Re-cei-ver, Pur-cha-ser and Ex-chan-ger of—Stolen Goods !*' So, talk to me of the religion of a bishop! I have renounced all bishops save Bishop Beveridge—mean to live so—and die—*As some Greek dog-sage, dead and merry, Hellward bound in Charon's wherry— With food for both worlds, under and upper, Lupine-seed and Hecate's supper, And never an obolus . . .* (Though thanks to you, or this Intendant through you, or this Bishop through his Intendant—I possess a burning pocket-full of *zwanzigers*) . . . *To pay the Stygian ferry !*

*First Pol.* There is the girl, then; go and deserve them the moment you have pointed out to us Signor Luigi and his mother. (*To the rest*) I have been noticing a house yonder, this long while: not a shutter unclosed since morning!

*Second Pol.* Old Luca Gaddi's, that owns the silk-mills here: he dozes by the hour, wakes up, sighs deeply, says he should like to be Prince Metternich, and then dozes again, after having bidden young Sebald, the foreigner, set his wife to playing draughts: never molest such a household, they mean well.

*Blup.* Only, cannot you tell me something of this little Pippa, I must have to do with? One could make something of that name. Pippa—that is, short for Felippa—rhyming to *Panurge consults Hertrippa—Believ'st thou, King Agrippa?* Something might be done with that name.

*Second Pol.* Put into rhyme that your head and a ripe musk-melon would not be dear at half a *zwanziger*! Leave this fooling, and look out: the afternoon's over or nearly so.

*Third Pol.* Where in this passport of Signor Luigi does our Principal instruct you to watch him so narrowly? There? what's there beside a simple signature? (That English fool's busy watching.)

*Second Pol.* Flourish all round—'Put all possible obstacles in his way;' oblong dot at the end—'Detain him till further advices reach you;' scratch at bottom—'Send him back on pretence of some informality in the above;' ink-spirt on right-hand side, (which is the case here)—'Arrest him at once.' Why and wherefore, I don't concern myself, but my instructions amount to this: if Signor Luigi leaves home to-night for Vienna, well and good—the passport deposed with us for our *visa* is really for his own use, they have misinformed the Office, and he means well; but let him stay over to-night—there has been the pretence we suspect, the accounts of his corresponding and holding intelligence with the Carbonari are correct, we arrest him at once, to-morrow comes Venice, and presently, Spielberg. Bluphocks makes the signal, sure enough! That is he, entering the turret with his mother, no doubt.

### III.—*Evening. Inside the Turret. LUIGI and his Mother entering.*

*Mother.* If there blew wind, you'd hear a long sigh, easing  
The utmost heaviness of music's heart.

*Luigi.* Here in the archway?

*Mother.* Oh no, no—in farther,  
Where the echo is made, on the ridge.

*Luigi.* Here surely, then.  
How plain the tap of my heel as I leaped  
up!

Hark—'*Lucius Junius!*' The very  
ghost of a voice,

Whose body is caught and kept by . . .  
what are those?

Mere withered wallflowers, waving over-  
head?

They seem an elvish group with thin  
bleached hair  
Who lean out of their topmost fortress—  
looking  
And listening, mountain men, to what  
we say,  
Hands under chin of each grave earthy  
face :  
Up and show faces all of you !—‘ *All of  
you !* ’  
That ’s the king’s dwarf with the scarlet  
comb ; now hark—  
Come down and meet your fate ! Hark  
—‘ *Meet your fate !* ’

*Mother.* Let him not meet it, my  
Luigi—do not  
Go to his City ! putting crime aside,  
Half of these ills of Italy are feigned :  
Your Pellicos and writers for effect,  
Write for effect.

*Luigi.* Hush ! say A. writes, and B.  
*Mother.* These A.’s and B.’s write for  
effect, I say.  
Then, evil is in its nature loud, while  
good

Is silent ; you hear each petty injury,  
None of his daily virtues ; he is old,  
Quiet, and kind, and densely stupid.  
Why

Do A. and B. not kill him themselves ?

*Luigi.* They teach  
Others to kill him—me—and, if I fail,  
Others to succeed ; now, if A. tried and  
failed,

I could not teach that : mine’s the  
lesser task.

*Mother.* they visit night by night . . .

*Mother.* —You, Luigi ?  
Ah, will you let me tell you what you  
are ?

*Luigi.* Why not ? Oh, the one thing  
you fear to hint,  
You may assure yourself I say and say  
Ever to myself ; at times—nay, even  
as now

We sit, I think my mind is touched—  
suspect

All is not sound : but is not knowing that,  
What constitutes one sane or otherwise ?  
I know I am thus—so all is right again !  
I laugh at myself as through the town  
I walk,

And see men merry as if no Italy

Were suffering ; then I ponder—‘ I am  
rich,  
Young, healthy ; why should this fact  
trouble me,  
More than it troubles these ? ’ But it  
does trouble !  
No—trouble’s a bad word—for as I walk  
There’s springing and melody and  
giddiness,  
And old quaint turns and passages of  
my youth—  
Dreams long forgotten, little in them-  
selves—  
Return to me—whatever may amuse me,  
And earth seems in a truce with me, and  
heaven  
Accords with me, all things suspend  
their strife,  
The very cicale laugh ‘ There goes he,  
and there !  
Feast him, the time is short ; he is on  
his way  
For the world’s sake : feast him this  
once, our friend ! ’  
And in return for all this, I can trip  
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go  
This evening, mother !  
*Mother.* But mistrust yourself—  
Mistrust the judgment you pronounce  
on him.  
*Luigi.* Oh, there I feel—am sure that  
I am right !  
*Mother.* Mistrust your judgment,  
then, of the mere means  
Of this wild enterprise : say, you are  
right,—  
How should one in your state e’er bring  
to pass  
What would require a cool head, a cold  
heart,  
And a calm hand ? You never will  
escape.  
*Luigi.* Escape—to even wish that,  
would spoil all !  
The dying is best part of it. Too much  
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of  
mine,  
To leave myself excuse for longer life—  
Was not life pressed down, running o’er  
with joy,  
That I might finish with it ere my fellows  
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer  
stay ?



I was put at the board-head, helped  
to all

At first ; I rise up happy and content.  
God must be glad one loves His world  
so much !

I can give news of earth to all the dead  
Who ask me :—last year's sunsets, and  
great stars

That had a right to come first and see ebb  
The crimson wave that drifts the sun  
away—

Those crescent moons with notched and  
burning rims

That strengthened into sharp fire, and  
there stood,

Impatient of the azure—and that day  
In March, a double rainbow stopped the  
storm—

May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit  
summer nights—

Gone are they, but I have them in my  
soul !

*Mother.* (He will not go !)

*Luigi.* You smile at  
me ! 'Tis true,—

Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, ghastli-  
ness,

Environ my devotedness as quaintly  
As round about some antique altar  
wreath

The rose festoons, goats' horns, and  
oxen's skulls.

*Mother.* See now : you reach the  
city, you must cross

His threshold—how ?

*Luigi.* Oh, that 's if we conspired !  
Then would come pains in plenty, as you  
guess—

But guess not how the qualities most fit  
For such an office, qualities I have,  
Would little stead me otherwise em-  
ployed,

Yet prove of rarest merit here, here only.  
Every one knows for what his excellence  
Will serve, but no one ever will consider  
For what his worst defect might serve ;  
and yet

Have you not seen me range our coppice  
yonder

In search of a distorted ash ?—it  
happens

The wry spoilt branch 's a natural  
perfect bow !

Fancy the thrice-sage, thrice-precau-  
tioned man

Arriving at the palace on my errand !  
No, no ! I have a handsome dress  
packed up—

White satin here, to set off my black  
hair.

In I shall march—for you may watch  
your life out

Behind thick walls, make friends there  
to betray you ;

More than one man spoils everything.  
March straight—

Only, no clumsy knife to fumble for.  
Take the great gate, and walk (not  
saunter) on

Thro' guards and guards—I have  
rehearsed it all

Inside the Turret here a hundred times !  
Don't ask the way of whom you meet,  
observe !

But where they cluster thickliest is the  
door

Of doors ; they'll let you pass—they'll  
never blab

Each to the other, he knows not the  
favourite,

Whence he is bound and what 's his  
business now.

Walk in—straight up to him ; you have  
no knife :

Be prompt, how should he scream ?  
Then, out with you !

Italy, Italy, my Italy !

You're free, you're free ! Oh mother,  
I could dream

They got about me—Andrea from his  
exile,

Pier from his dungeon, Gualtier from  
his grave !

*Mother.* Well, you shall go. Yet  
seems this patriotism

The easiest virtue for a selfish man  
To acquire ! He loves himself—and

next, the world—

If he must love beyond,—but nought  
between :

As a short-sighted man sees nought mid-  
way

His body and the sun above. But you  
Are my adored Luigi—ever obedient  
To my least wish, and running o'er with  
love—



I could not call you cruel or unkind.  
Once more, your ground for killing him ?  
—then go !

*Luigi.* Now do you ask me, or make sport of me ?

How first the Austrians got these provinces . . .

(If that is all, I'll satisfy you soon)

—Never by conquest but by cunning, for

That treaty whereby . . .

*Mother.* Well ?

*Luigi.* (Sure he's arrived,  
The tell-tale cuckoo : spring's his confidant,

And he lets out her April purposes !)

Or . . . better go at once to modern times.

He has . . . they have . . . in fact, I understand

But can't restate the matter ; that's my boast :

Others could reason it out to you, and prove

Things they have made me feel.

*Mother.* Why go to-night ?

Morn's for adventure. Jupiter is now  
A morning-star. I cannot hear you,  
*Luigi* !

*Luigi.* 'I am the bright and morning-star,' God saith—

And, 'to such an one I give the morning-star !'

The gift of the morning-star—have I God's gift

Of the morning-star ?

*Mother.* Chiara will love to see

That Jupiter an evening-star next June.

*Luigi.* True, mother. Well for those who live through June !

Great noontides, thunder-storms, all glaring poms

Which triumph at the heels of the god June

Leading his revel through our leafy world.

Yes, Chiara will be here.

*Mother.* In June : remember,

Yourself appointed that month for her coming.

*Luigi.* Was that low noise the echo ?

*Mother.* The night-wind.

She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned

As if life were one long and sweet surprise :

In June she comes.

*Luigi.* We were to see together  
The Titian at Treviso—there, again !

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA, singing—

*A king lived long ago,*

*In the morning of the world,*

*When earth was nigher heaven than now :*

*And the king's locks curled*

*Disparting o'er a forehead full*

*As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn*

*Of some sacrificial bull—*

*Only calm as a babe new-born :*

*For he was got to a sleepy mood,*

*So safe from all decrepitude,*

*Age with its bane, so sure gone by,*

*(The Gods so loved him while he dreamed,)*

*That, having lived thus long, there seemed*

*No need the king should ever die.*

*Luigi.* No need that sort of king should ever die !

*Among the rocks his city was :*

*Before his palace, in the sun,*

*He sat to see his people pass,*

*And judge them every one*

*From its threshold of smooth stone.*

*They haled him many a valley-thief*

*Caught in the sheep-pens—robber-chief,*

*Sworthy and shameless—beggarcheat—*

*Spy-prowler—or rough pirate found  
On the sea-sand left aground ;*

*And sometimes clung about his feet,*

*With bleeding lip and burning cheek,*

*A woman, bitterest wrong to speak*

*Of one with sullen, thickset brows :*

*And sometimes from the prison-house*

*The angry priests a pale wretch brought,*

*Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,*

*On knees and elbows, belly and breast,  
Worm-like into the temple,—caught*

*At last there by the very God,  
Who ever in the darkness strode  
Backward and forward, keeping watch  
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to  
catch !*

*And these, all and every one,  
The king judged, sitting in the sun.*

*Luigi.* That king should still judge  
sitting in the sun !

*His councillors, on left and right,  
Looked anxious up,—but no surprise  
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,  
Where the very blue had turned to  
white.*

*'Tis said, a Python scared one day  
The breathless city, till he came,  
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,  
Where the old king sat to judge alway;  
But when he saw the sweepy hair,  
Girt with a crown of berries rare  
Which the God will hardly give to  
wear*

*To the maiden who singeth, dancing  
bare*

*In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch  
lights,*

*At his wondrous forest rites,—  
Beholding this, he did not dare  
Approach that threshold in the sun,  
Assault the old king smiling there.  
Such grace had kings when the  
world begun !* [PIPPA passes.

*Luigi.* And such grace have they,  
now that the world ends !

The Python in the city, on the throne,  
And brave men, God would crown for  
slaying him,

Lurkin bye-corners lest they fall his prey.  
Are crowns yet to be won, in this late  
time,

Which weakness makes me hesitate to  
reach ?

'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay ?  
Farewell !

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing  
from the Turret to the Bishop's  
brother's House, close to the Duomo  
S. Maria. Poor Girls sitting on the  
steps.*

*First Girl.* There goes a swallow to  
Venice—the stout seafarer !

Seeing those birds fly, makes one wish  
for wings.

Let us all wish ; you, wish first !

*Second Girl.* I ? This sunset  
To finish.

*Third Girl.* That old—somebody I  
know,

Greyer and older than my grandfather,  
To give me the same treat he gave last  
week—

Feeding me on his knee with fig-peckers,  
Lampreys, and red Breganze-wine, and  
mumbling

The while some folly about how well  
I fare,

To be let eat my supper quietly :  
Since had he not himself been late this  
morning

Detained at—never mind where,—had  
he not . . .

'Eh, baggage, had I not !'—

*Second Girl.* How she can lie !

*Third Girl.* Look there — by the  
nails !

*Second Girl.* What makes your fin-  
gers red ?

*Third Girl.* Dipping them into wine  
to write bad words with,

On the bright table : how he laughed !

*First Girl.* My turn.

Spring's come and summer's coming :  
I would wear

A long loose gown, down to the feet and  
hands,

With plaits here, close about the throat,  
all day :

And all night lie, the cool long nights, in  
bed—

And have new milk to drink—apples to  
eat,

Deuzans and junetings, leather-coats . . .  
ah, I should say,

This is away in the fields—miles !

*Third Girl.* Say at once

You'd be at home : she'd always be at  
home !

Now comes the story of the farm among  
The cherry orchards, and how April

snowed

White blossoms on her as she ran : why,  
fool,

They've rubbed out the chalk-mark of  
how tall you were,

Twisted your starling's neck, broken his cage,

Made a dunghill of your garden !

*First Girl.* They, destroy  
My garden since I left them ? well—  
perhaps !

I would have done so : so I hope they have !

A fig-tree curled out of our cottage wall ;  
They called it mine, I have forgotten why,

It must have been there long ere I was born :

*Cric—cric*—I think I hear the wasps o'erhead

Pricking the papers strung to flutter there

And keep off birds in fruit-time—coarse long papers,

And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through.

*Third Girl.* How her mouth twitches !  
Where was I ?—before

She broke in with her wishes and long gowns

And wasps—would I be such a fool !—  
Oh, here !

This is my way—I answer every one  
Who asks me why I make so much of him—

(If you say, you love him—straight  
' he'll not be gulled !')

' He that seduced me when I was a girl  
Thus high—had eyes like yours, or hair  
like yours,

Brown, red, white,'—as the case may  
be—that pleases !

See how that beetle burnishes in the path—

There sparkles he along the dust ! and,  
there—

Your journey to that maize-tuft's  
spoil at least !

*First Girl.* When I was young, they  
said if you killed one

Of those sunshiny beetles, that his friend

Up there, would shine no more that day  
nor next.

*Second Girl.* When you were young ?  
Nor are you young, that's true !

How your plump arms, that were, have  
dropped away !

Why, I can span them ! Cecco beats you  
still ?

No matter, so you keep your curious  
hair.

I wish they'd find a way to dye our  
hair

Your colour—any lighter tint, indeed,  
Than black : the men say they are sick  
of black,

Black eyes, black hair !  
*Fourth Girl.* Sick of yours, like  
enough !

Do you pretend you ever tasted lam-  
preys

And ortolans ? Giovita, of the palace,  
Engaged (but there's no trusting him)  
to slice me

Polenta with a knife that had cut up  
An ortolan.

*Second Girl.* Why, there ! is not that  
Pippa

We are to talk to, under the window,—  
quick,—

Where the lights are ?

*First Girl.* No—or she would sing ;  
For the Intendant said . . .

*Third Girl.* Oh, you sing first—  
Then, if she listens and comes close . . .

I'll tell you,  
Sing that song the young English noble  
made,

Who took you for the purest of the  
pure,

And meant to leave the world for you—  
what fun !

*Second Girl.* [*Sings.*]

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing :

June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,  
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfull now : some seed  
At least is sure to strike,

And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,  
Not love, but, may be, like !

You'll look at least on love's remains,  
A grave's one violet :

Your look?—that pays a thousand pains,  
What's death !—You'll love me yet !

*Third Girl.* [*To PIPPA who approaches.*]  
Oh, you may come closer—we shall not  
eat you ! Why, you seem the very

person that the great rich handsome  
Englishman has fallen so violently in  
love with ! I'll tell you all about it.

IV.—*Night. The Palace by the Duomo.*  
MONSIGNOR, dismissing his Attendants.

*Mon.* Thanks, friends, many thanks. I chiefly desire life now, that I may recompense every one of you. Most I know something of already. What, a repast prepared? *Benedicto benedicatur . . . ugh . . . ugh!* Where was I? Oh, as you were remarking, Ugo, the weather is mild, very unlike winter-weather,—but I am a Sicilian, you know, and shiver in your Julys here. To be sure, when 'twas full summer at Messina, as we priests used to cross in procession the great square on Assumption Day, you might see our thickest yellow tapers twist suddenly in two, each like a falling star, or sink down on themselves in a gore of wax. But go, my friends, but go! [*To the Intendant*] Not you, Ugo! [*The others leave the apartment*] I have long wanted to converse with you, Ugo!

*Inten.* Uguccio—

*Mon.* . . . 'guccio Stefani, man! of Ascoli, Fermo, and Fossombruno;—what I do need instructing about, are these accounts of your administration of my poor brother's affairs. Ugh! I shall never get through a third part of your accounts: take some of these dainties before we attempt it, however. Are you bashful to that degree? For me, a crust and water suffice.

*Inten.* Do you choose this especial night to question me?

*Mon.* This night, Ugo. You have managed my late brother's affairs since the death of our elder brother: fourteen years and a month, all but three days. On the 3rd of December, I find him . . .

*Inten.* If you have so intimate an acquaintance with your brother's affairs, you will be tender of turning so far back: they will hardly bear looking into, so far back.

*Mon.* Ay, ay, ugh, ugh,—nothing but disappointments here below! I remark a considerable payment made to yourself on this 3rd of December. Talk of disappointments! There was a young

fellow here, Jules, a foreign sculptor, I did my utmost to advance, that the Church might be a gainer by us both: he was going on hopefully enough, and of a sudden he notifies to me some marvellous change that has happened in his notions of Art; here's his letter,—‘He never had a clearly conceived Ideal within his brain till to-day. Yet since his hand could manage a chisel, he has practised expressing other men's Ideals; and, in the very perfection he has attained to, he foresees an ultimate failure: his unconscious hand will pursue its prescribed course of old years, and will reproduce with a fatal expertness the ancient types, let the novel one appear never so palpably to his spirit. There is but one method of escape—confiding the virgin type to as chaste a hand, he will turn painter instead of sculptor, and paint, not carve, its characteristics,’—strike out, I dare say, a school like Correggio: how think you, Ugo?

*Inten.* Is Correggio a painter?

*Mon.* Foolish Jules! and yet, after all, why foolish? He may—probably will, fail egregiously; but if there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way by a poet, now, or a musician, (spirits who have conceived and perfected an Ideal through some other channel) transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them; eh, Ugo? If you have no appetite, talk at least, Ugo!

*Inten.* Sir, I can submit no longer to this course of yours: first, you select the group of which I formed one,—next you thin it gradually,—always retaining me with your smile,—and so do you proceed till you have fairly got me alone with you between four stone walls. And now then? Let this farce, this chatter end now: what is it you want with me?

*Mon.* Ugo!

*Inten.* From the instant you arrived, I felt your smile on me as you questioned me about this and the other article in those papers—why your brother should have given me this villa, that *podere*,—and your nod at the end meant,—what?

*Mon.* Possibly that I wished for no

loud talk here: if once you set me coughing, Ugo!—

*Inten.* I have your brother's hand and seal to all I possess: now ask me what for! what service I did him—ask me!

*Mon.* I would better not—I should rip up old disgraces, let out my poor brother's weaknesses. By the way, Maffeo of Forli, (which, I forgot to observe, is your true name,) was the interdict ever taken off you, for robbing that church at Cesena?

*Inten.* No, nor needs be: for when I murdered your brother's friend, Pasquale, for him...

*Mon.* Ah, he employed you in that business, did he? Well, I must let you keep, as you say, this villa and that *podere*, for fear the world should find out my relations were of so indifferent a stamp? Maffeo, my family is the oldest in Messina, and century after century have my progenitors gone on polluting themselves with every wickedness under Heaven: my own father... rest his soul!—I have, I know, a chapel to support that it may rest: my dear two dead brothers were,—what you know tolerably well; I, the youngest, might have rivalled them in vice, if not in wealth, but from my boyhood I came out from among them, and so am not partaker of their plagues. My glory springs from another source; or if from this, by contrast only,—for I, the bishop, am the brother of your employers, Ugo. I hope to repair some of their wrong, however; so far as my brother's ill-gotten treasure reverts to me, I can stop the consequences of his crime; and not one *soldo* shall escape me. Maffeo, the sword we quiet men spurn away, you shrewd knaves pick up and commit murders with; what opportunities the virtuous forego, the villanous seize. Because, to pleasure myself, apart from other considerations, my food would be millet-cake, my dress sackcloth, and my couch straw,—am I therefore to let you, the off-scouring of the earth, seduce the poor and ignorant, by appropriating a pomp these will be sure to

think lessens the abominations so unaccountably and exclusively associated with it? Must I let villas and *poderi* go to you, a murderer and thief, that you may beget by means of them other murderers and thieves? No—if my cough would but allow me to speak!

*Inten.* What am I to expect? you are going to punish me?

*Mon.*—Must punish you, Maffeo. I cannot afford to cast away a chance. I have whole centuries of sin to redeem, and only a month or two of life to do it in! How should I dare to say...

*Inten.* 'Forgive us our trespasses'?

*Mon.* My friend, it is because I avow myself a very worm, sinful beyond measure, that I reject a line of conduct you would applaud, perhaps. Shall I proceed, as it were, a-pardoning?—I?—who have no symptom of reason to assume that aught less than my strenuousest efforts will keep myself out of mortal sin, much less, keep others out. No: I do trespass, but will not double that by allowing you to trespass.

*Inten.* And suppose the villas are not your brother's to give, nor yours to take? Oh, you are hasty enough just now!

*Mon.* 1, 2—No. 3!—ay, can you read the substance of a letter, No. 3, I have received from Rome? It is precisely on the ground there mentioned, of the suspicion I have that a certain child of my late elder brother, who would have succeeded to his estates, was murdered in infancy by you, Maffeo, at the instigation of my late brother—that the Pontiff enjoins on me not merely the bringing that Maffeo to condign punishment, but the taking all pains, as guardian of that infant's heritage for the Church, to recover it parcel by parcel, howsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever. While you are now gnawing those fingers, the police are engaged in sealing up your papers, Maffeo, and the mere raising my voice brings my people from the next room to dispose of yourself. But I want you to confess quietly, and save me raising my voice. Why, man, do I not know the old story?



The heir between the succeeding heir, and that heir's ruffianly instrument, and their complot's effect, and the life of fear and bribes, and ominous smiling silence? Did you throttle or stab my brother's infant? Come, now!

*Inten.* So old a story, and tell it no better? When did such an instrument ever produce such an effect? Either the child smiles in his face, or, most likely, he is not fool enough to put himself in the employer's power so thoroughly: the child is always ready to produce—as you say—howsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever.

*Mon.* Liar!

*Inten.* Strike me? Ah, so might a father chastise! I shall sleep soundly to-night at least, though the gallows await me to-morrow; for what a life did I lead! Carlo of Cesena reminds me of his connivance, every time I pay his annuity; which happens commonly thrice a year. If I remonstrate, he will confess all to the good bishop—you!

*Mon.* I see through the trick, caittiff! I would you spoke truth for once. All shall be sifted, however—seven times sifted.

*Inten.* And how my absurd riches encumbered me! I dared not lay claim to above half my possessions. Let me but once unbosom myself, glorify Heaven, and die!

Sir, you are no brutal, dastardly idiot like your brother I frightened to death: let us understand one another. Sir, I will make away with her for you—the girl—here close at hand; not the stupid obvious kind of killing; do not speak—know nothing of her or me! I see her every day—saw her this morning: of course there is to be no killing; but at Rome the courtesans perish off every three years, and I can entice her thither—have, indeed, begun operations already. There's a certain lusty, blue-eyed, florid-complexioned English knave, I and the Police employ occasionally. You assent, I perceive—no, that's not it—assent I do not say—but you will let me convert my present havings and holdings into cash, and

give me time to cross the Alps? 'Tis but a little black-eyed, pretty singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl. I have kept her out of harm's way up to this present; for I always intended to make your life a plague to you with her! 'Tis as well settled once and for ever: some women I have procured will pass Bluphocks, my handsome scoundrel, off for somebody; and once Pippa entangled!—you conceive? Through her singing? Is it a bargain?

*[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA, singing—*

*Overhead the tree-tops meet,  
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;*

*There was nought above me, and nought below,*

*My childhood had not learned to know:  
For, what are the voices of birds  
—Ay, and of beasts,—but words—our words.*

*Only so much more sweet?  
The knowledge of that with my life begun!  
But I had so near made out the sun,  
And counted your stars, the Seven and One,*

*Like the fingers of my hand:  
Nay, I could all but understand  
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;*

*And just when out of her soft fifty changes  
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—  
Suddenly God took me!*

*[PIPPA passes.*

*Mon.* *[Springing up.]* My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares... I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* quick, I say!

*PIPPA'S Chamber again. She enters it.*  
*The bee with his comb,  
The mouse at her dray,  
The grub in its tomb,  
Wile winter away;  
But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and  
lob-worm, I pray,  
How fare they?*



Ha, ha, best thanks for your counsel, my Zanze—  
 'Feast upon lampreys, quaff the Breganze'—  
 The summer of life's so easy to spend,  
 And care for to-morrow so soon put away!  
 But winter hastens at summer's end,  
 And fire-fly, hedge-shrew, lob-worm,  
 pray,  
 How fare they?  
 No bidding me then to . . . what did she say?  
 'Pare your nails pearlwise, get your small feet shoes  
 More like . . . (what said she?)—and less like canoes'—  
 How pert that girl was!—would I be those pert  
 Impudent staring women! it had done me,  
 However, surely no such mighty hurt  
 To learn his name who passed that jest upon me:  
 No foreigner, that I can recollect,  
 Came, as she says, a month since, to to inspect  
 Our silk-mills—none with blue eyes and thick rings  
 Of English-coloured hair, at all events.  
 Well, if old Luca keeps his good intents,  
 We shall do better: see what next year brings!  
 I may buy shoes, my Zanze, not appear  
 More destitute than you, perhaps, next year!  
 Bluph. . . something! I had caught the uncouth name  
 But for Monsignor's people's sudden clatter  
 Above us—bound to spoil such idle chatter  
 As ours; it were, indeed, a serious matter  
 If silly talk like ours should put to shame  
 The pious man, the man devoid of blame,  
 The . . . ah, but—ah, but, all the same,  
 No mere mortal has a right  
 To carry that exalted air;  
 Best people are not angels quite:  
 While—not the worst of people's doings scare  
 The devil; so there's that proud look to spare!

Which is mere counsel to myself, mind!  
 for  
 I have just been the holy Monsignor!  
 And I was you too, Luigi's gentle mother,  
 And you too, Luigi!—how that Luigi started  
 Out of the Turret—doubtlessly departed  
 On some good errand or another,  
 For he pass'd just now in a traveller's trim,  
 And the sullen company that prowled  
 About his path, I noticed, scowled  
 As if they had lost a prey in him.  
 And I was Jules the sculptor's bride,  
 And I was Ottima beside,  
 And now what am I?—tired of fooling!  
 Day for folly, night for schooling!  
 New year's day is over and spent,  
 Ill or well, I must be content!  
 Even my lily's asleep, I vow:  
 Wake up—here's a friend I've plucked you!  
 See—call this flower a heart's-ease now!  
 And something rare, let me instruct you,  
 Is this—with petals triply swollen,  
 Three times spotted, thrice the pollen,  
 While the leaves and parts that witness,  
 The old proportions and their fitness,  
 Here remain, unchanged, unmoved  
 now—  
 So, call this pampered thing improved  
 now!  
 Suppose there's a king of the flowers  
 And a girl-show held in his bowers—  
 'Look ye, buds, this growth of ours,'  
 Says he, 'Zanze from the Brenta,  
 I have made her gorge polenta  
 Till both cheeks are near as bouncing  
 As her . . . name there's no pronouncing!  
 See this heightened colour too—  
 For she swilled Breganze wine  
 Till her nose turned deep carmine—  
 'Twas but white when wild she grew!  
 And only by this Zanze's eyes  
 Of which we could not change the size,  
 The magnitude of what's achieved  
 Otherwise, may be perceived!'  
 Oh what a drear, dark close to my poor day!  
 How could that red sun drop in that black cloud!  
 Ah, Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,

Dispensed with, never more to be allowed !

Day's turn is over : now arrives the night's.

Oh, Lark, be day's apostle  
To mavis, merle and throstle,  
Bid them their betters jostle  
From day and its delights !  
But at night, brother Howlet, far over  
the woods,

Toll the world to thy chantry ;  
Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods  
Full complines with gallantry :  
Then, owls and bats, cowls and twats,  
Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,  
Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry !

[*After she has begun to undress herself.*  
Now, one thing I should like to really  
know :

How near I ever might approach all  
these

I only fancied being, this long day !

—Approach, I mean, so as to touch  
them, so

As to . . . in some way . . . move them—  
if you please,

Do good or evil to them some slight  
way.

For instance, if I wind  
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind  
[*Sitting on the bedside.*

And broider Ottima's cloak's hem.

Ah, me and my important part with  
them,

This morning's hymn half promised when  
I rose !

True in some sense or other, I suppose,  
Though I passed by them all, and felt  
no sign.

[*As she lies down.*

God bless me ! I can pray no more to-  
night.

No doubt, some way or other, hymns  
say right.

*All service is the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we : there is no last nor first.*

[*She sleeps.*

## KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

### A TRAGEDY

So far as I know, this Tragedy is the first artistical consequence of what Voltaire termed 'a terrible event without consequences ;' and although it professes to be historical, I have taken more pains to arrive at the history than most readers would thank me for particularizing : since acquainted, as I will hope them to be, with the chief circumstances of Victor's remarkable European career—nor quite ignorant of the sad and surprising facts I am about to reproduce (tolerable accounts of which are to be found, for instance, in Abbé Roman's *Récit*, or even the fifth of Lord Orrery's *Letters from Italy*)—I cannot expect them to be versed, nor desirous of becoming so, in all the details of the memoirs, correspondence, and relations of the time. From these only may be obtained a knowledge of the fiery and audacious temper, unscrupulous selfishness, profound dissimulation, and singular fertility in resources, of Victor—the extreme and painful sensibility, prolonged immaturity of powers, earnest good purpose and vacillating will, of Charles—the noble and right woman's-manliness of his wife—and the ill-considered rascality and subsequent better-advised rectitude of D'Ormea. When I say, therefore, that I cannot but believe my statement (combining as it does what appears correct in Voltaire and plausible in Condorcet) more true to person and thing than any it has hitherto been my fortune to meet with, no doubt my word will be taken, and my evidence spared as readily.—*R. B.*

LONDON, 1842.

## KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES

PERSONS.

VICTOR AMADEUS, First King of Sardinia.

CHARLES EMMANUEL, his Son, Prince of Piedmont.

POLYXENA, Wife of Charles.

D'ORMEA, Minister.

SCENE.—The Council Chamber of Rivoli Palace, near Turin, communicating with a Hall at the back, an Apartment to the left and another to the right of the stage.

TIME, 1730-1.

FIRST YEAR 1730.—KING VICTOR

PART I

CHARLES, POLYXENA.

*Cha.* You think so ? Well, I do not.*Pol.* My Beloved,

All must clear up ; we shall be happy yet :

This cannot last for ever—oh, may change

To-day, or any day !

*Cha.* —May change ? Ah yes—

May change !

*Pol.* Endure it, then.*Cha.* No doubt, a life

Like this drags on, now better and now worse.

My father may . . . may take to loving me ;

And he may take D'Ormea closer yet

To counsel him ;—may even cast off her

—That bad Sebastian ; but he also may

. . . Or, no, Polyxena, my only friend,

He may not force you from me ?

*Pol.* Now, force me

From you !—me, close by you as if there gloomed

No D'Ormeas, no Sebastians on our path—

At Rivoli or Turin, still at hand,

Arch-counsellor, prime confidant . . . force me !

*Cha.* Because I felt as sure, as I feel sure

We clasp hands now, of being happy once.

Young was I, quite neglected, nor concerned

By the world's business that engrossed so much

My father and my brother : if I peered From out my privacy,—amid the crash And blaze of nations, domineered those two.

'Twas war, peace—France our foe, now —England, friend—

In love with Spain—at feud with Austria ! Well—

I wondered, laughed a moment's laugh for pride

In the chivalrous couple, then let drop

My curtain—' I am out of it,' I said—

When . . .

*Pol.* You have told me, Charles.*Cha.* Polyxena—

When suddenly,—a warm March day, just that !

Just so much sunshine as the cottager's child

Basks in delighted, while the cottager

Takes off his bonnet, as he ceases work,

To catch the more of it—and it must fall

Heavily on my brother . . . had you seen Philip—the lion-featured ! not like me !

*Pol.* I know—*Cha.* And Philip's mouth yet fast to mine,

His dead cheek on my cheek, his arm still round

My neck,—they bade me rise, ' for I was heir

To the Duke,' they said, ' the right hand of the Duke ; '

Till then he was my father, not the Duke!  
So . . . let me finish . . . the whole intricate  
World's-business their dead boy was  
born to, I

Must conquer,—ay, the brilliant thing  
he was,

I, of a sudden, must be: my faults, my  
follies,

—All bitter truths were told me, all at  
once,

To end the sooner. What I simply  
styled

Their overlooking me, had been con-  
tempt:

How should the Duke employ himself,  
forsooth,

With such an one, while lordly Philip  
rode

By him their Turin through? But he  
was punished,

And must put up with—me! 'Twas sad  
enough

To learn my future portion and submit.  
And then the wear and worry, blame on

blame!

—For, spring-sounds in my ears, spring-  
smells about,

How could I but grow dizzy in their  
pent

Dim palace-rooms at first? My mother's  
look

As they discussed my insignificance—  
She and my father, and I sitting by,—

I bore; I knew how brave a son they  
missed:

Philip had gaily passed state-papers o'er,  
While Charles was spelling at them pain-  
fully!

But Victor was my father spite of that.  
'Duke Victor's entire life has been,' I

said,

'Innumerable efforts to one end;

And, on the point now of that end's  
success,

Our Ducal turning to a Kingly crown,  
Where's time to be reminded 'tis his  
child

He spurns?' And so I suffered—yet  
scarce suffered,

Since I had you at length!

*Pol.* —To serve in place

Of monarch, minister and mistress,  
Charles!

*Cha.* But, once that crown obtained,  
then was't not like

Our lot would alter? 'When he rests,  
takes breath,

Glances around, and sees who's left to  
love—

Now that my mother's dead, sees I am  
left—

Is it not like he'll love me at the last?'  
Well, Savoy turns Sardinia; the Duke's

King:

Could I—precisely then—could you  
expect

His harshness to redouble? These few  
months

Have been . . . have been . . . Polyxena,  
do you

And God conduct me, or I lose myself!

What would he have? What is't they  
want with me?

Him with this mistress and this minister,  
—You see me and you hear him; judge

us both!

Pronounce what I should do, Polyxena!

*Pol.* Endure, endure, Beloved! Say  
you not

That he's your Father? All's so inci-  
dent

To novel sway! Beside, our life must  
change:

Or you'll acquire his kingcraft, or he'll  
find

Harshness a sorry way of teaching it.

I bear this—not that there's so much  
to bear.

*Cha.* You bear it? don't I know that  
you, tho' bound

To silence for my sake, are perishing

Piecemeal beside me? and how other-  
wise?

—When every creephole from the  
hideous Court

Is stopt; the Minister to dog me, here—  
The Mistress posted to entrap you,

there!

And thus shall we grow old in such a  
life—

Not careless,—never estranged,—but  
old: to alter

Our life, there is so much to alter!

*Pol.* Come—

Is it agreed that we forego complaints  
Even at Turin, yet complain we here

At Rivoli ? 'Twere wiser you announced  
Our presence to the King. What's now  
afoot,

I wonder ?—Not that any more's to  
dread

Than every day's embarrassment—but  
guess,

For me, why train so fast succeeded  
train

On the high-road, each gayer still than  
each ;

I noticed your Archbishop's pursuivant,  
The sable cloak and silver cross ; such  
pomp

Bodes . . . what now, Charles ? Can you  
conceive ?

*Cha.* Not I.

*Pol.* A matter of some moment—

*Cha.* There's our life !

Which of the group of loiterers that  
stared

From the lime-avenue, divines that I—

About to figure presently, he thinks,

In face of all assembled—am the one

Who knows precisely least about it ?

*Pol.* Tush !

D'Ormea's contrivance !

*Cha.* Ay—how otherwise

Should the young Prince serve for the  
old King's foil ?

—So that the simplest courtier may  
remark,

'Twere idle raising parties for a Prince  
Content to linger D'Ormea's laughing-  
stock !

Something, 'tis like, about that weary  
business :

*[Pointing to papers he has laid  
down, and which POLYXENA  
examines.]*

—Not that I comprehend three words,  
of course,

After all last night's study.

*Pol.* The faint heart !

Why, as we rode and you rehearsed just  
now

Its substance . . . (that's the folded  
speech I mean,

Concerning the Reduction of the Fiefs)

—What would you have ?—I fancied  
while you spoke,

Some tones were just your father's.

*Cha.* Flattery !

*Pol.* I fancied so :—and here lurks,  
sure enough,

My note upon the Spanish Claims !  
You've mastered

The fief-speech thoroughly : this other,  
mind,

Is an opinion you deliver,—stay,

Best read it slowly over once to me ;

Read—there's bare time ; you read it  
firmly—loud

—Rather loud—looking in his face,—  
don't sink

Your eye once—ay, thus ! ' If Spain  
claims . . . ' begin

—Just as you look at me !

*Cha.* At you ! Oh, truly,

You have I seen, say, marshalling your  
troops—

Dismissing councils—or, through doors  
ajar,

Head sunk on hand, devoured by slow  
chagrins

—Then radiant, for a crown had all at  
once

Seemed possible again ! I can behold

Him, whose least whisper ties my spirit  
fast,

In this sweet brow, nought could divert  
me from,

Save objects like Sebastian's shameless  
lip,

Or, worse, the clipt grey hair and dead  
white face,

And dwindling eye as if it ached with  
guile,

D'Ormea wears . . .

*[As he kisses her, enter from the  
KING'S apartment D'ORMEA.]*

I said he would divert

My kisses from your brow !

*D'O. [Aside.]* Here ! So, King Victor  
Spoke truth for once ; and who's or-

dained, but I,

To make that memorable ? Both in  
call,

As he declared ! Were't better gnash  
the teeth,

Or laugh outright now ?

*Cha. [to POL.]* What's his visit for ?

*D'O. [Aside.]* I question if they even  
speak to me.

*Pol. [to CHA.]* Face the man ! he'll  
suppose you fear him, else.



[*Aloud.*] The Marquis bears the King's command, no doubt.

D'O. [*Aside.*] Precisely!—If I threatened him, perhaps?

Well, this at least is punishment enough! Men used to promise punishment would come.

Cha. Deliver the King's message, Marquis!

D'O. [*Aside.*] Ah—

So anxious for his fate? [*Aloud.*] A word, my Prince,

Before you see your father—just one word

Of counsel!

Cha. Oh, your counsel certainly—Polyxena, the Marquis counsels us!

Well, sir? Be brief, however!

D'O. What? you know As much as I?—preceded me, most like, In knowledge! So! ('Tis in his eye, beside—

His voice: he knows it, and his heart's on flame

Already!) You surmise why you, myself,

Del Borgo, Spava, fifty nobles more, Are summoned thus?

Cha. Is the Prince used to know, At any time, the pleasure of the King, Before his minister?—Polyxena, Stay here till I conclude my task: I feel Your presence—(smile not)—through the walls, and take Fresh heart. The King's within that chamber?

D'O. [*Passing the table whereon a paper lies, exclaims, as he glances at it, 'Spain!'*]

Pol. [*Aside to CHA.*] Tarry awhile: what ails the minister?

D'O. Madam, I do not often trouble you.

The Prince loathes, and you loathe me—let that pass!

But since it touches him and you, not me,

Bid the Prince listen!

Pol. [*to CHA.*] Surely you will listen!—Deceit?—Those fingers crumpling up his vest?

Cha. Deceitful to the very fingers' ends!

D'O. [*who has approached them, overlooks the other paper CHARLES continues to hold.*]

My project for the Fiefs! As I supposed!

Sir, I must give you light upon those measures

—For this is mine, and that I spied of Spain,

Mine too!

Cha. Release me! Do you gloze on me

Who bear in the world's face (that is, the world

You've made for me at Turin) your contempt?

—Your measures?—When was any hateful task

Not D'Ormea's imposition? Leave my robe!

What post can I bestow, what grant concede?

Or do you take me for the King?

D'O. Not I!

Not yet for King,—not for, as yet, thank God,

One, who in . . . shall I say a year—a month?

Ay!—shall be wretcheder than e'er was slave

In his Sardinia,—Europe's spectacle, And the world's bye-word! What?

The Prince aggrieved That I excluded him our counsels?

Here

[*Touching the paper in CHARLES's hand.*]

Accept a method of extorting gold

From Savoy's nobles, who must wring its worth

In silver first from tillers of the soil, Whose hinds again have to contribute brass

To make up the amount—there's counsel, sir!

My counsel, one year old; and the fruit, this—

Savoy's become a mass of misery And wrath, which one man has to meet

—the King:

You're not the King! Another counsel, sir!

Spain entertains a project (here it lies)



Which, guessed, makes Austria offer  
that same King

Thus much to baffle Spain; he promises;  
Then comes Spain, breathless lest she be  
forestalled,

Her offer follows; and he promises . . .

*Cha.*—Promises, sir, when he before  
agreed

To Austria's offer?

*D'O.* That's a counsel, Prince!  
But past our foresight, Spain and Austria  
(choosing

To make their quarrel up between them-  
selves

Without the intervention of a friend)  
Produce both treaties, and both  
promises . . .

*Cha.* How?

*D'O.* Prince, a counsel!—And  
the fruit of that?

Both parties covenant afresh, to fall  
Together on their friend, blot out his  
name,

Abolish him from Europe. So, take  
note,

Here's Austria, and here's Spain to  
fight against,

And what sustains the King but Savoy  
here,

A miserable people mad with wrongs?  
You're not the King!

*Cha.* Polyxena, you said  
All would clear up: all does clear up to  
me!

*D'O.* Clears up? 'Tis no such thing  
to envy, then?

You see the King's state in its length  
and breadth?

You blame me, now, for keeping you  
aloof

From counsels and the fruit of counsels?  
—Wait

Till I explain this morning's business!

*Cha.* [*Aside.*] No—  
Stoop to my father, yes,—D'Ormea, no;  
—The King's son, not to the King's  
counsellor!

I will do something,—but at least retain  
The credit of my deed! [*Aloud.*] Then,  
it is this

You now expressly come to tell me?

*D'O.* This  
To tell! You apprehend me?

*Cha.*

Perfectly.

Further, D'Ormea, you have shown  
yourself,

For the first time these many weeks and  
months,

Disposed to do my bidding?

*D'O.* From the heart!

*Cha.* Acquaint my father, first, I wait  
his pleasure:

Next . . . or, I'll tell you at a fitter time.

Acquaint the King!

*D'O.* [*Aside.*] If I 'scape Victor yet!

First, to prevent this stroke at me—if  
not,—

Then, to avenge it! [*To CHA.*] Gracious  
sir, I go. [*Goes.*]

*Cha.* God, I forebore! Which more  
offends—that man

Or that man's master? Is it come to  
this?

Have they supposed (the sharpest  
insult yet)

I needed e'en his intervention? No!

No—dull am I, conceded,—but so dull,

Scarcely! Their step decides me.

*Pol.* How decides?

*Cha.* You would be free from  
D'Ormea's eye and hers?

—Could fly the court with me and live  
content?

So—this it is for which the knights  
assemble!

The whispers and the closeting of late,

The savageness and insolence of old,

—For this!

*Pol.* What mean you?

*Cha.* How? you fail to catch

Their clever plot? I missed it—but  
could you?

These last two months of care to incul-  
cate

How dull I am,—D'Ormea's present visit  
To prove that, being dull, I might be  
worse

Were I a king—as wretched as now  
dull—

You recognize in it no winding up

Of a long plot?

*Pol.* Why should there be a plot?

*Cha.* The crown's secure now; I  
should shame the crown—

An old complaint; the point is, how to  
gain

My place for one more fit in Victor's eyes,  
His mistress', the Sebastian's child.

*Pol.* In truth ?

*Cha.* They dare not quite dethrone  
Sardinia's Prince :

But they may descant on my dulness till  
They sting me into even praying them  
For leave to hide my head, resign my  
state,

And end the coil. Not see now ? In  
a word,

They'd have me tender them myself my  
rights

As one incapable :—some cause for that,  
Since I delayed thus long to see their  
drift !

I shall apprise the King he may resume  
My rights this moment.

*Pol.* Pause ! I dare not think  
So ill of Victor.

*Cha.* Think no ill of him !

*Pol.*—Nor think him, then, so shallow  
as to suffer

His purpose be divined thus easily.  
And yet—you are the last of a great  
line ;

There's a great heritage at stake ; new  
days

Seemed to await this newest of the  
realms

Of Europe :—Charles, you must with-  
stand this !

*Cha.* Ah—  
You dare not then renounce the splendid  
court

For one whom all the world despises ?  
Speak !

*Pol.* My gentle husband, speak I will,  
and truth.

Were this as you believe, and I once sure  
Your duty lay in so renouncing rule,  
I could . . . could ? Oh, what happiness  
it were—

To live, my Charles, and die, alone with  
you !

*Cha.* I grieve I asked you. To the  
presence, then !

By this, D'Ormea acquaints the King,  
no doubt,

He fears I am too simple for mere hints,  
And that no less will serve than Victor's  
mouth

Teaching me in full council what I am.

—I have not breathed, I think, these  
many years !

*Pol.* Why—it may be !—if he desire  
to wed

That woman and legitimate her child—

*Cha.* You see as much ? Oh, let his  
will have way !

You'll not repent confiding in me, Love ?  
There's many a brighter spot in Pied-  
mont, far,

Than Rivoli. I'll seek him—or, sup-  
pose

You hear first how I mean to speak my  
mind ?

—Loudly and firmly both, this time  
be sure !

I yet may see your Rhine-land—who  
can tell ?

Once away, ever then away ! I breathe.

*Pol.* And I too breathe !

*Cha.* Come, my Polyxena !

## KING VICTOR : PART II

*Enter KING VICTOR, bearing the regalia  
on a cushion, from his apartment.  
He calls loudly.*

D'Ormea !—for patience fails me, tread-  
ing thus

Among the trains that I have laid,—my  
knights,

Safe in the hall here—in that anteroom,  
My son,—D'Ormea, where ? Of this,  
one touch—

[*Laying down the crown.*

This fireball to these mute, black, cold  
trains—then !

Outbreak enough !

[*Contemplating it.*] To lose all, after all !  
This—glancing o'er my house for ages—  
shaped,

Brave meteor, like the crown of Cyprus  
now—

Jerusalem, Spain, England—every  
change

The braver,—and when I have clutched  
a prize

My ancestry died wan with watching  
for,

To lose it !—by a slip—a fault—a trick  
Learnt to advantage once, and not un-  
learnt

When past the use,—‘just this once more’ (I thought)

‘Use it with Spain and Austria happily,  
And then away with trick!’ An oversight

I’d have repaired thrice over, any time  
These fifty years, must happen now!  
There’s peace

At length; and I, to make the most of  
peace,

Ventured my project on our people here,  
As needing not their help—which  
Europe knows,

And means, cold-blooded, to dispose  
herself

(Apart from plausibilities of war)  
To crush the new-made King—who  
ne’er till now

Feared her. As Duke, I lost each foot  
of earth

And laughed at her: my name was left,  
my sword

Left, all was left! But she can take, she  
knows,

This crown, herself conceded . . .

That’s to try,  
Kind Europe! My career’s not closed  
as yet!

This boy was ever subject to my will—  
Timid and tame—the fitter! D’Ormea,  
too—

What if the sovereign’s also rid of thee  
His prime of parasites?—Yet I delay!  
D’Ormea! [*As D’ORMEA enters, the*

*King seats himself.*

My son, the Prince—attends he?  
D’O. Sire,

He does attend. The crown prepared!  
—it seems

That you persist in your resolve.

Vic. Who’s come?  
The chancellor and the chamberlain?  
My knights?

D’O. The whole Annunziata.—If, my  
liege,

Your fortunes had not tottered worse  
than now . . .

Vic. Del Borgo has drawn up the  
schedules? mine—

My son’s, too? Excellent! Only,  
beware

Of the least blunder, or we look but  
fools.

First, you read the Annulment of the  
Oaths;

Del Borgo follows . . . no, the Prince  
shall sign;

Then let Del Borgo read the Instru-  
ment;

On which, I enter.

D’O. Sire, this may be truth;  
You, sire, may do as you affect—may  
break

Your engine, me, to pieces: try at least  
If not a spring remains worth saving!  
Take

My counsel as I’ve counselled many  
times!

What if the Spaniard and the Austrian  
threat?

There’s England, Holland, Venice—  
which ally

Select you?

Vic. Aha! Come, D’Ormea,—‘truth’  
Was on your lip a minute since. Allies?  
I’ve broken faith with Venice, Holland,  
England.

—As who knows if not you?

D’O. But why with me  
Break faith—with one ally, your best,  
break faith?

Vic. When first I stumbled on you,  
Marquis—’twas

At Mondovi—a little lawyer’s-clerk . . .

D’O. Therefore your soul’s ally!—  
who brought you through

Your quarrel with the Pope, at pains  
enough—

Who simply echoed you in these affairs—  
On whom you cannot, therefore, visit  
these

Affairs’ ill fortune—whom you’ll trust  
to guide

You safe (yes, on my soul) in these  
affairs!

Vic. I was about to notice, had you  
not

Prevented me, that since that great  
town kept

With its chicane D’Ormea’s satchel  
stuffed,

And D’Ormea’s self sufficiently recluse,  
He missed a sight,—my naval arma-  
ment

When I burnt Toulon. How the skiff  
exults

Upon the galliot's wave!—rises its height,  
O'ertops it even; but the great wave bursts—

And hell-deep in the horrible profound  
Buries itself the galliot:—shall the skiff  
Think to escape the sea's black trough  
in turn?

Apply this: you have been my minister  
—Next me—above me, possibly;—sad  
post,

Huge care, abundant lack of peace of  
mind;

Who would desiderate the eminence?  
You gave your soul to get it—you'd  
yet give

Your soul to keep it, as I mean you shall,  
D'Ormea! What if the wave ebbed  
with me?

Whereas it cants you to another crest—  
I toss you to my son; ride out your ride!  
D'O. Ah, you so much despise me  
then?

Vic. You, D'Ormea?  
Nowise: and I'll inform you why.  
A king

Must in his time have many ministers,  
And I've been rash enough to part with  
mine

When I thought proper. Of the tribe,  
not one

(... Or wait, did Pianezze?... ah, just  
the same!)

Not one of them, ere his remonstrance  
reached

The length of yours, but has assured me  
(commonly,

Standing much as you stand,—or nearer,  
say,

The door to make his exit on his speech)  
—I should repent of what I did:

D'Ormea,  
Be candid—you approached it when I  
bade you

Prepare the schedules! But you stopped  
in time

—You have not so assured me: how  
should I

Despise you, then?

*Enter CHARLES.*

Vic. [*changing his tone.*] Are you  
instructed? Do

My order, point by point! About it, sir!  
D'O. You so despise me! [*Aside.*] One  
last stay remains—

The boy's discretion there.

[*To CHARLES.*] For your sake, Prince,  
I pleaded—wholly in your interest—

To save you from this fate!

Cha. [*Aside.*] Must I be told  
The Prince was supplicated for—by  
him?

Vic. [*to D'O.*] Apprise Del Borgo,  
Spava, and the rest,  
Our son attends them; then return.

D'O. One word!

Cha. [*Aside.*] A moment's pause and  
they would drive me hence,

I do believe!

D'O. [*Aside.*] Let but the boy be firm!

Vic. You disobey?

Cha. [*to D'O.*] You do not disobey  
Me, at least? Did you promise that or  
no?

D'O. Sir, I am yours—what would  
you? Yours am I!

Cha. When I have said what I shall  
say, 'tis like

Your face will ne'er again disgust me.  
Go!

Through you, as through a breast of  
glass, I see.

And for your conduct, from my youth  
till now,

Take my contempt! You might have  
spared me much,

Secured me somewhat, nor so harmed  
yourself—

That's over now. Go—ne'er to come  
again!

D'O. As son, the father—father as,  
the son!

My wits! My wits! [*Goes.*]

Vic. [*Seated.*] And you, what meant  
you, pray,

By speaking thus to D'Ormea?

Cha. Let us not  
Weary ourselves with D'Ormea! Those  
few words

Have half unsettled what I came to say.  
His presence vexes to my very soul.

Vic. One called to manage kingdoms,  
Charles, needs heart

To bear up under worse annoyances  
Than D'Ormea seems—to me, at least.

*Cha.* [*Aside.*] Ah, good !  
He keeps me to the point ! Then be it so.  
[*Aloud.*] Last night, sire, brought me  
certain papers—these—

To be reported on,—your way of late.  
Is it last night's result that you demand ?

*Vic.* For God's sake, what has night  
brought forth ? Pronounce  
The . . . what's your word ?—result !

*Cha.* Sire, that had proved  
Quite worthy of your sneer, no doubt :—  
a few

Lame thoughts, regard for you alone  
could wring,

Lame as they are, from brains, like  
mine, believe !

As 'tis, sire, I am spared both toil and  
sneer.

These are the papers.

*Vic.* Well, sir ? I suppose  
You hardly burned them. Now for  
your result !

*Cha.* I never should have done great  
things of course,

But . . . oh, my father, had you loved  
me more !

*Vic.* Loved you ? [*Aside.*] Has  
D'Ormea played me false, I  
wonder ?

[*Aloud.*] Why, Charles, a king's love is  
diffused—yourself

May overlook, perchance, your part in  
it.

Our monarchy is absolutest now  
In Europe, or my trouble's thrown away.  
I love, my mode, that subjects each and  
all

May have the power of loving, all and  
each,

Their mode : I doubt not, many have  
their sons

To trifle with, talk soft to, all day long :  
I have that crown, this chair, and  
D'Ormea, Charles !

*Cha.* 'Tis well I am a subject then,  
not you.

*Vic.* [*Aside.*] D'Ormea has told him  
everything.

[*Aloud.*] Aha !

I apprehend you : when all's said, you  
take

Your private station to be prized beyond  
My own, for instance ?

*Cha.* —Do and ever did  
So take it : 'tis the method you pursue  
That grieves . . .

*Vic.* These words ! Let me express,  
my friend,  
Your thought. You penetrate what  
I supposed

A secret. D'Ormea plies his trade be-  
times !

I purpose to resign my crown to you.

*Cha.* To me ?

*Vic.* Now—in that chamber.

*Cha.* You resign

The crown to me ?

*Vic.* And time enough, Charles, sure ?  
Confess with me, at four-and-sixty years  
A crown's a load. I covet quiet once  
Before I die, and summoned you for  
that.

*Cha.* 'Tis I will speak : you ever  
hated me,

I bore it,—have insulted me, borne too—  
Now you insult yourself, and I remember  
What I believed you, what you really  
are,

And cannot bear it. What ! My life  
has passed

Under your eye, tormented as you  
know,—

Your whole sagacities, one after one,  
At leisure brought to play on me—to  
prove me

A fool, I thought, and I submitted ;  
now

You'd prove . . . what would you prove  
me ?

*Vic.* This to me ?  
I hardly know you !

*Cha.* Know me ? Oh, indeed  
You do not ! Wait till I complain next  
time

Of my simplicity !—for here's a sage—  
Knows the world well—is not to be  
deceived—

And his experience, and his Macchiavels,  
D'Ormeas, teach him—what ?—that I,  
this while,

Have envied him his crown ! He has not  
smiled,

I warrant,—has not eaten, drunk, nor  
slept,

For I was plotting with my Princess  
yonder !



Who knows what we might do, or might  
not do ?

Go, now—be politic—astound the  
world !

That sentry in the antechamber—nay,  
The varlet who disposed this precious  
trap

[*Pointing to the crown.*]

That was to take me—ask them if they  
think

Their own sons envy them their posts !  
—Know me !

*Vic.* But you know me, it seems ; so,  
learn in brief

My pleasure. This assembly is con-  
vened . . .

*Cha.* Tell me, that woman put it in  
your head—

You were not sole contriver of the  
scheme,

My father !

*Vic.* Now observe me, sir ! I jest  
Seldom—on these points, never. Here,  
I say,

The knights assemble to see me concede,  
And you accept, Sardinia's crown.

*Cha.* Farewell !

'Twere vain to hope to change this—I  
can end it.

Not that I cease from being yours, when  
sunk

Into obscurity. I'll die for you,  
But not annoy you with my presence.

Sire,

Farewell ! Farewell !

*Enter D'ORMEA.*

*D'O.* [*Aside.*] Ha, sure he's changed  
again—

Means not to fall into the cunning trap !  
Then, Victor, I shall yet escape you,  
Victor !

*Vic.* [*suddenly placing the crown upon  
the head of CHARLES.*]

D'Ormea, your King !

[*To CHARLES.*] My son, obey me !  
Charles,

Your father, clearer-sighted than your-  
self,

Decides it must be so. 'Faith, this  
looks real !

My reasons after—reason upon reason  
After—but now, obey me ! Trust in me !

By this, you save Sardinia, you save me!  
Why, the boy swoons ! [*To D'O.*] Come  
this side !

*D'O.* [*as CHARLES turns from him to  
VICTOR.*] You persist ?

*Vic.* Yes—I conceive the gesture's  
meaning. 'Faith,

He almost seems to hate you—how is  
that ?

Be re-assured, my Charles ! Is't over  
now ?

Then, Marquis, tell the new King what  
remains

To do ! A moment's work. Del Borgo  
reads

The Act of Abdication out, you sign it,  
Then I sign ; after that, come back to  
me.

*D'O.* Sire, for the last time, pause !

*Vic.* Five minutes longer

I am your sovereign, Marquis. Hesi-  
tate—

And I'll so turn those minutes to ac-  
count

That . . . Ay, you recollect me ! [*Aside.*]  
Could I bring

My foolish mind to undergo the reading  
That Act of Abdication !

[*As CHARLES motions D'ORMEA to  
precede him.*]

Thanks, dear Charles !

[*CHARLES and D'ORMEA retire.*]

*Vic.* A novel feature in the boy,—  
indeed

Just what I feared he wanted most.  
Quite right,

This earnest tone—your truth, now, for  
effect !

It answers every purpose : with that  
look,

That voice,—I hear him : ' I began no  
treaty,'

(He speaks to Spain,) ' nor ever dreamed  
of this

You show me ; this I from my soul  
regret ;

But if my father signed it, bid not me  
Dishonour him—who gave me all,

beside : '

And, ' truth,' says Spain, ' 'twere harsh  
to visit that

Upon the Prince.' Then come the  
nobles trooping :



'I grieve at these exactions—I had cut  
This hand off ere impose them; but  
shall I

Undo my father's deed?'—And they  
confer:

'Doubtless he was no party, after all;  
Give the Prince time!'

Ay, give us time—but time!

Only, he must not, when the dark day  
comes,

Refer our friends to me and frustrate all.  
We'll have no child's play, no des-  
ponding-fits,

No Charles at each cross turn entreating  
Victor

To take his crown again. Guard against  
that!

*Enter D'ORMEA.*

Long live King Charles!

No—Charles's counsellor!

Well, is it over, Marquis? Did I jest?

*D'O.* 'King Charles!' What then  
may you be?

*Vic.* Anything!

A country gentleman that's cured of  
bustle,

And beats a quick retreat toward  
Chambery

To hunt and hawk, and leave you noisy  
folk

To drive your trade without him. I'm  
Count Remont—

Count Tende—any little place's Count!

*D'O.* Then, Victor, Captain against  
Catinat,

At Staffarde, where the French beat you;  
and Duke

At Turin, where you beat the French;  
King, late,

Of Savoy, Piedmont, Montferrat, Sar-  
dinia,

—Now, 'any little place's Count'—

*Vic.* Proceed!

*D'O.* Breaker of vows to God, who  
crowned you first;

Breaker of vows to Man, who kept you  
since;

Most profligate to me, who outraged  
God

And Man to serve you, and am made pay  
crimes

I was but privy to, by passing thus

To your imbecile son—who, well you  
know,

Must—(when the people here, and  
nations there,

Clamour for you, the main delinquent,  
slipt

From King to—Count of any little place)

—Surrender me, all left within his  
reach,—

I, sir, forgive you: for I see the end—

See you on your return—(you will  
return)—

To him you trust in for the moment...

*Vic.* How?

Trust in him? merely a prime-minister

This D'Ormea! How trust in him?

*D'O.* In his fear—

His love,—but pray discover for yourself

What you are weakest, trusting in!

*Vic.* Aha,

D'Ormea, not a shrewder scheme than  
this

In your repertory? You know old  
Victor—

Vain, choleric, inconstant, rash—(I've  
heard

Talkers who little thought the King so  
close)

Felicitous, now, were't not, to provoke  
him

To clean forget, one minute afterward,

His solemn act, and call the nobles back

And pray them give again the very  
power

He has abjured!—for the dear sake of—  
what?

Vengeance on you! No, D'Ormea: such  
am I,

Count Tende or Count anything you  
please,

—Only, the same that did the things you  
say,

And, among other things you say not,  
used

Your finest fibre, meanest muscle,—you

I used, and now, since you will have it so,

Leave to your fate—mere lumber in the  
midst,

You and your works. Why, what on  
earth beside

Are you made for, you sort of ministers?

*D'O.*—Not left, though, to my fate!

Your witless son

Has more wit than to load himself with  
lumber :

He foils you that way, and I follow you.  
*Vic.* Stay with my son—protect the  
weaker side !

*D'O.* Ay, be tossed to the people like  
a rag,

And flung by them to Spain and Austria  
—so

Abolishing the record of your part  
In all this perfidy !

*Vic.* Prevent, beside,

My own return !

*D'O.* That 's half prevented now !  
'Twill go hard but you find a wondrous  
charm

In exile, to discredit me. The Alps—  
Silk-mills to watch—vines asking vigi-  
lance—

Hounds open for the stag—your hawk's  
a-wing—

Brave days that wait the Louis of the  
South,

Italy's Janus !

*Vic.* So, the lawyer's clerk

Won't tell me that I shall repent !

*D'O.* You give me

Full leave to ask if you repent ?

*Vic.* Whene'er,

Sufficient time 's elapsed for that, you  
judge !

[*Shouts inside, ' KING CHARLES.'*]

*D'O.* Do you repent ?

*Vic.* [*after a slight pause.*] . . . I've kept  
them waiting ? Yes !

Come in—complete the Abdication, sir !  
[*They go out.*]

*Enter POLYXENA.*

*Pol.* A shout ? The sycophants are  
free of Charles !

Oh, is not this like Italy ? No fruit  
Of his or my distempered fancy, this—  
But just an ordinary fact ! Beside,  
Here they've set forms for such proceed-  
ings—Victor

Imprisoned his own mother—he should  
know,

If any, how a son 's to be deprived  
Of a son's right. Our duty 's palpable.  
Ne'er was my husband for the wily  
king

And the unworthy subjects—be it so !

Come you safe out of them, my Charles !  
Our life

Grows not the broad and dazdling life,  
I dreamed

Might prove your lot—for strength was  
shut in you

None guessed but I—strength which,  
untrammelled once,

Had little shamed your vaunted an-  
cestry—

Patience and self-devotion, fortitude,

Simplicity and utter truthfulness

—All which, they shout to lose !

So, now my work

Begins—to save him from regret. Save  
Charles

Regret ?—the noble nature ! He 's not  
made

Like the Italians : 'tis a German soul.

*CHARLES enters crowned.*

Oh, where 's the King's heir ? Gone :—  
the Crown-prince ? Gone—

Where 's Savoy ? Gone :—Sardinia ?  
Gone ! But Charles

Is left ! And when my Rhine-land  
bowers arrive,

If he looked almost handsome yester-  
twilight

As his grey eyes seemed widening into  
black

Because I praised him, then how will he  
look ?

Farewell, you stripped and whited mul-  
berry trees

Bound each to each by lazy ropes of vine !  
Now I'll teach you my language—I'm

not forced

To speak Italian now, Charles ?

[*She sees the crown.*] What is this ?

Answer me—who has done this ?  
Answer !

*Cha.*

He !

I am King now.

*Pol.* Oh worst, worst, worst of all !  
Tell me—what, Victor ? He has made  
you King ?

What 's he then ? What 's to follow  
this ? You, King ?

*Cha.* Have I done wrong ? Yes—for  
you were not by !

*Pol.* Tell me from first to last.

*Cha.*

Hush—a new world

Brightens before me ; he is moved away  
—The dark form that eclipsed it, he  
subsides

Into a shape supporting me like you,  
And I, alone, tend upward, more and  
more

Tend upward : I am grown Sardinia's  
King.

*Pol.* Now stop : was not this Victor,  
Duke of Savoy

At ten years old ?

*Cha.* He was.

*Pol.* And the Duke spent  
Since then, just four-and-fifty years in  
toil

To be—what ?

*Cha.* King.

*Pol.* Then why unking himself ?

*Cha.* Those years are cause enough.

*Pol.* The only cause ?

*Cha.* Some new perplexities.

*Pol.* Which you can solve,  
Although he cannot ?

*Cha.* He assures me so.

*Pol.* And this he means shall last—  
how long ?

*Cha.* How long ?

Think you I fear the perils I confront ?  
He's praising me before the people's  
face—

My people !

*Pol.* Then he's changed—grown kind,  
the King ?

Where can the trap be ?

*Cha.* Heart and soul I pledge !  
My father, could I guard the crown you  
gained,

Transmit as I received it,—all good else  
Would I surrender !

*Pol.* Ah, it opens then  
Before you—all you dreaded formerly ?  
You are rejoiced to be a king, my  
Charles ?

*Cha.* So much to dare ? The better ;  
—much to dread ?

The better. I'll adventure though  
alone.

Triumph or die, there's Victor still to  
witness

Who dies or triumphs—either way,  
alone !

*Pol.* Once I had found my share in  
triumph, Charles,

Or death.

*Cha.* But you are I ! But you I call  
To take, Heaven's proxy, vows I ten-  
dered Heaven

A moment since. I will deserve the  
crown !

*Pol.* You will. [*Aside.*] No doubt it  
were a glorious thing

For any people, if a heart like his

Ruled over it. I would I saw the trap !

*Enter VICTOR.*

'Tis he must show me.

*Vic.* So, the mask falls off  
An old man's foolish love at last ! Spare  
thanks :

I know you, and Polyxena I know.

Here's Charles—I am his guest now—  
does he bid me

Be seated ? And my light-haired, blue  
eyed child

Must not forget the old man far away  
At Chambery, who dozes while she  
reigns.

*Pol.* Most grateful shall we now be,  
talking least

Of gratitude—indeed of anything  
That hinders what yourself must have  
to say

To Charles.

*Cha.* Pray speak, sire !

*Vic.* 'Faith, not much to say—  
Only what shows itself, once in the  
point

Of sight. You are now the King :  
you'll comprehend

Much you may oft have wondered at—  
the shifts,

Dissimulation, wiliness I showed.

For what's our post ? Here's Savoy  
and here's Piedmont,

Here's Montferrat—a breadth here,  
a space there—

To o'er-sweep all these, what's one  
weapon worth ?

I often think of how they fought in  
Greece

(Or Rome, which was it ? You're the  
scholar, Charles !)

You made a front-thrust ? But if your  
shield, too,

Were not adroitly planted—somescrew'd  
knave

Reached you behind ; and, him foiled,  
 straight if thong  
 And handle of that shield were not cast  
 loose,  
 And you enabled to outstrip the wind,  
 Fresh foes assailed you, either side ;  
 'scape these,  
 And reach your place of refuge—e'en  
 then, odds  
 If the gate opened unless breath enough  
 Was left in you to make its lord a speech.  
 Oh, you will see !

*Cha.* No : straight on shall I go,  
 Truth helping ; win with it or die with  
 it.

*Vic.* 'Faith, Charles, you're not made  
 Europe's fighting-man !  
 Its barrier-guarder, if you please. You  
 hold,  
 Not take—consolidate, with envious  
 French  
 This side, with Austrians that, these  
 territories  
 I held—ay, and will hold . . . which *you*  
 shall hold  
 Despite the couple ! But I've surely  
 earned

Exemption from these weary politics,  
 —The privilege to prattle with my son  
 And daughter here, tho' Europe wait  
 the while

*Pol.* Nay, sire,—at Chambery, away  
 for ever,  
 As soon you'll be, 'tis a farewell we bid  
 you !

Turn these few fleeting moments to  
 account !

'Tis just as though it were a death.

*Vic.* Indeed !

*Pol.* [*Aside.*] Is the trap there ?

*Cha.* Ay, call this parting—death !  
 The sacred your memory becomes.  
 If I misrule Sardinia, how bring back  
 My father ? No—that thought shall  
 ever urge me.

*Vic.* I do not mean . . .

*Pol.* [*who watches VICTOR narrowly  
 this while.*]

Your father does not mean  
 That you are ruling for your father's  
 sake :

It is your people must concern you  
 wholly

Instead of him. You meant this, sire ?  
 (He drops

My hand !)

*Cha.* That people is now part of me.

*Vic.* About the people ! I took certain  
 measures

Some short time since . . . Oh, I'm  
 aware you know

But little of my measures—these affect  
 The nobles—we've resumed some grants,  
 imposed

A tax or two ; prepare yourself, in  
 short,

For clamour on that score : mark me :  
 you yield

No jot of what's entrusted you !

*Pol.* No jot

You yield !

*Cha.* My father, when I took the oath,  
 Although my eye might stray in search  
 of yours,

I heard it, understood it, promised God  
 What you require. Till from this  
 eminence

He moves me, here I keep, nor shall  
 concede

The meanest of my rights.

*Vic.* [*Aside.*] The boy's a fool !  
 —Or rather, I'm a fool : for, what's  
 wrong here ?

To-day the sweets of reigning—let to-  
 morrow

Be ready with its bitters.

*Enter D'ORMEA.*

There's beside  
 Somewhat to press upon your notice  
 first.

*Cha.* Then why delay it for an  
 instant, sire ?

That Spanish claim, perchance ? And,  
 now you speak,

—This morning, my opinion was mature,  
 Which, boy-like, I was bashful in pro-  
 ducing

To one, I ne'er am like to fear, in future !  
 My thought is formed upon that Spanish  
 claim.

*Vic.* Betimes, indeed ! Not now,  
 Charles. You require

A host of papers on it.

*D'O.* [*coming forward.*] Here they  
 are.

[To CHA.] I was the minister and much beside—

Of the late monarch; to say little, him I served: on you I have, to say e'en less,

No claim. This case contains those papers: with them

I tender you my office.

*Vic. [hastily.]* Keep him, Charles! There's reason for it—many reasons: you Distrust him, nor are so far wrong there, —but

He's mixed up in this matter—he'll desire

To quit you, for occasions known to me: Do not accept those reasons—have him stay!

*Pol. [Aside.]* His minister thrust on us!

*Cha. [to D'ORMEA.]* Sir, believe, In justice to myself, you do not need E'en this commending: whatsoe'er might seem

My feelings toward you as a private man, They quit me in the vast and untried field

Of action. Though I shall, myself, (as late

In your own hearing I engaged to do) Preside o'er my Sardinia, yet your help Is necessary. Think the Past forgotten, And serve me now!

*D'O.* I did not offer you My services—would I could serve you, sire!

As for the Spanish matter...

*Vic.* But dispatch At least the dead, in my good daughter's phrase,

Before the living! Help to house me safe

Ere you and D'Ormea set the world a-gape!

Here is a paper—will you overlook What I propose reserving for my needs? I get as far from you as possible.

Here's what I reckon my expenditure.

*Cha. [reading.]* A miserable fifty thousand crowns!

*Vic.* Oh, quite enough for country gentlemen!

Beside the exchequer happens... but find out

All that, yourself!

*Cha. [still reading.]* 'Count Tende'—what means this?

*Vic.* Me: you were but an infant when I burst

Through the defile of Tende upon France. Had only my allies kept true to me!

No matter. Tende's, then, a name I take

Just as...

*D'O.* —The Marchioness Sebastian takes

The name of Spigno.

*Cha.* How, sir?

*Vic. [to D'ORMEA.]* Fool! All that Was for my own detailing. [To CHARLES.] That anon!

*Cha. [to D'ORMEA.]* Explain what you have said, sir!

*D'O.* I supposed The marriage of the King to her I named, Profoundly kept a secret these few weeks, Was not to be one, now he's Count.

*Pol. [Aside.]* With us The minister—with him the mistress!

*Cha. [to VICTOR.]* No— Tell me you have not taken her—that woman

To live with, past recall!

*Vic.* And where's the crime...

*Pol. [to CHARLES.]* True, sir, this is a matter past recall,

And past your cognizance. A day before, And you had been compelled to note this—now

Why note it? The King saved his House from shame:

What the Count does, is no concern of yours.

*Cha. [after a pause.]* The Spanish business, D'Ormea!

*Vic.* Why, my son, I took some ill-advised... one's age, in fact,

Spoils everything: though I was overreached,

A younger brain, we'll trust, may extricate

Sardinia readily. To-morrow, D'Ormea, Inform the King!

*D'O. [without regarding VICTOR, and leisurely.]*

Thus stands the case with Spain:



When first the Infant Carlos claimed his proper

Succession to the throne of Tuscany . . .

*Vic.* I tell you that stands over ! Let that rest !

There is the policy !

*Cha.* [to D'ORMEA.] Thus much I know,

And more—too much : the remedy ?

*D'O.* Of course !

No glimpse of one.

*Vic.* No remedy at all !

It makes the remedy itself—time makes it.

*D'O.* [to CHARLES.] But if . . .

*Vic.* [still more hastily.] In fine, I shall take care of that—

And, with another project that I have . . .

*D'O.* [turning on him.] Oh, since

King Victor's crown !—

*Pol.* [throwing herself at VICTOR's feet.]

E'en now retake it, sire !

Oh, speak ! We are your subjects both, once more !

Say it—a word effects it ! You meant not, Nor do mean now, to take it—but you must !

'Tis in you—in your nature—and the shame's

Not half the shame 'twould grow to afterward !

*Cha.* Polyxena !

*Pol.* A word recalls the knights—

Say it !—What's promising and what's the Past ?

Say you are still King Victor !

*D'O.* Better say

The Count repents, in brief !

[VICTOR rises.

*Cha.* With such a crime

I have not charged you, sire !

*Pol.* Charles turns from me !

SECOND YEAR 1731.—

KING CHARLES

PART I

Enter QUEEN POLYXENA and D'ORMEA.

—A pause.

*Pol.* And now, sir, what have you to say ?

*D'O.* Count Tende . . .

*Pol.* Affirm not I betrayed you ; you resolve

On uttering this strange intelligence

—Nay, post yourself to find me ere I reach

The capital, because you know King Charles

Tarries a day or two at Evian baths

Behind me :—but take warning,—here and thus

[Seating herself in the royal seat.

I listen, if I listen—not your friend.

Explicitly the statement, if you still Persist to urge it on me, must proceed : I am not made for aught else.

*D'O.* Good ! Count Tende . . .

*Pol.* I, who mistrust you, shall acquaint King Charles,

Who even more mistrusts you.

*D'O.* Does he so ?

*Pol.* Why should he not ?

*D'O.* Ay, why not ? Motives, seek You virtuous people, motives ! Say, I serve

God at the devil's bidding—will that do ?

I'm proud : our people have been pacified,

Really I know not how—

*Pol.* By truthfulness.

*D'O.* Exactly ; that shows I had nought to do

With pacifying them. Our foreign perils

Also exceed my means to stay : but here 'Tis otherwise, and my pride's piqued.

Count Tende

Completes a full year's absence : would you, madam,

Have the old monarch back, his mistress back,

His measures back ? I pray you, act upon

My counsel, or they will be.

*Pol.*

When ?

*D'O.*

Let's think.

Home-matters settled—Victor's coming now ;

Let foreign matters settle—Victor's here :

Unless I stop him ; as I will, this way.

*Pol.* [reading the papers he presents.]

If this should prove a plot 'twixt you and Victor ?



You seek annoyances to give pretext  
For what you say you fear !

*D'O.* Oh, possibly !  
I go for nothing. Only show King  
Charles

That thus Count Tende purposes return,  
And style me his inviter, if you please.

*Pol.* Half of your tale is true ; most  
like, the Count

Seeks to return : but why stay you with  
us ?

To aid in such emergencies ?

*D'O.* Keep safe  
Those papers : or, to serve me, leave no  
proof

I thus have counselled : when the Count  
returns,

And the King abdicates, 'twill stead me  
little

To have thus counselled.

*Pol.* The King abdicate !

*D'O.* He 's good, we knew long since—  
wise, we discover—

Firm, let us hope :—but I'd have gone  
to work

With him away. Well !

[*CHARLES without.*] In the Council  
Chamber ?

*D'O.* All 's lost !

*Pol.* Oh, surely not King  
Charles ! He 's changed—

That 's not this year's care-burthened  
voice and step :

'Tis last year's step—the Prince's voice !

*D'O.* I know !

*Enter CHARLES—D'ORMEA retiring a  
little.*

*Cha.* Now wish me joy, Polyxena !  
Wish it me

The old way ! [*She embraces him.*]

There was too much cause for that !

But I have found myself again ! What  
news

At Turin ? Oh, if you but felt the load  
I'm free of—free ! I said this year  
would end

Or it, or me—but I am free, thank God !

*Pol.* How, Charles ?

*Cha.* You do not guess ? The day I  
found

Sardinia's hideous coil, at home, abroad,  
And how my father was involved in it,—

Of course, I vowed to rest or smile no  
more

Until I freed his name from obloquy.

We did the people right—'twas much to  
gain

That point, redress our nobles' grievance,  
too—

But that took place here, was no crying  
shame :

All must be done abroad,—if I abroad  
Appealed the justly-angered Powers,

destroyed

The scandal, took down Victor's name  
at last

From a bad eminence, I then might  
breathe

And rest ! No moment was to lose.  
Behold

The proud result—a Treaty, Austria,  
Spain

Agree to—

*D'O.* [*Aside.*] I shall merely stipulate  
For an experienced headsman.

*Cha.* Not a soul  
Is compromised : the blotted Past 's a  
blank :

Even D'Ormea escapes unquestioned.  
See !

It reached me from Vienna ; I remained  
At Evian to dispatch the Count his  
news ;

'Tis gone to Chambery a week ago—  
And here am I : do I deserve to feel

Your warm white arms around me ?

*D'O.* [*Coming forward.*] He knows that ?

*Cha.* What, in heaven's name, means  
this ?

*D'O.* He knows that matters  
Are settled at Vienna ? Not too late !

Plainly, unless you post this very hour

Some man you trust (say, me) to  
Chambery

And take precautions I acquaint you  
with,

Your father will return here.

*Cha.* Are you crazed,  
D'Ormea ? Here ? For what ? As well

return

To take his crown !

*D'O.* He will return for that.

*Cha.* [*to POLYXENA.*] You have not  
listened to this man ?

*Pol.* He spoke

About your safety—and I listened.  
[*He disengages himself from her arms.*  
*Cha.* [to D'ORMEA.] What  
Apprised you of the Count's intentions ?  
*D'O.* Me ?  
His heart, sire ; you may not be used to  
read  
Such evidence, however ; therefore read  
[*Pointing to POLYXENA's papers.*  
My evidence.  
*Cha.* [to POLYXENA.] Oh, worthy this  
of you !  
And of your speech I never have for-  
gotten,  
Though I professed forgetfulness ; which  
haunts me  
As if I did not know how false it was ;  
Which made me toil unconsciously thus  
long  
That there might be no least occasion  
left  
For aught of its prediction coming true !  
And now, when there is left no least  
occasion  
To instigate my father to such crime—  
When I might venture to forget (I  
hoped)  
That speech and recognize Polyxena—  
Oh, worthy, to revive, and tenfold worse,  
That plague now ! D'Ormea at your ear,  
his slanders  
Still in your hand ! Silent ?  
*Pol.* As the wronged are.  
*Cha.* And pray, D'Ormea, since when  
have you presumed  
To spy upon my father ? I conceive  
What that wise paper shows, and easily.  
Since when ?  
*D'O.* The when, and where, and how,  
belong  
To me. 'Tis sad work, but I deal in  
such.  
You oft-times serve yourself—I'd serve  
you here :  
Use makes me not so squeamish. In  
a word,  
Since the first hour he went to Cham-  
berly,  
Of his seven servants, five have I  
suborned.  
*Cha.* You hate my father ?  
*D'O.* Oh, just as you will !  
[*Looking at POLYXENA.*

A minute since, I loved him—hate him,  
now !  
What matters ?—If you ponder just one  
thing :  
Has he that Treaty ?—He is setting  
forward  
Already. Are your guards here ?  
*Cha.* Well for you  
They are not ! [To POL.] Him I knew of  
old, but you—  
To hear that pickthank, further his  
designs ! [To D'O.  
Guards ?—were they here, I'd bid them,  
for your trouble,  
Arrest you.  
*D'O.* Guards you shall not want.  
I lived  
The servant of your choice, not of your  
need.  
You never greatly needed me till now  
That you discard me. This is my arrest.  
Again I tender you my charge—its duty  
Would bid me press you read those  
documents.  
Here, sire ! [Offering his badge of office.  
*Cha.* [taking it.] The papers also ! Do  
you think  
I dare not read them ?  
*Pol.* Read them, sir !  
*Cha.* They prove,  
My father, still a month within the year  
Since he so solemnly consigned it me,  
Means to resume his crown ? They shall  
prove that,  
Or my best dungeon . . .  
*D'O.* Even say, Chamberly !  
'Tis vacant, I surmise, by this.  
*Cha.* You prove  
Your words or pay their forfeit, sir. Go  
there !  
Polyxena, one chance to rend the veil  
Thickening and blackening 'twixt us  
two ! Do say,  
You'll see the falsehood of the charges  
proved !  
Do say, at least, you wish to see them  
proved  
False charges—my heart's love of other  
times !  
*Pol.* Ah, Charles !  
*Cha.* [to D'ORMEA.] Precede me, sir !  
*D'O.* And I'm at length  
Amartyr for the truth ! No end, they say,

Of miracles. My conscious innocence !

[*As they go out, enter—by the middle door, at which he pauses—*VICTOR.

Vic. Sure I heard voices ? No !

Well, I do best

To make at once for this, the heart o' the place.

The old room ! Nothing changed !—So near my seat,

D'Ormea ? [*Pushing away the stool which is by the KING's chair.*

I want that meeting over first, I know not why. Tush, D'Ormea won't be slow

To hearten me, the supple knave ! That burst

Of spite so eased him ! He'll inform me . . .

What ?

Why come I hither ? All 's in rough—let all

Remain rough ; there 's full time to draw back—nay,

There 's nought to draw back from, as yet ; whereas,

If reason should be, to arrest a course Of error—reason good, to interpose

And save, as I have saved so many times, Our House, admonish my son's giddy youth,

Relieve him of a weight that proves too much—

Now is the time,—or now, or never.

'Faith,

This kind of step is pitiful—not due To Charles, this stealing back—hither,

because

He 's from his capital ! Oh, Victor ! Victor !

But thus it is. The age of crafty men Is loathsome ; youth contrives to carry off

Dissimulation ; we may intersperse Extenuating passages of strength,

Ardour, vivacity, and wit—may turn E'en guile into a voluntary grace :—

But one's old age, when graces drop away

And leave guile the pure staple of our lives—

Ah, loathsome !

Not so—or why pause I ? Turin Is mine to have, were I so minded, for

The asking ; all the army 's mine—I've witnessed

Each private fight beneath me ; all the court 's

Mine too ; and, best of all, my D'Ormea 's still

His D'Ormea ; no ! There 's some grace clinging yet.

Had I decided on this step, ere midnight I'd take the crown.

No ! Just this step to rise

Exhausts me ! Here am I arrived : the rest

Must be done for me. Would I could sit here

And let things right themselves, the masque unmasque

Of the old King, crownless, grey hairs and hot blood,—

The young King, crowned, but calm before his time,

They say,—the eager mistress with her taunts,—

And the sad earnest wife who motions me

Away—ay, there she knelt to me ! E'en yet

I can return and sleep at Chambery A dream out. Rather shake it off at

Turin,

King Victor ! Is 't to Turin—yes, or no ? 'Tis this relentless noonday-lighted

chamber,

Lighted like life, but silent as the grave, That disconcerts me ! There the change

must strike !

No silence last year ! some one flung doors wide

(Those two great doors which scrutinize me now)

And out I went 'mid crowds of men—men talking,

Men watching if my lip fell or brow knit ; Men saw me safe forth—put me on my

road :

That makes the misery of this return ! Oh, had a battle done it ! Had I dropped,

Haling some battle, three entire days old,

Hither and thither by the forehead—dropped

In Spain, in Austria, best of all, in France—

Spurned on its horns or underneath its  
hooves,  
When the spent monster went upon its  
knees  
To pad and pash the prostrate wretch—  
I, Victor,  
Sole to have stood up against France,  
beat down  
By inches, brayed to pieces finally  
In some vast unimaginable charge,  
A flying hell of horse and foot and  
guns  
Over me, and all's lost, for ever lost,  
There's no more Victor when the world  
wakes up !  
Then silence, as of a raw battle-field,  
Throughout the world. Then after (as  
whole days  
After, you catch at intervals faint noise  
Through the stiff crust of frozen blood)—  
there creeps  
A rumour forth, so faint, no noise at all,  
That a strange old man, with face out-  
worn for wounds,  
Is stumbling on from frontier town to  
town,  
Begging a pittance that may help him  
find  
His Turin out ; what scorn and laughter  
follow  
The coin you fling into his cap ! and  
last,  
Some bright morn, how men crowd  
about the midst  
Of the market-place, where takes the  
old king breath  
Ere with his crutch he strike the palace-  
gate  
Wide ope !  
To Turin, yes or no—or no ?

*Re-enter CHARLES with papers.*

*Cha.* Just as I thought ! A miserable  
falsehood  
Of hirelings discontented with their pay  
And longing for enfranchisement ! A  
few  
Testy expressions of old age that thinks  
To keep alive its dignity o'er slaves  
By means that suit their natures !  
[*Tearing them.*] Thus they shake  
My faith in Victor !  
[*Turning, he discovers VICTOR.*

*Vic.* [after a pause.] Not at Evian,  
Charles ?  
What's this ? Why do you run to close  
the doors ?  
No welcome for your father ?  
*Cha.* [Aside.] Not his voice !  
What would I give for one imperious  
tone  
Of the old sort ! That's gone for ever.  
*Vic.* Must  
I ask once more . . .  
*Cha.* No—I concede it, sir !  
You are returned for . . . true, your  
health declines—  
True, Chambery's a bleak unkindly spot ;  
You'd choose one fitter for your final  
lodge—  
Veneria—or Moncaglièr—ay, that's  
close,  
And I concede it.  
*Vic.* I received advices  
Of the conclusion of the Spanish matter  
Dated from Evian baths . . .  
*Cha.* And you forbore  
To visit me at Evian, satisfied  
The work I had to do would fully task  
The little wit I have, and that your  
presence  
Would only disconcert me—  
*Vic.* Charles ?  
*Cha.* —Me—set  
For ever in a foreign course to yours,  
And . . .  
Sir, this way of wile were good  
to catch,  
But I have not the sleight of it. The  
truth !  
Though I sink under it ! What brings  
you here ?  
*Vic.* Not hope of this reception,  
certainly,  
From one who'd scarce assume a  
stranger mode  
Of speech, did I return to bring about  
Some awfulest calamity !  
*Cha.* —You mean,  
Did you require your crown again ! Oh  
yes,  
I should speak otherwise ! But turn not  
that  
To jesting ! Sir, the truth ! Your health  
declines ?  
Is aught deficient in your equipage ?

Wisely you seek myself to make complaint,  
And foil the malice of the world which laughs

At petty discontents ; but I shall care  
That not a soul knows of this visit.  
Speak !

*Vic.* [*Aside.*] Here is the grateful,  
much-professing son  
Prepared to worship me, for whose sole sake

I think to waive my plans of publicgood !  
[*Aloud.*] Nay, Charles, if I did seek to take once more

My crown, were so disposed to plague myself—

What would be warrant for this bitterness ?

I gave it—grant, I would resume it—well ?

*Cha.* I should say simply—leaving out the why  
And how—you made me swear to keep that crown :

And as you then intended . . .

*Vic.* Fool ! What way  
Could I intend or not intend ? As man,  
With a man's will, when I say ' I intend,'

I can intend up to a certain point,  
No further. I intended to preserve  
The crown of Savoy and Sardinia whole :  
And if events arise demonstrating  
The way, I hoped should guard it, rather like

To lose it . . .

*Cha.* Keep within your sphere  
and mine !

It is God's province we usurp on, else.  
Here, blindfold through the maze of things we walk

By a slight clue of false, true, right and wrong ;

All else is rambling and presumption. I  
Have sworn to keep this kingdom : there's my truth.

*Vic.* Truth, boy, is here—within my breast ; and in

Your recognition of it, truth is, too ;  
And in the effect of all this tortuous dealing

With falsehood, used to carry out the truth,

—In its success, this falsehood turns, again,

Truth for the world ! But you are right : these themes

Are over-subtle. I should rather say  
In such a case, frankly,—it fails, my scheme :

I hoped to see you bring about, yourself,

What I must bring about : I interpose  
On your behalf—with my son's good in sight—

To hold what he is nearly letting go—  
Confirm his title—add a grace, perhaps.  
There's Sicily, for instance,—granted me  
And taken back, some years since—till I give

That island with the rest, my work's half done.

For his sake, therefore, as of those he rules . . .

*Cha.* Our sakes are one—and that, you could not say,  
Because my answer would present itself  
Forthwith ;—a year has wrought an age's change :

This people's not the people now, you once

Could benefit ; nor is my policy  
Your policy.

*Vic.* [*with an outburst.*] I know it !  
You undo

All I have done—my life of toil and care !

I left you this the absolutest rule  
In Europe—do you think I will sit still  
And see you throw all power off to the people—

See my Sardinia, that has stood apart,  
Join in the mad and democratic whirl  
Whereto I see all Europe haste full-tide ?  
England casts off her kings ; France mimics England :

This realm I hoped was safe ! Yet here I talk,

When I can save it, not by force alone,  
But bidding plagues, which follow sons like you,

Fasten upon my disobedient . . .

[*Recollecting himself.*] Surely  
I could say this—if minded so—my son ?

*Cha.* You could not ! Bitterer curses than your curse



Have I long since denounced upon  
myself  
If I misused my power. In fear of these  
I entered on those measures—will abide  
By them: so, I should say, Count  
Tende . . .

*Vic.* No !

But no ! But if, my Charles, your—  
more than old—

Half-foolish father urged these argu-  
ments,

And then confessed them futile, but  
said plainly

That he forgot his promise, found his  
strength

Fail him, had thought at savage Cham-  
berly

Too much of brilliant Turin, Rivoli here,  
And Susa, and Veneria, and Superga—

Pined for the pleasant places he had  
built

When he was fortunate and young—  
*Cha.* My father !

*Vic.* Stay yet—and if he said he could  
not die

Deprived of baubles he had put aside,  
He deemed, for ever—of the Crown that  
binds

Your brain up, whole, sound, and im-  
pregnable,

Creating kingliness—the Sceptre, too,  
Whose mere wind, should you wave it,  
back would beat

Invaders—and the golden Ball which  
throbs

As if you grasped the palpitating heart  
Indeed o' the realm, to mould as you  
may choose !

—If I must totter up and down the  
streets

My sires built, where myself have intro-  
duced

And fostered laws and letters, sciences,  
The civil and the military arts !

Stay, Charles—I see you letting me  
pretend

To live my former self once more—  
King Victor,

The venturous yet politic—they style  
me

Again, the Father of the Prince—friends  
wink

Good-humouredly at the delusion you

So sedulously guard from all rough  
truths

That else would break upon the dotage !  
—You—

Whom now I see preventing my old  
shame—

I tell not, point by cruel point, my tale—  
For is't not in your breast my brow is  
hid ?

Is not your hand extended ? Say you  
not . . .

*Enter D'ORMEA, leading in POLYXENA.*

*Pol.* [advancing and withdrawing  
CHARLES—to VICTOR.]

In this conjuncture, even, he would  
say—

(Though with a moistened eye and  
quivering lip)

The suppliant is my father—I must save  
A great man from himself, nor see him  
fling

His well-earned fame away : there must  
not follow

Ruin so utter, a break-down of worth  
So absolute : no enemy shall learn,

He thrust his child 'twixt danger and  
himself,

And, when that child somehow stood  
danger out,

Stole back with serpent wiles to ruin  
Charles

—Body, that's much,—and soul, that's  
more—and realm,

That's most of all ! No enemy shall  
say . . .

*D'O.* Do you repent, sir ?

*Vic.* [resuming himself.] D'Ormea ?  
This is well !

Worthily done, King Charles, craftily  
done !

Judiciously you post these, to o'er-hear  
The little your importunate father

thrusts  
Himself on you to say ! Ay, they'll

correct  
The amiable blind facility

You showed in answering his peevish  
suit.

What can he need to sue for ? Bravely,  
D'Ormea,

Have you fulfilled your office : but for  
you,



The old Count might have drawn some  
few more livres

To swell his income ! Had you, Lady,  
missed

The moment, a permission would be  
granted

To build afresh my ruinous old pile !

But you remembered properly the list  
Of wise precautions I took when I  
gave

Nearly as much away—to reap the  
fruits

I might have looked for !

*Cha.* Thanks, sir : degrade me,  
So you remain yourself. Adieu !

*Vic.* I'll not  
Forget it for the future, nor presume  
Next time to slight such mediators !

Nay—

Had I first moved them both to inter-  
cede,

I might secure a chamber in Moncaglièr  
—Who knows ?

*Cha.* Adieu !

*Vic.* You bid me this adieu  
With the old spirit ?

*Cha.* Adieu !

*Vic.* Charles—Charles !

*Cha.* Adieu !

[VICTOR goes.]

*Cha.* You were mistaken, Marquis,  
as you hear !

'Twas for another purpose the Count  
came.

The Count desires Moncaglièr. Give  
the order !

*D'O.* [*leisurely.*] Your minister has  
lost your confidence,

Asserting late, for his own purposes,  
Count Tende would . . .

*Cha.* [*flinging his badge back.*] Be still  
the minister !

And give a loose to your insulting  
joy—

It irks me more thus stifled than ex-  
pressed.

Loose it !

*D'O.* There's none to loose, alas !—  
I see

I never am to die a martyr.

*Pol.* Charles !

*Cha.* No praise, at least, Polyxena—  
no praise !

## KING CHARLES : PART II.

*D'ORMEA seated, folding papers he has  
been examining.*

This at the last effects it : now, King  
Charles

Or else King Victor—that's a balance :  
but now

For D'Ormea the arch-culprit, either  
turn

O' the scale,—that's sure enough. A  
point to solve,

My masters—moralists—whate'er your  
style !

When you discover why I push myself  
Into a pitfall you'd pass safely by,  
Impart to me among the rest ! No  
matter.

Prompt are the righteous ever with their  
rede

To us the wicked—lesson them this once !  
For safe among the wicked are you set,

D'Ormea. We lament life's brevity,  
Yet quarter e'en the threescore years

and ten,  
Nor stick to call the quarter roundly  
'life.'

D'Ormea was wicked, say, some twenty  
years ;

A tree so long was stunted ; afterward,  
What if it grew, continued growing, till

No fellow of the forest equalled it ?  
'Twas a shrub then—a shrub it still

must be :

While forward saplings, at the outset  
checked,

In virtue of that first sprout keep their  
style

Amid the forest's green fraternity.

Thus I shoot up—to surely get lopped  
down,

And bound up for the burning. Now  
for it !

*Enter CHARLES and POLYXENA with  
Attendants.*

*D'O.* [*rises.*] Sire, in the due discharge  
of this my office—

This enforced summons of yourself from  
Turin,

And the disclosure I am bound to make  
To-night,—there must already be, I feel,  
So much that wounds . . .

*Cha.* Well, sir ?

D'O. —That I, perchance,  
May utter, also, what, another time,  
Would irk much,—it may prove less  
irksome now.

Cha. What would you utter ?

D'O. That I from my soul  
Grieve at to-night's event : for you I  
grieve—

E'en grieve for . . .

Cha. Tush, another time for talk !  
My kingdom is in imminent danger ?

D'O. Let  
The Count communicate with France  
its King,

His grandson, will have Fleury's aid for  
this,

Though for no other war.

Cha. First for the levies :  
What forces can I muster presently ?

[D'ORMEA delivers papers which  
CHARLES inspects.

Cha. Good—very good. Montorio . . .  
how is this ?

—Equips me double the old complement  
Of soldiers ?

D'O. Since his land has been relieved  
From double impost, this he manages :  
But under the late monarch . . .

Cha. Peace. I know.  
Count Spava has omitted mentioning  
What proxy is to head these troops of  
his.

D'O. Count Spava means to head his  
troops himself.

Something to fight for now ; ' whereas,'  
says he,

' Under the Sovereign's father ' . . .

Cha. It would seem  
That all my people love me.

D'O. Yes.

[To POLYXENA while CHARLES  
continues to inspect the papers.

A temper

Like Victor's may avail to keep a state ;  
He terrifies men and they fall not off ;  
Good to restrain ; best, if restraint were  
all :

But, with the silent circle round him, ends  
Such sway. Our King's begins pre-  
cisely there.

For to suggest, impel, and set at work,  
Is quite another function. Men may  
slight,

In time of peace, the King who brought  
them peace :

In war,—his voice, his eyes, help more  
than fear.

They love you, sire !

Cha. [to Attendants.] Bring the regalia  
forth.

Quit the room. And now, Marquis,  
answer me—

Why should the King of France invade  
my realm ?

D'O. Why ? Did I not acquaint your  
Majesty

An hour ago ?

Cha. I choose to hear again  
What then I heard.

D'O. Because, sire, as I said,  
Your father is resolved to have his  
crown

At any risk ; and, as I judge, calls in  
The foreigner to aid him.

Cha. And your reason  
For saying this ?

D'O. [Aside.] Ay, just his father's  
way !

[To CH.] The Count wrote yesterday to  
your forces' Chief,

Rhebinder—made demand of help—

Cha. To try  
Rhebinder—he's of alien blood : aught  
else ?

D'O. Receiving a refusal,—some  
hours after,

The Count called on Del Borgo to deliver  
The Act of Abdication : he refusing,  
Or hesitating, rather—

Cha. What ensued ?

D'O. At midnight, only two hours  
since, at Turin,

He rode in person to the citadel  
With one attendant, to the Soccorso gate,  
And bade the governor, San Remi,  
open—

Admit him.

Cha. For a purpose I divine.

These three were faithful, then ?

D'O. They told it me :

And I—

Cha. Most faithful—

D'O. Tell it you—with this,  
Moreover, of my own : if, an hour hence,  
You have not interposed, the Count will  
be

Upon his road to France for succour.

*Cha.* Good !

You do your duty, now, to me your monarch

Fully, I warrant ?—have, that is, your project

For saving both of us disgrace, past doubt ?

*D'O.* I give my counsel,—and the only one.

A month since, I besought you to employ Restraints which had prevented many a pang :

But now the harsher course must be pursued.

These papers, made for the emergency, Will pain you to subscribe : this is a list Of those suspected merely—men to watch ;

This—of the few of the Count's very household.

You must, however reluctantly, arrest ; While here 's a method of remonstrance—sure

Not stronger than the case demands—to take

With the Count's self.

*Cha.* Deliver those three papers.

*Pol.* [*while CHARLES inspects them—to D'ORMEA.*]

Your measures are not over-harsh, sir : France

Will hardly be deterred from coming hither

By these.

*D'O.* What good of my proposing measures

Without a chance of their success ? E'en these,

Hear what he'll say at my presenting.

*Cha.* [*who has signed them.*] There ! About the warrants ! You've my signature.

What turns you pale ? I do my duty by you

In acting boldly thus on your advice.

*D'O.* [*reading them separately.*] Arrest the people I suspected merely ?

*Cha.* Did you suspect them ?

*D'O.* Doubtless : but—but—sire, This Forquieri's governor of Turin ; And Rivarol and he have influence over Half of the capital.—Rabella, too ?

Why, sire—

*Cha.* Oh, leave the fear to me !

*D'O.* [*still reading*]. You bid me Incarcerate the people on this list ?

Sire—

*Cha.* Why, you never bade arrest those men,

So close related to my father too,

On trifling grounds ?

*D'O.* Oh, as for that, St. George, President of Chambery's senators, Is hatching treason ! but—

[*Still more troubled.*] Sire, Count Cumiane Is brother to your father's wife ! What's here ?

Arrest the wife herself ?

*Cha.* You seem to think it A venial crime to plot against me. Well ?

*D'O.* [*who has read the last paper.*]

Wherefore am I thus ruined ?

Why not take

My life at once ? This poor formality

Is, let me say, unworthy you ! Prevent it,

You, madam ! I have served you, am prepared

For all disgraces—only, let disgrace

Be plain, be proper—proper for the world

To pass its judgment on 'twixt you and me !

Take back your warrant—I will none of it.

*Cha.* Here is a man to talk of fickleness !

He stakes his life upon my father's falsehood ;

I bid him . . .

*D'O.* Not you ! Were he trebly false, You do not bid me . . .

*Cha.* Is't not written there ? I thought so : give—I'll set it right.

*D'O.* Is it there ?

Oh, yes—and plain—arrest him—now—drag here

Your father ! And were all six times as plain,

Do you suppose I trust it ?

*Cha.* Just one word ! You bring him, taken in the act of flight, Or else your life is forfeit.

*D'O.* Ay, to Turin

I bring him ? And to-morrow ?

*Cha.*

Here and now !

The whole thing is a lie—a hateful lie—  
As I believed and as my father said.

I knew it from the first, but was com-  
pelled

To circumvent you ; and the crafty  
D'Ormea,

That baffled Alberoni and tricked Coscia,  
The miserable sower of such discord

'Twixt sire and son, is in the toils at last !  
Oh, I see ! you arrive—this plan of

yours,

Weak as it is, torments sufficiently

A sick, old, peevish man—wings hasty  
speech

And ill-considered threats from him ;  
that 's noted ;

Then out you ferret papers, his amuse-  
ment

In lonely hours of lassitude—examine  
The day-by-day report of your paid

creatures—

And back you come—all was not ripe,  
you find,

And, as you hope, may keep from  
ripening yet—

But you were in bare time ! Only,  
'twere best

I never saw my father—these old men  
Are potent in excuses—and, meanwhile,

D'Ormea 's the man I cannot do with-  
out !

*Pol.* Charles—

*Cha.* Ah, no question !

You're for D'Ormea too !

You'd have me eat and drink, and  
sleep, live, die

With this lie coiled about me, choking  
me !

No, no—he 's caught ! [*to D'ORMEA.*]

You venture life, you say,

Upon my father's perfidy ; and I  
Have, on the whole, no right to disre-

gard

The chains of testimony you thus wind  
About me ; though I do—do from my

soul

Discredit them : still I must authorize  
These measures—and I will. Perugia !

[*Many Officers enter.*] Count—

You and Solar, with all the force you  
have,

Are at the Marquis's orders : what he bids,

Implicitly perform ! You are to bring  
A traitor here—the man that 's likeliest  
one

At present, fronts me ; you are at his  
beck

For a full hour ; he undertakes to show  
you

A fouler than himself,—but, failing that,  
Return with him, and, as my father lives,

He dies this night ! The clemency you  
blame

Soon, shall be revoked—rights exercised  
That I've abjured.

[*To D'ORMEA.*] Now, sir, about the work !

To save your king and country ! Take  
the warrant !

*D'O.* You hear the Sovereign's man-  
date, Count Perugia ?

Obey me ! As your diligence, expect  
Reward ! All follow to Montcagliar !

*Cha.* [*in great anguish.*] D'Ormea !

[*D'ORMEA goes.*]

He goes, lit up with that appalling  
smile !

[*To POLYXENA after a pause.*]

At least you understand all this ?

*Pol.* These means

Of our defence—these measures of pre-  
caution ?

*Cha.* It must be the best way. I  
should have else

Withered beneath his scorn.

*Pol.* What would you say ?

*Cha.* Why, you don't think I mean to  
keep the crown,

Polyxena ?

*Pol.* You then believe the story

In spite of all—that Victor 's coming ?

*Cha.* Believe it ?

I know that he is coming—feel the  
strength

That has upheld me leave me at his  
coming !

'Twas mine, and now he takes his own  
again.

Some kinds of strength are well enough  
to have ;

But who 's to have that strength ? Let  
my crown go !

I meant to keep it—but I cannot—  
cannot !

Only, he shall not taunt me—he, the  
first . . .

See if he would not be the first to taunt  
me

With having left his kingdom at a  
word—

With letting it be conquered without  
stroke—

With . . . no—no—'tis no worse than  
when he left it,

I've just to bid him take it, and, that  
over,

We'll fly away—fly—for I loathe this  
Turin,

This Rivoli, all titles loathe, and state.  
We'd best go to your country—unless  
God

Send I die now !

*Pol.* Charles, hear me !

*Cha.* —And again

Shall you be my Polyxena—you'll take  
me

Out of this woe ! Yes, do speak—and  
keep speaking !

I would not let you speak just now, for  
fear

You'd counsel me against him : but  
talk, now,

As we two used to talk in blessed times :  
Bid me endure all his caprices ; take me  
From this mad post above him !

*Pol.* I believe

We are undone, but from a different  
cause.

All your resources, down to the least  
guard,

Are now at D'Ormea's beck. What if,  
the while,

He act in concert with your father ? We  
Indeed were lost. This lonely Rivoli—

Where find a better place for them ?

*Cha.* [*pacing the room.*] And why

Does Victor come ? To undo all that's  
done !

Restore the Past—prevent the Future !  
Seat

His mistress in your seat, and place in  
mine

. . . Oh, my own people, whom will you  
find there,

To ask of, to consult with, to care for,  
To hold up with your hands ? Whom ?

One that's false—

False—from the head's crown to the  
foot's sole, false !

The best is, that I knew it in my heart  
From the beginning, and expected this,

And hated you, Polyxena, because  
You saw thro' him, though I too saw

thro' him,

Saw that he meant this while he crowned  
me, while

He prayed for me,—nay, while he kissed  
my brow,

I saw—

*Pol.* But if your measures take effect,  
And D'Ormea's true to you ?

*Cha.* Then worst of all !

I shall have loosed that callous wretch on  
him !

Well may the woman taunt him with  
his child—

I, eating here his bread, clothed in his  
clothes,

Seated upon his seat, give D'Ormea leave  
To outrage him ! We talk—perchance

they tear

My father from his bed—the old hands  
feel

For one who is not, but who should be  
there—

And he finds D'Ormea ! D'Ormea, too,  
finds him !

The crowded chamber when the lights  
go out—

Closed doors—the horrid scuffle in the  
dark—

The accursed promptings of the minute !  
My guards !

To horse—and after, with me—and  
prevent !

*Pol.* [*seizing his hand.*] King Charles !  
Pause here upon this strip of time

Allotted you out of eternity !

Crowns are from God—in His name you  
hold yours.

Your life's no least thing, were it fit  
your life

Should be abjured along with rule ; but  
now,

Keep both ! Your duty is to live and  
rule—

You, who would vulgarly look fine  
enough

In the world's eye, deserting your soul's  
charge,—

Ay, you would have men's praise—this  
Rivoli



Would be illumined ! while, as 'tis, no  
doubt,  
Something of stain will ever rest on  
you ;  
No one will rightly know why you  
refused  
To abdicate ; they'll talk of deeds you  
could  
Have done, no doubt,—nor do I much  
expect  
Future achievements will blot out the  
Past,

Envelope it in haze—nor shall we two  
Be happy any more. 'Twill be, I feel,  
Only in moments that the duty's seen  
As palpably as now—the months, the  
years

Of painful indistinctness are to come,  
While daily must we tread these palace-  
rooms

Pregnant with memories of the Past :  
your eye

May turn to mine and find no comfort  
there,

Through fancies that beset me, as your-  
self,

Of other courses, with far other issues,  
We might have taken this great night—  
such bear,

As I will bear ! What matters happi-  
ness ?

Duty ! There's man's one moment—  
this is yours !

*[Putting the crown on his head, and  
the sceptre in his hand, she places  
him on his seat : a long pause and  
silence.]*

*Enter D'ORMEA and VICTOR.*

*Vic.* At last I speak ; but once—that  
once, to you !

'Tis you I ask, not these your varletry,  
Who's King of us ?

*Cha.* *[from his seat.]* Count Tende . . .

*Vic.* What your spies  
Assert I ponder in my soul, I say—  
Here to your face, amid your guards !  
I choose

To take again the crown whose shadow  
I gave—

For still its potency surrounds the weak  
White locks their felon hands have  
discomposed.

Or, I'll not ask who's King, but simply,  
who

Withholds the crown I claim ? Deliver  
it !

I have no friend in the wide world : nor  
France

Nor England cares for me : you see the  
sum

Of what I can avail. Deliver it !

*Cha.* Take it, my father !

And now say in turn,

Was it done well, my father—sure not  
well,

To try me thus ! I might have seen  
much cause

For keeping it—too easily seen cause !  
But, from that moment, e'en more woe-  
fully

My life had pined away, than pine it will.  
Already you have much to answer for.

My life to pine is nothing,—her sunk  
eyes

Were happy once ! No doubt, my people  
think

That I'm their King still . . . but I can-  
not strive !

Take it !

*Vic.* *[one hand on the crown CHARLES  
offers, the other on his neck.]* So  
few years give it quietly,

My son ! It will drop from me. See you  
not ?

A crown's unlike a sword to give away—  
That, let a strong hand to a weak hand  
give !

But crowns should slip from palsied  
brows to heads

Young as this head : yet mine is weak  
enough,

E'en weaker than I knew. I seek for  
phrases

To vindicate my right. 'Tis of a piece !  
All is alike gone by with me—who beat  
Once D'Orleans in his lines—his very  
lines !

To have been Eugene's comrade, Louis'  
rival,

And now . . .

*Cha.* *[putting the crown on him, to the  
rest.]* The King speaks, yet none  
kneels, I think !

*Vic.* I am then King ! As I became  
a King



Despite the nations—kept myself a  
King—

So I die King, with Kingship dying too  
Around me! I have lasted Europe's  
time!

What wants my story of completion?  
Where

Must needs the damning break show!  
Who mistrusts

My children here—tell they of any break  
'Twixt my day's sunrise and its fiery  
fall?

And who were by me when I died but  
they?

Who?—D'Ormea there!

*Cha.* What means he?

*Vic.* Ever there!

Charles—how to save your story?  
Mine must go!

Say—say that you refused the crown to  
me—

Charles, yours shall be my story! You  
immured

Me, say, at Rivoli. A single year  
I spend without a sight of you, then  
die—

That will serve every purpose—tell that  
tale

The world!

*Cha.* Mistrust me? Help!

*Vic.* Past help, past reach!

'Tis in the heart—you cannot reach the  
heart:

This broke mine, that I did believe, you,  
Charles,

Would have denied and so disgraced me.  
*Pol.* Charles

Has never ceased to be your subject, sire!  
He reigned at first through setting up  
yourself

As pattern: if he e'er seemed harsh to  
you,

'Twas from a too intense appreciation  
Of your own character: he acted you—  
Ne'er for an instant did I think it  
real,

Nor look for any other than this end.  
I hold him worlds the worse on that  
account;

But so it was.

*Cha.* [to POLYX.] I love you, now,  
indeed!

[To VICTOR.] You never knew me!

*Vic.* Hardly till this moment,  
When I seem learning many other  
things,

Because the time for using them is past.  
If 'twere to do again! That's idly  
wished.

Truthfulness might prove policy as  
good

As guile. Is this my daughter's fore-  
head? Yes—

I've made it fitter now to be a queen's  
Than formerly—I've ploughed the deep  
lines there

Which keep too well a crown from slip-  
ping off!

No matter. Guile has made me King  
again.

*Louis*—'twas in King Victor's time—long  
since,

When *Louis* reigned—and, also, Victor  
reigned—

How the world talks already of us two!  
God of eclipse and each discoloured star,  
Why do I linger then?

Ha! Where lurks he?  
D'Ormea! Come nearer to your King!

Now stand!

[Collecting his strength as D'ORMEA  
approaches.

But you lied, D'Ormea! I do not repent.  
[Dies.

# THE RETURN OF THE DRUSES

## A TRAGEDY

1843

### PERSONS

The Grand-Master's Prefect.  
 The Patriarch's Nuncio.  
 The Republic's Admiral.  
 LOYS DE DREUX, Knight-Novice.  
 Initiated Druses—DJABAL.  
 " " KHALIL.  
 " " ANAEL.

Initiated Druses—MAANI.  
 " " KARSHOOK.  
 RAGHIB, AYOOB, and others.  
 Uninitiated Druses.  
 Prefect's Guard, Nuncio's Attendants,  
 Admiral's Force.

TIME, 14—.

PLACE, An Islet of the Southern Sporades, colonised by Druses of Lebanon, and garrisoned by the Knights-Hospitallers of Rhodes.

SCENE, A Hall in the Prefect's Palace.

### ACT I

*Enter stealthily KARSHOOK, RAGHIB, AYOOB, and other initiated Druses, each as he enters casting off a robe that conceals his distinctive black vest and white turban; then, as giving a loose to exultation,—*

*Kar.* The moon is carried off in purple fire :

Day breaks at last ! Break glory, with the day,

On Djabal's dread incarnate mystery  
 Now ready to resume its pristine shape  
 Of Hakeem, as the Khalif vanished erst  
 In what seemed death to uninstructed eyes,

On red Mokattam's verge—our Founder's flesh,

As he resumes our Founder's function !  
*Ragh.* —Death

Sweep to the Christian Prefect that enslaved

So long us sad Druse exiles o'er the sea !

*Ay.*—Most joy be thine, O Mother-mountain ! Thy brood

Returns to thee, no outcasts as we left,  
 But thus—but thus ! Behind, our  
 Prefect's corse ;

Before, a presence like the morning—  
 thine,

Absolute Djabal late,—God Hakeem  
 now

That day breaks !

*Kar.* Off then, with disguise at last !  
 As from our forms this hateful garb we  
 strip,

Lose every tongue its glozing accent too,  
 Discard each limb the ignoble gesture !

Cry,  
 'Tis the Druse Nation, warders on our  
 mount

Of the world's secret, since the birth of  
 time,

—No kindred slips, no offsets from thy  
 stock,

No spawn of Christians are we, Prefect,  
 we

Who rise . . .

*Ay.* Who shout . . .

*Ragh.* Who seize, a first-fruits, ha—  
 Spoil of the spoiler ! Brave !

*[They begin to tear down, and to dispute for, the decorations of the hall.]*

*Kar.* Hold !

*Ay.* —Mine, I say ;  
 And mine shall it continue !

*Kar.* Just this fringe !  
 Take anything beside ! Lo, spire on  
     spire,  
 Curl serpentwise wreathed columns to  
     the top  
 Of the roof, and hide themselves  
     mysteriously  
 Among the twinkling lights and darks  
     that haunt  
 Yon cornice ! Where the huge veil, they  
     suspend  
 Before the Prefect's chamber of delight,  
 Floats wide, then falls again as if its  
     slave,  
 The scented air, took heart now, and anon  
 Lost heart, to buoy its breadths of  
     gorgeousness  
 Above the gloom they droop in—all the  
     porch  
 Is jewelled o'er with frostwork charac-  
     tery ;  
 And see yon eight-point cross of white  
     flamé, winking  
 Hoar-silvery like some fresh-broke  
     marble-stone :  
 Raze out the Rhodian cross there, so  
     thou leav'st me  
 This single fringe !

*Ay.* Ha, wouldst thou, dog-fox ?  
 Help !  
 —Three handbreadths of gold fringe,  
     my son was set  
 To twist, the night he died !

*Kar.* Nay, hear the knave !  
 And I could witness my one daughter  
     borne,  
 A week since, to the Prefect's couch, yet  
     fold  
 These arms, be mute, lest word of mine  
     should mar  
 Our Master's work, delay the Prefect  
     here  
 A day, prevent his sailing hence for  
     Rhodes—  
 How know I else ?—Hear me denied my  
     right  
 By such a knave !

*Ragh.* [*interposing.*] Each ravage for  
     himself !  
 Booty enough ! On, Druses ! Be there  
     found  
 Blood and a heap behind us ; with us,  
     Djabal

Turned Hakeem ; and before us,  
     Lebanon !  
 Yields the porch ? Spare not ! There  
     his minions dragged  
 Thy daughter, Karshook, to the Prefect's  
     couch !  
 Ayoob ! Thy son, to soothe the Prefect's  
     pride,  
 Bent o'er that task, the death-sweat on  
     his brow,  
 Carving the spice-tree's heart in scroll-  
     work there !  
 Onward in Djabal's name !

*As the tumult is at height, enter KHALIL.*  
*A pause and silence.*

*Kha.* Was it for this,  
 Djabal hath summoned you ? Deserve  
     you thus  
 A portion in to-day's event ? What,  
     here—  
 When most behoves your feet fall soft,  
     your eyes  
 Sink low, your tongues lie still,—at  
     Djabal's side,  
 Close in his very hearing, who, per-  
     chance,  
 Assumes e'en now God Hakeem's  
     dreaded shape,—  
 Dispute you for these gauds ?

*Ay.* How say'st thou, Khalil ?  
 Doubtless our Master prompts thee !  
 Take the fringe,  
 Old Karshook ! I supposed it was a  
     day . . .

*Kha.* For pillage ?  
*Kar.* Harken, Khalil ! Never spoke  
 A boy so like a song-bird ; we avouch  
     thee  
 Prettiest of all our Master's instruments  
 Except thy bright twin-sister—thou  
     and Anael  
 Challenge his prime regard : but we  
     may crave  
 (Such nothings as we be) a portion too  
 Of Djabal's favour ; in him we believed,  
 His bound ourselves, him moon by  
     moon obeyed,  
 Kept silence till this daybreak—so, may  
     claim  
 Reward : who grudges me my claim ?  
*Ay.* To-day  
 Is not as yesterday !

*Ragh.* Stand off !  
*Kha.* Rebel you ?  
 Must I, the delegate of Djabal, draw  
 His wrath on you, the day of our  
 Return ?  
*Other Druses.* Wrench from their  
 grasp the fringe ! Hound ! must  
 the earth  
 Vomit her plagues on us thro' thee ?—  
 and thee ?  
 Plague me not, Khalil, for their fault !  
*Kha.* Oh, shame !  
 Thus breaks to-day on you, the mystic  
 tribe  
 Who, flying the approach of Osman,  
 bore  
 Our faith, a merest spark, from Syria's  
 ridge  
 Its birthplace, hither ! Let the sea  
 divide  
 These hunters from their prey, you said,  
 and safe  
 In this dim islet's virgin solitude  
 Tend we our faith, the spark, till  
 happier time  
 Fan it to fire ; till Hakeem rise again,  
 According to his word that, in the flesh  
 Which faded on Mokattam ages since,  
 He, at our extreme need, would inter-  
 pose,  
 And, reinstating all in power and bliss,  
 Lead us himself to Lebanon once more.  
 Was't not thus you departed years ago,  
 Ere I was born ?  
*Druses.* 'Twas even thus, years ago.  
*Kha.* And did you call—(according  
 to old laws  
 Which bid us, lest the sacred grow pro-  
 fane,  
 Assimilate ourselves in outward rites  
 With strangers fortune makes our lords,  
 and live  
 As Christian with the Christian, Jew  
 with Jew,  
 Druse only with the Druses)—did you  
 call  
 Or no, to stand 'twixt you and Osman's  
 rage,  
 (Mad to pursue e'en hither thro' the sea  
 The remnant of your tribe) a race self-  
 vowed  
 To endless warfare with his hordes and  
 him,

The White-cross Knights of the adjacent  
 Isle ?  
*Kar.* And why else rend we down,  
 wrench up, raze out ?  
 These Knights of Rhodes we thus  
 solicited  
 For help, bestowed on us a fiercer pest  
 Than aught we fled—their Prefect ; who  
 began  
 His promised mere paternal governance,  
 By a prompt massacre of all our Sheikhs  
 Able to thwart the Order in its scheme  
 Of crushing, with our nationalities,  
 Each chance of our return, and taming  
 us  
 Bondslaves to Rhodes for ever—all, he  
 thinks  
 To end by this day's treason.  
*Kha.* Say I not ?  
 You, fitted to the Order's purposes,  
 Your Sheikhs cut off, your very garb  
 proscribed,  
 Must yet receive one degradation more ;  
 The Knights at last throw off the mask  
 —transfer,  
 As tributary now, and appanage,  
 This islet they are but protectors of,  
 To their own ever-craving lord, the  
 Church,  
 Which licenses all crimes that pay it  
 thus.  
 You, from their Prefect, were to be con-  
 signed  
 (Pursuant to I know not what vile pact)  
 To the Knights' Patriarch, ardent to  
 outvie  
 His predecessor in all wickedness.  
 When suddenly rose Djabal in the midst,  
 Djabal, the man, in semblance, but our  
 God  
 Confessed by signs and portents: Ye  
 saw fire  
 Bicker round Djabal, heard strange  
 music flit  
 Bird-like about his brow ?  
*Druses.* We saw—we heard !  
 Djabal is Hakeem, the incarnate Dread,  
 The phantasm Khalif, King of Pro-  
 digies !  
*Kha.* And as he said hath not our  
 Khalif done,  
 And so disposed events (from land to  
 land

Passing invisibly) that when, this morn,  
The pact of villany complete, there  
comes

This Patriarch's Nuncio with this  
Master's Prefect

Their treason to consummate,—each  
will face

For a crouching handful, an uplifted  
nation;

For simulated Christians, confessed  
Druses;

And, for slaves past hope of the Mother-  
mount,

Freedmen returning there 'neath Ven-  
ice' flag;

That Venice which, the Hospitallers' foe,  
Grants us from Candia escort home at  
price

Of our relinquished isle, Rhodes counts  
her own—

Venice, whose promised argosies should  
stand

Toward the harbour : is it now that you,  
and you,

And you, selected from the rest to bear  
The burthen of the Khalif's secret,  
further

To-day's event, entitled by your wrongs,  
And witness in the Prefect's hall his  
fate—

That you dare clutch these gauds ? Ay,  
drop them !

*Kar.* True,  
Most true, all this ; and yet, may one  
dare hint,

Thou art the youngest of us ?—though  
employed

Abundantly as Djabal's confidant,  
Transmitter of his mandates, even now.

Much less, whene'er beside him Anael  
graces

The cedar throne, his Queen-bride, art  
thou like

To occupy its lowest step that day !  
Now, Khalil, wert thou checked as thou  
aspirest,

Forbidden such or such an honour,—  
say,

Would silence serve so amply ?

*Kha.* Karshook thinks  
I covet honours ? Well, nor idly thinks !

Honours ? I have demanded of them all  
The greatest !

*Kar.* I supposed so.

*Kha.* Judge yourselves !

Turn—thus : 'tis in the alcove at the  
back

Of yonder columned porch, whose  
entrance now

The veil hides, that our Prefect holds  
his state ;

Receives the Nuncio, when the one,  
from Rhodes,

The other lands from Syria ; there they  
meet.

Now, I have sued with earnest prayers...

*Kar.* For what

Shall the Bride's brother vainly sue ?

*Kha.* That mine—

Avenging in one blow a myriad wrongs  
—Might be the hand to slay the Prefect  
there !

Djabal reserves that office for himself.

[*A silence.*]

Thus far, as youngest of you all, I speak  
—Scarce more enlightened than your-  
selves : since, near

As I approach him, nearer as I trust  
Soon to approach our Master, he reveals  
Only the God's power, not the glory yet.  
Therefore I reasoned with you : now,  
as servant

To Djabal, bearing his authority,  
Hear me appoint your several posts !  
Till noon

None see him save myself and Anael—  
once

The deed achieved, our Khalif, casting  
off

The embodied Awe's tremendous mys-  
tery,

The weakness of the flesh disguise,  
resumes

His proper glory, ne'er to fade again.

*Enter a Druse.*

*The Druse.* Our Prefect lands from  
Rhodes !—Without a sign

That he suspects aught since he left our  
Isle ;

Nor in his train a single guard beyond  
The few he sailed with hence : so have  
we learned

From Loys.

*Kar.* Loys ? Is not Loys gone  
For ever ?

*Ayoob.* Loys, the Frank Knight,  
returned ?

*The Druse.* Loys, the boy, stood on  
the leading prow

Conspicuous in his gay attire,—and  
leapt

Into the surf the foremost. Since day-  
dawn

I kept watch to the Northward ; take  
but note

Of my poor vigilance to Djabal !

*Kha.* Peace !

Thou, Karshook, with thy company,  
receive

The Prefect as appointed : see, all keep  
The wonted show of servitude : an-  
nounce

His entry here by the accustomed peal  
Of trumpets, then await the further  
pleasure

Of Djabal ! (Loys back, whom Djabal  
sent

To Rhodes that we might spare the  
single Knight

Worth sparing !)

*Enter a second Druse.*

*The Druse.* I espied it first ! Say, I  
First spied the Nuncio's galley from the  
South !

Saidst thou a Crossed-keys' flag would  
flap the mast ?

It nears apace ! One galley and no  
more—

If Djabal chance to ask who spied the  
flag,

Forget not, I it was !

*Kha.* Thou, Ayoob, bring  
The Nuncio and his followers hither !

Break

One rule prescribed, ye wither in your  
blood,

Die at your fault !

*Enter a third Druse.*

*The Druse.* I shall see home, see  
home !

—Shall banquet in the sombre groves  
again !

Hail to thee, Khalil ! Venice looms afar ;  
The argosies of Venice, like a cloud,

Bear up from Candia in the distance !

*Kha.*

Joy !

Summon our people, Raghib ! Bid all  
forth !

Tell them the long-kept secret, old and  
young !

Set free the captives, let the trampled  
raise

Their faces from the dust, because at  
length

The cycle is complete, God Hakeem's  
reign

Begins anew ! Say, Venice for our  
guard,

Ere night we steer for Syria ! Hear you,  
Druses ?

Hear you this crowning witness to the  
claims

Of Djabal ? Oh, I spoke of hope and  
fear,

Reward and punishment, because he  
bade

Who has the right ; for me, what should  
I say

But, mar not those imperial lineaments,  
No majesty of all that rapt regard

Vex by the least omission ! Let him rise  
Without a check from you !

*Druses.*

Let Djabal rise !

*Enter LOYS.—The Druses are silent.*

*Loys.* Who speaks of Djabal ?—for  
I seek him, friends !

[*Aside.*] *Tu Dieu !* 'Tis as our Isle broke  
out in song

For joy, its Prefect-incubus drops off  
To-day, and I succeed him in his rule !

But no—they cannot dream of their  
good fortune !

[*Aloud.*] Peace to you, Druses ! I have  
tidings for you,

But first for Djabal : where 's your tall  
bewitcher,

With that small Arab thin-lipped silver-  
mouth ?

*Kha.* [*Aside to KAR.*] Loys, in truth !  
Yet Djabal cannot err !

*Kar.* [*to KHA.*] And who takes charge  
of Loys ? That 's forgotten,

Despite thy wariness ! Will Loys  
stand

And see his comrade slaughtered ?

*Loys.* [*Aside.*] How they shrink  
And whisper, with those rapid faces !  
What ?



The sight of me in their oppressors' garb

Strikes terror to the simple tribe? God's shame

On those that bring our Order ill repute!

But all 's at end now; better days begin

For these mild mountaineers from overseas:

The timidest shall have in me no Prefect

To cower at thus! [*Aloud.*] I asked for Djabal—

*Kar.* [*Aside.*] Better

One lured him, ere he can suspect, inside

The corridor; 'twere easy to dispatch

A youngster. [*To Loys.*] Djabal passed some minutes since

Thro' yonder porch, and . . .

*Kha.* [*Aside.*] Hold! What, him dispatch?

The only Christian of them all we charge

No tyranny upon? Who,—noblest Knight

Of all that learned from time to time their trade

Of lust and cruelty among us,—heir

To Europe's pomps, a truest child of pride,—

Yet stood between the Prefect and ourselves

From the beginning? Loys, Djabal makes

Account of, and precisely sent to Rhodes

For safety?—I take charge of him!

[*To Loys.*] Sir Loys,—

*Loys.* There, cousins! Does Sir Loys strike you dead?

*Kha.* [*advancing.*] Djabal has intercourse with few or none

Till noontide: but, your pleasure?

*Loys.* Intercourse

With few or none?—(Ah, Khalil, when you spoke

I saw not your smooth face! All health!—and health

To Anael! How fares Anael?)—Intercourse

With few or none? Forget you, I've been friendly

With Djabal long ere you or any Druse?

—Enough of him at Rennes, I think, beneath

The Duke my father's roof! He'd tell by the hour,

With fixed white eyes beneath his swarthy brow,

Plausibler stories . . .

*Kha.* Stories, say you?—Ah,

The quaint attire!

*Loys.* My dress for the last time!

How sad I cannot make you understand,

This ermine, o'er a shield, betokens me

Of Bretagne, ancientest of provinces

And noblest; and, what's best and oldest there,

See, Dreux', our house's blazon, which the Nuncio

Tacks to an Hospitaller's vest to-day!

*Kha.* The Nuncio we await? What brings you back

From Rhodes, Sir Loys?

*Loys.* How you island-tribe

Forget, the world's awake while here you drowse!

What brings me back? What should not bring me, rather?

Our Patriarch's Nuncio visits you to-day—

Is not my year's probation out? I come To take the knightly vows.

*Kha.* What's that you wear?

*Loys.* This Rhodian cross? The cross your Prefect wore.

You should have seen, as I saw, the full Chapter

Rise, to a man, while they transferred this cross

From that unworthy Prefect's neck to . . . (fool—

My secret will escape me!) In a word,

My year's probation passed, a Knight ere eve

Am I; bound, like the rest, to yield my wealth

To the common stock, to live in chastity, (We Knights espouse alone our Order's fame)

—Change this gay weed for the black white-crossed gown,

And fight to death against the Infidel

—Not, therefore, against you, you Christians with

Such partial difference only as befits

The peaceffullest of tribes! But Khalil, prithee,

Is not the Isle brighter than wont to-day ?

*Kha.* Ah, the new sword !

*Loys.* See now ! You handle sword  
As 'twere a camel-staff ! Pull ! That's  
my motto,  
Annealed, ' *Pro fide*,' on the blade in  
blue.

*Kha.* No curve in it ? Surely a blade  
should curve !

*Loys.* Straight from the wrist !  
Loose—it should poise itself !

*Kha.* [*waving with irrepressible exultation the sword.*] We are a nation,  
Loys, of old fame

Among the mountains ! Rights have we  
to keep

With the sword too !

[*Remembering himself.*] But I forget—  
you bid me

Seek Djabal ?

*Loys.* What ! A sword's sight  
scares you not ?

(The People I will make of him and  
them !

Oh, let my Prefect-sway begin at once !)  
Bring Djabal—say, indeed, that come  
he must !

*Kha.* At noon seek Djabal in the  
Prefect's Chamber,

And find . . . [*Aside.*] Nay, 'tis thy  
cursed race's token,

Frank pride, no special insolence of  
thine !

[*Aloud.*] Tarry, and I will do your  
bidding, Loys.

[*To the rest aside.*] Now, forth you ! I  
proceed to Djabal straight.

Leave this poor boy, who knows not  
what he says.

Oh, will it not add joy to even thy joy,  
Djabal, that I report all friends were  
true ?

[*KHALIL goes, followed by the Druses.*

*Loys.* *Tu Dieu !* How happy I shall  
make these Druses !

Was't not surpassingly contrived of me  
To get the long list of their wrongs by  
heart,

Then take the first pretence for stealing  
off

From these poor islanders, present my-  
self

Sudden at Rhodes before the noble  
Chapter,

And (as best proof of ardour in its cause  
Which ere to-night will have become,  
too, mine)

Acquaint it with this plague-sore in its  
body,

This Prefect and his villanous career ?  
The princely Synod ! All I dared re-  
quest

Was his dismissal ; and they graciously  
Consigned his very office to myself—  
Myself may heal whate'er's diseased !

And good

For them, they did so ! Since I never  
felt

How lone a lot, tho' brilliant, I embrace,  
Till now that, past retrieval, it is mine—  
To live thus, and thus die ! Yet, as I  
leapt

On shore, so home a feeling greeted me  
That I could half believe in Djabal's  
story,

He used to tempt my father with, at  
Rennes—

And me, too, since the story brought  
me here—

Of some Count Dreux and ancestor of ours  
Who, sick of wandering from Bouillon's  
war,

Left his old name in Lebanon.

Long days

At least to spend in the Isle ! and, my  
news known

An hour hence, what if Anael turns on  
me

The great black eyes I must forget ?

Why, fool,

Recall them, then ? My business is with  
Djabal,

Not Anael ! Djabal tarries : if I seek  
him ?—

The Isle is brighter than its wont to-day !

## ACT II

*Enter DJABAL.*

*Dja.* That a strong man should think  
himself a God !

I—Hakeem ? To have wandered through  
the world,

Sown falsehood, and thence reaped now  
scorn, now faith,

For my one chant with many a change,  
 my tale  
 Of outrage, and my prayer for vengeance  
 —this  
 Required, forsooth, no mere man's  
 faculty,  
 Nor less than Hakeem's? The persuad-  
 ing Loys  
 To pass probation here; the getting  
 access  
 By Loys to the Prefect; worst of all,  
 The gaining my tribe's confidence by  
 fraud  
 That would disgrace the very Franks,—  
 a few  
 Of Europe's secrets that subdue the  
 flame,  
 The wave,—to ply a simple tribe with  
 these,  
 Took Hakeem?

And I feel this first to-day!

Does the day break, is the hour immi-  
 nent  
 When one deed, when my whole life's  
 deed, my deed  
 Must be accomplished? Hakeem?  
 Why the God?  
 Shout, rather, 'Djabal, Youssof's child,  
 thought slain  
 With his whole race, the Druses'  
 Sheikhs, this Prefect  
 Endeavoured to extirpate—saved, a  
 child,  
 Returns from traversing the world, a man,  
 Able to take revenge, lead back the  
 march  
 To Lebanon'—so shout, and who gain-  
 says?  
 But now, because delusion mixed itself  
 Insensibly with this career, all's  
 changed!  
 Have I brought Venice to afford us  
 convoy?  
 'True—but my jugglings wrought that!'  
 Put I heart  
 Into our people where no heart lurked?  
 —'Ah,  
 What cannot an impostor do!'  
 Not this!  
 Not do this which I do! Not bid,  
 avaunt  
 Falsehood! Thou shalt not keep thy  
 hold on me!

—Nor even get a hold on me! 'Tis  
 now—

This day—hour—minute—'tis as here  
 I stand

On the accursed threshold of the Prefect,  
 That I am found deceiving and de-  
 ceived!

And now what do I?—Hasten to the  
 few

Deceived, ere they deceive the many—  
 shout,

As I professed, I did believe myself!  
 Say, Druses, had you seen a butchery—  
 If Ayooob, Karshook saw—Maani there  
 Must tell you how I saw my father  
 sink;

My mother's arms twine still about my  
 neck;

I hear my brother's shriek, here's yet  
 the scar

Of what was meant for my own death-  
 blow—say,

If you had woke like me, grown year by  
 year

Out of the tumult in a far-off clime,  
 Would it be wondrous such delusion  
 grew?

I walked the world, asked help at every  
 hand;

Came help or no? Not this and this?  
 Which helps

When I returned with, found the  
 Prefect here,

The Druses here, all here but Hakeem's  
 self,

The Khalif of the thousand prophecies,  
 Reserved for such a juncture,—could  
 I call

My mission aught but Hakeem's?  
 Promised Hakeem

More than performs the Djabal—you  
 absolve?

—Me, you will never shame before the  
 crowd

Yet happily ignorant?—Me, both  
 throngs surround

The few deceived, the many unabused,  
 —Who, thus surrounded, slay for you  
 and them

The Prefect, lead to Lebanon! No  
 Khalif,

But Sheikh once more! Mere Djabal—  
 not...

*Enter KHALIL hastily.*

*Kha.* —God Hakeem !  
'Tis told ! The whole Druse nation  
knows thee, Hakeem,  
As we ! and mothers lift on high their  
babes  
Who seem aware, so glisten their great  
eyes,  
Thou hast not failed us ; ancient brows  
are proud !  
Our elders could not earlier die, it seems,  
Than at thy coming ! The Druse heart  
is thine !  
Take it ! my Lord and theirs, be thou  
adored !

*Dja. [Aside.]* Adored !—but I re-  
nounce it utterly !

*Kha.* Already are they instituting  
choirs

And dances to the Khalif, as of old  
'Tis chronicled thou bad'st them.

*Dja. [Aside.]* I abjure it !  
'Tis not mine—not for me !

*Kha.* Why pour they wine  
Flavoured like honey and bruised  
mountain herbs ?

Or wear those strings of sun-dried cedar-  
fruit ?

Oh—let me tell thee—Esaad, we sup-  
posed

Doting, is carried forth, eager to see  
The last sun rise on the Isle—he can see  
now !

The shamed Druse women never wept  
before :

They can look up when we reach home,  
they say.

Smell !—Sweet cane, saved in Lilith's  
breast thus long—

Sweet !—it grows wild in Lebanon.  
And I

Alone do nothing for thee ! 'Tis my  
office

Just to announce what well thou  
know'st—but thus

Thou bidst me. At this selfsame  
moment tend

The Prefect, Nuncio, and the Admiral  
Hither, by their three sea-paths : nor  
forget

Who were the trusty watchers !—thou  
forget ?

Like me, who do forget that Anael  
bade . . .

*Dja. [Aside.]* Ay, Anael, Anael—is  
that said at last ?

Louder than all, that would be said, I  
knew !

What does abjuring mean, confessing  
mean,

To the people ? Till that woman crossed  
my path,

On went I, solely for my people's sake :  
I saw her, and I first saw too myself,  
And slackened pace : ' if I should prove  
indeed

Hakeem—with Anael by ! '

*Kha. [Aside.]* Ah, he is rapt !  
Dare I at such a moment break on him  
Even to do my sister's bidding ? Yes !  
The eyes are Djabal's, and not Hakeem's  
yet !

Though but till I have spoken this,  
perchance.

*Dja. [Aside.]* To yearn to tell her, and  
yet have no one

Great heart's word that will tell her !  
I could gasp

Doubtless one such word out, and die !  
[*Aloud.*] You said

That Anael . . .

*Kha.* . . . Fain would see thee,  
speak with thee,

Before thou change, discard this Djabal's  
shape

She knows, for Hakeem's shape she is  
to know.

Something's to say that will not from  
her mind :

I know not what—' Let him but come ! '  
she said.

*Dja. [Half-apart.]* My nation—all my  
Druses—how fare they ?

Those I must save, and suffer thus to  
save,

Hold they their posts ? Wait they their  
Khalif too ?

*Kha.* All at the signal pant to flock  
around

That banner of a brow !

*Dja. [Aside.]* And when they flock,  
Confess them this—and after, for  
reward,

Be chased with howlings to her feet  
perchance ?

—Have the poor outraged Druses, deaf  
and blind,

Precede me there—forestall my story,  
there—

Tell it in mocks and jeers !

I lose myself !

Who needs a Hakeem to direct him  
now ?

I need the veriest child—why not this  
child ?

[Turning abruptly to KHALIL.

You are a Druse too, Khalil ; you were  
nourished

Like Anael with our mysteries : if she  
Could vow, so nourished, to love only  
one

Who should revenge the Druses, whence  
proceeds

Your silence ? Wherefore made you no  
essay,

Who thus implicitly can execute

My bidding ? What have I done, you  
could not ?

Who, knowing more than Anael the  
prostration

Of our once lofty tribe, the daily life

Of this detested . . .

Does he come, you say,  
This Prefect ? All 's in readiness ?

*Kha.* The sword,  
The sacred robe, the Khalif's mystic  
tiar,

Laid up so long, are all disposed beside  
The Prefect's chamber.

*Dja.* —Why did you despair ?

*Kha.* I know our nation's state ? Too  
surely know,

As thou, who speak'st to prove me !  
Wrongs like ours

Should wake revenge : but when I  
sought the wronged

And spoke,—‘ The Prefect stabbed your  
son—arise !

Your daughter, while you starve, eats  
shameless bread

In his pavilion—then, arise ! ’—my  
speech

Fell idly—’twas, ‘ Be silent, or worse  
fare !

Endure, till time's slow cycle prove  
complete !

Who may'st thou be that takest on thee  
to thrust

Into this peril—art thou Hakeem ? ’  
No !

Only a mission like thy mission renders  
All these obedient at a breath, subdues  
Their private passions, brings their wills  
to one !

*Dja.* You think so ?

*Kha.* Even now—when  
they have witnessed

Thy miracles—had I not threatened  
them

With Hakeem's vengeance, they would  
mar the whole,

And couch ere this, each with his  
special prize,

Safe in his dwelling, leaving our main  
hope

To perish ! No ! When these have  
kissed thy feet

At Lebanon, the Past purged off, the  
Present

Clear,—for the Future, even Hakeem's  
mission

May end, and I perchance, or any youth,  
Can rule them thus renewed.—I talk to  
thee !

*Dja.* And wisely. He is Anael's  
brother, pure

As Anael's self ! Go say, I come to her.  
Haste ! I will follow you. [*KHALIL goes.*

Oh, not confess

To these—the blinded multitude—con-  
fess,

Before at least the fortune of my deed  
Half authorize its means ! Only to her

Let me confess my fault, who in my  
path

Curled up like incense from a mage-  
king's tomb

When he would have the wayfarer  
descend

Through the earth's rift and take hid  
treasure up.

When should my first child's-careless-  
ness have stopped

If not when I, whose lone youth hurried  
past

Letting each joy 'scape for the Druses'  
sake,

At length recovered in one Druse all  
joys ?

Were her brow brighter, her eyes richer,  
still



Would I confess ! On the gulf's verge  
I pause.

How could I slay the Prefect, thus and  
thus ?

Anael, be mine to guard me, not destroy !  
[Goes.

*Enter ANAEL, and MAANI, who is assisting  
to array her in the ancient dress of  
the Druses.*

An. Those saffron vestures of the  
tabret-girls !

Comes Djabal, think you ?

Maa. Doubtless Djabal comes.

An. Dost thou snow-swathe thee  
kinglier, Lebanon,

Than in my dreams ?—Nay, all the  
tresses off

My forehead ! look I lovely so ? He  
says

That I am lovely.

Maa. Lovely : nay, that hangs

Awry.

An. You tell me how a khandjar  
hangs ?

The sharp side, thus, along the heart,  
see, marks

The maiden of our class. Are you con-  
tent

For Djabal as for me ?

Maa. Content, my child.

An. Oh, mother, tell me more of him !  
He comes

Even now—tell more, fill up my soul  
with him !

Maa. And did I not . . . yes, surely . . .  
tell you all ?

An. What will be changed in Djabal  
when the Change

Arrives ? Which feature ? Not his eyes !

Maa. 'Tis writ,  
Our Hakeem's eyes rolled fire and clove  
the dark

Superbly.

An. Not his eyes ! His voice perhaps ?

Yet that's no change ; for a grave  
current lived

—Grandly beneath the surface ever  
lived,

That, scattering, broke as in live silver  
spray

While . . . ah, the bliss . . . he would  
discourse to me

In that enforced, still fashion, word on  
word !

'Tis the old current which must swell  
thro' that,

For what least tone, Maani, could I lose ?  
'Tis surely not his voice will change !

—If Hakeem

Only stood by ! If Djabal, somehow,  
passed

Out of the radiance as from out a robe ;  
Possessed, but was not it !

He lived with you ?

Well—and that morning Djabal saw me  
first

And heard my vow never to wed but one  
Who saved my People—on that day . . .  
proceed !

Maa. Once more, then : from the  
time of his return

In secret, changed so since he left the  
Isle

That I, who screened our Emir's last of  
sons,

This Djabal, from the Prefect's massacre  
—Who bade him ne'er forget the child  
he was,

—Who dreamed so long the youth he  
might become—

I knew not in the man that child ; the  
man

Who spoke alone of hopes to save our  
tribe,

How he had gone from land to land to  
save

Our tribe—allies were sure, nor foes to  
dread ;

And much he mused, days, nights, alone  
he mused :

But never till that day when, pale and  
worn

As by a persevering woe, he cried  
'Is there not one Druse left me ?'—and  
I showed

The way to Khalil's and your hiding-  
place

From the abhorred eye of the Prefect  
here,

So that he saw you, heard you speak—  
till then,

Never did he announce—(how the moon  
seemed

To ope and shut, the while, above us  
both !)



—His mission was the mission promised  
us—

The cycle had revolved—all things  
renewing,

He was lost Hakeem clothed in flesh to  
lead

His children home anon, now veiled to  
work

Great purposes—the Druses now would  
change !

*An.* And they have changed ! And  
obstacles did sink,

And furtherances rose ! And round his  
form

Played fire, and music beat her angel  
wings !

My people, let me more rejoice, oh,  
more

For you than for myself ! Did I but  
watch

Afar the pageant, feel our Khalif pass,  
One of the throng, how proud were I—

tho' ne'er

Singled by Djabal's glance ! But to be  
chosen

His own from all, the most his own of  
all,

To be exalted with him, side by side.

Lead the exulting Druses, meet . . . ah,  
how

Worthily meet the maidens who await  
Ever beneath the cedars—how deserve

This honour, in their eyes ? So bright are  
they

That saffron-vestured sound the tabrets  
there—

The girls who throng there in my  
dreams ! One hour

And all is over : how shall I do aught

That may deserve next hour's exalting ?  
—How ?—

[Suddenly to MAANI.

Mother, I am not worthy of him ! I  
read it

Still in his eyes ! He stands as if to tell  
me

I am not, yet forbears ! Why else revert  
To one theme ever ?—how mere human

gifts

Suffice him in myself—whose worship  
fades,

Whose awe goes ever off at his approach,  
As now, that when he comes . . .

[DJABAL enters.]

I cannot kneel to you ?

Oh, why is it

*Dja.*

Rather, 'tis I

Should kneel to you, my Anael !

*An.*

Even so !

For never seem you—shall I speak the  
truth ?—

Never a God to me ! 'Tis the Man's  
hand,

Eye, voice ! Oh, do you veil these to our  
people,

Or but to me ? To them, I think, to  
them !

And brightness is their veil, shadow—  
my truth !

You mean that I should never kneel to  
you

—So I will kneel !

*Dja.* [preventing her.] No—no !

[Feeling the khandjar as he raises her.

Ha, have you chosen . . .

*An.* The khandjar with our ancient  
garb. But, Djabal,

Change not, be not exalted yet ! give  
time

That I may plan more, perfect more.  
My blood

Beats—beats !

[Aside.] Oh must I then—since  
Loys leaves us

Never to come again, renew in me

These doubts so near effaced already—  
must

I needs confess them now to Djabal ?  
Own

That when I saw that stranger—heard  
his voice,

My faith fell, and the woeful thought  
flashed first

That each effect of Djabal's presence,  
taken

For proof of more than human attributes  
In him, by me whose heart at his ap-  
proach

Beat fast, whose brain while he was by  
swam round,

Whose soul at his departure died away,  
—That every such effect might have  
been wrought

In others' frames, tho' not in mine, by  
Loys

Or any merely mortal presence ? Doubt  
Is fading fast ; shall I reveal it now ?

How can I be rewarded presently,  
With doubt unexpiated, undisclosed ?

*Dja.* [*Aside.*] Avow the truth ? I  
cannot ! In what words

Avow that all she loves in me is false ?  
—Which yet has served that flower-like  
love of hers

To climb by, like the clinging gourd, and  
clasp

With its divinest wealth of leaf and  
bloom.

Could I take down the prop-work, in it-  
self

So vile, yet interlaced and overlaid  
With painted cups and fruitage—might  
these still

Bask in the sun, unconscious their own  
strength

Of matted stalk and tendril had replaced  
The old support thus silently with-  
drawn !

But no; the beauteous fabric crushes too.  
'Tis not for my sake but for Anael's sake  
I leave her soul this Hakeem where it  
leans !

Oh, could I vanish from them—quit the  
Isle !

And yet—a thought comes : here my  
work is done

At every point ; the Druses must  
return—

Have convoy to their birth-place back,  
who'er

The leader be, myself or any Druse—  
Venice is pledged to that : 'tis for my-  
self,

For my own vengeance in the Prefect's  
death,

I stay now, not for them—to slay or  
spare

The Prefect, whom imports it save my-  
self ?

He cannot bar their passage from the  
Isle ;

What would his death be but my own  
reward ?

Then, mine I will forego. It is foregone !  
Let him escape with all my House's  
blood !

Ere he can reach land, Djabal disap-  
pears,

And Hakeem, Anael loved, shall, fresh  
as first,

Live in her memory, keeping her sub-  
lime

Above the world. She cannot touch  
that world

By ever knowing what I truly am,  
Since Loys,—of mankind the only one  
Able to link my Present with my Past,  
My life in Europe with my Island life,  
Thence, able to unmask me,—I've dis-  
posed

Safely at last at Rhodes, and . . .

*Enter KHALIL.*

*Kha.* Loys greets thee !

*Dja.* Loys ? To drag me back ? It  
cannot be !

*An.* [*Aside.*] Loys ! Ah, doubt may  
not be stifled so !

*Kha.* Can I have erred that thou so  
gaze ? Yes,

I told thee not, in the glad press of  
tidings

Of higher import, Loys is returned  
Before the Prefect, with, if possible,  
Twice the light-heartedness of old. As  
though

On some inauguration he expects,  
To-day, the world's fate hung !

*Dja.* —And asks for me ?

*Kha.* Thou knowest all things ! Thee  
in chief he greets,

But every Druse of us is to be happy  
At his arrival, he declares : were Loys  
Thou, Master, he could have no wider  
soul

To take us in with. How I love that  
Loys !

*Dja.* [*Aside.*] Shame winds me with  
her tether round and round !

*An.* [*Aside.*] Loys ? I take the trial !  
it is meet,

The little I can do, be done ; that  
faith,

All I can offer, want no perfecting  
Which my own act may compass. Ay,  
this way

All may go well, nor that ignoble doubt  
Be chased by other aid than mine.  
Advance

Close to my fear, weigh Loys with my  
Lord,

The mortal's with the more than mortal's  
gifts !

*Dja.* [*Aside.*] Before, there were so few deceived ! and now  
 There's doubtless not one least Druse  
 in the Isle  
 But, having learned my superhuman  
 claims,  
 And calling me his Khalif-God, will  
 clash  
 The whole truth out from Loys at first  
 word !  
 While Loys, for his part, will hold me  
 up,  
 With a Frank's unimaginable scorn  
 Of such imposture, to my people's  
 eyes !  
 Could I but keep him longer yet  
 awhile  
 From them, amuse him here until I  
 plan  
 How he and I at once may leave the  
 Isle ?  
 Khalil I cannot part with from my side—  
 My only help in this emergency :  
 There's Anael !

*An.* Please you ?

*Dja.* Anael—none but she !

[*To ANAEL.*] I pass some minutes in the  
 chamber there,

Ere I see Loys : you shall speak with  
 him

Until I join you. Khalil follows me.

*An.* [*Aside.*] As I divined : he bids  
 me save myself,

Offers me a probation—I accept !

Let me see Loys !

*Loys.* [*Without.*] Djabal !

*An.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis his voice.

The smooth Frank trifler with our  
 people's wrongs,

The self-complacent boy-inquirer, loud  
 On this and that inflicted tyranny,

—Aught serving to parade an ignor-  
 ance

Of how wrong feels, inflicted ! Let me  
 close

With what I viewed at distance ! let  
 myself

Probe this delusion to the core !

*Dja.* He comes !

Khalil, along with me ; while Anael  
 waits

Till I return once more—and but once  
 more !

## ACT III

ANAEL and LOYS.

*An.* Here leave me ! Here I wait  
 another. 'Twas

For no mad protestation of a love  
 Like this you say possesses you, I came.

*Loys.* Love—how protest a love I  
 dare not feel ?

Mad words may doubtless have escaped  
 me—you

Are here—I only feel you here !

*An.* No more !

*Loys.* But once again, whom could  
 you love ? I dare,

Alas, say nothing of myself, who am  
 A Knight now, for when Knighthood  
 we embrace,

Love we abjure : so, speak on safely—  
 speak,

Lest I speak, and betray my faith.  
 And yet

To say your breathing passes through  
 me, changes

My blood to spirit, and my spirit to  
 you,

As Heaven the sacrificer's wine to it—  
 This is not to protest my love ! You

said

You could love one . . .

*An.* One only ! We are bent

To earth—who raises up my tribe, I love ;  
 The Prefect bows us—who removes him ;

we

Have ancient rights—who gives them  
 back to us,

I love. Forbear me ! Let my hand go !

*Loys.* Him

You could love only ? Where is Djabal ?  
 Stay !

[*Aside.*] Yet wherefore stay ? Who does  
 this but myself ?

Had I apprised her that I come to do  
 Just this, what more could she acknow-  
 ledge ? No,

She sees into my heart's core ! What is  
 it

Feeds either cheek with red, as June  
 some rose ?

Why turns she from me ? Ah fool, over-  
 fond

To dream I could call up . . .

. . . What never dream

Yet feigned ! 'Tis love ! Oh Anael,  
speak to me !

Djabal !

An. Seek Djabal by the Prefect's  
chamber

At noon ! *[She paces the room.]*

Loys. *[Aside.]* And am I not the  
Prefect now ?

Is it my fate to be the only one  
Able to win her love, the only one  
Unable to accept her love ? The Past  
Breaks up beneath my footing : came  
I here

This morn as to a slave, to set her free  
And take her thanks, and then spend  
day by day

Content beside her in the Isle ? What  
works

This knowledge in me now ! Her eye has  
broken

The faint disguise away : for Anael's  
sake

I left the Isle, for her espoused the cause  
Of the Druses, all for her I thought, till  
now,

To live without !

—As I must live ! To-day  
Ordains me Knight, forbids me . . .  
never shall

Forbid me to profess myself, heart, arm,  
Thy soldier !

An. Djabal you demanded, comes !

Loys. *[Aside.]* What wouldst thou,  
Loys ? See him ? Nought beside  
Is wanting : I have felt his voice a spell  
From first to last. He brought me here,  
made known

The Druses to me, drove me hence to  
seek

Redress for them ; and shall I meet him  
now,

When nought is wanting but a word of  
his,

To—what ?—induce me to spurn hope,  
faith, pride,

Honour away,—to cast my lot among  
His tribe, become a proverb in men's  
mouths,

Breaking my high pact of companion-  
ship

With those who graciously bestowed on  
me

The very opportunities I turn

Against them ! Let me not see Djabal  
now !

An. The Prefect also comes !

Loys. *[Aside.]* Him let me see,  
Not Djabal ! Him, degraded at a word,  
To soothe me,—to attest belief in me—  
And, after, Djabal ! Yes, ere I return  
To her, the Nuncio's vow shall have  
destroyed

This heart's rebellion, and coerced this  
will

For ever.

Anael, not before the vows

Irrevocably fix me . . .

Let me fly !

The Prefect, or I lose myself for ever !

*[Goes.]*

An. Yes, I am calm now ; just one  
way remains—

One, to attest my faith in him : for, see,  
I were quite lost else : Loys, Djabal,  
stand

On either side—two men ! I balance  
looks

And words, give Djabal a man's pre-  
ference,

No more. In Djabal, Hakeem is ab-  
sorbed !

And for a love like this, the God who  
saves

My race, selects me for his bride ! One  
way !—

*Enter DJABAL.*

Dja. *[to himself.]* No moment is to  
waste, then ; 'tis resolved !

If Khalil may be trusted to lead back  
The Druses, and if Loys can be lured  
Out of the Isle—if I procure his silence,  
Or promise never to return at least,—  
All's over ! Even now my bark awaits—  
I reach the next wild islet and the next,  
And lose myself beneath the sun forever !  
And now, to Anael !

An. Djabal, I am thine !

Dja. Mine ? Djabal's ?—As if Hakeem  
had not been ?

An. Not Djabal's ? Say first, do you  
read my thoughts ?

Why need I speak, if you can read my  
thoughts ?

Dja. I do not, I have said a thousand  
times.

*An.* (My secret 's safe, I shall surprise him yet !)

Djabal, I knew your secret from the first—

Djabal, when first I saw you . . . (by our porch

You leant, and pressed the tinkling veil away,

And one fringe fell behind your neck—I see !)

. . . I knew you were not human, for I said

' This dim secluded house where the sea beats

Is Heaven to me—my people's huts are Hell

To them ; this august form will follow me,

Mix with the waves his voice will,—I have him ;

And they, the Prefect ; Oh, my happiness

Round to the full whether I choose or no ! His eyes met mine, he was about to speak,

His hand grew damp—surely he meant to say

He let me love him : in that moment's bliss

I shall forget my people pine for home—They pass and they repass with pallid eyes !'

I vowed at once a certain vow ; this vow—

Not to embrace you till my tribe was saved.

Embrace me !

*Dja.* [*Apart.*] And she loved me ! Nought remained

But that ! Nay, Anael, is the Prefect dead ?

*An.* Ah, you reproach me ! True, his death crowns all,

I know—or should know : and I would do much,

Believe ! but, death—Oh, you, who have known death,

Would never doom the Prefect, were death fearful

As we report !

Death !—a fire curls within us From the foot's palm, and fills up to the brain,

Up, out, then shatters the whole bubble-shell

Of flesh, perchance !

Death !—witness, I would die, Whate'er death be, would venture now to die

For Khalil—for Maani—what for thee ? Nay but embrace me, Djabal, in assurance

My vow will not be broken, for I must Do something to attest my faith in you,

Be worthy of you !

*Dja.* [*avoiding her.*] I come for that—to say

Such an occasion is at hand : 'tis like I leave you—that we part, my Anael,—

part For ever !

*An.* We part ? Just so ! I have succumbed,—

I am, he thinks, unworthy—and nought less

Will serve than such approval of my faith !

Then, we part not ! Remains there no way short

Of that ? Oh, not that !

Death !—Yet a hurt bird Died in my hands—its eyes filmed—

' Nay, it sleeps,' I said, ' will wake to-morrow well '—

'twas dead !

*Dja.* I stand here and time fleets. Anael—I come

To bid a last farewell to you : perhaps We never meet again. But, ere the Prefect

Arrive . . .

*Enter KHALIL, breathlessly.*

*Kha.* He's here ! The Prefect ! Twenty guards,

No more—no sign he dreams of danger. All

Awaits thee only—Ayoob, Karshook, keep

Their posts—wait but the deed's accomplishment

To join us with thy Druses to a man ! Still holds his course the Nuncio—near and near

The fleet from Candia steering !

*Dja.* [*Aside.*] All is lost !



—Or won ?

*Kha.* And I have laid the sacred robes,  
The sword, the head-tiar, at the porch—  
the place

Commanded. Thou wilt hear the  
Prefect's trumpet.

*Dja.* Then I keep Anael,—him then,  
past recall,

I slay—'tis forced on me ! As I began  
I must conclude—so be it !

*Kha.* For the rest,  
Save Loys, our foe's solitary sword,  
All is so safe that . . . I will ne'er entreat  
Thy post again of thee : tho' danger  
none,

There must be glory only meet for thee  
In slaying the Prefect !

*An.* [*Aside.*] And 'tis now that  
Djabal

Would leave me !—in the glory meet for  
him !

*Dja.* As glory, I would yield the deed  
to you,

Or any Druse ; what peril there may be,  
I keep. [*Aside.*] All things conspire to  
hound me on !

Not now, my soul, draw back, at least !  
Not now !

The course is plain, howe'er obscure all  
else—

Once offer this tremendous sacrifice,  
Prevent what else will be irreparable,  
Secure these transcendental helps,  
regain

The Cedars—then let all dark clear it-  
self !

I slay him !

*Kha.* Anael, and no part for us !  
[*To Dja.*] Hast thou possessed her  
with . . .

*Dja.* [*to An.*] Whom speak you to ?  
What is it you behold there ? Nay, this  
smile

Turns stranger. Shudder you ? The  
man must die,

As thousands of our race have died thro'  
him.

One blow, and I discharge his weary soul  
From the flesh that pollutes it ; let him  
fill

Straight some new expiatory form, of  
earth

Or sea, the reptile, or some æry thing :

What is there in his death ?

*An.* My brother said,  
Is there no part in it for us ?

*Dja.* For Khalil,—  
The trumpet will announce the Nuncio's  
entry ;

Here, I shall find the Prefect hastening  
In the Pavilion to receive him—here,  
I slay the Prefect ; meanwhile Ayoob  
leads

The Nuncio with his guards within : once  
these

Secured in the outer hall, bid Ayoob bar  
Entry or egress till I give the sign  
Which waits the landing of the argosies  
You will announce to me : this double  
sign

That justice is performed and help  
arrived,

When Ayoob shall receive, but not  
before,

Let him throw ope the palace doors,  
admit

The Druses to behold their tyrant, ere  
We leave for ever this detested spot.

Go, Khalil, hurry all ! no pause, no  
pause !

Whirl on the dream, secure to wake anon !

*Kha.* What sign ? and who the  
bearer ?

*Dja.* Who shall show  
My ring, admit to Ayoob. How she  
stands !

Have I not . . . I must have some task  
for her.

Anael ! not that way ! 'Tis the Prefect's  
chamber

Anael, keep you the ring—give you the  
sign !

(It holds her safe amid the stir.) You  
will

Be faithful ?

*An.* [*taking the ring.*] I would fain be  
worthy of you !

[*Trumpet without.*]

*Kha.* He comes !

*Dja.* And I too come !

*An.* One word, but one !  
Say, shall you be exalted at the deed ?  
Then ? On the instant ?

*Dja.* I exalted ? What ?  
He, there—we, thus—our wrongs re-  
venged—our tribe



Set free? Oh, then shall I, assure  
yourself,  
Shall you, shall each of us, be in his  
death

Exalted!

*Kha.* He is here!

*Dja.* Away—away!  
[*They go.*]

*Enter the PREFECT with Guards, and  
Loys.*

*The Prefect.* [to Guards.] Back, I say,  
to the galley every guard!

That's my sole care now; see each  
bench retains

Its complement of rowers; I embark  
O' the instant, since this Knight will  
have it so.

Alas me! Could you have the heart,  
my Loys?

[*To a Guard who whispers.*] Oh, bring  
the holy Nuncio here forthwith!

[*The Guards go.*]

Loys, a rueful sight, confess, to see  
The grey discarded Prefect leave his  
post,

With tears i' the eye! So, you are  
Prefect now?

You depose me—you succeed me? Ha,  
ha!

*Loys.* And dare you laugh, whom  
laughter less becomes

Than yesterday's forced meekness we  
beheld...

*Pref.*—When you so eloquently  
pleaded, Loys,

For my dismissal from the post?—Ah,  
meek

With cause enough, consult the Nuncio  
else!

And wish him the like meekness—for so  
staunch

A servant of the church can scarce have  
bought

His share in the Isle, and paid for it,  
hard pieces!

You've my successor to condole with,  
Nuncio!

I shall be safe by then i' the galley,  
Loys!

*Loys.* You make as you would tell me  
you rejoice

To leave your scene of...

*Pref.* Trade in the dear Druses?  
Blood and sweat traffic? Spare what  
yesterday

We had enough of! Drove I in the Isle  
A profitable game? Learn wit, my son,  
Which you'll need shortly! Did it  
never breed

Suspicion in you, all was not pure profit,  
When I, the insatiate... and so forth—  
was bent

On having a partaker in my rule?  
Why did I yield this Nuncio half the  
gain,

If not that I might also shift—what on  
him?

Half of the peril, Loys!

*Loys.* Peril?

*Pref.* Hark you!

I'd love you if you'd let me—this for  
reason,

You save my life at price of... well, say  
risk

At least, of yours. I came a long time  
since

To the Isle; our Hospitallers bade me  
tame

These savage wizards, and reward my-  
self—

*Loys.* The Knights who so repudiate  
your crime?

*Pref.* Loys, the Knights! we doubt-  
less understood

Each other; as for trusting to reward  
From any friend beside myself... no,  
no!

I clutched mine on the spot, when it was  
sweet,

And I had taste for it. I felt these  
wizards

Alive—was sure they were not on me,  
only

When I was on them: but with age  
comes caution:

And stinging pleasures please less and  
sting more.

Year by year, fear by fear! The girls  
were brighter

Than ever ('faith, there's yet one Anael  
left,

I set my heart upon—Oh, prithee, let  
That brave new sword lie still!—These  
joys looked brighter,

But silenter the town, too, as I passed.

With this alcove's delicious memories  
Began to mingle visions of gaunt  
fathers,

Quick-eyed sons, fugitives from the  
mine, the oar,

Stealing to catch me: brief, when I  
began

To quake with fear—(I think I hear the  
Chapter

Solicited to let me leave, now all  
Worth staying for was gained and gone!)

—I say,

Just when for the remainder of my life  
All methods of escape seemed lost—that  
then

Up should a young hot-headed Loys  
spring,

Talk very long and loud,—in fine, com-  
pel

The Knights to break their whole arrange-  
ment, have me

Home for pure shame—from this safe-  
hold of mine

Where but ten thousand Druses seek  
my life,

To my wild place of banishment, San  
Gines

By Murcia, where my three fat manors  
lying,

Purchased by gains here and the Nuncio's  
gold,

Are all I have to guard me,—that such  
fortune

Should fall to me, I hardly could  
expect!

Therefore, I say, I'd love you!

*Loys.*

Can it be?

I play into your hands then? Oh, no, no!

The Venerable Chapter, the Great Order  
Sunk o' the sudden into fiends of the

pit?

But I will back—will yet unveil you!

*Pref.*

Me?

To whom?—perhaps Sir Galeas, who in  
Chapter

Shook his white head thrice—and some  
dozen times

My hand next morning shook, for value  
paid!

To that Italian Saint, Sir Cosimo?—  
Indignant at my wringing year by year

A thousand bezants from the coral  
divers,

As you recounted; felt he not aggrieved?  
Well might he—I allowed for his half-  
share

Merely one hundred! To Sir...

*Loys.*

See! you dare

Inculpate the whole Order; yet should  
I,

A youth, a sole voice, have the power to  
change

Their evil way, had they been firm in it?  
Answer me!

*Pref.*

Oh, the son of Bretagne's

Duke,

And that son's wealth, the father's in-  
fluence, too,

And the young arm, we'll even say, my  
Loys,

—The fear of losing or diverting these  
Into another channel, by gainsaying

A novice too abruptly, could not in-  
fluence

The Order! You might join, for aught  
they cared,

Their red-cross rivals of the Temple!  
Well,

I thank you for my part, at all events!  
Stay here till they withdraw you! You'll

inhabit

My palace—sleep, perchance, in the  
alcove,

Where now I go to meet our holy friend:  
Good! and now disbelieve me if you

can:

This is the first time for long years I enter  
Thus [*lifts the arras*] without feeling just

as if I lifted

The lid up of my tomb!

*Loys.*

They share his crime.

God's punishment will overtake you  
yet!

*Pref.*

Thank you it does not! Pardon  
this last flash:

I bear a sober visage presently

With the disinterested Nuncio here—  
His purchase-money safe at Murcia, too!

Let me repeat—for the first time, no  
draught

Coming as from a sepulchre salutes me.  
When we next meet, this folly may have

passed,

We'll hope—Ha, ha!

[*Goes through the arras.*]

*Loys.*

Assure me but... he's gone!

He could not lie ! Then what have I  
escaped !

I, who had so nigh given up happiness  
For ever, to be linked with him and  
them !

Oh, opportunist of discoveries ! I  
Their Knight ? I utterly renounce them  
all !

Hark ! What, he meets by this the  
Nuncio ? yes

The same hyaena-groan-like laughter !  
Quick—

To Djabal ! I am one of them at last,  
These simple-hearted Druses—Anael's  
tribe !

Djabal ! She's mine at last—Djabal,  
I say ! *[Goes.]*

## ACT IV

*Enter DJABAL.*

*Dja.* Let me but slay the Prefect.  
The end now !

To-morrow will be time enough to pry  
Into the means I took : suffice, they  
served,

Ignoble as they were, to hurl revenge  
True to its object.

*[Seeing the robes, &c., disposed.]*

Mine should never so  
Have hurried to accomplishment ! Thee,  
Djabal,

Far other moods befitted ! Calm the  
Robe

Should clothe this doom's awarder !

*[Taking the robe.]* Shall I dare  
Assume my nation's Robe ? I am at  
least

A Druse again, chill Europe's policy  
Drops from me—I dare take the Robe.  
Why not

The Tiar ? I rule the Druses, and what  
more

Betokens it than rule ?—yet—yet—

*[Lays down the tiar.]*

*[Footsteps in the alcove.]* He comes !

*[Taking the sword.]*

If the Sword serves, let the Tiar lie !  
So, feet

Clogged with the blood of twenty years  
can fall

Thus lightly ! Round me, all ye ghosts !  
He'll lift . . .

Which arm to push the arras wide ?—  
or both ?

Stab from the neck down to the heart—  
there stay !

Near he comes—nearer—the next foot-  
step ! Now !

*[As he dashes aside the arras, ANAEL  
is discovered.]*

Ha ! Anael ! Nay, my Anael, can it be ?  
Heard you the trumpet ? I must slay  
him here,

And here you ruin all. Why speak you  
not ?

Anael, the Prefect comes ! *[ANAEL  
screams.]* So late to feel

'Tis not a sight for you to look upon ?  
A moment's work—but such work !

Till you go,

I must be idle—idle, I risk all !

*[Pointing to her hair.]*

Those locks are well, and you are beau-  
teous thus,

But with the dagger 'tis, I have to do !

*An.* With mine !

*Dja.* Blood—Anael ?

*An.* Djabal—'tis thy deed !

It must be ! I had hoped to claim it  
mine—

Be worthy thee—but I must needs con-  
fess

'Twas not I, but thyself . . . not I have . .  
Djabal !

Speak to me !

*Dja.* Oh my punishment !

*An.* Speak to me

While I can speak ! touch me, despite  
the blood !

When the command passed from thy  
soul to mine,

I went, fire leading me, muttering of thee,  
And the approaching exaltation,—

make

One sacrifice ! I said,—and he sat there,  
Bade me approach ; and, as I did ap-  
proach,

Thy fire with music burst into my brain ;  
'Twas but a moment's work, thou

saidst—perchance

It may have been so ! well, it is thy  
deed !

*Dja.* It is my deed !

*An.* His blood, all this !

—this ! And . . .

And more—sustain me, Djabal! wait  
not—now

Let flash thy glory! Change thyself and  
me!

It must be! Ere the Druses flock to us!  
At least confirm me! Djabal! blood  
gushed forth—

He was our tyrant—but I looked he'd  
fall

Prone as asleep—why else is death  
called sleep?

Sleep? He bent o'er his breast! 'Tis  
sin, I know,—

Punish me, Djabal, but wilt thou let him?  
Be it thou that punishest, not he—who  
creeps

On his red breast—is here! 'tis the  
small groan

Of a child—no worse! Bestow the new  
life, then!

Too swift it cannot be, too strange, sur-  
passing!

[*Following him up and down.*]

Now! Change us both! Change me and  
change thou!

*Dja.* [*sinks on his knees.*] Thus!  
Behold my change! You have done  
nobly! I!—

*An.* Can Hakeem kneel?

*Dja.* No Hakeem,  
and scarce Djabal!

I have spoken falsely, and this woe is  
come.

No—hear me ere scorn blasts me! Once  
and ever,

The deed is mine! Oh think upon the  
Past!

*An.* [*to herself.*] Did I strike once, or  
twice, or many times?

*Dja.* I came to lead my tribe where,  
bathed in glooms,

Doth Bahumid the Renovator sleep:  
Anael, I saw my tribe: I said, 'Without

A miracle this cannot be'—I said  
'Be there a miracle!'—for I saw you!

*An.* His head lies south the portal!  
*Dja.* —Weighed with this

The general good, how could I choose  
my own?

What matter was my purity of soul?  
Little by little I engaged myself—

Heaven would accept me for its instru-  
ment,

I hoped: I said, Heaven had accepted  
me!

*An.* Is it this blood breeds dreams in  
me?—Who said

You were not Hakeem? and your  
miracles—

The fire that plays innocuous round your  
form?

[*Again changing her whole manner.*]

Ah, thou wouldst try me—thou art  
Hakeem still!

*Dja.* Woe—woe! As if the Druses of  
the Mount

—Scarce Arabs even there, but here, in  
the Isle,

Beneath their former selves—should  
comprehend

The subtle lore of Europe! A few secrets  
That would not easily affect the meanest

Of the crowd there, could wholly sub-  
jugate

The best of our poor tribe! Again that  
eye?

*An.* [*after a pause springs to his neck.*]

Djabal, in this there can be no  
deceit!

Why, Djabal, were you human only,—  
think,

Maani is but human, Khalil human,  
Loys is human even—did their words

Haunt me, their looks pursue me?  
Shame on you

So to have tried me! Rather, shame on  
me

So to need trying! Could I, with the  
Prefect

And the blood, there—could I see only  
you?

—Hang by your neck over this gulf of  
blood?

Speak, I am saved! Speak, Djabal!  
Am I saved?

[*As DJABAL slowly unclasps her  
arms, and puts her silently from  
him.*]

Hakeem would save me! Thou art  
Djabal! Crouch!

Bow to the dust, thou basest of our kind!  
The pile of thee, I reared up to the cloud—

Full, midway, of our fathers' trophied  
tombs,

Based on the living rock, devoured not  
by

The unstable desert's jaws of sand,—  
falls prone !

Fire, music, quenched : and now thou  
liest there

A ruin, obscene creatures will moan  
through !

—Let us come, Djabal !

*Dja.* Whither come ?

*An.* At once—

Lest so it grow intolerable. Come !

Will I not share it with thee ? Best at  
once !

So, feel less pain ! Let them deride—thy  
tribe

Now trusting in thee,—Loys shall  
deride !

Come to them, hand in hand, with me !

*Dja.* Where come ?

*An.* Where ?—to the Druses thou  
hast wronged ! Confess,

Now that the end is gained—(I love thee  
now—)

That thou hast so deceived them—  
(perchance love thee

Better than ever !) Come, receive their  
doom

Of infamy ! Oh, best of all I love thee !  
Shame with the man, no triumph with  
the God,

Be mine ! Come !

*Dja.* Never ! More shame yet ?  
and why ?

Why ? You have called this deed mine—  
it is mine !

And with it I accept its circumstance.  
How can I longer strive with fate ? The

Past

Is past—my false life shall henceforth  
show true.

Hear me ! the argosies touch land by  
this ;

They bear us to fresh scenes and happier  
skies :

What if we reign together ?—if we keep  
Our secret for the Druses' good ?—by  
means

Of even their superstition, plant in them  
New life ? I learn from Europe : all  
who seek

Man's good must awe man, by such  
means as these.

We two will be divine to them—we  
are !

All great works in this world spring from  
the ruins

Of greater projects—ever, on our earth,  
Babels men block out, Babylons they  
build.

I wrest the weapon from your hand ! I  
claim

The deed ! Retire ! You have my ring  
—you bar

All access to the Nuncio till the forces  
From Venice land !

*An.* Thou wilt feign Hakeem then ?

*Dja.* [putting the *Tiar of Hakeem* on  
*his head.*] And from this moment  
that I dare ope wide

Eyes that till now refused to see, begins  
My true dominion ! for I know myself,

And what I am to personate. No  
word ? [ANAEL goes.

'Tis come on me at last ! His blood on  
her—

What memories will follow that ! Her  
eye,

Her fierce distorted lip and ploughed  
black brow !

Ah, fool ! Has Europe then so poorly  
tamed

The Syrian blood from out thee ? Thou,  
presume

To work in this foul earth by means not  
foul ?

Scheme, as for Heaven.—but, on the  
earth, be glad

If a least ray like Heaven's be left thee !  
Thus

I shall be calm—in readiness—no way  
Surprised. [A noise without.

This should be Khalil and my Druses !  
Venice is come then ! Thus I grasp thee,

sword !

Druses, 'tis Hakeem saves you ! In !  
Behold

Your Prefect !

*Enter LOYS.* DJABAL *hides the khandjar*  
*in his robe.*

*Loys.* Oh, well found, Djabal !—but  
no time for words.

You know who waits there ?

[Pointing to the alcove.

Well !—and that 'tis there

He meets the Nuncio ? Well ! Now, a  
surprise—



He there—

*Dja.* I know—

*Loys.* —is now no mortal's lord.

Is absolutely powerless—call him, dead—

He is no longer Prefect—you are Prefect!

Oh, shrink not! I do nothing in the dark,

Nothing unworthy Breton blood, believe! I understood at once your urgency

That I should leave this isle for Rhodes; I felt

What you were loath to speak—your need of help.

I have fulfilled the task, that earnestness Imposed on me; have, face to face, confronted

The Prefect in full Chapter, charged on him

The enormities of his long rule: he stood

Mute, offered no defence, no crime denied.

On which, I spoke of you, and of your tribe,

Your faith so like our own, and all you urged

Of old to me—I spoke, too, of your goodness,

Your patience—brief, I hold henceforth the Isle

In charge, am nominally Prefect,—but you,

You are associated in my rule—

Are the true Prefect! Ay, such faith had they

In my assurance of your loyalty (For who insults an imbecile old man?)

That we assume the Prefecture this hour!

You gaze at me! Hear greater wonders yet—

I throw down all this fabric I have built! These Knights, I was prepared to

worship... but

Of that, another time; what's now to say,

Is—I shall never be a Knight! Oh, Djabal,

Here first I throw all prejudice aside, And call you brother! I am Druse like you!

My wealth, my friends, my power, are wholly yours,

Your People's, which is now my People—for

There is a maiden of your tribe, I love— She loves me—Khalil's sister—

*Dja.* Anael?

*Loys.* Start you?

Seems what I say, unknighly? Thus it chanced:

When first I came, a novice, to the Isle...

*Enter one of the NUNCIO'S Guards from the alcove.*

*Guard.* Oh, horrible! Sir Loys!

Here is Loys!

And here—

[*Others enter from the alcove.*

[*Pointing to DJABAL.*] Secure him, bind him—this is he!

[*They surround DJABAL.*

*Loys.* Madmen—what is't you do?

Stand from my friend,

And tell me!

*Guard.* Thou canst have no part in this—

Surely no part—but slay him not! The Nuncio

Commanded, Slay him not!

*Loys.* Speak, or...

*Guard.* The Prefect

Lies murdered there by him thou dost embrace.

*Loys.* By Djabal? miserable fools!

How Djabal?

[*A Guard lifts DJABAL'S robe;*

*DJABAL flings down the khandjar.*

*Loys.* [*after a pause.*] Thou hast

received some insult worse than all—

Some outrage not to be endured—

[*To the Guards.*] Stand back!

He is my friend—more than my friend! Thou hast

Slain him upon that provocation!

*Guard.* No!

No provocation! 'Tis a long devised

Conspiracy: the whole tribe is involved.

He is their Khalif—'tis on that pretence—

Their mighty Khalif who died long ago,

And now is come to life and light again—



All is just now revealed, I know not how,  
By one of his confederates—who,  
struck

With horror at this murder, first apprised

The Nuncio. As 'twas said, we find this Djabal

Here where we take him.

*Dja.* [*Aside.*] Who broke faith with me ?

*Loys.* [*to DJABAL.*] Hear'st thou ? Speak ! Till thou speak, I keep off these,

Or die with thee. Deny this story ! Thou

A Khalif, an impostor ? Thou, my friend,

Whose tale was of an inoffensive race,

With . . . but thou know'st—on that tale's truth I pledged

My faith before the Chapter : what art thou ?

*Dja.* Loys, I am as thou hast heard. All's true !

No more concealment ! As these tell thee, all

Was long since planned. Our Druses are enough

To crush this handful : the Venetians land

Even now in our behalf. Loys, we part here !

Thou, serving much, wouldst fain have served me more ;

It might not be. I thank thee. As thou hearest,

We are a separated tribe : farewell !

*Loys.* Oh, where will truth be found now ? Canst thou so

Belie the Druses ? Do they share thy crime ?

Those thou professedst of our Breton stock,

Are partners with thee ? Why, I saw but now

Khalil, my friend—he spoke with me—no word

Of this ! and Anael—whom I love, and who

Loves me—she spoke no word of this !

*Dja.* Poor Boy !

Anael, who loves thee ? Khalil, fast thy friend ?

We, offsets from a wandering Count of Dreux ?

No—older than the oldest—princelier Than Europe's princeliest tribe are we.

Enough

For thee, that on our simple faith we found

A monarchy to shame your monarchies At their own trick and secret of success.

The child of this our tribe shall laugh upon

The palace-step of him whose life ere night

Is forfeit, as that child shall know, and yet

Shall laugh there ! What, we Druses wait forsooth

The kind interposition of a boy

—Can only save ourselves when thou condest ?

—Khalil admire thee ? He is my right hand,

My delegate !—Anael accept thy love ? She is my Bride !

*Loys.* Thy Bride ? She one of them ?

*Dja.* My Bride !

*Loys.* And she retains her glorious eyes !

She, with those eyes, has shared this miscreant's guilt !

Ah—who but she directed me to find Djabal within the Prefect's chamber ?

Khalil

Bade me seek Djabal there, too ! All is true !

What spoke the Prefect worse of them than this ?

Did the Church ill to institute long since Perpetual warfare with such serpentry ?

And I—have I desired to shift my part, Evade my share in her design ? 'Tis well !

*Dja.* Loys, I have wronged thee—but unwittingly :

I never thought there was in thee a virtue

That could attach itself to what thou deemest

A race below thine own. I wronged thee, Loys,

But that is over : all is over now,

Save the protection I ensure against  
My people's anger. By their Khalif's  
side,  
Thou art secure and may'st depart : so,  
come !

*Loys.* Thy side ?—I take protection  
at thy hand ?

*Enter other Guards.*

*Guards.* Fly with him ! fly, Sir Loys !  
'tis too true !

And only by his side thou may'st escape !  
The whole tribe is in full revolt—they  
flock

About the palace—will be here—on  
thee—

And there are twenty of us, we, the  
Guards

Of the Nuncio, to withstand them !  
Even we

Had stayed to meet our death in  
ignorance,

But that one Druse, a single faithful  
Druse,

Made known the horror to the Nuncio.  
Fly !

The Nuncio stands aghast. At least let us  
Escape their wrath, O Hakeem ! We  
are nought

In thy tribe's persecution ! [*To Loys.*]  
Keep by him !

They hail him Hakeem, their dead  
Prince, returned :

He is their God, they shout, and at his  
beck

Are life and death !

*Loys.* [*springing at the khandjar*  
DJABAL had thrown down, seizes  
him by the throat.]

Thus by his side am I !  
Thus I resume my knighthood and its  
warfare !

Thus end thee, miscreant, in thy pride  
of place !

Thus art thou caught ! Without, thy  
dupes may cluster,

Friends aid thee, foes avoid thee,—  
thou art Hakeem,

How say they ?—God art thou ! but  
also here

Is the least, meanest, youngest the  
Church calls

Her servant, and his single arm avails

To aid her as she lists. I rise, and thou  
Art crushed ! Hordes of thy Druses  
flock without ;

Here thou hast me, who represent the  
Cross,

Honour and Faith, 'gainst Hell, Ma-  
houn, and thee !

Die ! [DJABAL remains calm.] Implore  
my mercy, Hakeem, that my  
scorn

May help me ! Nay, I cannot ply thy  
trade ;

I am no Druse, no stabber : and thine  
eye,

Thy form, are too much as they were—  
my friend

Had such ! Speak ! Beg for mercy at  
my foot !

[DJABAL still silent.]

Heaven could not ask so much of me—  
not, sure,

So much ! I cannot kill him so !

Thou art

Strong in thy cause, then ! Dost out-  
brave us, then !

Heardst thou that one of thine accom-  
plices,

Thy very people, has accused thee ?  
Meet

His charge ! Thou hast not even slain  
the Prefect

As thy own vile creed warrants. Meet  
that Druse—

Come with me and disprove him—be  
thou tried

By him, nor seek appeal—promise me  
this—

Or I will do God's office ! What, shalt  
thou

Boast of assassins at thy beck, yet Truth  
Want even an executioner ? Consent,

Or I will strike—look in my face—I will !  
*Dja.* Give me again my khandjar, if  
thou darest !

[Loys gives it.]

Let but one Druse accuse me, and I  
plunge

This home. A Druse betray me ? Let  
us go !

[*Aside.*] Who has betrayed me ?

[*Shouts without.*

Hearst thou ? I hear

No plainer than long years ago I heard

That shout—but in no dream now !  
 They Return !  
 Wilt thou be leader with me, Loys ?  
 Well !

## ACT V

*The Uninitiated Druses, covering the stage tumultuously, and speaking together.*

Here flock we, obeying the summons.  
 Lo, Hakeem hath appeared, and the Prefect is dead, and we return to Lebanon ! My manufacture of goats' fleece must, I doubt, soon fall away there. Come, old Nasif—link thine arm in mine—we fight, if needs be. Come, what is a great fight-word ?—' Lebanon ' (My daughter—my daughter !)—But is Khalil to have the office of Hamza ?—Nay, rather, if he be wise, the monopoly of henna and cloves. Where is Hakeem ?—The only prophet I ever saw, prophesied at Cairo once, in my youth : a little black Copht, dressed all in black too, with a great stripe of yellow cloth flapping down behind him like the back-fin of a water-serpent. Is this he ? Biamrallah ! Biamreh ! HAKEEM !

*Enter the NUNCIO with Guards.*

*Nuncio.* [*to his Attendants.*] Hold both, the sorcerer and this accomplice  
 Ye talk of, that accuseth him ! And tell

Sir Loys he is mine, the Church's hope :  
 Bid him approve himself our Knight indeed !

Lo, this black disemboгуing of the Isle !  
 [*To the Druses.*] Ah, children, what a sight for these old eyes

That kept themselves alive this voyage through

To smile their very last on you ! I came  
 To gather one and all you wandering sheep

Into my fold, as though a father came . . .  
 As though, in coming, a father should . . .

[*To his Guards.*] (Ten, twelve,  
 —Twelve guards of you, and not an outlet ? None ?

The wizards stop each avenue ? Keep close !)

[*To the Druses.*] As if one came to a son's house, I say,  
 So did I come—no guard with me—to find . . .

Alas—Alas !

*A Druse.* Who is the old man ?

*Another.* Oh, ye are to shout !

Children, he styles you.

*Druses.* Ay, the Prefect's slain !  
 Glory to the Khalif, our Father !

*Nuncio.* Even so !

I find, (ye prompt aright) your Father slain ;

While most he plotted for your good, that Father

(Alas, how kind, ye never knew)—lies slain !

[*Aside.*] (And hell's worm gnaw the glozing knave—with me,  
 For being duped by his cajoleries !

Are these the Christians ? These the docile crew

My bezants went to make me Bishop o'er ?)

[*To his Attendants, who whisper.*] What say ye does this wizard style himself ?

Hakeem ? Biamrallah ? The third Fatemite ?

What is this jargon ? He—the insane Khalif,

Dead near three hundred years ago, come back

In flesh and blood again ?

*Druses.* He mutters ! Hear ye ?  
 He is blaspheming Hakeem. The old man

Is our dead Prefect's friend ! Tear him !

*Nuncio.* Ye dare not !  
 I stand here with my five-and-seventy years,

The Patriarch's power behind, and God's above me !

Those years have witnessed sin enough ; ere now

Misguided men arose against their lords,

And found excuse ; but ye, to be enslaved

By sorceries, cheats ;—alas ! the same tricks, tried

On my poor children in this nook of the earth,

Could triumph,—that have been successively  
 Exploded, laughed to scorn, all nations through—  
*‘Romaioi, Ioudaioite kai proselutoi, Cretes and Arabians’*—you are duped the last !  
 Said I, refrain from tearing me ? I pray ye  
 Tear me ! Shall I return to tell the Patriarch  
 That so much love was wasted—every gift  
 Rejected, from his benison I brought,  
 Down to the galley-full of bezants, sunk  
 An hour since at the harbour’s mouth,  
 by that . . .  
 That . . . never will I speak his hated name !  
*[To his Servants.]* What was the name his fellow slip-fetter  
 Called their arch-wizard by ? *[They whisper.]* Oh, Djabal was ’t ?  
*Druses.* But how a sorcerer ? false wherein ?  
*Nuncio.* (Ay, Djabal !)  
 How false ? Ye know not, Djabal has confessed . . .  
 Nay, that by tokens found on him we learn . . .  
 What I sailed hither solely to divulge—  
 How by his spells the demons were allured  
 To seize you—not that these be aught save lies  
 And mere illusions. Is this clear ? I say,  
 By measures such as these, he would have led you  
 Into a monstrous ruin : follow ye ?  
 Say, shall ye perish for his sake, my sons ?  
*Druses.* Hark ye !  
*Nuncio.* —Be of one privilege amerced ?  
 No ! Infinite the Patriarch’s mercies be !  
 No ! With the Patriarch’s licence, still I bid ye  
 Tear him to pieces who misled you !  
 Haste !  
*Druses.* The old man’s beard shakes, and his eyes are white fire ! After all, I know nothing of Djabal beyond what

Karshook says ; he knows but what Khalil says ; who knows just what Djabal says himself. Now, the little Copht Prophet, I saw at Cairo in my youth, began by promising each bystander three full measures of wheat . . .

*Enter KHALIL and the Initiated Druses.*

*Kha.* Venice and her deliverance are at hand !

Their fleet stands through the harbour !

Hath he slain

The Prefect yet ? Is Djabal’s change come yet ?

*Nuncio.* *[to Attendants.]* What’s this of Venice ? Who’s this boy ?

*[Attendants whisper.]* One Khalil ? Djabal’s accomplice, Loys called, but now,

The only Druse, save Djabal’s self, to fear ?

*[To the Druses.]* I cannot hear ye with these aged ears :

Is it so ? Ye would have my troops assist ?

Doth he abet him in his sorceries ?

Down with the cheat, guards, as my children bid !

*[They spring at KHALIL: as he beats them back,*

Stay—no more bloodshed—spare deluded youth !

Whom seek’st thou ? (I will teach him) —Whom, my child ?

Thou knowest not what these know, what these declare.

I am an old man, as thou seest—have done

With earth ; and what should move me but the truth ?

Art thou the only fond one of thy tribe ? ’Tis I interpret for thy tribe !

*Kha.*

Oh, this

Is the expected Nuncio ! Druses, hear—Endure ye this ? Unworthy to partake

The glory Hakeem gains you ! While I speak,

The ships touch land : who makes for Lebanon ?

They’ll plant the winged lion in these halls !

*Nuncio.* *[Aside.]* If it be true ! Venice ? —Oh, never true !

Yet, Venice would so gladly thwart our  
Knights,

And fain get footing here, stand close  
by Rhodes !

Oh, to be duped this way !

*Kha.* Ere he appears  
To lead you gloriously, repent, I say !

*Nuncio.* [*Aside.*] Nor any way to  
stretch the arch-wizard stark

Ere the Venetians come ? Be he cut  
off,

The rest were easily tamed. [*To the  
Druses.*] He ? Bring him forth !

Since so you needs will have it, I as-  
sent !

You'd judge him, say you, on the spot ?  
Confound

The sorcerer in his very circle ? Where's  
Our short black-bearded sallow friend  
who said

He'd earn the Patriarch's guerdon by  
one stab ?

Bring Djabal forth at once !

*Druses.* Ay, bring him forth !  
The Patriarch drives a trade in oil and  
silk :

And we're the Patriarch's children—  
true men, we !

Where is the glory ? Show us all the  
glory !

*Kha.* You dare not so insult him !  
What, not see . . .

(I tell thee, Nuncio, these are unin-  
structed,

Untrusted—they know nothing of our  
Khalif !)

—Not see that if he lets a doubt arise  
'Tis but to give yourselves the chance of  
seeming

To have some influence in your own  
Return !

That all may say they would have  
trusted him

Without the all-convincing glory—ay,  
And did ! Embrace the occasion, friends !

For, think—  
What merit when his change takes place ?

But now  
For your sakes, he should not reveal  
himself !

No—could I ask and have, I would not  
ask

The change yet !

*Enter DJABAL and LOYS.*

Spite of all, reveal thyself !  
I had said, pardon them for me—for  
Anael—

For our sakes pardon these besotted  
men—

Ay—for thine own—they hurt not thee !  
Yet now

One thought swells in me and keeps  
down all else.

This Nuncio couples shame with thee,  
has called

Imposture thy whole course, all bitter  
things

Has said—he is but an old fretful  
man !

Hakeem—nay, I must call thee Hakeem  
now—

Reveal thyself ! See ! Where is Anael ?  
—See !

*Loys.* [*to DJA.*] Here are thy People !  
Keep thy word to me !

*Dja.* Who of my People hath accused  
me ?

*Nuncio.* So !  
So, this is Djabal, Hakeem, and what  
not ?

A fit deed, Loys, for thy first Knight's  
day !

May it be augury of thy after-life !  
Ever prove truncheon of the Church as  
now

That, Nuncio of the Patriarch, having  
charge

Of the Isle here, I claim thee [*Turning to  
DJA.*] as these bid me,

Forfeit for murder on thy lawful prince,  
Thou conjurer that peepest and mut-  
terest !

Why should I hold thee from their  
hands ? (Spells, children ?

But hear how I dispose of all his spells !)  
Thou art a Prophet ?—wouldst entice  
thy tribe

Away ?—thou workest miracles ? (At-  
tend !

Let him but move me with his spells !)  
I, Nuncio . . .

*Dja.* . . . Which how thou camest to  
be, I say not now,

Though I have also been at Stamboul,  
Luke !



—Ply thee with spells, forsooth ! What need of spells ?  
 If Venice, in her Admiral's person, stoop  
 To ratify thy compact with her foes,  
 The Hospitallers, for this Isle—withdraw  
 Her warrant of the deed which reinstates  
 My People in their freedom, tricked away  
 By him I slew,—refuse to convoy us  
 To Lebanon and keep the Isle we leave—  
 —Then will be time to try what spells can do !  
 Dost thou dispute the Republic's power ?  
*Nuncio.* Lo ye !  
 He tempts me, too, the wily exorcist !  
 No ! The renowned Republic was and is  
 The Patriarch's friend : 'tis not for courting Venice  
 That I—that these implore thy blood of me !  
 Lo ye, the subtle miscreant ! Ha, so subtle ?  
 Ye, Druses, hear him ! Will ye be deceived ?  
 How he evades me ! Where's the miracle  
 He works ? I bid him to the proof—fish up  
 Your galley full of bezants that he sunk !  
 That were a miracle ! One miracle !  
 Enough of trifling, for it chafes my years.  
 I am the Nuncio, Druses ! I stand forth  
 To save you from the good Republic's rage  
 When she shall find her fleet was summoned here  
 To aid the mummeries of a knave like this !  
*[As the Druses hesitate, his Attendants whisper.]*  
 Ah, well suggested ! Why, we hold the while  
 One, who, his close confederate till now,  
 Confesses Djabal at the last a cheat,  
 And every miracle a cheat ! Who throws me  
 His head ? I make three offers, once  
 I offer,—  
 And twice . . .

*Dja.* Let who moves perish at my foot !  
*Kha.* Thanks, Hakeem, thanks ! Oh, Anael, Maani,  
 Why tarry they ?  
*Druses.* *[to each other.]* He can ! He can ! Live fire—  
*[To the NUNCIO.]* I say he can, old man !  
 Thou know'st him not—  
 Live fire like that thou seest now in his eyes,  
 Plays fawning round him. See ! The change begins !  
 All the brow lightens as he lifts his arm !  
 Look not at me ! It was not I !  
*Dja.* What Druse  
 Accused me, as he saith ? I bid each bone  
 Crumble within that Druse ! None, Loys, none  
 Of my own People, as thou saidst, have raised  
 A voice against me.  
*Nuncio.* *[Aside.]* Venice to come ! Death !  
*Dja.* *[continuing.]* Confess and go unscathed, however false !  
 Seest thou my Druses, Luke ? I would submit  
 To thy pure malice did one Druse confess !  
 How said I, Loys ?  
*Nuncio.* *[to his Attendants, who whisper.]* Ah, ye counsel so ?  
*[Aloud.]* Bring in the witness, then, who, first of all,  
 Disclosed the treason ! Now I have thee, wizard !  
 Ye hear that ? If one speaks, he bids you tear him  
 Joint after joint—well then, one does speak ! One,  
 Befooled by Djabal, even as yourselves,  
 But who hath voluntarily proposed  
 To expiate, by confessing thus, the fault  
 Of having trusted him.  
*[They bring in a veiled Druse.]*  
*Loys.* Now, Djabal, now !  
*Nuncio.* Friend, Djabal fronts thee !  
 Make a ring, sons !—Speak !  
 Expose this Djabal ; what he was, and how ;



The wiles he used, the aims he cherished ;  
all,

Explicitly as late 'twas spoken to these  
My servants : I absolve and pardon thee.

*Loys.* Thou hast the dagger ready,  
Djabal ?

*Dja.* Speak,  
Recreant !

*Druses.* Stand back, fool ! farther !  
Suddenly

You shall see some huge serpent glide  
from under

The empty vest, or down will thunder  
crash !

Back, Khalil !

*Kha.* I go back ? Thus go I back !  
[*To AN.*] Unveil ! Nay, thou shalt face  
the Khalif ! Thus !

[*He tears away ANAEL'S veil :*  
*DJABAL folds his arms and bows*  
*his head : the Druses fall back :*  
*LOYS springs from the side of*  
*DJABAL and the NUNCIO.*

*Loys.* Then she was true—she only of  
them all !

True to her eyes—may keep those  
glorious eyes,

And now be mine, once again mine !  
Oh, Anael !

Dared I think thee a partner in his crime—  
That blood could soil that hand ? nay,

'tis mine—Anael,

—Not mine ?—Who offer thee before all  
these

My heart, my sword, my name—so thou  
wilt say

That Djabal, who affirms thou art his  
bride,

Lies ! say but that he lies !

*Dja.* Thou, Anael ?

*Loys.* Nay, Djabal, nay, one chance  
for me—the last !

Thou hast had every other ; thou hast  
spoken

Days, nights, what falsehood listed thee  
—let me

Speak first, now ; I will speak, now !

*Nuncio.* Loys, pause !

Thou art the Duke's son, Breton's  
choicest stock,

Loys of Dreux, God's sepulchre's first  
sword :

This wilt thou spit on, this degrade, this  
trample

To earth ?

*Loys.* [*to AN.*] Ah, who had foreseen,  
'One day, Loys

Will stake these gifts against some other  
good

In the whole world ?—I give them  
thee ! I would

My strong will might bestow real shape  
on them,

That I might see, with my own eyes, thy  
foot

Tread on their very neck ! 'Tis not by  
gifts

I put aside this Djabal : we will stand—  
We do stand—see—two men ! Djabal,

stand forth !

Who's worth her, I or thou ? I—who  
for Anael

Uprightly, purely, kept my way, the  
long

True way—left thee each by-path,  
boldly lived

Without the lies and blood,—or thou,  
or thou ?

I ! Love me, Anael ! Leave the blood  
and him !

[*To DJA.*] Now speak—now, quick on  
this that I have said,—

Thou with the blood, speak if thou art  
a man !

*Dja.* [*to AN.*] And was it thou be-  
trayedst me ? 'Tis well !

I have deserved this of thee, and submit.  
Nor 'tis much evil thou inflictest : life

Ends here. The cedars shall not wave  
for us :

For there was crime, and must be  
punishment.

See fate ! By thee I was seduced ; by  
thee

I perish : yet do I—can I repent ?

I, with my Arab instinct, thwarted ever  
By my Frank policy,—and, with, in

turn,

My Frank brain, thwarted by my Arab  
heart—

While these remained in equipoise, I  
lived

—Nothing ; had either been pre-  
dominant,

As a Frank schemer or an Arab mystic,

I had been something ;—now, each has destroyed  
The other—and behold, from out their crash,  
A third and better nature rises up—  
My mere Man's-nature ! And I yield to it :

I love thee—I—who did not love before !  
*An.* Djabal !

*Dja.* It seemed love, but true love it was not—  
How could I love while thou adoredst me ?

Now thou despisest, art above me so  
Immeasurably—thou, no other, doomest  
My death now ; this my steel shall execute

Thy judgment ; I shall feel thy hand in it !  
Oh, luxury to worship, to submit,  
Transcended, doomed to death by thee !

*An.* My Djabal !

*Dja.* Dost hesitate ? I force thee, then ! Approach,

Druses ! for I am out of reach of fate ;  
No further evil waits me. Speak the truth !

Hear, Druses, and hear, Nuncio, and hear, Loys !

*An.* HAKEEM ! [*She falls dead.*  
[*The Druses scream, grovelling before him.*

Ah, Hakeem !—not on me thy wrath !

Biamrallah, pardon ! never doubted I !  
Ah, dog, how sayest thou ?

[*They surround and seize the NUNCIO and his Guards. LOYS flings himself upon the body of ANAEL, on which DJABAL continues to gaze as stupefied.*

*Nuncio.* Caitives ! Have ye eyes ?  
Whips, racks, should teach you ! What, his fools ? his dupes ?

Leave me ! unhand me !

*Kha.* [*approaching DJABAL timidly.*  
Save her for my sake !

She was already thine ; she would have shared

To-day thine exaltation : think ! this day  
Her hair was plaited thus because of thee.

Yes, feel the soft bright hair—feel !

*Nuncio.* [*struggling with those who have seized him.*]

What, because  
His leman dies for him ? You think it hard

To die ? Oh, would you were at Rhodes, and choice

Of deaths should suit you !

*Kha.* [*bending over ANAEL's body.*]  
Just restore her life !

So little does it ! there—the eyelids tremble !

'Twas not my breath that made them : and the lips

Move of themselves. I could restore her life !

Hakeem, we have forgotten—have presumed

On our free converse : we are better taught.

See, I kiss—how I kiss thy garment's hem

For her ! She kisses it—Oh, take her deed  
In mine ! Thou dost believe now,

Anael ?—See,  
She smiles ! Were her lips open o'er the teeth

Thus, when I spoke first ? She believes in thee !

Go not without her to the Cedars, Lord !  
Or leave us both—I cannot go alone !

I have obeyed thee, if I dare so speak :  
Hath Hakeem thus forgot all Djabal knew ?

Thou feelest then my tears fall hot and fast

Upon thy hand, and yet thou speakest not ?

Ere the Venetian trumpet sound—ere thou

Exalt thyself, O Hakeem ! save thou her !

*Nuncio.* And the accursed Republic will arrive

And find me in their toils—dead, very like,

Under their feet !

What way—not one way yet  
To foil them ? None ? [*Observing*

*DJABAL's face.*

What ails the Khalif ? Ah,  
That ghastly face—a way to foil them yet !

[*To the Druses.*] Look to your Khalif,  
Druses ! Is that face  
God Hakeem's ? Where is triumph—  
where is . . . what

Said he of exaltation—hath he promised  
So much to-day ? Why then, exalt  
thyself !

Cast off that husk, thy form, set free thy  
soul

In splendour ! Now, bear witness ! here  
I stand—

I challenge him exalt himself, and I  
Become, for that, a Druse like all of you !

*The Druses.* Exalt thyself ! Exalt  
thyself, O Hakeem !

*Dja.* [*advances.*] I can confess now all  
from first to last.

There is no longer shame for me. I am...

[*Here the Venetian trumpet sounds—  
the Druses shout : his eye catches  
the expression of those about him,  
and, as the old dream comes back,  
he is again confident and inspired.*

—Am I not Hakeem ? And ye would  
have crawled

But yesterday within these impure  
courts

Where now ye stand erect !—Not grand  
enough ?

—What more could be conceded to such  
beasts

As all of you, so sunk and base as you,  
Than a mere man ?—A man among such  
beasts

Was miracle enough—yet him you  
doubt,

Him you forsake, him fain would you  
destroy—

With the Venetians at your gate, the  
Nuncio

Thus—(see the baffled hypocrite !) and,  
best,

The Prefect there !

*Druses.* No, Hakeem, ever thine !

*Nuncio.* He lies—and twice he lies—  
and thrice he lies !

Exalt thyself, Mahound ! Exalt thyself !

*Dja.* Druses ! we shall henceforth be  
far away !

Out of mere mortal ken—above the  
Cedars—

But we shall see ye go, hear ye return,

Repeopling the old solitudes,—through  
thee,

My Khalil ! Thou art full of me—I fill  
Thee full—my hands thus fill thee !

Yestereve,

—Nay, but this morn, I deemed thee  
ignorant

Of all to do, requiring words of mine  
To teach it : now, thou hast all gifts in  
one,

With truth and purity go other gifts !  
All gifts come clustering to that ! Go,  
lead

My People home whate'er betide !

[*Turning to the Druses.*] Ye take  
This Khalil for my delegate ? To him  
Bow as to me ? He leads to Lebanon—  
Ye follow ?

*Druses.* We follow ! Now exalt thy-  
self !

*Dja.* [*raises Loys.*] Then to thee,  
Loys ! How I wronged thee,  
Loys !

—Yet, wronged, no less thou shalt have  
full revenge,

Fit for thy noble self, revenge—and  
thus.

Thou, loaded with these wrongs, the  
princely soul,

The first sword of Christ's sepulchre—  
thou shalt

Guard Khalil and my Druses home  
again !

Justice, no less—God's justice and no  
more,

For those I leave !—to seeking this,  
devote

Some few days out of thy Knight's  
brilliant life :

And, this obtained them, leave their  
Lebanon,

My Druses' blessing in thine ears—(they  
shall

Bless thee with blessing sure to have its  
way)

—One cedar-blossom in thy Ducal  
cap,

One thought of Anael in thy heart—  
perchance,

One thought of him who thus, to bid  
thee speed,

His last word to the living speaks ! This  
done,

Resume thy course, and, first amid the first  
In Europe, take my heart along with thee !  
Go boldly, go serenely, go augustly—  
What shall withstand thee then ?  
[*He bends over ANAEL.*] And last to thee !  
Ah, did I dream I was to have, this day,  
Exalted thee ? A vain dream—hast thou not  
Won greater exaltation ? What remains  
But press to thee, exalt myself to thee ?  
Thus I exalt myself, set free my soul !

[*He stabs himself—as he falls, supported by KHALIL and LOYS, the VENETIANS enter : the ADMIRAL advances.*  
*Admiral.* God and St. Mark for Venice ! Plant the Lion !  
[*At the clash of the planted standard, the Druses shout, and move tumultuously forward, LOYS drawing his sword.*  
*Dja.* [*leading them a few steps between KHALIL and LOYS.*]  
On to the Mountain ! At the Mountain, Druses !  
[*Dies.*

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

A TRAGEDY

1843

PERSONS.

MILDRED TRESHAM.	HENRY, Earl Mertoun.
GUENDOLEN TRESHAM.	GERARD, and other Retainers of Lord Tresham.
THOROLD, Earl Tresham.	
AUSTIN TRESHAM.	

TIME, 17—.

ACT I

SCENE I. *The interior of a Lodge in LORD TRESHAM'S Park. Many Retainers crowded at the window, supposed to command a view of the entrance to his Mansion. GERARD, the Warrener, sitting alone, his back to a table on which are flagons, &c.*  
*First Ret.* Ay, do ! push, friends, and then you'll push down me.  
—What for ? Does any hear a runner's foot,  
Or a steed's trample, or a coach-wheel's cry ?  
Is the Earl come or his least poursuivant ?  
But there 's no breeding in a man of you  
Save Gerard yonder : here 's a half-place yet,  
Old Gerard !  
*Ger.* Save your courtesies, my friend.  
Here is my place.  
*Second Ret.* Now, Gerard, out with it !

What makes you sullen, this of all the days  
I' the year ? To-day that young, rich, bountiful,  
Handsome Earl Mertoun, whom alone they match  
With our Lord Tresham through the country-side,  
Is coming here in utmost bravery  
To ask our Master's Sister's hand ?  
*Ger.* What then ?  
*Second Ret.* What then ? Why, you, she speaks to, if she meets  
Your worship, smiles on as you hold apart  
The boughs to let her through her forest walks,  
You, always favourite for your no-deserts,  
You've heard, these three days, how Earl Mertoun sues  
To lay his heart, and house, and broad lands too,

At Lady Mildred's feet : and while we  
squeeze  
Ourselves into a mousehole lest we miss  
One congee of the least page in his  
train,  
You sit o' one side—' there 's the Earl,'  
say I—  
' What then ? ' say you !  
*Third Ret.* I'll wager he has let  
Both swans he tamed for Lady Mildred,  
swim  
Over the falls and gain the river !  
*Ger.* Ralph,  
Is not to-morrow my inspecting-day  
For you and for your hawks ?  
*Fourth Ret.* Let Gerard be !  
He 's coarse-grained, like his carved  
black cross-bow stock.  
Ha, look now, while we squabble with  
him, look !  
Well done, now—is not this beginning,  
now,  
To purpose ?  
*First Ret.* Our retainers look as fine—  
That 's comfort. Lord, how Richard  
holds himself  
With his white staff ! Will not a knave  
behind  
Prick him upright ?  
*Fourth Ret.* He 's only bowing, fool !  
The Earl's man bent us lower by this  
much.  
*First Ret.* That 's comfort. Here 's  
a very cavalcade !  
*Third Ret.* I don't see wherefore  
Richard, and his troop  
Of silk and silver varlets there, should  
find  
Their perfumed selves so indispensable  
On high days, holidays ! Would it so  
disgrace  
Our Family, if I, for instance, stood—  
In my right hand a cast of Swedish  
hawks,  
A leash of greyhounds in my left ?—  
*Ger.* —With Hugh  
The logman for supporter—in his right  
The bill-hook—in his left the brush-  
wood-shears !  
*Third Ret.* Out on you, crab ! What  
next, what next ? The Earl !  
*First Ret.* Oh, Walter, groom, our  
horses, do they match

The Earl's ? Alas, that first pair of the  
six—  
They paw the ground—Ah, Walter !  
and that brute  
Just on his haunches by the wheel !  
*Sixth Ret.* Ay—Ay !  
You, Philip, are a special hand, I hear,  
At soups and sauces : what 's a horse  
to you ?  
D' ye mark that beast they've slid into  
the midst  
So cunningly ?—then, Philip, mark this  
further ;  
No leg has he to stand on !  
*First Ret.* No ? That 's comfort.  
*Second Ret.* Peace, Cook ! The Earl  
descends.—Well, Gerard, see  
The Earl at least ! Come, there 's a  
proper man,  
I hope ! Why, Ralph, no falcon, Pole  
or Swede,  
Has got a starrier eye.  
*Third Ret.* His eyes are blue—  
But leave my hawks alone !  
*Fourth Ret.* So young, and yet  
So tall and shapely !  
*Fifth Ret.* Here 's Lord Tresham's  
self !  
There now—there 's what a nobleman  
should be !  
He 's older, graver, loftier, he 's more  
like  
A House's Head !  
*Second Ret.* But you'd not have a  
boy  
—And what 's the Earl beside ?—  
possess too soon  
That stateliness ?  
*First Ret.* Our Master takes his  
hand—  
Richard and his white staff are on the  
move—  
Back fall our people—(tsh !—there 's  
Timothy  
Sure to get tangled in his ribbon-ties—  
And Peter's cursed rosette 's a-coming  
off !)  
—At last I see our Lord's back and his  
friend's—  
And the whole beautiful bright com-  
pany  
Close round them—in they go ! [*Jump-  
ing down from the window-bench,*



*and making for the table and its jugs, &c.]* Good health, long life, Great joy to our Lord Tresham and his House !

*Sixth Ret.* My father drove his father first to Court,  
After his marriage-day—ay, did he !

*Second Ret.* God bless Lord Tresham, Lady Mildred, and the Earl !

Here, Gerard, reach your beaker !

*Ger.* Drink, my boys :  
Don't mind me—all's not right about me—drink !

*Second Ret. [Aside.]* He's vexed, now, that he let the show escape !  
[*To GER.*] Remember that the Earl returns this way—

*Ger.* That way ?

*Second Ret.* Just so.

*Ger.* Then my way's here. [*Goes.*]

*Second Ret.* Old Gerard  
Will die soon—mind, I said it ! He was used

To care about the pitifullest thing  
That touched the House's honour, not an eye

But his could see wherein : and on a cause

Of scarce a quarter this importance,  
Gerard

Fairly had fretted flesh and bone away  
In cares that this was right, nor that was wrong,

Such a point decorous, and such square by rule—

He knew such niceties, no herald more :  
And now—you see his humour : die he will !

*Second Ret.* God help him ! Who's for the great servants'-hall  
To hear what's going on inside ? They'd follow

Lord Tresham into the saloon.

*Third Ret.* I !—

*Fourth Ret.* I !—  
Leave Frank alone for catching, at the door,

Some hint of how the parley goes inside !  
Prosperity to the great House once more—  
Here's the last drop !

*First Ret.* Have at you ! Boys,  
hurrah !

SCENE II.—*A Saloon in the Mansion.*

*Enter Lord TRESHAM, Lord MERTOUN, AUSTIN, and GUENDOLEN.*

*Tresh.* I welcome you, Lord Mertoun, yet once more,  
To this ancestral roof of mine. Your name

—Noble among the noblest in itself,  
Yet taking in your person, fame avers,

New price and lustre,—(as that gem you wear,

Transmitted from a hundred knightly breasts,

Fresh chased and set and fixed by its last lord,

Seems to re-kindle at the core)—your name

Would win you welcome !—

*Mer.* Thanks !

*Tresh.* —But add to that,  
The worthiness and grace and dignity  
Of your proposal for uniting both  
Our Houses even closer than respect  
Unites them now—add these, and you must grant

One favour more, nor that the least,—to think

The welcome I should give ;—'tis given !  
My lord,

My only brother, Austin—he's the King's.

Our cousin, Lady Guendolen—betrothed  
To Austin : all are yours.

*Mer.* I thank you—less  
For the expressed commendings which your seal,

And only that, authenticates—forbids  
My putting from me . . . to my heart I take

Your praise . . . but praise less claims my gratitude,

Than the indulgent insight it implies  
Of what must needs be uppermost with one

Who comes, like me, with the bare leave to ask,

In weighed and measured unimpassioned words,

A gift, which, if as calmly 'tis denied,  
He must withdraw, content upon his cheek,



Despair within his soul. That I dare ask

Firmly, near boldly, near with confidence  
That gift, I have to thank you. Yes,  
Lord Tresham,

I love your sister—as you'd have one love

That lady . . . oh more, more I love her !  
Wealth,

Rank, all the world thinks *me*, they're yours, you know,

To hold or part with, at your choice—  
but grant

My true self, *me* without a rood of land,  
A piece of gold, a name of yesterday,  
Grant me that lady, and you . . . Death  
or life ?

*Guen.* [*apart to Aus.*] Why, this is loving, Austin !

*Aus.* He 's so young !

*Guen.* Young ? Old enough, I think,  
to half surmise

He never had obtained an entrance here,  
Were all this fear and trembling needed.

*Aus.* Hush !

He reddens.

*Guen.* Mark him, Austin ; that 's  
true love !

Ours must begin again.

*Tresh.* We'll sit, my lord.

Ever with best desert goes diffidence.

I may speak plainly nor be miscon-  
ceived.

That I am wholly satisfied with you

On this occasion, when a falcon's eye  
Were dull compared with mine to search  
out faults,

Is somewhat. Mildred's hand is hers  
to give

Or to refuse.

*Mer.* But you, you grant my suit ?  
I have your word if hers ?

*Tresh.* My best of words  
If hers encourage you. I trust it will.  
Have you seen Lady Mildred, by the  
way ?

*Mer.* I . . . I . . . our two demesnes,  
remember, touch ;

I have been used to wander carelessly  
After my stricken game : the heron  
roused

Deep in my woods, has trailed its  
broken wing

Thro' thickets and glades a mile in yours,  
—or else

Some eyass ill-reclaimed has taken flight  
And lured me after her from tree to tree,  
I marked not whither. I have come  
upon

The lady's wondrous beauty unaware,  
And—and then . . . I have seen her.

*Guen.* [*aside to Aus.*] Note that mode  
Of faltering out that, when a lady  
passed,

He, having eyes, did see her ! You had  
said—

' On such a day I scanned her, head to  
foot ;

Observed a red, where red should not  
have been,

Outside her elbow ; but was pleased  
enough

Upon the whole.' Let such irreverent  
talk

Be lessoned for the future !

*Tresh.* What 's to say  
May be said briefly. She has never  
known

A mother's care ; I stand for father too.  
Her beauty is not strange to you, it  
seems—

You cannot know the good and tender  
heart,

Its girl's trust, and its woman's con-  
stancy,

How pure yet passionate, how calm yet  
kind,

How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet  
free

As light where friends are—how imbued  
with lore

The world most prizes, yet the simplest,  
yet

The . . . one might know I talked of  
Mildred—thus

We brothers talk !

*Mer.* I thank you.

*Tresh.* In a word,  
Control's not for this lady ; but her  
wish

To please me outstrips in its subtlety  
My power of being pleased : herself  
creates

The want she means to satisfy. My  
heart

Prefers your suit to her as 'twere its own.

Can I say more ?

*Mer.* No more—thanks, thanks  
—no more !

*Tresh.* This matter then discussed . . .

*Mer.* —We'll waste no breath  
On aught less precious. I'm beneath  
the roof

That holds her : while I thought of that,  
my speech

To you would wander—as it must not  
do,

Since as you favour me I stand or fall.

I pray you suffer that I take my leave !

*Tresh.* With less regret 'tis suffered,  
that again

We meet, I hope, so shortly.

*Mer.* We ? again ?—

Ah yes, forgive me—when shall . . . you  
will crown

Your goodness by forthwith apprising  
me

When . . . if . . . the lady will appoint  
a day

For me to wait on you—and her.

*Tresh.* So soon

As I am made acquainted with her  
thoughts

On your proposal—howsoe'er they  
lean—

A messenger shall bring you the result.

*Mer.* You cannot bind me more to  
you, my lord.

Farewell till we renew . . . I trust, renew  
A converse ne'er to disunite again.

*Tresh.* So may it prove !

*Mer.* You, Lady, you, Sir, take

My humble salutation !

*Guen. & Aus.* Thanks !

*Tresh.* Within there !

[*Servants enter.* TRESHAM conducts  
MERTOUN to the door. Meantime  
AUSTIN remarks,

Well,

Here I have an advantage of the Earl,  
Confess now ! I'd not think that all was  
safe

Because my lady's brother stood my  
friend.

Why, he makes sure of her—'do you  
say, yes—

She'll not say, no'—what comes it to  
beside ?

I should have prayed the brother,  
'speak this speech,  
For Heaven's sake urge this on her—  
put in this—

Forget not, as you'd save me, t'other  
thing,—

Then set down what she says, and how  
she looks,

And if she smiles,' and (in an under  
breath)

'Only let her accept me, and do you  
And all the world refuse me, if you  
dare !'

*Guen.* That way you'd take, friend  
Austin ? What a shame

I was your cousin, tamely from the first  
Your bride, and all this fervour's run  
to waste !

Do you know you speak sensibly to-day ?  
The Earl's a fool.

*Aus.* Here's Thorold. Tell him so !

*Tresh.* (*returning.*) Now, voices, voices !  
'St ! the lady's first !

How seems he ?—seems he not . . .  
come, faith give fraud

The mercy-stroke whenever they engage !  
Down with fraud, up with faith ! How  
seems the Earl ?

A name ! a blazon ! if you knew their  
worth,

As you will never ! come—the Earl ?

*Guen.* He's young.

*Tresh.* What's she ? an infant save  
in heart and brain.

Young ! Mildred is fourteen, remark !  
And you . . .

Austin, how old is she ?

*Guen.* There's tact for you !

I meant that being young was good  
excuse

If one should tax him . . .

*Tresh.* Well ?

*Guen.* —With lacking wit.

*Tresh.* He lacked wit ? Where might  
he lack wit, so please you ?

*Guen.* In standing straighter than  
the steward's rod

And making you the tiresomest ha-  
rangues,

Instead of slipping over to my side  
And softly whispering in my ear, 'Sweet

lady,

Your cousin there will do me detriment

He little dreams of: he's absorbed, I  
 see,  
 In my old name and fame—be sure  
 he'll leave  
 My Mildred, when his best account of  
 me  
 Is ended, in full confidence I wear  
 My grandsire's periwig down either  
 cheek.  
 I'm lost unless your gentleness vouch-  
 safes' . . .

*Tresh.* . . . 'To give a best of best  
 accounts, yourself,  
 Of me and my demerits.' You are  
 right!

He should have said what now I say for  
 him.

You golden creature, will you help us  
 all?

Here's Austin means to vouch for much,  
 but you

—You are . . . what Austin only knows!  
 Come up,

All three of us: she's in the Library  
 No doubt, for the day's wearing fast.  
 Precede!

*Guen.* Austin, how we must—!

*Tresh.* Must what? Must  
 speak truth,

Malignant tongue! Detect one fault in  
 him!

I challenge you!

*Guen.* Witchcraft's a fault in him,  
 For you're bewitched.

*Tresh.* What's urgent we obtain  
 Is, that she soon receive him—say, to-  
 morrow—

Next day at furthest.

*Guen.* Ne'er instruct me!

*Tresh.* Come!

—He's out of your good graces since,  
 forsooth,

He stood not as he'd carry us by  
 storm

With his perfections! You're for the  
 composed,

Manly, assured, becoming confidence!

—Get her to say, 'to-morrow,' and I'll  
 give you . . .

I'll give you black Urganda, to be  
 spoiled

With petting and snail-paces. Will  
 you? Come!

SCENE III. MILDRED'S Chamber. A  
*painted window overlooks the park.*  
 MILDRED and GUENDOLEN.

*Guen.* Now, Mildred, spare those  
 pains. I have not left

Our talkers in the Library, and climbed  
 The wearisome ascent to this your bower  
 In company with you,—I have not  
 dared . . .

Nay, worked such prodigies as sparing  
 you

Lord Mertoun's pedigree before the  
 flood,

Which Thorold seemed in very act to  
 tell—

—Or bringing Austin to pluck up that  
 most

Firm-rooted heresy—your suitor's eyes,  
 He would maintain, were grey instead  
 of blue—

I think I brought him to contrition!—  
 Well,

I have not done such things, (all to  
 deserve

A minute's quiet cousin's talk with you,)  
 To be dismissed so coolly!

*Mil.*

Guendolen,

What have I done . . . what could sug-  
 gest . . .

*Guen.*

There, there!

Do I not comprehend you'd be alone  
 To throw those testimonies in a heap,

Thorold's enlargings, Austin's brevities,  
 With that poor, silly, heartless Guen-  
 dolen's

Ill-timed, misplaced, attempted smart-  
 nesses—

And sift their sense out? now, I come  
 to spare you

Nearly a whole night's labour. Ask and  
 have!

Demand, be answered! Lack I ears and  
 eyes?

Am I perplexed which side of the rock-  
 table,

The Conqueror dined on when he landed  
 first,

Lord Mertoun's ancestor was bidden  
 take—

The bow-hand or the arrow-hand's  
 great meed?

Mildred, the Earl has soft blue eyes!

*Mil.*

My brother—

Did he . . . you said that he received him well ?

*Guen.* If I said only ' well ' I said not much—

Oh, stay—which brother ?

*Mil.* Thorold ! who—who else ?

*Guen.* Thorold (a secret) is too proud by half,—

Nay, hear me out—with us he's even gentler

Than we are with our birds. Of this great House

The least retainer that e'er caught his glance

Would die for him, real dying—no mere talk :

And in the world, the court, if men would cite

The perfect spirit of honour, Thorold's name

Rises of its clear nature to their lips.

But he should take men's homage, trust in it,

And care no more about what drew it down.

He has desert, and that, acknowledged ;

Is he content ?

*Mil.* You wrong him, Guendolen.

*Guen.* He's proud, confess ; so proud with brooding o'er

The light of his interminable line,

An ancestry with men all paladins,

And women all . . .

*Mil.* Dear Guendolen, 'tis late !

When yonder purple pane the climbing moon

Pierces, I know 'tis midnight.

*Guen.* Well, that Thorold

Should rise up from such musings, and receive

One come audaciously to graft himself Into this peerless stock, yet find no flaw,

No slightest spot in such an one . . .

*Mil.* Who finds

A spot in Mertoun ?

*Guen.* Not your brother ; therefore, Not the whole world.

*Mil.* I'm weary, Guendolen.—

Bear with me !

*Guen.* I am foolish.

*Mil.* Oh, no, kind—

But I would rest.

*Guen.* Good night and rest to you ! I said how gracefully his mantle lay Beneath the rings of his light hair ?

*Mil.* Brown hair !

*Guen.* Brown ? why, it is brown—how could you know that ?

*Mil.* How ? did not you—Oh Austin 'twas, declared

His hair was light, not brown—my head !—and, look,

The moon-beam purpling the dark chamber ! Sweet,

Good night !

*Guen.* Forgive me—sleep the sound-lie for me !

[*Going, she turns suddenly.*

Mildred !

Perdition ! all's discovered ! Thorold finds

—That the Earl's greatest of all grand-mothers

Was grander daughter still—to that fair dame

Whose garter slipped down at the famous dance !

[*Goes.*

*Mil.* Is she—can she be really gone at last ?

My heart ! I shall not reach the window. Needs

Must I have sinned much, so to suffer !

[*She lifts the small lamp which is suspended before the Virgin's image in the window, and places it by the purple pane.*]

There !

[*She returns to the seat in front.*

Mildred and Mertoun ! Mildred, with consent

Of all the world and Thorold, Mertoun's bride !

Too late ! 'Tis sweet to think of, sweeter still

To hope for, that this blessed end soothes up

The curse of the beginning ; but I know

It comes too late—'twill sweetest be of all

To dream my soul away and die upon !

[*A noise without.*

The voice ! Oh, why, why glided sin the snake

Into the Paradise Heaven meant us both ?

*[The window opens softly. A low voice sings.*

There 's a woman like a dew-drop, she 's  
so purer than the purest ;

And her noble heart 's the noblest, yes,  
and her sure faith 's the surest :

And her eyes are dark and humid, like  
the depth on depth of lustre

Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses,  
sunnier than the wild-grape  
cluster,

Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her  
neck 's rose-misted marble :

Then her voice's music . . . call it the  
well's bubbling, the bird's warble!

*[A figure wrapped in a mantle  
appears at the window.*

And this woman says, ' My days were  
sunless and my nights were  
moonless,

Parched the pleasant April herbage, and  
the lark's heart's outbreak tune-  
less,

If you loved me not ! ' And I who—(ah,  
for words of flame ! ) adore her !

Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate  
palpably before her—

*[He enters, approaches her seat, and  
bends over her.*

I may enter at her portal soon, as now  
her lattice takes me,

And by noontide as by midnight make  
her mine, as hers she makes me !

*[The Earl throws off his slouched  
hat and long cloak.*

My very heart sings, so I sing, Beloved !

*Mil.* Sit, Henry—do not take my  
hand.

*Mer.* 'Tis mine !

The meeting that appalled us both so  
much

Is ended.

*Mil.* What begins now ?

*Mer.* Happiness

Such as the world contains not.

*Mil.* That is it.

Our happiness would, as you say, exceed  
The whole world's best of blisses : we—  
do we

Deserve that ? Utter to your soul, what  
mine

Long since, Beloved, has grown used to  
hear,

Like a death-knell, so much regarded  
once,

And so familiar now ; this will not be !

*Mer.* Oh, Mildred, have I met your  
brother's face,

Compelled myself—if not to speak un-  
truth,

Yet to disguise, to shun, to put aside  
The truth, as what had e'er prevailed  
on me

Save you, to venture ? Have I gained  
at last

Your brother, the one scarer of your  
dreams,

And waking thoughts' sole apprehension  
too ?

Does a new life, like a young sunrise,  
break

On the strange unrest of our night, con-  
fused

With rain and stormy flaw—and will  
you see

No dripping blossoms, no fire-tinted  
drops

On each live spray, no vapour steaming  
up,

And no expressless glory in the East ?

When I am by you, to be ever by you,  
When I have won you and may worship  
you,

Oh, Mildred, can you say ' this will not  
be ' ?

*Mil.* Sin has surprised us ; so will  
punishment.

*Mer.* No—me alone, who sinned  
alone !

*Mil.* The night

You likened our past life to—was it  
storm

Throughout to you then, Henry ?

*Mer.* Of your life

I spoke—what am I, what my life, to  
waste

A thought about when you are by me ?  
—you

It was, I said my folly called the storm  
And pulled the night upon.—'Twas day  
with me—

Perpetual dawn with me.

*Mil.* Come what, come will,  
You have been happy : take my hand !

*Mer.* *[after a pause.]* How good  
Your brother is ! I figured him a cold—



Shall I say, haughty man ?

*Mil.* They told me all.  
I know all.

*Mer.* It will soon be over.

*Mil.* Over ?

Oh, what is over ? what must I live through

And say, ' 'tis over ' ? Is our meeting over ?

Have I received in presence of them all  
The partner of my guilty love,—with brow

Trying to seem a maiden's brow—with lips

Which make believe that when they strive to form

Replies to you and tremble as they strive,

It is the nearest ever they approached  
A stranger's . . . Henry, yours that stranger's . . . lip—

With cheek that looks a virgin's, and that is . . .

Ah, God ! some prodigy of Thine will stop  
This planned piece of deliberate wickedness

In its birth even—some fierce leprous spot  
Will mar the brow's dissimulating—I  
Shall murmur no smooth speeches got by heart,

But, frenzied, pour forth all our woeful story,

The love, the shame, and the despair—with them

Round me aghast as men round some cursed fount

That should spirt water, and spouts blood. I'll not

. . . Henry, you do not wish that I should draw

This vengeance down ? I'll not affect a grace

That's gone from me—gone once, and gone for ever !

*Mer.* Mildred, my honour is your own.  
I'll share

Disgrace I cannot suffer by myself.

A word informs your brother I retract  
This morning's offer ; time will yet bring forth

Some better way of saving both of us.

*Mil.* I'll meet their faces, Henry !

*Mer.* When ? to-morrow ?

Get done with it !

*Mil.* Oh, Henry, not to-morrow !  
Next day ! I never shall prepare my words

And looks and gestures sooner.—How you must

Despise me !

*Mer.* Mildred, break it if you choose,  
A heart the love of you uplifted—still  
Uplifts, thro' this protracted agony,  
To Heaven ! but, Mildred, answer me,  
—first pace

The chamber with me—once again—now, say

Calmly the part, the . . . what it is of me  
You see contempt (for you did say contempt)

—Contempt for you in ! I would pluck it off

And cast it from me !—but no—no, you'll not

Repeat that ?—will you, Mildred, repeat that ?

*Mil.* Dear Henry !

*Mer.* I was scarce a boy—e'en now  
What am I more ? And you were infantine

When first I met you—why, your hair fell loose

On either side !—my fool's-cheek reddens now

Only in the recalling how it burned  
That morn to see the shape of many a dream

—You know we boys are prodigal of charms

To her we dream of—I had heard of one,  
Had dreamed of her, and I was close to her,

Might speak to her, might live and die her own,

Who knew ?—I spoke. Oh, Mildred, feel you not

That now, while I remember every glance

Of yours, each word of yours, with power to test

And weigh them in the diamond scales of pride,

Resolved the treasure of a first and last  
Heart's love shall have been bartered at its worth,

—That now I think upon your purity



And utter ignorance of guilt—your own  
 Or other's guilt—the girlish undisguised  
 Delight at a strange novel prize—(I talk  
 A silly language, but interpret, you !)  
 If I, with fancy at its full, and reason  
 Scarce in its germ, enjoined you secrecy,  
 If you had pity on my passion, pity  
 On my protested sickness of the soul  
 To sit beside you, hear you breathe, and  
 watch

Your eyelids and the eyes beneath—if  
 you

Accorded gifts and knew not they were  
 gifts—

If I grew mad at last with enterprise  
 And must behold my beauty in her bower  
 Or perish—(I was ignorant of even  
 My own desires—what then were you ?)  
 if sorrow—

Sin—if the end came—must I now  
 renounce

My reason, blind myself to light, say  
 truth

Is false and lie to God and my own soul ?  
 Contempt were all of this !

*Mil.* Do you believe . . .  
 Or, Henry, I'll not wrong you—you  
 believe

That I was ignorant. I scarce grieve  
 o'er

The Past ! We'll love on—you will love  
 me still !

*Mer.* Oh, to love less what one has  
 injured ! Dove,  
 Whose pinion I have rashly hurt, my  
 breast—

Shall my heart's warmth not nurse thee  
 into strength ?

Flower I have crushed, shall I not care  
 for thee ?

Bloom o'er my crest, my fight-mark and  
 device !

Mildred, I love you and you love me !  
*Mil.* Go !

Be that your last word. I shall sleep  
 to-night.

*Mer.* This is not our last meeting ?  
*Mil.* One night more.

*Mer.* And then—think, then !  
*Mil.* Then, no sweet courtship-days,

No dawning consciousness of love for us,  
 No strange and palpitating births of  
 sense

From words and looks, no innocent fears  
 and hopes,  
 Reserves and confidences : morning's  
 over !

*Mer.* How else should love's per-  
 fected noontide follow ?

All the dawn promised shall the day  
 perform.

*Mil.* So may it be ! but—  
 You are cautious, love ?  
 Are sure that unobserved you scaled the  
 walls ?

*Mer.* Oh, trust me ! Then our final  
 meeting's fixed ?  
 To-morrow night ?

*Mil.* Farewell ! Stay, Henry  
 . . . wherefore ?

His foot is on the yew-tree bough ; the  
 turf

Receives him : now the moonlight as he  
 runs

Embraces him—but he must go—is gone.  
 Ah, once again he turns—thanks,

thanks, my love !  
 He's gone. Oh I'll believe him every  
 word !

I was so young—I loved him so—I had  
 No mother—God forgot me—and I fell.  
 There may be pardon yet : all's doubt  
 beyond.

Surely the bitterness of death is past !

## ACT II

### SCENE. *The Library.*

*Enter LORD TRESHAM hastily.*

This way ! In, Gerard, quick !

[*As GERARD enters, TRESHAM secures  
 the door.*]

Now speak ! or, wait—  
 I'll bid you speak directly.

[*Sits himself.*  
 Now repeat

Firmly and circumstantially the tale  
 You just now told me ; it eludes me ;  
 either

I did not listen, or the half is gone  
 Away from me. How long have you  
 lived here ?

Here in my house, your father kept our  
 woods  
 Before you ?

*Ger.* —As his father did, my lord.  
I have been eating sixty years, almost,  
Your bread.

*Tresh.* Yes, yes. You ever were of  
all  
The servants in my father's house, I  
know,  
The trusted one. You'll speak the  
truth.

*Ger.* I'll speak  
God's truth. Night after night . . .

*Tresh.* Since when ?

*Ger.* At least  
A month—each midnight has some man  
access

To Lady Mildred's chamber.

*Tresh.* Tush, 'access'—  
No wide words like 'access' to me !

*Ger.* He runs  
Along the woodside, crosses to the South,  
Takes the left tree that ends the  
avenue . . .

*Tresh.* The last great yew-tree ?

*Ger.* You might stand upon  
The main boughs like a platform. Then  
he . . .

*Tresh.* Quick !

*Ger.* Climbs up, and, where they lessen  
at the top,

—I cannot see distinctly, but he throws,  
I think—for this I do not vouch—a line  
That reaches to the Lady's casement—

*Tresh.* —Which  
He enters not ! Gerard—some wretched  
fool

Dares pry into my sister's privacy !  
When such are young, it seems a precious  
thing

To have approached,—to merely have  
approached,

Got sight of, the abode of her they set  
Their frantic thoughts upon ! He does  
not enter ?

Gerard ?

*Ger.* There is a lamp that's full in  
the midst,

Under a red square in the painted glass  
Of Lady Mildred's . . .

*Tresh.* Leave that name out ! Well ?  
That lamp ?

*Ger.* —Is moved at midnight higher  
up

To one pane—a small dark-blue pane ;

he waits

For that among the boughs : at sight of  
that,

I see him, plain as I see you, my lord,  
Open the Lady's casement, enter there . . .

*Tresh.* —And stay ?

*Ger.* An hour, two hours.

*Tresh.* And this you saw  
Once ?—twice ?—quick !

*Ger.* Twenty times.

*Tresh.* And what brings you  
Under the yew-trees ?

*Ger.* The first night I left  
My range so far, to track the stranger  
stag

That broke the pale, I saw the man.

*Tresh.* Yet sent  
No cross-bow shaft through the mar-  
auder ?

*Ger.* But  
He came, my lord, the first time he was  
seen,

In a great moonlight, light as any day,  
From Lady Mildred's chamber.

*Tresh.* [after a pause.] You have no  
cause

—Who could have cause to do my sister  
wrong ?

*Ger.* Oh, my lord, only once—let me  
this once

Speak what is on my mind ! Since first  
I noted

All this, I've groaned as if a fiery net  
Plucked me this way and that—fire, if  
I turned

To her, fire if I turned to you, and fire,  
If down I flung myself and strove to  
die.

The lady could not have been seven  
years old

When I was trusted to conduct her safe  
Through the deer-herd to stroke the  
snow-white fawn

I brought to eat bread from her tiny  
hand

Within a month. She ever had a smile  
To greet me with—she . . . if it could  
undo

What's done, to lop each limb from off  
this trunk . . .

All that is foolish talk, not fit for you—  
I mean, I could not speak and bring her  
hurt

For Heaven's compelling. But when  
 I was fixed  
 To hold my peace, each morsel of your  
 food  
 Eaten beneath your roof, my birth-place  
 too,  
 Choked me. I wish I had grown mad  
 in doubts  
 What it behoved me do. This morn it  
 seemed

Either I must confess to you, or die :  
 Now it is done, I seem the vilest worm  
 That crawls, to have betrayed my Lady!

*Tresh.*

No—

No—Gerard !

*Ger.* Let me go !

*Tresh.* A man, you say—

What man ? Young ? Not a vulgar  
 hind ? What dress ?

*Ger.* A slouched hat and a large dark  
 foreign cloak

Wraps his whole form ; even his face is  
 hid ;

But I should judge him young : no  
 hind, be sure !

*Tresh.* Why ?

*Ger.* He is ever armed : his sword  
 projects

Beneath the cloak.

*Tresh.* Gerard,—I will not say

No word, no breath of this !

*Ger.* Thanks, thanks, my lord !

[*Goes.*

*TRESHAM paces the room. After a pause,*  
 Oh, thought's absurd !—as with some  
 monstrous fact

That, when ill thoughts beset us, seems  
 to give

Merciful God that made the sun and  
 stars

The waters and the green delights of  
 earth,

The lie ! I apprehend the monstrous  
 fact—

Yet know the Maker of all worlds is  
 good,

And yield my reason up, inadequate  
 To reconcile what yet I do behold—

Blasting my sense ! There's cheerful  
 day outside—

This is my library—and this the chair  
 My father used to sit in carelessly,

After his soldier-fashion, while I stood

Between his knees to question him : and  
 here,

Gerard our grey retainer,—as he says,  
 Fed with our food, from sire to son, an  
 age,—

Has told a story—I am to believe !  
 That Mildred . . . oh no, no ! both tales  
 are true,

Her pure cheek's story and the forester's !  
 Would she, or could she, err—much less,  
 confound

All guilts of treachery, of craft, of . . .  
 Heaven

Keep me within Its hand !—I will sit  
 here

Until thought settles and I see my  
 course.

Avert, oh God, only this woe from me !  
 [*As he sinks his head between his  
 arms on the table, GUENDOLEN'S  
 voice is heard at the door.*

Lord Tresham ! [*She knocks.*] Is Lord  
 Tresham there ?

[*TRESHAM, hastily turning, pulls  
 down the first book above him and  
 opens it.*

*Tresh.* Come in ! [*She enters.*

Ah, Guendolen—good morning.

*Guen.* Nothing more ?

*Tresh.* What should I say more ?

*Guen.* Pleasant question ! more ?

This more ! Did I besiege poor Mildred's  
 brain

Last night till close on morning with  
 'the Earl'—

'The Earl'—whose worth did I asse-  
 verate

Till I am very fain to hope that . . .  
 Thorold,

What is all this ? You are not well !

*Tresh.* Who, I ?

You laugh at me.

*Guen.* Has what I'm fain to hope

Arrived, then ? Does that huge tome  
 show some blot

In the Earl's 'scutcheon come no longer  
 back

Than Arthur's time ?

*Tresh.* When left you Mildred's  
 chamber ?

*Guen.* Oh late enough, I told you !  
 The main thing

To ask is, how I left her chamber,—sure,

Content yourself, she'll grant this  
 paragon  
 Of Earls no such ungracious . . .  
*Tresh.* Send her here !  
*Guen.* Thorold ?  
*Tresh.* I mean — acquaint  
 her, Guendolen,—  
 —But mildly !  
*Guen.* Mildly ?  
*Tresh.* Ah, you guessed aright !  
 I am not well : there is no hiding it.  
 But tell her I would see her at her  
 leisure—  
 That is, at once ! here in the Library !  
 The passage in that old Italian book  
 We hunted for so long is found, say,—  
 found—  
 And if I let it slip again . . . you see,  
 That she must come—and instantly !  
*Guen.* I'll die  
 Piecemeal, record that, if there have  
 not gloomed  
 Some blot i' the 'scutcheon !  
*Tresh.* Go ! or, Guendolen,  
 Be you at call,—with Austin, if you  
 choose,—  
 In the adjoining gallery ! There, go !  
 [GUENDOLEN goes.  
 Another lesson to me ! you might bid  
 A child disguise his heart's sore, and  
 conduct  
 Some sly investigation point by point  
 With a smooth brow, as well as bid me  
 catch  
 The inquisitorial cleverness some praise !  
 If you had told me yesterday, ' There 's  
 one  
 You needs must circumvent and practise  
 with,  
 Entrap by policies, if you would worm  
 The truth out : and that one is—  
 Mildred ! ' There—  
 There—reasoning is thrown away on it !  
 Prove she 's unchaste . . . why, you may  
 after prove  
 That she 's a poisoner, traitress, what  
 you will !  
 Where I can comprehend nought,  
 nought 's to say,  
 Or do, or think ! Force on me but the  
 first  
 Abomination,—then outpour all plagues,  
 And I shall ne'er make count of them !

*Enter MILDRED.*

*Mil.* What book  
 Is it I wanted, Thorold ? Guendolen  
 Thought you were pale—you are not  
 pale ! That book ?  
 That 's Latin surely !  
*Tresh.* Mildred, here 's a line—  
 (Don't lean on me—I 'll English it for  
 you)  
 ' Love conquers all things.' What love  
 conquers them ?  
 What love should you esteem—best  
 love ?  
*Mil.* True love.  
*Tresh.* I mean, and should have said,  
 whose love is best  
 Of all that love or that profess to love ?  
*Mil.* The list 's so long—there 's  
 father's, mother's, husband's . . .  
*Tresh.* Mildred, I do believe a  
 brother's love  
 For a sole sister must exceed them all !  
 For see now, only see ! there 's no alloy  
 Of earth that creeps into the perfect'st  
 gold  
 Of other loves—no gratitude to claim ;  
 You never gave her life—not even aught  
 That keeps life—never tended her, in-  
 structed,  
 Enriched her—so your love can claim  
 no right  
 O'er hers save pure love's claim : that 's  
 what I call  
 Freedom from earthliness. You'll never  
 hope  
 To be such friends, for instance, she and  
 you,  
 As when you hunted cowslips in the  
 woods,  
 Or played together in the meadow hay.  
 Oh yes—with age, respect comes, and  
 your worth  
 Is felt, there 's growing sympathy of  
 tastes,  
 There 's ripened friendship, there 's  
 confirmed esteem,  
 —Much head these make against the  
 new-comer !  
 The startling apparition—the strange  
 youth—  
 Whom one half-hour's conversing with,  
 or, say,

Mere gazing at, shall change (beyond all change

This Ovid ever sang about ! ) your soul  
... *Her* soul, that is,—the sister's soul !

With her

'Twas winter yesterday ; now, all is warmth,

The green leaf's springing and the turtle's voice,

'Arise and come away !' Come whither ?  
—far

Enough from the esteem, respect, and all

The brother's somewhat insignificant  
Array of rights ! all which he knows  
before—

Has calculated on so long ago !

I think such love, (apart from yours and mine,)

Contented with its little term of life,  
Intending to retire betimes, aware  
How soon the background must be place  
for it,

—I think, am sure, a brother's love  
exceeds

All the world's love in its unworldli-  
ness.

*Mil.* What is this for ?

*Tresh.* This, Mildred, is it for !

Oh, no, I cannot go to it so soon !

That's one of many points my haste  
left out—

Each day, each hour throws forth its  
silk-slight film

Between the being tied to you by birth,  
And you, until those slender threads  
compose

A web that shrouds her daily life of  
hopes

And fears and fancies, all her life, from  
yours—

So close you live and yet so far apart !

And must I rend this web, tear up,  
break down

The sweet and palpitating mystery  
That makes her sacred ? You—for you  
I mean,

Shall I speak—shall I not speak ?

*Mil.* Speak !

*Tresh.* I will.

Is there a story men could—any man  
Could tell of you, you would conceal  
from me ?

I'll never think there's falsehood on  
that lip !

Say ' There is no such story men could  
tell,'

And I'll believe you, though I disbelieve  
The world—the world of better men  
than I,

And women such as I suppose you.  
Speak !

[*After a pause.*] Not speak ? Explain  
then ! clear it up, then ! Move

Some of the miserable weight away  
That presses lower than the grave ! Not  
speak ?

Some of the dead weight, Mildred ! Ah,  
if I

Could bring myself to plainly make  
their charge

Against you ! Must I, Mildred ? Silent  
still ?

[*After a pause.*] Is there a gallant that  
has night by night

Admittance to your chamber ?

[*After a pause.*] Then, his name !  
Till now, I only had a thought for you :

But now,—his name !

*Mil.* Thorold, do you devise  
Fit expiation for my guilt, if fit

There be ! 'tis nought to say that I'll  
endure

And bless you,—that my spirit yearns  
to purge

Her stains off in the fierce renewing fire :  
But do not plunge me into other guilt !

Oh, guilt enough ! I cannot tell his name.

*Tresh.* Then judge yourself ! How  
should I act ? Pronounce !

*Mil.* Oh, Thorold, you must never  
tempt me thus !

To die here in this chamber by that  
sword

Would seem like punishment—so should  
I glide,

Like an arch-cheat, into extremest bliss !  
'Twere easily arranged for me ! but

you—

What would become of you ?

*Tresh.* And what will now  
Become of me ? I'll hide your shame  
and mine

From every eye ; the dead must heave  
their hearts

Under the marble of our chapel-floor ;



They cannot rise and blast you ! You  
 may wed  
 Your paramour above our mother's  
 tomb ;  
 Our mother cannot move from 'neath  
 your foot.  
 We two will somehow wear this one day  
 out :  
 But with to-morrow hastens here—the  
 Earl !  
 The youth without suspicion that faces  
 come  
 From Heaven, and hearts from . . .  
 whence proceed such hearts ?  
 I have dispatched last night at your  
 command  
 A missive bidding him present himself  
 To-morrow here—thus much is said ;  
 the rest  
 Is understood as if 'twere written down—  
 ' His suit finds favour in your eyes : '—  
 now dictate  
 This morning's letter that shall counter-  
 mand  
 Last night's—do dictate that !

*Mil.* But, Thorold—if  
 I will receive him as I said ?

*Tresh.* *The Earl ?*

*Mil.* I will receive him !

*Tresh.* [Starting up.] Ho there !  
 Guendolen !

*GUENDOLEN and AUSTIN enter.*

And, Austin, you are welcome too !  
 Look there !

The woman there !

*Aus. & Guen.* How ? Mildred ?

*Tresh.* Mildred once !

Now the receiver night by night, when  
 sleep

Blesses the inmates of her father's house,  
 —I say, the soft sly wanton that  
 receives

Her guilt's accomplice 'neath this roof  
 which holds

You, Guendolen, you, Austin, and has  
 held

A thousand Treshams—never one like  
 her !

No lighter of the signal-lamp her quick  
 Foul breath near quenches in hot  
 eagerness

To mix with breath as foul ! no loosener

Of the lattice, practised in the stealthy  
 tread,

The low voice and the noiseless come-  
 and-go !

Not one composer of the Bacchant's  
 mien

Into—what you thought Mildred's, in  
 a word !

Know her !

*Guen.* Oh, Mildred, look to me, at  
 least !

Thorold—she's dead, I'd say, but that  
 she stands

Rigid as stone and whiter !

*Tresh.* You have heard . . .

*Guen.* Too much ! you must proceed  
 no further !

*Mil.* Yes—

Proceed ! All's truth ! Go from me !

*Tresh.* All is truth,

She tells you ! Well, you know, or  
 ought to know,

All this I would forgive in her. I'd con-  
 Each precept the harsh world enjoins,

I'd take

Our ancestors' stern verdicts one by one,  
 I'd bind myself before them to exact

The prescribed vengeance—and one  
 word of hers,

The sight of her, the bare least memory  
 Of Mildred, my one sister, my heart's

pride

Above all prides, my all in all so long,  
 Would scatter every trace of my re-  
 solve !

What were it silently to waste away  
 And see her waste away from this day

forth,

Two scathed things with leisure to  
 repent,

And grow acquainted with the grave,  
 and die,

Tired out if not at peace, and be for-  
 gotten ?

It were not so impossible to bear !

But this—that, fresh from last night's  
 pledge renewed

Of love with the successful gallant  
 there,

She calmly bids me help her to entice,  
 Inveigle an unconscious trusting youth

Who thinks her all that's chaste, and  
 good, and pure,



—Invites me to betray him . . . who so fit  
As honour's self to cover shame's arch-  
deed ?

—That she'll receive Lord Mertoun—  
(her own phrase)—

This, who could bear ? Why, you have  
heard of thieves,

Stabbers, the earth's disgrace—who yet  
have laughed,

'Talk not of tortures to me—I'll  
betray

No comrade I've pledged faith to !'—  
you have heard

Of wretched women—all but Mildreds—  
tied

By wild illicit ties to losels vile

You'd tempt them to forsake ; and  
they'll reply

'Gold, friends, repute, I left for him, I  
have

In him, why should I leave him then for  
gold,

Repute, or friends ?'—and you have  
felt your heart

Respond to such poor outcasts of the  
world

As to so many friends ; bad as you  
please,

You've felt they were God's men and  
women still,

So, not to bedisowned by you ! But she,  
That stands there, calmly gives her  
lover up

As means to wed the Earl that she may  
hide

Their intercourse the surelier ! and, for  
this,

I curse her to her face before you all !  
Shame hunt her from the earth ! Then  
Heaven do right

To both ! It hears me now—shall  
judge her then !

[As MILDRED faints and falls,  
TRESHAM rushes out.

Aus. Stay, Tresham, we'll accom-  
pany you !

Guen. We ?

What, and leave Mildred ? We ? why,  
where's my place

But by her side, and where's yours but  
by mine ?

Mildred—one word—only look at me,  
then !

Aus. No, Guendolen ! I echo Thorold's  
voice !

She is unworthy to behold . . .  
Guen. Us two ?

If you spoke on reflection, and if I  
Approved your speech—if you (to put  
the thing

At lowest) you, the soldier, bound to  
make

The King's cause yours, and fight for it,  
and throw

Regard to others of its right or wrong,  
—If with a death-white woman you  
can help,

Let alone sister, let alone a Mildred,  
You left her—or if I, her cousin, friend

This morning, playfellow but yesterday,  
Who said, or thought at least a thousand  
times,

'I'd serve you if I could,' should now  
face round

And say, 'Ah, that's to only signify  
I'd serve you while you're fit to serve  
yourself—

So long as fifty eyes await the turn  
Of yours to forestall its yet half-formed  
wish,

I'll proffer my assistance you'll not  
need—

When every tongue is praising you, I'll  
join

The praisers' chorus—when you're  
hemmed about

With lives between you and detraction  
—lives

To be laid down if a rude voice, rash  
eye,

Rough hand should violate the sacred  
ring

Their worship throws about you,—  
then indeed,

Who'll stand up for you stout as I ?'  
If so

We said and so we did,—not Mildred  
there

Would be unworthy to behold us both,  
But we should be unworthy, both of us,

To be beheld by—by—your meanest  
dog,

Which, if that sword were broken in  
your face

Before a crowd, that badge torn off your  
breast,

And you cast out with hootings and contempt,

—Would push his way thro' all the hooters, gain

Your side, go off with you and all your shame

To the next ditch you chose to die in ! Austin,

Do you love me ? Here's Austin, Mildred,—here's

Your brother says he does not believe half—

No, nor half that—of all he heard ! He says,

Look up and take his hand !

*Aus.* Look up and take My hand, dear Mildred !

*Mil.* I—I was so young ! Beside, I loved him, Thorold—and I had

No mother—God forgot me—so I fell ! *Guen.* Mildred !

*Mil.* Require no further ! Did I dream

That I could palliate what is done ? All's true.

Now, punish me ! A woman takes my hand !

Let go my hand ! You do not know, I see—

I thought that Thorold told you.

*Guen.* What is this ? Where start you to ?

*Mil.* Oh Austin, loosen me ! You heard the whole of it—your eyes

were worse, In their surprise, than Thorold's ! Oh, unless

You stay to execute his sentence, loose My hand ! Has Thorold gone, and are

you here ? *Guen.* Here, Mildred, we two friends

of yours will wait Your bidding ; be you silent, sleep or

muse ! Only, when you shall want your bidding

done, How can we do it if we are not by ?

Here's Austin waiting patiently your will !

One spirit to command, and one to love And to believe in it and do its best,

Poor as that is, to help it—why, the world

Has been won many a time, its length and breadth,

By just such a beginning !

*Mil.* I believe If once I threw my arms about your

neck And sunk my head upon your breast, that I

Should weep again !

*Guen.* Let go her hand now, Austin.

Wait for me. Pace the gallery and think

On the world's seemings and realities, Until I call you. [*AUSTIN goes.*]

*Mil.* No—I cannot weep ! No more tears from this brain—no

sleep—no tears ! O Guendolen, I love you !

*Guen.* Yes : and 'love' Is a short word that says so very

much ! It says that you confide in me.

*Mil.* Confide ! *Guen.* Your lover's name, then ! I've

so much to learn, Ere I can work in your behalf !

*Mil.* My friend, You know I cannot tell his name.

*Guen.* At least He is your lover ? and you love him

too ? *Mil.* Ah, do you ask me that ?—but

I am fallen So low !

*Guen.* You love him still, then ? *Mil.* My sole prop

Against the guilt that crushes me ! I say, Each night ere I lie down, 'I was so

young— I had no mother—and I loved him so !'

And then God seems indulgent, and I dare

Trust Him my soul in sleep. *Guen.* How could you let us

E'en talk to you about Lord Mertoun then ?

*Mil.* There is a cloud around me. *Guen.* But you said

You would receive his suit in spite of this ?

*Mil.* I say there is a cloud . . . *Guen.* No cloud to me !

Lord Mertoun and your lover are the same!

*Mil.* What maddest fancy . . .

*Guen.* [*calling aloud.*] Austin! (Spare your pains—

When I have got a truth, that truth I keep)—

*Mil.* By all you love, sweet Guendolen, forbear!

Have I confided in you . . .

*Guen.* Just for this!

Austin!—Oh, not to guess it at the first!

But I *did* guess it—that is, I divined—Felt by an instinct how it was—why else

Should I pronounce you free from all that heap

Of sins which had been irredeemable? I felt they were not yours—what other way

Than this, not yours? The secret's wholly mine!

*Mil.* If you would see me die before his face . . .

*Guen.* I'd hold my peace! And if the Earl returns

To-night?

*Mil.* Ah, Heaven, he's lost!

*Guen.* I thought so! Austin!

*Enter AUSTIN.*

Oh, where have you been hiding?

*Aus.* Thorold's gone, I know not how, across the meadow-land.

I watched him till I lost him in the skirts

Of the beech-wood.

*Guen.* Gone? All thwarts us!

*Mil.* Thorold too?

*Guen.* I have thought. First lead this Mildred to her room.

Go on the other side: and then we'll seek

Your brother; and I'll tell you, by the way,

The greatest comfort in the world. You said

There was a clue to all. Remember, Sweet,

He said there was a clue! I hold it. Come!

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*The end of the Yew-tree Avenue under MILDRED'S window. A light seen through a central red pane.*

*Enter TRESHAM through the trees.*

Again here! But I cannot lose myself. The heath—the orchard—I have traversed glades

And dells and bosky paths which used to lead

Into green wild-wood depths, bewildering

My boy's adventurous step. And now they tend

Hither or soon or late; the blackest shade

Breaks up, the thronged trunks of the trees ope wide,

And the dim turret I have fled from, fronts

Again my step; the very river put its arm about me and conducted me

To this detested spot. Why then, I'll shun

Their will no longer—do your will with me!

Oh, bitter! To have reared a towering scheme

Of happiness, and to behold it razed, Were nothing: all men hope, and see their hopes

Frustrate, and grieve awhile, and hope anew.

But I . . . to hope that from a line like ours

No horrid prodigy like this would spring,

Were just as though I hoped that from these old

Confederates against the sovereign day, Children of older and yet older sires,

Whose living coral berries dropped, as now

On me, on many a baron's surcoat once,

On many a beauty's wimple—would proceed

No poison-tree, to thrust, from Hell its root,

Hither and thither its strange snaky arms.

Why came I here? What must I do?  
*[a bell strikes.]* A bell?  
 Midnight! and 'tis at midnight . . .  
 Ah, I catch  
 —Woods, river, plains, I catch your  
 meaning now,  
 And I obey you! Hist! This tree  
 will serve!  
*[He retires behind one of the trees.*  
*After a pause, enter MERTOUN*  
*cloaked as before.*  
*Mer.* Not time! Beat out thy last  
 voluptuous beat  
 Of hope and fear, my heart! I thought  
 the clock  
 In the chapel struck as I was pushing  
 through  
 The ferns. And so I shall no more see  
 rise  
 My love-star! Oh, no matter for the  
 Past!  
 So much the more delicious task to see  
 Mildred revive: to pluck out, thorn by  
 thorn,  
 All traces of the rough forbidden path  
 My rash love lured her to! Each day  
 must see  
 Some fear of hers effaced, some hope  
 renewed!  
 Then there will be surprises, unforeseen  
 Delights in store. I'll not regret the  
 Past!  
*[The light is placed above in the*  
*purple pane.*  
 And see, my signal rises! Mildred's  
 star!  
 I never saw it lovelier than now  
 It rises for the last time. If it sets,  
 'Tis that the re-assuring sun may dawn.  
*[As he prepares to ascend the last tree*  
*of the avenue, TRESHAM arrests*  
*his arm.*  
 Unhand me—peasant, by your grasp!  
 Here's gold.  
 'Twas a mad freak of mine. I said I'd  
 pluck  
 A branch from the white-blossomed  
 shrub beneath  
 The casement there! Take this, and  
 hold your peace.  
*Tresh.* Into the moonlight yonder,  
 come with me!  
 —Out of the shadow!

*Mer.* I am armed, fool!  
*Tresh.* Yes,  
 Or no? You'll come into the light, or  
 no?  
 My hand is on your throat—refuse!—  
*Mer.* That voice!  
 Where have I heard . . . no—that was  
 mild and slow.  
 I'll come with you! *[They advance.*  
*Tresh.* You're armed: that's well.  
 Your name—who are you?  
*Mer.* (Tresham!—she is lost!)  
*Tresh.* Oh, silent? Do you know,  
 you bear yourself  
 Exactly as, in curious dreams I've had  
 How felons, this wild earth is full of,  
 look  
 When they're detected, still your kind  
 has looked!  
 The bravo holds an assured counten-  
 ance,  
 The thief is voluble and plausible,  
 But silently the slave of lust has  
 crouched  
 When I have fancied it before a man!  
 Your name?  
*Mer.* I do conjure Lord Tresham  
 —ay,  
 Kissing his foot, if so I might prevail—  
 That he for his own sake forbear to ask  
 My name! As Heaven's above, his  
 future weal  
 Or woe depends upon my silence!  
 Vain!  
 I read your white inexorable face!  
 Know me, Lord Tresham!  
*[He throws off his disguises.*  
*Tresh.* Mertoun!  
*[After a pause.]* Draw now!  
*Mer.* Hear me  
 But speak first!  
*Tresh.* Not one least word on  
 your life!  
 Be sure that I will strangle in your  
 throat  
 The least word that informs me how  
 you live  
 And yet seem what you seem! No  
 doubt 'twas you  
 Taught Mildred still to keep that face  
 and sin!  
 We should join hands in frantic sym-  
 pathy

If you once taught me the unteachable,  
Explained how you can live so, and so  
lie!

With God's help I retain, despite my  
sense,

The old belief—a life like yours is still  
Impossible! Now draw!

*Mer.* Not for my sake,  
Do I entreat a hearing—for your sake,  
And most, for her sake!

*Tresh.* Ha, ha, what should I  
Know of your ways? A miscreant like  
yourself,

How must one rouse his ire?—A blow?  
—that's pride

No doubt, to him! one spurns him,  
does one not?

Or sets the foot upon his mouth—or  
spits

Into his face! Come—which, or all of  
these?

*Mer.* 'Twixt him, and me, and  
Mildred, Heaven be judge!

Can I avoid this? Have your will, my  
lord!

[*He draws, and, after a few passes,  
falls.*

*Tresh.* You are not hurt?

*Mer.* You'll hear me now!

*Tresh.* But rise!

*Mer.* Ah, Tresham, say I not 'you'll  
hear me now!'

And what procures a man the right to  
speak

In his defence before his fellow-man,  
But—I suppose—the thought that

presently  
He may have leave to speak before his

God

His whole defence?

*Tresh.* Not hurt? It cannot be!  
You made no effort to resist me.

Where

Did my sword reach you? Why not  
have returned

My thrusts? Hurt where?

*Mer.* My lord—

*Tresh.* How young he is!

*Mer.* Lord Tresham, I am very young,  
and yet

I have entangled other lives with mine.

Do let me speak! and do believe my  
speech,

That when I die before you presently,—  
*Tresh.* Can you stay here till I  
return with help?

*Mer.* Oh, stay by me! When I was  
less than boy

I did you grievous wrong, and knew it  
not—

Upon my honour, knew it not! Once  
known,

I could not find what seemed a better  
way

To right you than I took: my life—you  
feel

How less than nothing had been giving  
you

The life you've taken! But I thought  
my way

The better—only for your sake and  
hers.

And as you have decided otherwise,  
Would I had an infinity of lives

To offer you! Now say—instruct me  
—think!

Can you from out the minutes I have  
left

Eke out my reparation? Oh—think  
—think!

For I must wring a partial—dare I say,  
Forgiveness from you, ere I die?

*Tresh.* I do

Forgive you.

*Mer.* Wait and ponder that great  
word!

Because, if you forgive me, I shall hope  
To speak to you of—Mildred!

*Tresh.* Mertoun,—haste  
And anger have undone us. 'Tis not

you  
Should tell me for a novelty you're

young—  
Thoughtless—unable to recall the Past!

Be but your pardon ample as my  
own!

*Mer.* Ah, Tresham, that a sword-  
stroke and a drop

Of blood or two, should bring all this  
about!

Why, 'twas my very fear of you—my  
love

Of you—(what passion's like a boy's  
for one

Like you?)—that ruined me! I dreamed  
of you—

You, all accomplished, courted every-  
where,  
The scholar and the gentleman. I  
burned  
To knit myself to you: but I was  
young,  
And your surpassing reputation kept me  
So far aloof! Oh, wherefore all that  
love?  
With less of love, my glorious yesterday  
Of praise and gentle words and kindest  
looks,  
Had taken place perchance six months  
ago!  
Even now—how happy we had been!  
And yet  
I know the thought of this escaped you,  
Tresham!  
Let me look up into your face—I feel  
'Tis changed above me—yet my eyes  
are glazed.  
Where? where?

*[As he endeavours to raise himself,  
his eye catches the lamp.]*

Ah, Mildred! What will Mildred do?  
Tresham, her life is bound up in the life  
That's bleeding fast away!—I'll live—  
must live,

There! if you'll only turn me I shall  
live

And save her! Tresham—Oh, had you  
but heard!

Had you but heard! What right have  
you to set

The thoughtless foot upon her life and  
mine,

And then say, as we perish, 'Had I  
thought,

All had gone otherwise.' We've sinned  
and die:

Never you sin, Lord Tresham!—for  
you'll die,

And God will judge you.

*Tresh.* Yes, be satisfied—  
That process is begun.

*Mer.* And she sits there  
Waiting for me! Now, say you this to  
her—

You—not another—say, I saw him die  
As he breathed this—'I love her'—  
you don't know

What those three small words mean!  
Say, loving her

Lowers me down the bloody slope to  
death

With memories . . . I speak to her—not  
you,

Who had no pity—will have no re-  
morse,

Perchance intend her . . . Die along  
with me,

Dear Mildred!—'tis so easy—and you'll  
'scape

So much unkindness! Can I lie at rest,  
With rude speech spoken to you, ruder  
deeds

Done to you—heartless men to have my  
heart,

And I tied down with grave-clothes and  
the worm,

Aware, perhaps, of every blow—Oh  
God!—

Upon those lips—yet of no power to tear  
The felon stripe by stripe? Die, Mil-  
dred! Leave

Their honourable world to them—for  
God

We're good enough, though the world  
casts us out!

*[A whistle is heard.]*

*Tresh.* Ho, Gerard!

*Enter GERARD, AUSTIN, and GUEN-  
DOLEN, with lights.*

No one speak! you see what's done!  
I cannot bear another voice!

*Mer.* There's light—  
Light all about me, and I move to it.  
Tresham, did I not tell you—did you  
not

Just promise to deliver words of mine  
To Mildred?

*Tresh.* I will bear those words to her.

*Mer.* Now?

*Tresh.* Now. Lift you the body,  
Gerard, and leave me

The head.

*[As they have half raised MERTOUN,  
he turns suddenly.]*

*Mer.* I knew they turned me—turn  
me not from her!

There! stay you! there! *[Dies.]*

*Guen.* *[after a pause.]* Austin, remain  
you here

With Thorold until Gerard comes with  
help—



Then lead him to his chamber. I must  
 go  
 To Mildred.  
*Tresh.* Guendolen, I hear each word  
 You utter—did you hear him bid me  
 give  
 His message? Did you hear my promise?  
 I,  
 And only I, see Mildred!  
*Guen.* She will die.  
*Tresh.* Oh no, she will not die! I  
 dare not hope  
 She'll die. What ground have you to  
 think she'll die?  
 Why, Austin's with you!  
*Aus.* Had we but arrived  
 Before you fought!  
*Tresh.* There was no fight at all!  
 He let me slaughter him—the boy!  
 I'll trust  
 The body there to you and Gerard—  
 thus!  
 Now bear him on before me.  
*Aus.* Whither bear him?  
*Tresh.* Oh, to my chamber! When  
 we meet there next,  
 We shall be friends.  
*[They bear out the body of MERTOUN.]*  
 Will she die, Guendolen?  
*Guen.* Where are you taking me?  
*Tresh.* He fell just here!  
 Now answer me. Shall you in your  
 whole life  
 —You who have nought to do with  
 Mertoun's fate,  
 Now you have seen his breast upon the  
 turf,  
 Shall you e'er walk this way if you can  
 help?  
 When you and Austin wander arm-in-  
 arm  
 Through our ancestral grounds, will not  
 a shade  
 Be ever on the meadow and the waste—  
 Another kind of shade than when the  
 night  
 Shuts the woodside with all its whispers  
 up?  
 But will you ever so forget his breast  
 As willingly to cross this bloody turf  
 Under the black yew avenue? That's  
 well!  
 You turn your head! and I then?—

*Guen.* What is done  
 Is done! My care is for the living.  
 Thorold,  
 Bear up against this burden—more  
 remains  
 To set the neck to!  
*Tresh.* Dear and ancient trees  
 My fathers planted, and I loved so well!  
 What have I done that, like some fabled  
 crime  
 Of yore, lets loose a fury leading thus  
 Her miserable dance amidst you all?  
 Oh, never more for me shall winds  
 intone  
 With all your tops a vast antiphony,  
 Demanding and responding in God's  
 praise!  
 Hers ye are now—not mine! Farewell  
 —Farewell!

SCENE II.—MILDRED'S Chamber. MIL-  
 DRED alone.

He comes not! I have heard of those  
 who seemed  
 Resourceless in prosperity, — you  
 thought  
 Sorrow might slay them when she listed  
 —yet  
 Did they so gather up their diffused  
 strength  
 At her first menace, that they bade her  
 strike,  
 And stood and laughed her subtlest  
 skill to scorn.  
 Oh, 'tis not so with me! the first woe  
 fell,  
 And the rest fall upon it, not on me:  
 Else should I bear that Henry comes  
 not?—fails  
 Just this first night out of so many  
 nights?  
 Loving is done with! Were he sitting  
 now,  
 As so few hours since, on that seat,  
 we'd love  
 No more—contrive no thousand happy  
 ways  
 To hide love from the loveless, any  
 more!  
 I think I might have urged some little  
 point  
 In my defence, to Thorold; he was  
 breathless

For the least hint of a defence ; but no !  
The first shame over, all that would  
might fall.

No Henry ! Yet I merely sit and  
think

The morn's deed o'er and o'er. I must  
have crept

Out of myself. A Mildred that has lost  
Her lover—oh, I dare not look upon  
Such woe ! I crouch away from it !

'Tis she,

Mildred, will break her heart, not I !  
The world

Forsakes me—only Henry's left me—  
left ?

When I have lost him, for he does not  
come,

And I sit stupidly . . . Oh Heaven,  
break up

This worse than anguish, this mad  
apathy,

By any means or any messenger !

*Tresh.* [without.] Mildred !

*Mil.* Come in ! Heaven hears me !

[Enter TRESHAM.] You ? alone ?

Oh, no more cursing !

*Tresh.* Mildred, I must sit.

There—you sit !

*Mil.* Say it, Thorold—do not look  
The curse—deliver all you come to  
say !

What must become of me ? Oh speak  
that thought

Which makes your brow and cheek so  
pale !

*Tresh.* My thought ?

*Mil.* All of it !

*Tresh.* How we waded—years ago—  
After those water-lilies, till the plash,  
I know not how, surprised us ; and you  
dared

Neither advance nor turn back : so we  
stood

Laughing and crying until Gerard  
came—

Once safe upon the turf, the loudest, too,  
For once more reaching the relinquished  
prize !

How idle thoughts are—some men's—  
dying men's !

Mildred,—

*Mil.* You call me kindlier by my  
name

Than even yesterday—what is in that ?

*Tresh.* It weighs so much upon my  
mind that I

This morning took an office not my  
own !

I might . . . of course, I must be glad or  
grieved,

Content or not, at every little thing  
That touches you—I may with a wrung  
heart

Even reprove you, Mildred ; I did  
more :

Will you forgive me ?

*Mil.* Thorold ? do you mock ?

Or no . . . and yet you bid me . . . say  
that word !

*Tresh.* Forgive me, Mildred !—are  
you silent, Sweet ?

*Mil.* [starting up.] Why does not  
Henry Mertoun come to-night ?

Are you, too, silent ?

[Dashing his mantle aside, and  
pointing to his scabbard, which is  
empty.]

Ah, this speaks for you !

You've murdered Henry Mertoun ! now  
proceed !

What is it I must pardon ? This and  
all ?

Well, I do pardon you—I think I do.  
Thorold, how very wretched you must  
be !

*Tresh.* He bade me tell you . . .

*Mil.* What I do forbid  
Your utterance of ! so much that you  
may tell

And will not—how you murdered him  
. . . but, no !

You'll tell me that he loved me, never  
more

Than bleeding out his life there—must  
I say

'Indeed,' to that ? Enough ! I pardon  
you !

*Tresh.* You cannot, Mildred ! for the  
harsh words, yes :

Of this last deed Another's Judge—  
whose doom

I wait in doubt, despondency, and fear.

*Mil.* Oh true ! there's nought for me  
to pardon ! True !

You loosed my soul of all its cares at  
once—

Death makes me sure of him for ever !

*You*

Tell me his last words ? *He* shall tell me them,

And take my answer—not in words, but reading

Himself the heart I had to read him late,

Which death . . .

*Tresh.* Death ? you are dying too ? Well said

Of Guendolen ! I dared not hope you'd die :

But she was sure of it.

*Mil.* Tell Guendolen

I loved her, and tell Austin . . .

*Tresh.* Him you loved :

And me ?

*Mil.* Ah, Thorold ! was 't not rashly done

To quench that blood, on fire with youth and hope

And love of me—whom you loved too, and yet

Suffered to sit here waiting his approach While you were slaying him ? Oh, doubtlessly

You let him speak his poor confused boy's-speech

—Do his poor utmost to disarm your wrath

And respite me !—you let him try to give

The story of our loves, and ignorance, And the brief madness, and the long despair—

You let him plead all this, because your code

Of honour bids you hear before you strike :

But at the end, as he looked up for life Into your eyes—you struck him down !

*Tresh.* No ! no !

Had I but heard him—had I let him speak

Half the truth—less—had I looked long on him,

I had desisted ! Why, as he lay there, The moon on his flushed cheek, I gathered all

The story ere he told it ! I saw through The troubled surface of his crime and yours

A depth of purity immovable !

Had I but glanced, where all seemed turbidest

Had gleamed some inlet to the calm beneath !

I would not glance—my punishment 's at hand.

There, Mildred, is the truth ! and you—say on—

You curse me ?

*Mil.* As I dare approach that Heaven Which has not bade a living thing despair,

Which needs no code to keep Its grace from stain,

But bids the vilest worm that turns on It

Desist and be forgiven,—I—forgive not, But bless you, Thorold, from my soul of souls ! [*Falls on his neck.*]

There ! do not think too much upon the Past !

The cloud that 's broke was all the same a cloud

While it stood up between my friend and you !

You hurt him 'neath its shadow : but is that

So past retrieve ? I have his heart, you know ;

I may dispose of it : I give it you !

It loves you as mine loves ! Confirm me, Henry ! [*Dies.*]

*Tresh.* I wish thee joy, Beloved ! I am glad

In thy full gladness !

*Guen.* [*without.*] Mildred ! Tresham ! [*Entering with AUSTIN.*] Thorold,

I could desist no longer. Ah, she swoons !

That 's well.

*Tresh.* Oh ! better far than that !

*Guen.* She 's dead !

Let me unlock her arms !

*Tresh.* She threw them thus About my neck, and blessed me, and then died :

—You'll let them stay now, Guendolen !

*Aus.* Leave her And look to him ! What ails you, Thorold ?

*Guen.* White

As she—and whiter ! Austin ! quick—  
this side !

*Aus.* A froth is oozing through his  
clenched teeth—

Both lips, where they're not bitten  
through, are black !

Speak, dearest Thorold !

*Tresh.* Something does weigh down  
My neck beside her weight : thanks :  
I should fall

But for you, Austin, I believe !—there,  
there—

'Twill pass away soon !—ah,—I had  
forgotten—

I am dying.

*Guen.* Thorold—Thorold—why was  
this ?

*Tresh.* I said, just as I drank the  
poison off,

The earth would be no longer earth to  
me,

The life out of all life was gone from  
me !

There are blind ways provided, the  
foredone

Heart-weary player in this pageant-  
world

Drops out by, letting the main masque  
defile

By the conspicuous portal :—I am  
through—

Just through !

*Guen.* Don't leave him, Austin !  
death is close.

*Tresh.* Already Mildred's face is  
peacefuller !

I see you, Austin—feel you—here's my  
hand,

Put yours in it—you, Guendolen, yours  
too !

You're Lord and Lady now—you're  
Treshams ; name

And fame are yours : you hold our  
'Scutcheon up.

Austin, no Blot on it ! You see how  
blood

Must wash one blot away : the first  
blot came

And the first blood came. To the vain  
world's eye

All's gules again : no care to the vain  
world,

From whence the red was drawn !

*Aus.* No blot shall come !

*Tresh.* I said that : yet it did come !  
Should it come,

Vengeance is God's, not man's. Re-  
member me !

[Dies.

*Guen.* [letting fall the pulseless arm.]

Ah, Thorold, we can but—re-  
member you !

# COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY

## A PLAY

'Ivy and violet, what do ye here  
With blossom and shoot in the warm spring weather,  
Hiding the arms of Monchenci and Vere?'—HANMER.

NO ONE LOVES AND HONOURS BARRY CORNWALL MORE THAN  
DOES ROBERT BROWNING;  
WHO, HAVING NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS PLAY TO  
GIVE HIM IN PROOF OF IT, MUST SAY SO.

London, 1844.

### PERSONS.

COLOMBE OF RAVESTEIN, Duchess of Juliers and Cleves.	MAUFROY, } CLUGNET, } Courtiers.
SABYNE, } ADOLF, } Her Attendants.	VALENCE, Advocate of Cleves.
GUIBERT, } GAUCELME, } Courtiers.	PRINCE BERTHOLD, Claimant of the Duchy.
	MELCHIOR, his Confidant.

PLACE, *The Palace at Juliers.*

TIME, 16—.

### ACT I

*Morning.*—SCENE. *A corridor leading to the Audience-chamber.*

GAUCELME, CLUGNET, MAUFROY, and  
other Courtiers, round GUIBERT,  
who is silently reading a paper: as  
he drops it at the end—

*Gui.* That this should be her birth-  
day; and the day  
We all invested her, twelve months ago,  
As the late Duke's true heiress and our  
liege;  
And that this should become the  
day...

Oh, miserable lady!

*First Court.* Ay, indeed?

*Second Court.* Well, Guibert?

*Third Court.* But your news, my  
friend, your news!

The sooner, friend, one learns Prince  
Berthold's pleasure,

The better for us all: how writes the  
Prince?

Give me—I'll read it for the common  
good.

*Gui.* In time, sir—but, till time  
comes, pardon me!

Our old Duke just disclosed his child's  
retreat,

Declared her true succession to his rule,  
And died: this birthday was the day,  
last year,

We convoyed her from Castle Rave-  
stein—

That sleeps out trustfully its extreme  
age

On the Meuse' quiet bank, where she  
lived queen

Over the water-buds;—to Juliers' court  
With joy and bustle. Here again we  
stand;

Sir Gaucelme's buckle's constant to his  
cap:

To-day's much such another sunny  
day!

*Gau.* Come, Guibert, this outgrows  
a jest, I think!

You're hardly such a novice as to need

The lesson, you pretend.

*Gui.* What lesson, sir ?  
That everybody, if he'd thrive at court,  
Should, first and last of all, look to  
himself ?

Why, no : and therefore, with your  
good example,  
(—Ho, Master Adolf !)—to myself I'll  
look.

*Enter ADOLF.*

*Gui.* The Prince's letter ; why, of all  
men else,  
Comes it to me ?

*Adolf.* By virtue of your place,  
Sir Guibert ! 'Twas the Prince's ex-  
press charge,  
His envoy told us, that the missive  
there  
Should only reach our lady by the  
hand  
Of whosoever held your place.

*Gui.* Enough ! [*ADOLF retires.*]  
Then, gentles, who'll accept a certain  
poor  
Indifferently honourable place,  
My friends, I make no doubt, have  
gnashed their teeth  
At leisure minutes these half-dozen  
years,

To find me never in the mood to quit ?  
—Who asks may have it, with my  
blessing, and—

*This* to present our lady. Who'll  
accept ?

You,—you,—you ? There it lies, and  
may, for me !

*Mau.* [*a youth, picking up the paper,  
reads aloud.*]

'Prince Berthold, proved by titles  
following  
Undoubted Lord of Juliers, comes this  
day

To claim his own, with licence from the  
Pope,

The Emperor, the Kings of Spain and  
France' . . .

*Gau.* Sufficient 'titles following,' I  
judge !

Don't read another ! Well,—'to claim  
his own ?'

*Mau.* '—And take possession of the  
Duchy held

Since twelve months, to the true heir's  
prejudice,

By ' . . . Colombe, Juliers' mistress, so  
she thinks,

And Ravestein's mere lady, as we find !  
Who wants the place and paper ?  
Guibert's right !

I hope to climb a little in the world,—  
I'd push my fortunes,—but, no more  
than he,

Could tell her on this happy day of  
days,

That, save the nosegay in her hand,  
perhaps,

There's nothing left to call her own !  
Sir Clugnet,

You famish for promotion ; what say  
you ?

*Clug.* [*an old man.*] To give this letter  
were a sort, I take it,

Of service : services ask recompense :  
What kind of corner may be Rave-  
stein ?

*Gui.* The castle ?—Oh, you'd share  
her fortunes ? Good !

Three walls stand upright, full as good  
as four,

With no such bad remainder of a roof.

*Clug.* Oh,—but the town ?

*Gui.* Five houses, fifteen huts ;  
A church whereto was once a spire, 'tis  
judged ;

And half a dyke, except in time of  
thaw.

*Clug.* Still, there's some revenue ?

*Gui.* Else Heaven forefend !  
You hang a beacon out, should fogs  
increase ;

So, when the Autumn floats of pine-  
wood steer

Safe 'mid the white confusion, thanks  
to you,

Their grateful raftsmen flings a guilder  
in ;

—That's if he means to pass your way  
next time.

*Clug.* If not ?

*Gui.* Hang guilders, then—  
he blesses you

*Clug.* What man do you suppose me ?  
Keep your paper !

And, let me say, it shows no handsome  
spirit



To dally with misfortune: keep your place!

*Gau.* Some one must tell her.

*Gui.* Some one may: you may

*Gau.* Sir Guibert, 'tis no trifle turns me sick

Of court-hypocrisy at years like mine,  
But this goes near it. Where's there news at all?

Who'll have the face, for instance, to affirm

He never heard, e'en while we crowned the girl,

That Juliers' tenure was by Salic law;

That one, confessed her father's cousin's child,

And, she away, indisputable heir,  
Against our choice protesting and the Duke's,

Claimed Juliers?—nor, as he preferred his claim,

That first this, then another potentate,  
Inclined to its allowance?—I, or you,  
Or any one except the lady's self?

Oh, it had been the direst cruelty  
To break the business to her! Things might change:

At all events, we'd see next masque at end,

Next mummery over first: and so the edge

Was taken off sharp tidings as they came,

Till here's the Prince upon us, and there's she

—Wreathing her hair, a song between her lips,

With just the faintest notion possible  
That some such claimant earns a livelihood

About the world, by feigning grievances—

Few pay the story of, but grudge its price,

And fewer listen to, a second time.

Your method proves a failure; now try mine!

And, since this must be carried . . .

*Gui.*[snatching the paper from him.]  
By your leave!

Your zeal transports you! 'Twill not serve the Prince

So much as you expect, this course you'd take.

If she leaves quietly her palace,—well;  
But if she died upon its threshold,—no:

He'd have the trouble of removing her.  
Come, gentles, we're all—what the devil knows!

You, Gaucelme, won't lose character, beside—

You broke your father's heart superiorly  
To gather his succession—never blush!  
You're from my province, and, be comforted,

They tell of it with wonder to this day—  
You can afford to let your talent sleep!

We'll take the very worst supposed, as true:

There, the old Duke knew, when he hid his child

Among the river-flowers at Ravestein,  
With whom the right lay! Call the Prince our Duke

There, she's no Duchess, she's no anything

More than a young maid with the bluest eyes—

And now, sirs, we'll not break this young maid's heart

Coolly as Gaucelme could and would!  
No haste!

His talent's full-blown, ours but in the bud—

We'll not advance to his perfection yet—

Will we, Sir Maufroy? See, I've ruined Maufroy

For ever as a courtier!

*Gau.* Here's a coil!  
And, count us, will you? Count its residue,

This boasted convoy, this day last year's crowd!

A birthday, too—a gratulation-day!  
I'm dumb: bid *that* keep silence!

*Mau. and others.* Eh, Sir Guibert?  
He's right: that does say something: that's bare truth.

Ten—twelve, I make: a perilous dropping-off!

*Gui.* Pooh—is it audience hour?  
The vestibule

Swarms too, I wager, with the common  
 sort  
 That want our privilege of entry here.  
*Gau.* Adolf! [*Re-enter ADOLF.*]  
 Who's outside?  
*Gui.* Oh, your looks suffice!  
 Nobody waiting?  
*Mau.* [*Looking through the door-folds.*]  
 Scarce our number!  
*Gui.* 'Sdeath!  
 Nothing to beg for, to complain about?  
 It can't be! Ill news spreads, but not  
 so fast  
 As thus to frighten all the world!  
*Gau.* The world  
 Lives out of doors, sir—not with you  
 and me  
 By presence-chamber porches, state-  
 room stairs,  
 Wherever warmth's perpetual: out-  
 side's free  
 To every wind from every compass-  
 point,  
 And who may get nipped needs be  
 weather-wise.  
 The Prince comes and the lady's People  
 go;  
 The snow-goose settles down, the  
 swallows flee—  
 Why should they wait for winter-time?  
 'Tis instinct;  
 Don't you feel somewhat chilly?  
*Gui.* That's their craft?  
 And last year's crowders-round and  
 criers-forth,  
 That strewed the garlands, overarched  
 the roads,  
 Lit up the bonfires, sang the loyal songs!  
 Well, 'tis my comfort, you could never  
 call me  
 The People's Friend! The People keep  
 their word—  
 I keep my place: don't doubt I'll  
 entertain  
 The People when the Prince comes, and  
 the People  
 Are talked of! Then, their speeches—  
 no one tongue  
 Found respite, not a pen had holiday  
 —For they wrote, too, as well as spoke,  
 these knaves!  
 Now see: we tax and tithe them, pill  
 and poll,

They wince and fret enough, but pay  
 they must  
 —We manage that,—so, pay with a  
 good grace  
 They might as well, it costs so little  
 more.  
 But when we've done with taxes, meet  
 folk next  
 Outside the toll-booth and the rating-  
 place,  
 In public—there they have us if they  
 will,  
 We're at their mercy after that, you  
 see!  
 For one tax not ten devils could ex-  
 tort—  
 Over and above necessity, a grace;  
 This prompt disbosoming of love, to  
 wit—  
 Their vine-leaf wrappage of our tribute-  
 penny,  
 And crowning attestation, all works  
 well.  
 Yet this precisely do they thrust on us!  
 These cappings quick, and crook-and-  
 cringsings low,  
 Hand to the heart, and forehead to the  
 knee,  
 With grin that shuts the eyes and opes  
 the mouth—  
 So tender they their love; and, tender  
 made,  
 Go home to curse you, the first do it you  
 ask.  
 As if their souls were any longer theirs!  
 As if they had not given ample warrant  
 To who should clap a collar on their  
 neck,  
 Rings in their nose, a goad to either  
 flank,  
 And take them for the brute they boast  
 themselves!  
 Stay—there's a bustle at the outer  
 door—  
 And somebody entreating . . . that's  
 my name!  
 Adolf,—I heard my name!  
*Adolf.* 'Twas probably  
 The Suitor.  
*Gui.* Oh, there is one?  
*Adolf.* With a suit  
 He'd fain enforce in person.  
*Gui.* The good heart

—And the great fool! Just ope the mid-door's fold!

Is that a lappet of his cloak, I see?

*Adolf.* If it bear plenteous signs of travel... ay,

The very cloak my comrades tore!

*Gui.* Why tore?

*Adolf.* He seeks the Duchess' presence in that trim:

Since daybreak, was he posted hereabouts

Lest he should miss the moment.

*Gui.* Where's he now?

*Adolf.* Gone for a minute possibly, not more.

They haveado enough to thrust him back.

*Gui.* Ay—but my name, I caught?

*Adolf.* Oh, sir—he said

—What was it?—You had known him formerly,

And, he believed, would help him did you guess

He waited now—you promised him as much—

The old plea! 'Faith, he's back,—renews the charge!

[*Speaking at the door.*] So long as the man parleys, peace outside!

Nor be too ready with your halberts, there!

*Gau.* My horse bespattered, as he blocked the path,

A thin sour man, not unlike somebody.

*Adolf.* He holds a paper in his breast, whereon

He glances when his cheeks flush and his brow

At each repulse—

*Gau.* I noticed he'd a brow.

*Adolf.* So glancing, he grows calmer, leans awhile

Over the balustrade, adjusts his dress, And presently turns round, quiet again,

With some new pretext for admittance. —Back!

(*To GUIBERT.*)—Sir, he has seen you! Now cross halberts! Ha—

Pascal is prostrate—there lies Fabian too—

No passage! Whither would the mad-man press?

Close the doors quick on me!

*Gui.* Too late—he's here.

*Enter, hastily, and with discomposed dress, VALENCE.*

*Val.* Sir Guibert, will you help me?

—Me, that come

Charged by your townsmen, all who starve at Cleves,

To represent their heights and depths of woe

Before our Duchess and obtain relief! Such errands barricade such doors, it

seems:

But not a common hindrance drives me back

On all the sad yet hopeful faces, lit

With hope for the first time, which sent me forth!

Cleves, speak for me! Cleves' men and women, speak—

Who followed me—your strongest—many a mile

That I might go the fresher from their ranks,

—Who sit—your weakest—by the city gates,

To take me fuller of what news I bring As I return—for I must needs return!

—Can I? 'Twere hard, no listener for their wrongs,

To turn them back upon the old despair—

Harder, Sir Guibert, than imploring thus—

So, I do—any way you please—implore!

If you... but how should you remember Cleves?

Yet they of Cleves remember you so well!

—Ay, comment on each trait of you they keep,

Your words and deeds caught up at second hand,—

Proud, I believe, at bottom of their hearts,

Of the very levity and recklessness Which only prove that you forget their

wrongs.

Cleves, the grand town, whose men and women starve,

Is Cleves forgotten?—Then, remember me!

You promised me that you would help me once

For other purpose : will you keep your word ?

*Gui.* And who may you be, friend ?

*Val.* Valence of Cleves.

*Gui.* Valence of . . . not the Advocate of Cleves,

I owed my whole estate to, three years back ?

Ay, well may you keep silence ! Why, my lords,

You've heard, I'm sure, how, Pentecost three years,

I was so nearly ousted of my land

By some knaves'-pretext,—(eh ? when you refused me

Your ugly daughter, Clugnet,)—and you've heard

How I recovered it by miracle

—(When I refused her !) Here's the very friend,

—Valence of Cleves, all parties have to thank !

Nay, Valence, this procedure's vile in you—

I'm no more grateful than a courtier should,

But politic am I—I bear a brain,

Can cast about a little, might require

Your services a second time ! I tried

To tempt you with advancement here to court

—'No !'—well, for curiosity at least

To view our life here—'No !'—our Duchess, then,—

A pretty woman's worth some pains to see,

Nor is she spoiled, I take it, if a crown Completes the forehead pale and tresses pure . . .

*Val.* Our city trusted me its miseries, And I am come.

*Gui.* So much for taste ! But 'come,'—

So may you be, for anything I know,

To beg the Pope's cross, or Sir Clugnet's daughter,

And with an equal chance you get all three !

If it was ever worth your while to come, Was not the proper way worth finding too ?

*Val.* Straight to the palace-portal, sir, I came—

*Gui.* —And said ?—

*Val.* —That I had brought the miseries

Of a whole city to relieve.

*Gui.* —Which saying Won your admittance ? You saw me,

indeed,

And here, no doubt, you stand : as certainly,

My intervention, I shall not dispute, Procures you audience ; which, if I procure,—

That paper's closely written—by Saint Paul,

Here flock the Wrongs, follow the Remedies,

Chapter and verse, One, Two, A, B, and C—

Perhaps you'd enter, make a reverence, And launch these 'miseries' from first to last ?

*Val.* How should they let me pause

or turn aside ?

*Gau.* [to VALENCE.] My worthysir, one question : you've come straight

From Cleves, you tell us : heard you any talk

At Cleves about our lady ?

*Val.* Much.

*Gau.* And what ?

*Val.* Her wish was to redress all wrongs she knew.

*Gau.* That, you believed ?

*Val.* You see me, sir !

*Gau.* —Nor stopped Upon the road from Cleves to Juliers

here,

For any—rumours you might find afloat ?

*Val.* I had my townsmen's wrongs too busy me.

*Gau.* This is the lady's birthday, do you know ?

—Her day of pleasure ?

*Val.* —I know that the great, For pleasure born, should still be on the watch

To exclude pleasure when a duty offers : Even as the lowly too, for duty born,

May ever snatch a pleasure if in reach :

Both will have plenty of their birth-right, sir !

*Gau.* [*Aside to GUIBERT.*] Sir Guibert, here's your man! No scruples now—

You'll never find his like! Time presses hard.

I've seen your drift and Adolf's too, this while,

But you can't keep the hour of audience back

Much longer, and at noon the Prince arrives.

[*Pointing to VALENCE.*] Entrust him with it—fool no chance away!

*Gui.* —Him?

*Gau.* —With the missive!

What's the man to her?

*Gui.* No bad thought!—Yet, 'tis yours—who ever played

The tempting serpent: else, 'twere no bad thought!

I should—and do—mistrust it for your sake,

Or else . . .

*Enter an Official who communicates with ADOLF.*

*Adolf.* The Duchess will receive the Court!

*Gui.* Give us a moment, Adolf! Valence, friend,

I'll help you: we of the service, you're to mark,

Have special entry, while the herd . . . the folks

Outside, get access through our help alone.

—Well, it is so, was so, and I suppose So ever will be: your natural lot is, therefore,

To wait your turn and opportunity, And probably miss both. Now, I engage To set you, here and in a minute's space,

Before the lady, with full leave to plead Chapter and verse, and A, and B, and C, To heart's content.

*Val.* I grieve that I must ask,—This being, yourself admit, the custom here,—

To what the price of such a favour mounts?

*Gui.* Just so! You're not without a courtier's tact!

Little at court, as your quick instinct prompts,

Do such as we without a recompense.

*Val.* Yours is?—

*Gui.* A trifle: here's a document 'Tis some one's duty to present her Grace—

I say, not mine—these say, not theirs—such points

Have weight at court. Will you relieve us all

And take it? Just say, 'I am bidden lay

This paper at the Duchess' feet.'

*Val.* No more?

I thank you, sir!

*Adolf.* Her Grace receives the Court!

*Gui.* [*Aside.*] Now, *sursum corda*, quoth the mass-priest! Do—

Whoever's my kind saint, do let alone These pushings to and fro, and pullings

back; Peaceably let me hang o' the devil's arm

The downward path, if you can't pluck me off

Completely! Let me live quite his, or yours!

[*The Courtiers begin to range themselves, and move towards the door.*

After me, Valence! So, our famous Cleves

Lacks bread? Yet don't we gallants buy their lace?

And dear enough—it beggars me, I know,

To keep my very gloves fringed properly!

This, Valence, is our Great State Hall you cross;

Yon grey urn's veritable marcasite, The Pope's gift: and those salvers

testify

The Emperor. Presently, you'll set your foot

. . . But you don't speak, friend Valence!

*Val.* I shall speak.

*Gau.* [*Aside to GUIBERT.*] Guibert—it were no such ungraceful thing

If you and I, at first, seemed horror-struck

With the bad news. Look here, what you shall do!



Suppose you, first, clap hand to sword  
and cry

'Yield strangers our allegiance? First  
I'll perish

Beside your Grace!—and so give me  
the cue

To...

*Gui.* Clap your hand to note-book  
and jot down

That to regale the Prince with? I con-  
ceive!

[*To VALENCE.*] Do, Valence, speak, or  
I shall half suspect

You're plotting to supplant us, me the  
first,

I' the lady's favour: is't the grand  
harangue

You mean to make, that thus engrosses  
you?

—Which of her virtues you'll apostro-  
phize?

Or is't the fashion you aspire to start,  
Of that close-curled, not unbecoming  
hair?

—Or what else ponder you?

*Val.* My townsmen's wrongs!

## ACT II

Noon.—SCENE. *The Presence-chamber.*

*The DUCHESS and SABYNE.*

*The D.* Announce that I am ready  
for the Court!

*Sab.* 'Tis scarcely audience-hour, I  
think—your Grace

May best consult your own relief, no  
doubt,

And shun the crowd; but few can have  
arrived...

*The D.* Let those not yet arrived,  
then, keep away!

'Twas *me*, this day, last year at Rave-  
stein,

You hurried. It has been full time,  
beside,

This half-hour. Do you hesitate?

*Sab.* Forgive me!

*The D.* Stay, Sabyne; let me hasten  
to make sure

Of one true thanker: here with you begins  
My audience, claim you first its pri-  
vilege!

It is my birth's event they celebrate:  
You need not wish me more such happy  
days,

But—ask some favour! Have you  
none to ask?

Has Adolf none, then? this was far  
from least

Of much I waited for impatiently,  
Assure yourself! It seemed so natural  
Your gift, beside this bunch of river-  
bells,

Should be the power and leave of doing  
good

To you, and greater pleasure to myself.  
You ask my leave to-day to marry  
Adolf?

The rest is my concern.

*Sab.* Your Grace is ever  
Our Lady of dear Ravestein,—but, for  
Adolf...

*The D.* 'But'? You have not, sure,  
changed in your regard

And purpose towards him?

*Sab.* We change!

*The D.* Well, then? Well?

*Sab.* How could we two be happy,  
and, most like,

Leave Juliers, when—when... but 'tis  
audience-time!

*The D.* 'When, if you left me, I were  
left indeed!'

Would you subjoin that?—Bid the  
Court approach!

—Why should we play thus with each  
other, Sabyne?

Do I not know, if courtiers prove  
remiss,

If friends detain me, and get blame for  
it,

There is a cause? Of last year's fervid  
throng

Scarce one half comes now!

*Sab.* [*Aside.*] One half? No, alas!

*The D.* So can the mere suspicion of  
a cloud

Over my fortunes, strike each loyal  
heart.

They've heard of this Prince Berthold;  
and, forsooth,

Each foolish arrogant pretence he  
makes,

May grow more foolish and more  
arrogant,



They please to apprehend! I thank  
their love!

Admit them!

*Sab.* [*Aside.*] How much has she  
really learned?

*The D.* Surely, whoever's absent,  
Tristan waits?'

—Or at least Romuald, whom my father  
raised

From nothing—come, he's faithful to  
me, come!

(Sabyne, I should but be the prouder—  
yes,

And fitter to comport myself aright)  
Not Romuald? Xavier—what said he  
to that?

For Xavier hates a parasite, I know!  
[*SABYNE goes out.*]

*The D.* Well, sunshine's everywhere,  
and summer too.

Next year 'tis the old place again,  
perhaps—

The water-breeze again, the birds again.

—It cannot be! It is too late to be!

What part had I, or choice in all of it?

Hither they brought me; I had not to  
think

Nor care, concern myself with doing  
good

Orill, my task was just—to live,—to live,

And, answering ends there was no need  
explain,

To render Juliers happy—so they said,

All could not have been falsehood!

Some was love,

And wonder and obedience. I did all

They looked for: why then cease to do  
it now?

Yet this is to be calmly set aside,

And—ere next birthday's dawn, for  
aught I know,

Things change, a claimant may arrive,  
and I...

It cannot nor it shall not be! His  
right?

Well then, he has the right, and I have  
not,

—But who bade all of you surround my  
life

And close its growth up with your  
Ducal crown

Which, plucked off rudely, leaves me  
perishing?

I could have been like one of you,—  
loved, hoped,

Feared, lived and died like one of you—  
but you

Would take that life away and give me  
this,

And I will keep this! I will face you!  
Come!

*Enter the Courtiers and VALENCE.*

*The Courtiers.* Many such happy  
mornings to your Grace!

*The D.* [*Aside, as they pay their  
devoir.*] The same words—the  
same faces,—the same love!

I have been over-fearful. These are  
few;

But these, at least, stand firmly: these  
are mine!

As many come as may; and if no  
more,

'Tis that these few suffice—they do  
suffice!

What succour may not next year bring  
me? Plainly,

I feared too soon. [*To the Court.*] I  
thank you, sirs: all thanks!

*Val.* [*Aside, as the DUCHESS passes  
from one group to another, con-  
versing.*]

'Tis she—the vision this day last year  
brought,

When, for a golden moment at our  
Cleves,

She tarried in her progress hither.  
Cleves

Chose me to speak its welcome, and I  
spoke

—Not that she could have noted the  
recluse

—Ungainly, old before his time—who  
gazed.

Well, Heaven's gifts are not wasted, and  
that gaze

Kept, and shall keep me to the end, her  
own!

She was above it—but so would not sink  
My gaze to earth! The People caught  
it, hers—

Thenceforward, mine; but thus en-  
tirely mine,

Who shall affirm, had she not raised my  
soul

Ere she retired and left me—them ?  
 She turns—  
 There 's all her wondrous face at once !  
 The ground  
 Reels and . . . [*suddenly occupying himself with his paper.*] These wrongs of theirs I have to plead !  
*The D.* [*to the Court.*] Nay, compliment enough ! And kindness' self  
 Should pause before it wish me more such years.  
 'Twas fortunate that thus, ere youth escaped,  
 I tasted life's pure pleasure—one such, pure,  
 Is worth a thousand, mixed—and youth's for pleasure :  
 Mine is received ; let my age pay for it.  
*Gau.* So, pay, and pleasure paid for, thinks your Grace,  
 Should never go together ?  
*Gui.* How, Sir Gaucelme ?  
 Hurry one's feast down unenjoyingly  
 At the snatched breathing-intervals of work ?  
 As good you saved it till the dull day's-end  
 When, stiff and sleepy, appetite is gone !  
 Eat first, then work upon the strength of it !  
*The D.* True : you enable me to risk my Future,  
 By giving me a Past beyond recall.  
 I lived, a girl, one happy leisure year :  
 Let me endeavour to be the Duchess now !  
 And so,—what news, Sir Guibert, spoke you of ?  
 [*As they advance a little, and GUIBERT speaks—*  
 —That gentleman ?  
*Val.* [*Aside.*] I feel her eyes on me !  
*Gui.* [*to VALENCE.*] The Duchess, sir, inclines to hear your suit !  
 Advance ! He is from Cleves.  
*Val.* [*coming forward.*] [*Aside.*] Their wrongs—their wrongs !  
*The D.* And you, sir, are from Cleves ? How fresh in mind,  
 The hour or two I passed at queenly Cleves !  
 She entertained me bravely, but the best

Of her good pageant seemed its standers-by,  
 With insuppressive joy on every face !  
 What says my ancient, famous, happy Cleves ?  
*Val.* Take the truth, lady—you are made for truth !  
 So think my friends : nor do they less deserve  
 The having you to take it, you shall think,  
 When you know all—nay, when you only know  
 How, on that day you recollect at Cleves,  
 When the poor acquiescing multitude  
 Who thrust themselves with all their woes apart  
 Into unnoticed corners, that the few,  
 Their means sufficed to muster trap-pings for,  
 Might fill the foreground, occupy your sight  
 With joyous faces fit to bear away  
 And boast of as a sample of all Cleves  
 —How, when to daylight these crept out once more,  
 Clutching, unconscious, each his empty rags  
 Whence the scant coin, which had not half bought bread,  
 That morn he shook forth, counted piece by piece,  
 And, well-advisedly, on perfumes spent them  
 To burn, or flowers to strew, before your path  
 —How, when the golden flood of music and bliss  
 Ebb'd, as their moon retreated, and again  
 Left the sharp black-point rocks of misery bare  
 —Then I, their friend, had only to suggest  
 'Saw she the horror as she saw the pomp !'—  
 And as one man they cried 'He speaks the truth—  
 Show her the horror ! Take from our own mouths  
 Our wrongs and show them, she will see them too !'

—This they cried, lady ! I have brought the wrongs.

*The D.* Wrongs ? Cleves has wrongs—apparent now and thus ?

I thank you—in that paper ? Give it me !

*Val.* (There, Cleves ! ) In this ! (What did I promise, Cleves ? )

Our weavers, clothiers, spinners are reduced

Since . . . Oh, I crave your pardon ! I forget

I buy the privilege of this approach, And promptly would discharge my debt. I lay

*This* paper humbly at the Duchess' feet !

[*Presenting GUIBERT's paper.*]

*Gui.* Stay ! for the present . . .

*The D.* Stay, sir ? I take aught That teaches me their wrongs with greater pride

Than this your Ducal circlet. Thank you, sir !

[*The DUCHESS reads hastily ; then, turning to the Courtiers—*]

What have I done to you ? Your deed or mine

Was it, this crowning me ? I gave myself

No more a title to your homage, no, Than church-flowers, born this season, wrote the words

In the saint's-book that sanctified them first.

For such a flower, you plucked me ! well, you erred—

Well, 'twas a weed—remove the eyesore quick !

But should you not remember it has lain

Steeped in the candles' glory, palely shrined,

Nearer God's Mother than most earthly things ?

—That if 't be faded 'tis with prayer's sole breath—

That the one day it boasted was God's day ?

Still, I do thank you ! Had you used respect

Here might I dwindle to my last white leaf,

Here lose life's latest freshness, which even yet

May yield some wandering insect rest and food.

So, fling me forth, and—all is best for all !

[*After a pause.*] Prince Berthold, who art Juliers' Duke, it seems—

The King's choice, and the Emperor's, and the Pope's—

Be mine, too ! Take this People ! Tell not me

Of rescripts, precedents, authorities, —But take them, from a heart that yearns to give !

Find out their love,—I could not ; find their fear,—

I would not ; find their like,—I never shall,

Among the flowers !

[*Taking off her coronet.*]

Colombe of Ravestein Thanks God she is no longer Duchess here !

*Val.* [*advancing to GUIBERT.*] Sir Guibert,—knight, they call you—this of mine

Is the first step I ever set at court.

You dared make me your instrument, I find ;

For that, so sure as you and I are men, We reckon to the utmost presently :

But as you are a courtier and I none, Your knowledge may instruct me. I, already,

Have too far outraged, by my ignorance Of courtier-ways, this lady, to proceed

A second step and risk addressing her —I am degraded—you, let me address !

Out of her presence, all is plain enough What I shall do—but in her presence, too,

Surely there's something proper to be done !

[*To the others.*] You, gentles, tell me if I guess aright—

May I not strike this man to earth ?

*The Courtiers.* [*as GUIBERT springs forward, withholding him.*] Let go !

—The Clothiers' spokesman, Guibert ? Grace a churl ?

*The D.* [*to VALENCE.*] Oh, be acquainted with your party, sir !

He's of the oldest lineage Juliers boasts;  
A lion crests him for a cognisance;  
'Scorning to waver'—that's his 'scutcheon's word;

His office with the new Duke—probably  
The same in honour as with me; or  
more,

By so much as this gallant turn deserves:

He's now, I dare say, of a thousand times

The rank and influence that remain  
with her

Whose part you take! So, lest for  
taking it

You suffer...

*Val.* I may strike him then to  
earth?

*Gui.* [*falling on his knee.*] Great and  
dear lady, pardon me! Hear  
once!

Believe me and be merciful—be just!  
I could not bring myself to give that  
paper

Without a keener pang than I dared  
meet

—And so felt Clugnet here, and Maufroy  
here

—No one dared meet it. Protestation's  
cheap,—

But, if to die for you did any good,  
[*To GAUCELME.*] Would not I die, sir?  
Say your worst of me!

But it does no good, that's the mourn-  
ful truth.

And since the hint of a resistance, even,  
Would just precipitate, on you the first,  
A speedier ruin—I shall not deny,  
Saving myself indubitable pain,  
I thought to give you pleasure (who  
might say?)

By showing that your only subject found  
To carry the sad notice, was the man  
Precisely ignorant of its contents;  
A nameless, mere provincial advocate;  
One whom 'twas like you never saw  
before,

Never would see again. All has gone  
wrong;

But I meant right, God knows, and you,  
I trust!

*The D.* A nameless advocate, this  
gentleman?—

—(I pardon you, Sir Guibert!)

*Gui.* [*rising, to VALENCE.*]—Sir, and  
you?—

*Val.*—Rejoice that you are lightened  
of a load.

Now, you have only me to reckon with!

*The D.* One I have never seen, much  
less obliged?—

*Val.* Dare I speak, lady?

*The D.* Dare you! Heard you not  
I rule no longer?

*Val.* Lady, if your rule  
Were based alone on such a ground as  
these

[*Pointing to the Courtiers.*  
Could furnish you,—abjure it! They  
have hidden

A source of true dominion from your  
sight.

*The D.* You hear them—no such  
source is left...

*Val.* Hear Cleves!  
Whose haggard craftsmen rose to  
starve this day,

Starve now, and will lie down at night  
to starve,

Sure of a like to-morrow—but as sure  
Of a most unlike morrow-after-that,  
Since end things must, end howsoe'er  
things may.

What curbs the brute-force instinct in  
its hour?

What makes—instead of rising, all as  
one,

And teaching fingers, so expert to wield  
Their tool, the broadsword's play or  
carbine's trick,

—What makes that there's an easier  
help, they think,

For you, whose name so few of them can  
spell,

Whose face scarce one in every hundred  
saw,—

You simply have to understand their  
wrongs,

And wrongs will vanish—so, still trades  
are plied,

And swords lie rusting, and myself  
stand here?

There is a vision in the heart of each  
Of justice, mercy, wisdom; tenderness  
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of  
its cure:

And these, embodied in a woman's form  
That best transmits them, pure as first received,  
From God above her, to mankind below.

Will you derive your rule from such a ground,

Or rather hold it by the suffrage, say,  
Of this man—this—and this ?

*The D. [after a pause.]* You come from Cleves.

How many are at Cleves of such a mind ?

*Val. [from his paper.]* 'We, all the manufacturers of Cleves'—

*The D.* Or stay, sir—lest I seem too covetous—

Are you my subject ? such as you describe

Am I to you, though to no other man ?

*Val. [from his paper.]*—'Valence, ordained your Advocate at Cleves'—

*The D. [replacing the coronet.]* Then I remain Cleves' Duchess ! Take you note,

While Cleves but yields one subject of this stamp,

I stand her lady till she waves me off !  
For her sake, all the Prince claims I withhold ;

Laugh at each menace ; and, his power defying,

Return his missive with its due contempt !

*[Casting it away.]*

*Gui. [picking it up.]*—Which to the Prince I will deliver, Lady,

*[Note it down, Gaucelme]*—with your message too !

*The D.* I think the office is a subject's, sir !

—Either . . . how style you him ?—my special guarder

The Marshal's—for who knows but violence

May follow the delivery !—Or, perhaps, My Chancellor's—for law may be to urge

On its receipt !—Or, even my Chamberlain's—

For I may violate established form !

*[To VALENCE.]* Sir,—for the half-hour till this service ends,

Will you become all these to me ?

*Val. [falling on his knee.]* My Liege !

*The D.* Give me !

*[The Courtiers present their badges of office.]*

*[Putting them by.]*—Whatever was their virtue once,

They need new consecration ! *[raising VALENCE.]* Are you mine ?

—I will be Duchess yet ! *[She retires.]*

*The Courtiers.* Our Duchess yet !

A glorious lady ! Worthy love and dread !

I'll stand by her,—and I, whate'er betide !

*Gui. [to VALENCE.]* Well done, well done, sir ! I care not who knows,

You have done nobly, and I envy you—Tho' I am but unfairly used, I think :

For when one gets a place like this I hold,

One gets too the remark that its mere wages,

The pay and the preferment, make our prize.

Talk about zeal and faith apart from these,

We're laughed at—much would zeal and faith subsist

Without these also ! Yet, let these be stopped,

Our wages discontinue,—then, indeed, Our zeal and faith, (we hear on every side,)

Are not released—having been pledged away

I wonder, with what zeal and faith in turn ?

Hard money purchased me my place !

No, no—

I'm right, sir—but your wrong is better still,

If I had time and skill to argue it.

Therefore, I say, I'll serve you, how you please—

If you like,—fight you, as you seem to wish—

(The kinder of me that, in sober truth, I never dreamed I did you any harm) . . .

*Gau.* —Or, kinder still, you'll introduce, no doubt.



His merits to the Prince who's just at hand,  
And let no hint drop he's made Chancellor,  
And Chamberlain, and Heaven knows what beside!

*Clug.* [to VALENCE.] You stare, young sir, and threaten! Let me say, That at your age, when first I came to court, I was not much above a gentleman; While now...

*Val.* —You are Head-Lackey? With your office I have not yet been graced, sir!  
*Other Courtiers to Clug.* Let him talk! Fidelity, disinterestedness, Excuse so much! Men claimed my worship ever Who, staunchly and steadfastly...

*Enter ADOLF.*

*Adolf.* The Prince arrives!  
*Courtiers.* Ha? How?

*Adolf.* He leaves his guard a stage behind  
At Aix, and enters almost by himself.

*First Court.* The Prince! This foolish business puts all out!

*Second Court.* Let Gaucelme speak first!

*Third Court.* Better I began About the state of Juliers: should one say

All's prosperous and inviting him?

*Fourth Court.* —Or rather All's prostrate and imploring him!

*Fifth Court.* That's best!

Where's the Cleves' paper, by the way?

*Fourth Court.* [to VALENCE.] Sir—sir— If you'll but give that paper—trust it me, I'll warrant...

*Fifth Court.* Softly, sir—the Marshal's duty!

*Clug.* Has not the Chamberlain a hearing first

By virtue of his patent?

*Gau.* Patents?—Duties? All that, my masters, must begin again! One word composes the whole controversy:

We're simply now—the Prince's!

*The Others.* Ay—the Prince's!

*Enter SABYNE.*

*Sab.* Adolf! Bid... Oh, no time for ceremony!

Where's whom our lady calls her only subject?

She needs him! Who is here the Duchess's?

*Val.* [starting from his reverie.] Most gratefully I follow to her feet!

### ACT III

*Afternoon.* SCENE.—*The Vestibule.*

*Enter PRINCE BERTHOLD and MELCHIOR.*

*Berth.* A thriving little burgh this Juliers looks.

[*Half-apart.*] Keep Juliers, and as good you kept Cologne:

Better try Aix, though!—

*Mel.* Please 't your Highness speak?

*Berth.* [as before.] Aix, Cologne, Frankfurt,—Milan;—Rome!—

*Mel.* —The Grave.  
—More weary seems your Highness, I remark,

Than sundry conquerors whose path I've watched

Through fire and blood to any prize they gain.

I could well wish you, for your proper sake,

Had met some shade of opposition here

—Found a blunt seneschal refuse unlock,

Or a scared usher lead your steps astray.

You must not look for next achievement's palm

So easily: this will hurt your conquering!

*Berth.* My next? Ay—as you say, my next and next!

Well, I am tired, that's truth, and moody too,

This quiet entrance-morning; listen why!

Our little burgh, now, Juliers—'tis indeed

One link, however insignificant,

Of the great chain by which I reach my hope,



- A link I must secure ; but otherwise,  
You'd wonder I esteemed it worth my  
grasp.  
Just see what life is, with its shifts and  
turns !  
It happens now—this very nook—to be  
A place that once . . . but a short while  
since, neither—  
When I lived an ambiguous hanger-on  
Of foreign courts, and bore my claims  
about,  
Discarded by one kinsman, and the  
other  
A poor priest merely,—then, I say, this  
place  
Shone my ambition's object ; to be  
Duke—  
Seemed then, what to be Emperor seems  
now.  
My rights were far from being judged as  
plain  
In those days as of late, I promise you :  
And 'twas my day-dream, Lady  
Colombe here  
Might e'en compound the matter, pity  
me,  
Be struck, say, with my chivalry and  
grace  
(I was a boy !)—bestow her hand at  
length,  
And make me Duke, in her right if not  
mine.  
Here am I, Duke confessed, at Juliers  
now !  
Hearken : if ever I be Emperor,  
Remind me what I felt and said to-day !  
*Mel.* All this consoles a bookish man  
like me !  
—And so will weariness cling to you !  
Wrong,  
Wrong ! Had you sought the Lady's  
court yourself,—  
Faced the redoubtables composing it,  
Flattered this, threatened that man,  
bribed the other,—  
Pleaded, by writ and word and deed,  
your cause,—  
Conquered a footing inch by painful  
inch,—  
And, after long years' struggle, pounced  
at last  
On her for prize,—the right life had been  
lived,
- And justice done to divers faculties  
Shut in that brow. Yourself were  
visible  
As you stood victor, then ! whom now  
—(your pardon !)  
I am forced narrowly to search and  
see—  
So are you hid by helps—this Pope,  
your uncle—  
Your cousin, the other King ! You are  
a mind,—  
They, body : too much of mere legs-  
and-arms  
Obstructs the mind so ! Match these  
with their like :  
Match mind with mind !  
*Berth.* And where's  
your mind to match ?  
They show me legs-and-arms to cope  
withal !  
I'd subjugate this city—where's its  
mind ?  
[*The Courtiers enter slowly.*  
*Mel.* Got out of sight when you came  
troops and all !  
And in its stead, here greets you flesh-  
and-blood—  
A smug oeconomy of both, this first !  
[*As CLUGNET bows obsequiously.*  
Well done, gout, all considered !—I  
may go ?  
*Berth.* Help me receive them !  
*Mel.* Oh, they just will say  
What yesterday at Aix their fellows  
said,—  
At Treves, the day before !—Sir Prince,  
my friend,  
Why do you let your life slip thus ?—  
Meantime,  
I have my little Juliers to achieve—  
The understanding this tough Platonist,  
Your holy uncle disinterred, Amelius—  
Lend me a company of horse and foot,  
To help me through his tractate—gain  
my Duchy !  
*Berth.* And Empire, after that is  
gained, will be— ?  
*Mel.* To help me through your uncle's  
comment, Prince ! [Goes.  
*Berth.* Ah ? Well ! he o'er-refines—  
the scholar's fault !  
How do I let my life slip ? Say, this  
life,

I lead now, differs from the common life

Of other men in mere degree, not kind,  
Of joys and griefs,—still there is such degree—

Mere largeness in a life is something, sure,—

Enough to care about and struggle for,  
In this world : for this world, the size of things ;

The sort of things, for that to come, no doubt !

A great is better than a little aim :  
And when I wooed Priscilla's rosy mouth

And failed so, under that grey convent-wall,

Was I more happy than I should be now

[*By this time, the Courtiers are ranged before him.*]

If failing of my Empire ? Not a whit !  
—Here comes the mind, it once had tasked me sore

To baffle, but for my advantages !  
All's best as 'tis—these scholars talk and talk !

[*Sits himself.*]

*The Courtiers.* Welcome our Prince to Juliers !—to his Heritage !

Our dutifullest service proffer we !

*Clug.* I, please your Highness, having exercised

The function of Grand Chamberlain at court,

With much acceptance, as men testify . . .

*Berth.* I cannot greatly thank you, gentlemen !

The Pope declares my claim to the Duchy founded

On strictest justice ; if you concede it, therefore,

I do not wonder : and the kings my friends

Protesting they will see such claim enforced,

You easily may offer to assist us.

But there's a slight discretionary power

To serve me in the matter, you've had long,

Though late you use it. This is well to say—

But could you not have said it months ago ?

I'm not denied my own Duke's truncheon, true—

'Tis flung me—I stoop down, and from the ground

Pick it, with all you placid standers-by—

And now I have it, gems and mire at once,

Grace go with it to my soiled hands, you say !

*Gui.* (By Paul, the Advocate our doughty friend

Cuts the best figure !)

*Gau.* If our ignorance

May have offended, sure our loyalty . . .

*Berth.* Loyalty ? Yours ?—Oh—of yourselves you speak !

—I mean the Duchess all this time, I hope !

And since I have been forced repeat my claims

As if they never had been made before,  
As I began, so must I end, it seems.

The formal answer to the grave demand !

What says the lady ?

*Courtiers.* [*one to another.*] *First*

*Court.* Marshal ! *Second Court.* Orator !

*Gui.* A variation of our mistress' way !

Wipe off his boots' dust, Clugnet !—that, he waits !

*First Court.* Your place !

*Second Court.* Just now it was your own !

*Gui.* The devil's !

*Berth.* [*to GUIBERT.*] Come forward, friend—you with the paper, there !

Is Juliers the first city I've obtained ?

By this time, I may boast proficiency

In each decorum of the circumstance !

Give it me as she gave it—the petition (Demand, you style it)—what's required, in brief ?

What title's reservation, appanage's Allowance ?—I heard all at Treves, last week !

*Gau.* [*to GUIBERT.*] 'Give it him as she gave it !'

Gui.

And why not ?

[To BERTHOLD.] The lady crushed your summons thus together,  
And bade me, with the very greatest scorn

So fair a frame could hold, inform you . . .

Courtiers.

Stop—

Idiot !

Gui. —Inform you she denied your claim,

Defied yourself ! (I tread upon his heel,  
The blustering Advocate !)

Berth. By heaven and earth !

Dare you jest, sir ?

Gui. Did they at Treves, last week ?

Berth. [*starting up.*] Why then, I look  
much bolder than I knew,

And you prove better actors than I  
thought,

Since, as I live, I took you as you  
entered

For just so many dearest friends of mine,  
Fled from the sinking to the rising  
power

—The sneaking'st crew, in short, I e'er  
despised !

Whereas, I am alone here for the  
moment,

With every soldier left behind at Aix !

Silence ? That means the worst—I  
thought as much !

What follows next then ?

Courtiers.

Gracious Prince—

he raves !

Gui. He asked the truth and why not  
get the truth ?

Berth. Am I a prisoner ? Speak, will  
somebody ?

—But why stand paltering with im-  
beciles ?

Let me see her, or . . .

Gui.

Her, without her leave,  
Shall no one see—she's Duchess yet !

Courtiers. [*Footsteps without, as they  
are disputing.*] Good chance !

She's here—the Lady Colombe's self !

Berth.

'Tis well !

[*Aside.*] Array a handful thus against  
my world ?

Not ill done, truly ! Were not this a  
mind

To match one's mind with ? Colombe !

—Let us wait !

I failed so, under that grey convent-  
wall !

She comes !

Gui.

The Duchess ! strangers,  
range yourselves !

[*As the DUCHESS enters in conversa-  
tion with VALENCE, BERTHOLD  
and the Courtiers fall back a little.*

The D. Presagefully it beats, pre-  
sagefully,

My heart : the right is Berthold's and  
not mine !

Val. Grant that he has the right, dare  
I mistrust

Your power to acquiesce so patiently  
As you believe, in such a dream-like  
change

Of fortune—change abrupt, profound,  
complete ?

The D. Ah, the first bitterness is over  
now !

Bitter I may have felt it to confront  
The truth, and ascertain those natures'  
value

I had so counted on—that was a pang—  
But I did bear it, and the worst is over :  
Let the Prince take them !

Val.

—And take Juliers too ?  
—Your People without crosses, wands,  
and chains—

Only with hearts ?

The D.

There I feel guilty, sir !  
I cannot give up what I never had :  
For these I ruled, not them—these  
stood between.

Shall I confess, sir ? I have heard by  
stealth

Of Berthold from the first ; more news  
and more :

Closer and closer swam the thunder-  
cloud,

But I was safely housed with these, I  
knew !

At times, when to the casement I would  
turn,

At a bird's passage or a flower-trail's play,  
I caught the storm's red glimpses on its  
edge—

Yet I was sure some one of all these  
friends

Would interpose : I followed the bird's  
flight,

Or plucked the flower—some one would interpose !

*Val.* Not one thought on the People  
—and Cleves there

*The D.* So, sadly conscious my real  
sway was missed,

Its shadow goes without so much  
regret :

Else could I not again thus calmly bid  
you,

Answer Prince Berthold !

*Val.* Then you acquiesce ?

*The D.* Remember over whom it was  
I ruled !

*Gui.* [stepping forward.] Prince Ber-  
thold, yonder, craves an audience,  
Lady !

*The D.* [to VALENCE.] I only have to  
turn, and I shall face

Prince Berthold ! Oh, my very heart is  
sick !

It is the daughter of a line of Dukes,  
This scornful insolent adventurer  
Will bid depart from my dead father's  
halls !

I shall not answer him—dispute with  
him—

But, as he bids, depart ! Prevent it,  
sir !

Sir—but a mere day's respite ! Urge  
for me

—What I shall call to mind I should  
have urged

When time's gone by—'twill all be  
mine, you urge !

A day—an hour—that I myself may  
lay

My rule down ! 'Tis too sudden—  
must not be !

The world's to hear of it ! Once done  
—for ever !

How will it read, sir ? How be sung  
about ?

Prevent it !

*Berth.* [approaching.] Your frank in-  
dignation, Lady,

Cannot escape me ! Overbold I  
seem—

But somewhat should be pardoned my  
surprise,

At this reception,—this defiance, rather.  
And if, for their and your sakes, I  
rejoice

Your virtues could inspire a trusty few  
To make such gallant stand in your  
behalf,

I cannot but be sorry, for my own,  
Your friends should force me to retrace  
my steps,

Since I no longer am permitted speak  
After the pleasant peaceful course pre-  
scribed

No less by courtesy than relationship  
Which, if you once forgot, I still re-  
member.

But never must attack pass unrepelled.  
Suffer, that through you, I demand of  
these,

Who controverts my claim to Juliers ?  
*The D.* —Me,

You say, you do not speak to—  
*Berth.* Of your subjects

I ask, then : whom do you accredit ?  
Where

Stand those should answer ?

*Val.* [advancing.] The Lady is alone !

*Berth.* Alone, and thus ? So weak  
and yet so bold ?

*Val.* I said she was alone—

*Berth.* —And weak, I said.

*Val.* When is man strong until he  
feels alone ?

It was some lonely strength at first, be  
sure,

Created organs, such as those you seek,  
By which to give its varied purpose  
shape—

And, naming the selected ministrants,  
Took sword, and shield, and sceptre,—  
each, a man !

That strength performed its work and  
passed its way :

You see our Lady : there, the old  
shapes stand !

—A Marshal, Chamberlain, and Chan-  
cellor—

'Be helped their way, into their death  
put life

And find advantage !'—so you counsel  
us.

But let strength feel alone, seek help  
itself,—

And, as the inland-hatched sea-creature  
hunts

The sea's breast out,—as, littered 'mid  
the waves,

The desert-brute makes for the desert's  
joy,

So turns our lady to her true resource,  
Passing o'er hollow fictions, worn-out  
types,

—So, I am first her instinct fastens on !  
And prompt I say, as clear as heart can  
speak,

The People will not have you ; nor  
shall have !

It is not merely I shall go bring Cleves  
And fight you to the last,—though that  
does much,

And men and children,—ay, and  
women too,

Fighting for home, are rather to be  
feared

Than mercenaries fighting for their  
pay—

But, say you beat us, since such things  
have been,

And, where this Juliers laughed, you  
set your foot

Upon a steaming bloody plash—what  
then ?

Stand you the more our Lord that there  
you stand ?

Lord it o'er troops whose force you  
concentrate,

A pillared flame whereto all ardours  
tend—

Lord it 'mid priests whose schemes you  
amplify,

A cloud of smoke 'neath which all  
shadows brood—

But never, in this gentle spot of earth,  
Can you become our Colombe, our play-

queen,

For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,  
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the  
soil !

—Our conqueror ? Yes !—Our despot ?  
Yes !—Our Duke ?

Know yourself, know us !

*Berth. [who has been in thought.]*

Know your lady, also !

[*Very deferentially.*—To whom I needs  
must exculpate myself

From having made a rash demand, at  
least.

Wherefore to you, sir, who appear to be  
Her chief adviser, I submit my claims,

[*Giving papers.*

But, this step taken, take no further step,  
Until the Duchess shall pronounce their  
worth.

Here be our meeting-place ; at night,  
its time :

Till when I humbly take the lady's  
leave !

[*He withdraws. As the DUCHESS  
turns to VALENCE, the Courtiers  
interchange glances and come for-  
ward a little.*

*First Court.* So, this was their  
device !

*Second Court.* No bad device !

*Third Court.* You'd say they love  
each other, Guibert's friend

From Cleves, and she, the Duchess !

*Fourth Court.* —And moreover,  
That all Prince Berthold comes for, is  
to help

Their loves !

*Fifth Court.* Pray, Guibert, what is  
next to do ?

*Gui. [advancing.]* I laid my office at  
the Duchess' foot—

*Others.* And I—and I—and I !

*The D.* I took them, sirs !

*Gui. [Apart to VALENCE.]* And now,  
sir, I am simple knight again—  
Guibert, of the great ancient house, as  
yet

That never bore affront ; whate'er your  
birth,—

As things stand now, I recognize your-  
self

(If you'll accept experience of some  
date)

As like to be the leading man o' the  
time,

Therefore as much above me now, as I  
Seemed above you this morning. Then,  
I offered

To fight you : will you be as generous  
And now fight me ?

*Val.* Ask when my life is mine !

*Gui.* ('Tis hers now !)

*Clug. [Apart to VALENCE, as Guibert  
turns from him.]* You, sir, have  
insulted me

Grossly,—will grant me, too, the self-  
same favour

You've granted him, just now, I make  
no question ?



*Val.* I promise you, as him, sir!

*Clug.* Do you so?  
Handsomely said! I hold you to it, sir!  
You'll get me reinstated in my office  
As you will Guibert!

*The D.* I would be alone!

[*They begin to retire slowly: as  
VALENCE is about to follow—*

Alone, sir—only with my heart,—you stay!

*Gau.* You hear that? Ah, light breaks upon me! Cleves—  
It was at Cleves some man harangued us all—

With great effect,—so those who listened said,  
My thoughts being busy elsewhere: was this he?

Guibert,—your strange, disinterested man!

Your uncorrupted, if uncourtly friend!  
The modest worth you mean to patronize!

He cares about no Duchesses, not he—  
His sole contest is with the wrongs of Cleves!

What, Guibert? What, it breaks on you at last?

*Gui.* Would this hall's floor were a mine's roof!—I'd back  
And in her very face . . .

*Gau.* Apply the match  
That fired the train,—and where would you be, pray?

*Gui.* With him!

*Gau.* Stand, rather, safe outside with me!  
The mine's charged—shall I furnish you the match

And place you properly?—To the antechamber!

*Gui.* Can you?

*Gau.* Try me!—Your friend's in fortune!

*Gui.* Quick—  
To the antechamber!—He is pale with bliss!

*Gau.* No wonder! Mark her eyes!

*Gui.* To the antechamber!

[*The Courtiers retire.*

*The D.* Sir, could you know all you have done for me

You were content! You spoke, and I am saved!

*Val.* Be not too sanguine, Lady!  
Ere you dream,  
That transient flush of generosity  
Fades off, perchance! The man, beside, is gone,—

Whom we might bend; but see, the papers here—

Inalterably his requirement stays,  
And cold hard words have we to deal with now.

In that large eye there seemed a latent pride,

To self-denial not incompetent,  
But very like to hold itself dispensed  
From such a grace: however, let us hope!

He is a noble spirit in noble form.  
I wish he less had bent that brow to smile

As with the fancy how he could subject  
Himself upon occasion to—himself!

From rudeness, violence, you rest secure:

But do not think your Duchy rescued yet!

*The D.* You,—who have opened a new world to me,

Will never take the faded language up  
Of that I leave? My Duchy—keeping it,

Or losing it—is that my sole world now?

*Val.* Ill have I spoken if you thence despise

Juliers; although the lowest, on true grounds,

Be worth more than the highest rule, on false:

Aspire to rule, on the true grounds!

*The D.* Nay, hear—  
False, I will never—rash, I would not be!

This is indeed my Birthday—soul and body,

Its hours have done on me the work of years.

You hold the requisition: ponder it!  
If I have right, my duty's plain: if he—

Say so, nor ever change a tone of voice!



At night you meet the Prince; meet  
me at eve:

Till when, farewell! This discomposes  
you?

Believe in your own nature, and its  
force

Of renovating mine. I take my stand  
Only as under me the earth is firm:

So, prove the first step stable, all will  
prove!

That first, I choose—[*laying her hand on  
his*],—the next to take, choose  
you! [*She withdraws.*]

*Val.* [*after a pause.*] What drew  
down this on me? On me, dead  
once,

She thus bids live,—since all I hitherto  
Thought dead in me, youth's ardours  
and emprise,

Burst into life before her, as she bids  
Who needs them! Whither will this  
reach, where end?

Her hand's print burns on mine . . .  
Yet she's above—

So very far above me! All's too  
plain:

I served her when the others sank  
away,

And she rewards me as such souls  
reward—

The changed voice, the suffusion of the  
cheek,

The eye's acceptance, the expressive  
hand,

—Reward, that's little, in her generous  
thought,

Though all to me . . .

I cannot so disclaim  
Heaven's gift, nor call it other than it  
is!

She loves me!

[*Looking at the Prince's papers.*]—  
Which love, these, perchance,  
forbid.

Can I decide against myself—pro-  
nounce

She is the Duchess and no mate for me?  
—Cleves, help me! Teach me,—every  
haggard face,—

To sorrow and endure! I will do  
right

Whatever be the issue. Help me,  
Cleves!

## ACT IV

*Evening.*—SCENE. *An Antechamber.*

*Enter the Courtiers.*

*Mau.* Now then, that we may speak  
—how spring this mine?

*Gau.* Is Guibert ready for its match?  
He cools!

Not so friend Valence with the Duchess  
there!

'Stay, Valence! are not you my better  
self?'

And her cheek mantled—

*Gui.* Well, she loves him, sir:  
And more,—since you will have it I  
grow cool,—

She's right: he's worth it.

*Gau.* For his deeds to-day?  
Say so!

*Gui.* What should I say beside?

*Gau.* Not this—  
For friendship's sake leave this for me  
to say—

That we're the dupes of an egregious  
cheat!

This plain, unpractised suitor, who  
found way

To the Duchess through the merest die's  
turn-up—

A year ago, had seen her and been seen,  
Loved and been loved.

*Gui.* Impossible!

*Gau.* —Nor say,  
How sly and exquisite a trick, more-  
over,

Was this which—taking not their stand  
on facts

Boldly, for that had been endurable,  
But, worming on their way by craft,  
they choose

Resort to, rather,—and which you and  
we,

Sheep-like, assist them in the playing  
off!

The Duchess thus parades him as pre-  
ferred,

Not on the honest ground of preference,  
Seeing first, liking more, and there an  
end—

But as we all had started equally,

And at the close of a fair race he proved  
The only valiant, sage, and loyal man.

Herself, too, with the pretty fits and starts,—

The careless, winning, candid ignorance  
Of what the Prince might challenge or forego—

She had a hero in reserve! What risk  
Ran she? This deferential easy Prince  
Who brings his claims for her to ratify  
—He's just her puppet for the nonce!

You'll see,—

Valence pronounces, as is equitable,  
Against him: off goes the confederate:  
As equitably, Valence takes her hand!

*The Chancellor.* You run too fast:  
her hand, no subject takes.

Do not our archives hold her father's  
will?

That will provides against such accident,

And gives next heir, Prince Berthold,  
the reversion

Of Juliers, which she forfeits, wedding  
so.

*Gau.* I know that, well as you,—but  
does the Prince?

Knows Berthold, think you, that this  
plan, he helps,

For Valence's ennoblement,—would end,  
If crowned with the success which  
seems its due,

In making him the very thing he plays,  
The actual Duke of Juliers? All agree  
That Colombe's title waived or set aside,  
He is next heir.

*The Chan.* Incontrovertibly.

*Gau.* Guibert, your match, now, to  
the train!

*Gui.* Enough!

I'm with you: selfishness is best again!  
I thought of turning honest—what a  
dream!

Let's wake now!

*Gau.* Selfish, friend, you  
never were:

'Twas but a series of revenges taken  
On your unselfishness for prospering ill.  
But now that you're grown wiser,  
what's our course?

*Gui.* —Wait, I suppose, till Valence  
weds our lady,

And then, if we must needs revenge our-  
selves,

Apprise the Prince.

*Gau.* —The Prince, ere then dis-  
missed

With thanks for playing his mock part  
so well?

Tell the Prince now, sir! Ay, this very  
night—

Ere he accepts his dole and goes his  
way,

Explain how such a marriage makes him  
Duke,

Then trust his gratitude for the sur-  
prise!

*Gui.* —Our lady wedding Valence all  
the same

As if the penalty were undisclosed!

Good! If she loves, she'll not disown  
her love,

Throw Valence up. I wonder you see  
that.

*Gau.* The shame of it—the sudden-  
ness and shame!

Within her, the inclining heart—with-  
out,

A terrible array of witnesses—

And Valence by, to keep her to her  
word,

With Berthold's indignation or disgust!  
We'll try it!—Not that we can venture  
much.

Her confidence we've lost for ever.—  
Berthold's

Is all to gain!

*Gui.* To-night, then, venture we!  
Yet—if lost confidence might be re-  
newed?

*Gau.* Never in noble natures! With  
the base ones,—

Twist off the crab's claw, wait a smart  
ing-while,

And something grows and grows and  
gets to be

A mimic of the lost joint, just so like  
As keeps in mind it never, never will  
Replace its predecessor! Crabs do  
that:

But lop the lion's foot—and . . .

*Gui.* To the Prince!

*Gau.* [*Aside.*] And come what will to  
the lion's foot, I pay you,

My cat's-paw, as I long have yearned to  
pay!

[*Aloud.*] Footsteps! Himself! 'Tis  
Valence breaks on us,

Exulting that their scheme succeeds.

We'll hence—

And perfect ours! Consult the archives, first—

Then, fortified with knowledge, seek the Hall!

*Clug.* [to GAUCELME as they retire.]

You have not smiled so since your father died!

*As they retire, enter VALENCE with papers.*

*Val.* So must it be! I have examined these

With scarce a palpitating heart—so calm,

Keeping her image almost wholly off,  
Setting upon myself determined watch,  
Repelling to the uttermost his claims,  
And the result is . . . all men would pronounce

And not I, only, the result to be—  
Berthold is heir; she has no shade of right

To the distinction which divided us,  
But, suffered to rule first, I know not why,

Her rule connived at by those Kings and Popes,

To serve some devil's-purpose,—now 'tis gained,

Whate'er it was, the rule expires as well.

—Valence, this rapture . . . selfish can it be?

Eject it from your heart, her home!—  
It stays!

Ah, the brave world that opens on us both!

—Do my poor townsmen so esteem it? Cleves,—

I need not your pale faces! This, reward

For service done to you? Too horrible! I never served you: 'twas myself I served!

Nay, served not—rather saved from punishment

Which, had I failed you then, would plague me now!

My life continues yours, and your life, mine.

But if, to take God's gift, I swerve no step—

Cleves!—if I breathe no prayer for it—  
if she,

[*Footsteps without.*]

Colombe, that comes now, freely gives herself—

Will Cleves require, that, turning thus to her,

I . . .

*Enter PRINCE BERTHOLD.*

Pardon, sir—I did not look for you  
Till night, in the Hall; nor have as yet declared

My judgment to the lady.

*Berth.* So I hoped.

*Val.* And yet I scarcely know why that should check

The frank disclosure of it first to you—  
What her right seems, and what, in consequence,

She will decide on—

*Berth.* That I need not ask.

*Val.* You need not: I have proved the lady's mind—

And, justice being to do, dare act for her.

*Berth.* Doubtless she has a very noble mind.

*Val.* Oh, never fear but she'll in each conjuncture

Bear herself bravely! she no whit depends

On circumstance; as she adorns a throne,

She had adorned . . .

*Berth.* A cottage—in what book Have I read that, of every queen that lived?

A throne? You have not been instructed, sure,

To forestall my request?

*Val.* 'Tis granted, sir—

My heart instructs me. I have scrutinized

Your claims . . .

*Berth.* Ah—claims, you mean, at first preferred!

I come, before the hour appointed me,  
To pray you let those claims at present rest,

In favour of a new and stronger one.

*Val.* You shall not need a stronger: on the part

Of the lady, all you offer I accept,  
Since one clear right suffices : yours is  
clear.

Propose !

*Berth.* I offer her my hand.

*Val.* Your hand ?

*Berth.* A Duke's, yourself say ; and,  
at no far time,

Something here whispers me—the  
Emperor's.

The lady's mind is noble ; which in-  
duced

This seizure of occasion ere my claims  
Were—settled, let us amicably say !

*Val.* Your hand !

*Berth.* (He will fall down  
and kiss it next !)

Sir, this astonishment's too flattering,  
Nor must you hold your mistress' worth  
so cheap.

Enhance it, rather,—urge that blood is  
blood—

The daughter of the Burgraves, Land-  
graves, Markgraves,

Remains their daughter ; I shall scarce  
gainsay !

Elsewhere or here, the lady needs must  
rule :

Like the imperial crown's great chryso-  
prase,

They talk of,—somewhat out of keeping  
there,

And yet no jewel for a meaner cap.

*Val.* You wed the Duchess ?

*Berth.* Cry you mercy, friend !

Will the match influence many fortunes  
here ?

A natural solicitude enough !

Be certain, no bad chance it proves for  
you !

However high you take your present  
stand,

There's prospect of a higher still  
remove—

For Juliers will not be my resting-place,  
And, when I have to choose a sub-  
stitute

To rule the little burgh, I'll think of you.  
You need not give your mates a charac-  
ter !

And yet I doubt your fitness to supplant  
The grey smooth Chamberlain : he'd  
hesitate

A doubt his lady could demean herself  
So low as to accept me. Courage, sir !  
I like your method better : feeling's play  
Is franker much, and flatters me beside.

*Val.* I am to say, you love her ?

*Berth.* Say that too !

Love has no great concernment, thinks  
the world,

With a Duke's marriage. How go  
precedents

In Juliers' story—how use Juliers'  
Dukes ?

I see you have them here in goodly  
row ;

Yon must be Luitpold,—ay, a stalwart  
sire !

—Say, I have been arrested suddenly  
In my ambition's course, its rocky  
course,

By this sweet flower : I fain would  
gather it

And then proceed—so say and speedily  
—(Nor stand there like Duke Luitpold's  
brazen self !)

Enough, sir : you possess my mind, I  
think.

This is my claim, the others being with-  
drawn,

And to this be it that, in the Hall to-  
night,

Your lady's answer comes ; till when,  
farewell ! *[He retires.]*

*Val.* *[after a pause.]* The heavens and  
earth stay as they were ; my  
heart

Beats as it beat : the truth remains the  
truth !

What falls away, then, if not faith in  
her ?

Was it my faith, that she could esti-  
mate

Love's value,—and, such faith still  
guiding me,

Dare I now test her ?—or grew faith so  
strong

Solely because no power of test was  
mine ?

*Enter the DUCHESS.*

*The D.* My fate, sir ! Ah, you turn  
away : all's over !

But you are sorry for me ? be not so !  
What I might have become, and never  
was,

Regret with me ; what I have merely  
been,

Rejoice I am no longer ; what I seem  
Beginning now, in my new state, to be,  
Hope that I am,—for, once my rights  
proved void,

This heavy roof seems easy to exchange  
For the blue sky outside—my lot hence-  
forth !

*Val.* And what a lot is Berthold's !

*The D.* How of him ?

*Val.* He gathers earth's whole good  
into his arms,

Standing, as man now, stately, strong  
and wise—

Marching to fortune, not surprised by  
her.

One great aim, like a guiding-star,  
above—

Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateli-  
ness, to lift

His manhood to the height that takes  
the prize ;

A prize not near—lest overlooking earth  
He rashly spring to seize it—nor  
remote,

So that he rest upon his path content :  
But day by day, while shimmering  
grows shine,

And the faint circlet prophesies the orb,  
He sees so much as, just evolving these,  
The stateliness, the wisdom and the  
strength,

To due completion, will suffice this life,  
And lead him at his grandest to the  
grave.

After this star, out of a night he springs ;  
A beggar's cradle for the throne of  
thrones

He quits ; so, mounting, feels each step  
he mounts,

Nor, as from each to each exultingly  
He passes, overleaps one grade of joy.  
This, for his own good :—with the  
world, each gift

Of God and man,—reality, tradition,  
Fancy and fact—so well environ him,  
That as a mystic panoply they serve—  
Of force, untenanted, to awe mankind,  
And work his purpose out with half the  
world,

While he, their master, dexterously  
slipt

From such encumbrance, is meantime  
employed

With his own prowess on the other half.  
Thus shall he prosper, every day's  
success

Adding, to what is he, a solid strength—  
An æry might to what encircles him,  
Till at the last, so life's routine lends  
help,

That as the Emperor only breathes and  
moves,

His shadow shall be watched, his step  
or stalk

Become a comfort or a portent, how  
He trails his ermine take significance,—  
Till even his power shall cease to be  
most power,

And men shall dread his weakness  
more, nor dare

Peril their earth its bravest, first and  
best,

Its typified invincibility.

Thus shall he go on, greatening, till he  
ends—

The man of men, the spirit of all flesh,  
The fiery centre of an earthy world !

*The D.* Some such a fortune I had  
dreamed should rise

Out of my own—that is, above my  
power

Seemed other, greater potencies to  
stretch—

*Val.* For you ?

*The D.* It was not I moved  
there, I think :

But one I could,—though constantly  
beside,

And aye approaching,—still keep dis-  
tant from,

And so adore. 'Twas a man moved  
there !

*Val.* Who ?

*The D.* I felt the spirit, never saw the  
face.

*Val.* See it ! 'Tis Berthold's ! He  
enables you

To realize your vision.

*The D.* Berthold ?

*Val.* Duke—

Emperor to be : he proffers you his  
hand.

*The D.* Generous and princely !

*Val.* He is all of this.



*The D.* Thanks, Berthold, for my father's sake ! no hand  
Degrades me !

*Val.* You accept the proffered hand ?

*The D.* That he should love me !

*Val.* 'Loved' I did not say !  
Had that been—love might so incline  
the Prince

To the world's good, the world that's  
at his foot,—

I do not know, this moment, I should  
dare

Desire that you refused the world—and  
Cleves—

The sacrifice he asks.

*The D.* Not love me, sir ?

*Val.* He scarce affirmed it.

*The D.* May not deeds affirm ?

*Val.* What does he ? . . . Yes, yes,  
very much he does !

All the shame saved, he thinks, and  
sorrow saved—

Immitigable sorrow, so he thinks,—  
Sorrow that's deeper than we dream,  
perchance !

*The D.* Is not this love ?

*Val.* So very much he does !  
For look, you can descend now grace-  
fully :

All doubts are banished, that the world  
might have,

Or worst, the doubts yourself, in after-  
time,

May call up of your heart's sincereness  
now.

To such, reply, 'I could have kept my  
rule—

Increased it to the utmost of my  
dreams—

Yet I abjured it !' This, he does for you :  
It is munificently much !

*The D.* Still 'much !'  
But why is it not love, sir ? Answer  
me !

*Val.* Because not one of Berthold's  
words and looks

Had gone with love's presentment of a  
flower

To the beloved : because bold con-  
fidence,

Open superiority, free pride—

Love owns not, yet were all that  
Berthold owned :

Because where reason, even, finds no  
flaw,

Unerringly a lover's instinct may.

*The D.* You reason, then, and doubt ?

*Val.* I love, and know.

*The D.* You love ?—How strange !

I never cast a thought

On that ! Just see our selfishness !  
you seemed

So much my own . . . I had no ground—  
and yet,

I never dreamed another might divide  
My power with you, much less exceed it.

*Val.* Lady,

I am yours wholly.

*The D.* Oh, no, no, not mine !

'Tis not the same now, never more can  
be !

—Your first love, doubtless ! Well,  
what's gone from me ?

What have I lost in you ?

*Val.* My heart replies—

No loss there ! So, to Berthold back  
again !

This offer of his hand, he bids me  
make—

Its obvious magnitude is well to weigh.

*The D.* She's . . . yes, she must be  
very fair for you !

*Val.* I am a simple Advocate of  
Cleves.

*The D.* You ! With the heart and  
brain that so helped me,

I fancied them exclusively my own,  
Yet find are subject to a stronger sway !

She must be . . . tell me, is she very  
fair ?

*Val.* Most fair, beyond conception or  
belief !

*The D.* Black eyes ?—no matter !  
Colombe, the world leads

Its life without you, whom your friends  
professed

The only woman—see how true they  
spoke !

One lived this while, who never saw  
your face,

Nor heard your voice—unless . . . Is she  
from Cleves ?

*Val.* Cleves knows her well !

*The D.* Ah—just a fancy, now !

When you poured forth the wrongs of  
Cleves,—I said,



—Thought, that is, afterward . . .

*Val.* You thought of me ?

*The D.* Of whom else ? Only such great cause, I thought,

For such effect : see what true love can do !

Cleves is his love !—I almost fear to ask

. . . And will not. This is idling : to our work !

Admit before the Prince, without reserve,

My claims misgrounded ; then may follow better

. . . When you poured out Cleves' wrongs impetuously,

Was she in your mind ?

*Val.* All done was done for her

—To humble me !

*The D.* She will be proud at least !

*Val.* She ?

*The D.* When you tell her.

*Val.* That will never be.

*The D.* How—are there sweeter things you hope to tell ?

No, sir ! You counselled me,—I counsel you

In the one point I—any woman—can ! Your worth, the first thing ; let her

own come next—

Say what you did through her, and she through you—

The praises of her beauty afterward !

Will you ?

*Val.* I dare not.

*The D.* Dare not :

*Val.* She I love

Suspects not such a love in me.

*The D.* You jest !

*Val.* The lady is above me and away !

Not only the brave form, and the bright mind,

And the great heart, combine to press me low—

But all the world calls rank divides us.

*The D.* Rank ?

Now grant me patience ! Here's a man declares

Oracularly in another's case—

Sees the true value and the false, for them—

Nay, bids them see it, and they straight do see !

You called my court's love worthless—so it turned :

I threw away as dross my heap of wealth,

And here you stickle for a piece or two !

First—has she seen you ?

*Val.* Yes.

*The D.* She loves you, then.

*Val.* One flash of hope burst ; then succeeded night :

And all's at darkest now. Impossible !

*The D.* We'll try : you are—so to speak—my subject yet ?

*Val.* As ever—to the death !

*The D.* Obey me, then !

*Val.* I must.

*The D.* Approach her, and . . .

No ! First of all

Get more assurance. ' My instructress,' say,

' Was great, descended from a line of kings,

And even fair'—(wait why I say this folly)—

' She said, of all men, none for eloquence,

Courage, and (what cast even these to shade)

The heart they sprung from,—none deserved like him

Who saved her at her need : if she said this,

What should not one I love, say ?'

*Val.* Heaven—this hope—

Oh, lady, you are filling me with fire !

*The D.* Say this !—nor think I bid you cast aside

One touch of all the awe and reverence !

Nay—make her proud for once to heart's content

That all this wealth of heart and soul's her own !

Think you are all of this,—and, thinking it,

. . . (Obey !)

*Val.* I cannot choose.

*The D.* Then, kneel to her !

[VALENCE sinks on his knee.

I dream !

*Val.* Have mercy ! Yours, unto the death,—

I have obeyed. Despise, and let me die.

*The D.* Alas, sir, is it to be ever thus ?

Even with you as with the world ? I know  
 This morning's service was no vulgar deed  
 Whose motive, once it dares avow itself,  
 Explains all done and infinitely more,  
 So, takes the shelter of a nobler cause.  
 Your service named its true source,—loyalty !  
 The rest's unsaid again. The Duchess bids you,  
 Rise, sir ! The Prince's words were in debate.  
*Val. [rising.]* Rise ? Truth, as ever, Lady, comes from you !  
 I should rise—I who spoke for Cleves, can speak  
 For Man—yet tremble now, who stood firm then !  
 I laughed—for 'twas past tears—that Cleves should starve  
 With all hearts beating loud the infamy,  
 And no tongue daring trust as much to air !  
 Yet here, where all hearts speak, shall I be mute ?  
 Oh Lady, for your own sake look on me !  
 On all I am, and have, and do—heart, brain,  
 Body and soul,—this Valence and his gifts !  
 I was proud once—I saw you—and they sank,  
 So that each magnified a thousand times  
 Were nothing to you—but such nothingness.  
 Would a crown gild it, or a sceptre prop,  
 A treasure speed, a laurel-wreath enhance ?  
 What is my own desert ? But should your love  
 Have . . . there's no language helps here . . . singled me,—  
 Then—Oh, that wild word 'then !'—be just to love,  
 In generosity its attribute !  
 Love, since you pleased to love ! All's cleared—a stage  
 For trial of the question kept so long ;  
 Judge you—Is Love or Vanity the best ?

You, solve it for the world's sake—you, speak first  
 What all will shout one day—you, vindicate  
 Our earth and be its angel ! All is said.  
 Lady, I offer nothing—I am yours,  
 But for the cause' sake, look on me and him  
 And speak !  
*The D.* I have received the Prince's message :  
 Say, I prepare my answer !  
*Val.* Take me, Cleves !  
*[He withdraws.]*  
*The D.* Mournful—that nothing's what it calls itself !  
 Devotion, zeal, faith, loyalty—mere love !  
 And, love in question, what may Berthold's be ?  
 I did ill to mistrust the world so soon—  
 Already was this Berthold at my side.  
 The valley-level has its hawks, no doubt :  
 May not the rock-top have its eagles, too ?  
 Yet Valence . . . let me see his rival then !

## ACT V

*Night.—SCENE. The Hall.*

*Enter BERTHOLD and MELCHIOR.*

*Mel.* And here you wait the matter's issue ?

*Berth.* Here.

*Mel.* I don't regret I shut Amelius, then.

But tell me, on this grand disclosure,—how

Behaved our spokesman with the forehead ?

*Berth.* Oh, Turned out no better than the forehead—less—

Was dazzled not so very soon, that's all !

For my part, this is scarce the hasty, showy,

Chivalrous measure you give me credit of.

Perhaps I had a fancy,—but 'tis gone.

—Let her commence the unfriended  
innocent,  
And carry wrongs about from court to  
court ?  
No, truly ! The least shake of fortune's  
sand,  
—My uncle-Pope chokes in a coughing-  
fit,  
King Philip takes a fancy to blue eyes,—  
And wondrously her claims would  
brighten up !  
Forth comes a new gloss on the ancient  
law,  
O'er-looked provisoes, past o'er pre-  
mises,  
Follow in plenty. No: 'tis the safer step.  
The hour beneath the convent-wall is  
lost :  
Juliers and she, once mine, are ever mine.  
*Mel.* Which is to say, you, losing  
heart already,  
Elude the adventure !  
*Berth.* Not so—or, if so—  
Why not confess at once, that I advise  
None of our kingly craft and guild just  
now  
To lay, one moment, down their  
privilege  
With the notion they can any time at  
pleasure  
Retake it ? that may turn out hazard-  
ous !  
We seem, in Europe, pretty well at end  
O' the night, with our great masque :  
those favoured few  
Who keep the chamber's top, and  
honour's chance  
Of the early evening, may retain their  
place  
And figure as they list till out of breath.  
But it is growing late ; and I observe  
A dim grim kind of tipstaves at the  
doorway  
Not only bar new-comers entering now,  
But caution those who left, for any  
cause,  
And would return, that morning draws  
too near ;  
The ball must die off, shut itself up.  
We—  
I think, may dance lights out and sun-  
shine in,  
And sleep off headache on our frippery :

But friend the other, who cunningly  
stole out,  
And, after breathing the fresh air out-  
side,  
Means to re-enter with a new costume,  
Will be advised go back to bed, I fear.  
I stick to privilege, on second thoughts !  
*Mel.* Yes—you evade the adventure !  
—And, beside,  
Give yourself out for colder than you  
are.  
—King Philip, only, notes the lady's  
eyes ?  
Don't they come in for somewhat of the  
motive  
With you too ?  
*Berth.* Yes—no: I am past that  
now !  
Gone 'tis : I cannot shut my eyes to  
fact.  
Of course, I might by forethought and  
contrivance  
Reason myself into a rapture. Gone !  
And something better come instead, no  
doubt.  
*Mel.* So be it ! Yet, all the same,  
proceed my way,  
Though to your end ; so shall you  
prosper best.  
The lady,—to be won for selfish ends,—  
Will be won easier my unselfish . . .  
call it,  
Romantic way.  
*Berth.* Won easier ?  
*Mel.* Will not she ?  
*Berth.* There I profess humility with-  
out bound !  
Ill cannot speed—not I—the Emperor !  
*Mel.* And I should think the Emperor  
best waived,  
From your description of her mood and  
way !  
You could look, if it pleased you, into  
hearts ;  
But are too indolent and fond of  
watching  
Your own—you know that, for you  
study it.  
*Berth.* Had you but seen the orator  
her friend,  
So bold and voluble an hour before,  
Abashed to earth at aspect of the  
change !

Make her an Empress? Ah, that changed the case!

Oh, I read hearts! And for my own behoof,

I court her with my true worth: see the event!

I learned my final lesson on that head  
When years ago,—my first and last essay!

Before my uncle could obtain the ear  
Of his superior, help me from the dirt—  
Priscilla left me for a Brabant Duke  
Whose cheek was like the topaz on his thumb.

I am past illusion on that score.

*Mel.* Here comes

The lady—

*Berth.* —And there you go! But do not! Give me

Another chance to please you. Hear me plead!

*Mel.* You'll keep, then, to the lover, to the man?

*Enter the DUCHESS—followed by ADOLF and SABYNE, and, after an interval, by the Courtiers.*

*Berth.* Good auspice to our meeting!

*The D.* May it prove!

—And you, sir, will be Emperor one day?

*Berth.* (Ay—that's the point!) I may be Emperor.

*The D.* 'Tis not for my sake only, I am proud

Of this you offer: I am prouder far  
That from the highest state should duly spring

The highest, since most generous, of deeds.

*Berth.* (Generous—still that!) You underrate yourself.

You are, what I, to be complete, must have—

Find now, and may not find, another time.

While I career on all the world for stage,

There needs at home my representative.

*The D.* —Such, rather, would some warrior-woman be—

One dowered with lands and gold, or rich in friends—

One like yourself!

*Berth.* Lady, I am myself,  
And have all these: I want what's not myself,

Nor has all these. Why give one hand two swords?

Here's one already: be a friend's next gift

A silk glove, if you will—I have a sword!

*The D.* You love me, then?

*Berth.* Your lineage I revere,  
Honour your virtue, in your truth believe,

Do homage to your intellect, and bow  
Before your peerless beauty.

*The D.* But, for love—

*Berth.* A further love I do not understand.

Our best course is to say these hideous truths,

And see them, once said, grow endurable:

Like waters shuddering from their central bed,

Black with the midnight bowels of the earth,

That, once up-spouted by an earthquake's throe,

A portent and a terror—soon subside,  
Freshen apace, take gold and rainbow hues

In sunshine, sleep in shadow, and, at last,

Grow common to the earth as hills or trees—

Accepted by all things they came to scare.

*The D.* You cannot love, then?

*Berth.* —Charlemagne, perhaps!  
Are you not over-curious in love-lore?

*The D.* I have become so, very recently.

It seems, then, I shall best deserve esteem,

Respect, and all your candour promises,  
By putting on a calculating mood—

Asking the terms of my becoming yours?

*Berth.* Let me not do myself injustice, neither!

Because I will not condescend to fictions

That promise what my soul can ne'er  
 acquit,  
 It does not follow that my guarded  
 phrase  
 May not include far more of what you  
 seek,  
 Than wide professions of less scrupulous  
 men.  
 You will be Empress, once for all:  
 with me  
 The Pope disputes supremacy—you  
 stand  
 And none gainsays, the earth's first  
 woman!

*The D.* That—  
 Or simple Lady of Ravestein again?

*Berth.* The matter's not in my  
 arbitrement!

Now I have made my claims—which I  
 regret—

Cede one, cede all!

*The D.* This claim then, you  
 enforce?

*Berth.* The world looks on.

*The D.* And when must I decide?

*Berth.* When, Lady? Have I said  
 thus much so promptly

For nothing? Poured out, with such  
 pains, at once

What I might else have suffered to ooze  
 forth

Droplet by droplet in a lifetime long,  
 For aught less than as prompt an  
 answer, too?

All's fairly told now: who can teach  
 you more?

*The D.* I do not see him.

*Berth.* I shall ne'er deceive.  
 This offer should be made befittingly  
 Would time allow the better setting  
 forth

The good of it, with what is not so  
 good,

Advantage, and disparagement as well—  
 But as it is, the sum of both must  
 serve.

I am already weary of this place—  
 My thoughts are next stage on to  
 Rome. Decide!

The Empire—or,—not even Juliers  
 now!

Hail to the Empress—farewell to the  
 Duchess!

[*The Courtiers, who have been draw-  
 ing nearer and nearer, interpose.*

*Courtiers.* —'Farewell,' Prince? when  
 we break in at our risk—

*Clug.* Almost upon court-licence  
 trespassing—

*Courtiers.* —To point out how your  
 claims are valid yet!

You know not, by the Duke her father's  
 will,

The lady, if she weds beneath her  
 rank,

Forfeits her Duchy in the next heir's  
 favour—

So 'tis expressly stipulate. And if  
 It can be shown 'tis her intent to wed  
 A subject, then yourself, next heir, by  
 right

Succeed to Juliers.

*Berth.* What insanity?—

*Gui.* Sir, there's one Valence—the  
 pale fiery man

You saw and heard, this morning—  
 thought, no doubt,

Was of considerable standing here:

I put it to your penetration, Prince,

If aught save love, the truest love for  
 her,

Could make him serve the lady as he  
 did!

He's simply a poor advocate of Cleves  
 —Creeps here with difficulty, finds a  
 place

With danger, gets in by a miracle,  
 And for the first time meets the lady's  
 face—

So runs the story: is that credible?

For, first—no sooner in, than he's  
 apprised

Fortunes have changed; you are all-  
 powerful here,

The lady as powerless: he stands fast  
 by her!

*The D.* [*Aside.*] And do such deeds  
 spring up from love alone?

*Gui.* But here occurs the question,  
 does the lady

Love him again? I say, How else can  
 she?

Can she forget how he stood singly  
 forth

In her defence, dared outrage all of us,



Insult yourself—for what, save love's reward ?

*The D.* [*Aside.*] And is love then the sole reward of love ?

*Gui.* But, love him as she may and must—you ask,

Means she to wed him ? 'Yes,' both natures answer !

Both, in their pride, point out the sole result—

Nought less would he accept nor she propose !

For each conjuncture was she great enough

—Will be, for this !

*Clug.* Though, now that this is known,

Policy, doubtless, urges she deny . . .

*The D.* —What, sir, and wherefore ?

—since I am not sure

That all is any other than you say ?

You take this Valence, hold him close to me,

Him with his actions : can I choose but look ?

I am not sure, love trulier shows itself

Than in this man, you hate and would degrade,

Yet, with your worst abatement, show me thus.

Nor am I—(thus made look within myself,

Ere I had dared,)—now that the look is dared—

Sure that I do not love him !

*Gui.* Hear you, Prince ?

*Berth.* And what, sirs, please you, may this prattle mean

—Unless to prove with what alacrity

You give your lady's secrets to the world ?

—How much indebted, for discovering That quality, you make me, will be found

When next a keeper for my own's to seek !

*Courtiers.* 'Our Lady ?'

*Berth.* —She assuredly remains !

*The D.* Ah, Prince—and you too can be generous ?

You could renounce your power, if this were so,

And let me, as these phrase it, wed my love

Yet keep my Duchy ? You perhaps exceed

Him, even, in disinterestedness !

*Berth.* How, lady, should all this affect my purpose ?

Your will and choice are still as ever, free !

Say, you have known a worthier than myself

In mind and heart, of happier form and face—

Others must have their birthright : I have gifts,

To balance theirs, not blot them out of sight.

Against a hundred other qualities, I lay the prize I offer. I am nothing—

Weld you the Empire ?

*The D.* And my heart away ?

*Berth.* When have I made pretension to your heart ?

I give none. I shall keep your honour safe ;

With mine I trust you, as the sculptor trusts

Yon marble woman with the marble rose,

Loose on her hand, she never will let fall,

In graceful, slight, silent security.

You will be proud of my world-wide career,

And I content in you the fair and good.

What were the use of planting a few seeds,

The thankless climate never would mature—

Affections all repelled by circumstance ? Enough : to these no credit I attach,—

To what you own, find nothing to object.

Write simply on my requisition's face

What shall content my friends—that you admit,

As Colombe of Ravestein, the claims therein,

Or never need admit them, as my wife—

And either way, all's ended.

*The D.* Let all end !

*Berth.* The requisition !



*Courtiers.* —Valence holds,

of course !

*Berth.* Desire his presence !

[ADOLF goes out.

*Courtiers.* [to each other.] Out it all comes yet !

He'll have his word against the bargain still !

He's not the man to tamely acquiesce !

One passionate appeal — upbraiding even,

Might turn the tide again ! Despair not yet !

[*They retire a little.*

*Berth.* [to MELCHIOR.] The Empire has its old success, my friend !

*Mel.* You've had your way : before the spokesman comes,

Let me, but this once, work a problem out,

And ever more be dumb. The Empire wins ?

To better purpose I have read my books !

*Enter VALENCE.*

*Mel.* [to the *Courtiers.*] Apart, my masters !

[To VALENCE.] Sir, one word with you ! I am a poor dependent of the Prince's—Pitched on to speak, as of slight consequence ;

You are no higher, I find : in other words,

We two, as probably the wisest here, Need not hold diplomatic talk like fools. Suppose I speak, divesting the plain fact Of all their tortuous phrases, fit for them ?

Do you reply so, and what trouble saved !

The Prince, then—an embroiled strange heap of news

This moment reaches him—if true or false,

All dignity forbids he should inquire In person, or by worthier deputy ; Yet somehow must inquire, lest slander come :

And so, 'tis I am pitched on. You have heard

His offer to your lady ?

*Val.* Yes.

*Mel.*

—Conceive

Her joy thereat ?

*Val.* I cannot.

*Mel.* No one can :

All draws to a conclusion, therefore.

*Val.* [Aside.] So !

No after-judgment—no first thought revised—

Her first and last decision !—me, she leaves—

Takes him—a simple heart is flung aside,

The ermine o'er a heartless breast embraced !

Oh heaven, this mockery has been played too oft !

Once, to surprise the angels—twice, that fiends

Recording, might be proud they chose not so—

Thrice, many thousand times, to teach the world

All men should pause, misdoubt their strength, since men

Could have such chance yet fail so signally,

—But ever—ever—this farewell to Heaven,

Welcome to earth—this taking death for life—

This spurning love and kneeling to the world—

Oh heaven, it is too often and too old !

*Mel.* Well, on this point—what but an absurd rumour

Arises—these, its source—its subject, you !

Your faith and loyalty misconstruing, They say, your service claims the lady's hand !

Of course, nor Prince nor Lady can respond :

Yet something must be said—for, were it true

You made such claim, the Prince would . . .

*Val.* Well, sir,—would ?

*Mel.* —Not only probably withdraw his suit,

But, very like, the lady might be forced Accept your own.—Oh, there are reasons why !

But you'll excuse at present all save this,—

I think so. What we want is, your own witness,

For, or against—her good, or yours : decide !

*Val.* [*Aside.*] Be it her good if she accounts it so !

[*After a contest.*] For what am I but hers, to choose as she ?

Who knows how far, beside, the light from her

May reach, and dwell with, what she looks upon ?

*Mel.* [*to the Prince.*] Now to him, you !

*Berth.* [*to VALENCE.*] My friend acquaints you, sir,

The noise runs . . .

*Val.* —Prince, how fortunate are you,

Wedding her as you will, in spite of it, To show belief in love ! Let her but love you,

All else you disregard ! What else can be ?

You know how love is incompatible With falsehood—purifies, assimilates All other passions to itself.

*Mel.* Ay, sir :

But softly ! Where, in the object we select,

Such love is, perchance, wanting ?

*Val.* Then, indeed,

What is it you can take ?

*Mel.* Nay—ask the world !

Youth, beauty, virtue, an illustrious name,

An influence o'er mankind.

*Val.* When man perceives . . .

—Ah, I can only speak as for myself !

*The D.* Speak for yourself.

*Val.* May I ?—no, I have spoken, And time 's gone by !—Had I seen such an one,

As I loved her—weighing thoroughly that word—

So should my task be to evolve her love : If for myself !—if for another—well.

*Berth.* Heroic truly ! And your sole reward,—

The secret pride in yielding up your own ?

*Val.* Who thought upon reward ?

And yet how much

Comes after—Oh what amplest recompense !

Is the knowledge of her, nought ? the memory, nought ?

—Lady, should such an one have looked on you,

Ne'er wrong yourself so far as quote the world,

And say, love can go unrequited here !

You will have blessed him to his whole life's end—

Low passions hindered, baser cares kept back,

All goodness cherished where you dwelt—and dwell.

What would he have ? He holds you— you, both form,

And mind, in his,—where self-love makes such room

For love of you, he would not serve you now

The vulgar way,—repulse your enemies, Win you new realms, or best, in saving you

Die blissfully—that's past so long ago !

He wishes you no need, thought, care of him—

Your good, by any means, himself unseen,

Away, forgotten !—He gives that life's task up,

As it were . . . but this charge which I return—

[*Offers the requisition, which she takes.*]

Wishing your good !

*The D.* [*having subscribed it.*] And opportunely, sir—

Since at a birthday's close, like this of mine,

Good wishes gentle deeds reciprocate.

Most on a wedding day, as mine is too, Should gifts be thought of : yours

comes first by right.

Ask of me !

*Berth.* He shall have whate'er he asks,

For your sake and his own !

*Val.* [*Aside.*] If I should ask—

The withered bunch of flowers she wears—perhaps,

One last touch of her hand, I never more

Shall see !

[*After a pause, presenting his paper to the Prince.*

Cleves' Prince, redress the wrongs of Cleves!

*Berth.* I will, sir.

*The D.* [*as VALENCE prepares to retire.*—Nay, do out your duty, first!

You bore this paper; I have registered My answer to it: read it and have done!

[*VALENCE reads it.*

—I take him—give up Juliers and the world!

This is my Birthday.

*Mel.* Berthold, my one hero Of the world she gives up, one friend worth my books,

Sole man I think it pays the pains to watch,—

Speak, for I know you through your Popes and Kings!

*Berth.* [*after a pause.*] Lady, well rewarded! Sir, as well deserved!

I could not imitate—I hardly envy—I do admire you! All is for the best!

Too costly a flower were you, I see it now,

To pluck and set upon my barren helm To wither—any garish plume will do! I'll not insult you and refuse your Duchy—

You can so well afford to yield it me, And I were left, without it, sadly off! As it is—for me—if that will flatter you,

A somewhat wearier life seems to remain

Than I thought possible where... 'faith, their life

Begins already—they're too occupied To listen—and few words content me best!

[*Abruptly to the Courtiers.*] I am your Duke, though! Who obey me here?

*The D.* Adolf and Sabyne follow us—

*Gui.* [*starting from the Courtiers.*]—

And I?

Do I not follow them, if I mayn't you?

Shall not I get some little duties up At Ravestein and emulate the rest?

God save you, Gaucelme! 'Tis my Birthday, too!

*Berth.* You happy handful that remain with me

... That is, with Dietrich the black Barnabite

I shall leave over you—will earn your wages,

Or Dietrich has forgot to ply his trade! Meantime,—go copy me the precedents

Of every installation, proper styles, And pedigrees of all your Juliers' Dukes—

While I prepare to go on my old way, And somewhat wearily, I must confess!

*The D.* [*with a light joyous laugh as she turns from them.*] Come,

Valence, to our friends—God's earth...

*Val.* [*as she falls into his arms.*]—And thee!

# LURIA

## A TRAGEDY

I DEDICATE

THIS LAST ATTEMPT FOR THE PRESENT AT DRAMATIC POETRY

To a Great Dramatic Poet ;

‘ WISHING WHAT I WRITE MAY BE READ BY HIS LIGHT : ’

—IF A PHRASE ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED, BY NOT THE LEAST  
WORTHY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES,

TO SHAKESPEARE,

MAY BE APPLIED HERE, BY ONE WHOSE SOLE PRIVILEGE IS IN  
A GRATEFUL ADMIRATION,

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

London, 1846.

### PERSONS

<p>LURIA, a Moor, Commander of the Florentine Forces.</p> <p>HUSAIN, a Moor, his friend.</p> <p>PUCCIO, the old Florentine Commander, now LURIA's Chief Officer.</p>	<p>BRACCIO, Commissary of the Republic of Florence.</p> <p>JACOPO (LAPO), his Secretary.</p> <p>TIBURZIO, Commander of the Pisans,</p> <p>DOMIZIA, a noble Florentine Lady.</p>
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TIME, 14—.

SCENE.—LURIA's Camp between Florence and Pisa.

### ACT I

MORNING.

BRACCIO, *as dictating to his Secretary ;*  
PUCCIO *standing by.*

*Brac. [to Puc.]* Then, you join battle in an hour ?

*Puc.* Not I ;

Luria, the Captain.

*Brac. [to the Sec.]* ‘ In an hour, the battle.’

*[To Puc.]* Sir, let your eye run o’er this loose digest,

And see if very much of your report  
Have slipped away through my civilian phrase.

Does this instruct the Signory aright  
How army stands with army ?

*Puc. [taking the paper.]* All seems here :

—That Luria, seizing with our city’s force

The several points of vantage, hill and plain,

Shuts Pisa safe from help on every side,

And, baffling the Lucchese arrived too late,

Must, in the battle he delivers now,

Beat her best troops and first of chiefs.

*Brac.* So sure ?

Tiburzio’s a consummate captain too !

*Puc.* Luria holds Pisa’s fortune in his hand.

*Brac. [to the Sec.]* ‘ The Signory hold Pisa in their hand.’

Your own proved soldiership’s our warrant, sir :

So, while my secretary ends his task,

Have out two horsemen, by the open roads,

To post with it to Florence !

*Puc.* [returning the paper.] All seems here ;  
 Unless . . . Ser Braccio, 'tis my last report !  
 Since Pisa's outbreak, and my overthrow,  
 And Luria's hastening at the city's call  
 To save her, as he only could, no doubt ;  
 Till now that she is saved or sure to be,—  
 Whatever you tell Florence, I tell you :  
 Each day's note you, her Commissary, make  
 Of Luria's movements, I myself supply.  
 No youngster am I longer, to my cost ;  
 Therefore while Florence gloried in her choice  
 And vaunted Luria, whom but Luria, still,  
 As if zeal, courage, prudence, conduct, faith,  
 Had never met in any man before,  
 I saw no pressing need to swell the cry.  
 But now, this last report and I have done—  
 So, ere to-night comes with its roar of praise,  
 'Twere not amiss if some one old i' the trade  
 Subscribed with, ' True, for once rash counsel's best.  
 This Moor of the bad faith and doubtful race,  
 This boy to whose untried sagacity,  
 Raw valour, Florence trusts without reserve  
 The charge to save her,—justifies her choice ;  
 In no point has this stranger failed his friends :  
 Now praise ! ' I say this, and it is not here.

*Brac.* [to the Sec.] Write, ' Puccio, superseded in the charge,  
 By Luria, bears full witness to his worth,  
 And no reward our Signory can give  
 Their champion but he'll back it cheerfully.'  
 Aught more ? Five minutes hence,  
 both messengers !

[PUCCIO goes.]

*Brac.* [after a pause, and while he slowly tears the paper into shreds.]

I think . . . (pray God, I hold in fit contempt  
 This warfare's noble art and ordering,  
 And,—once the brace of prizers fairly matched,  
 Poleaxe with poleaxe, knife with knife as good,—  
 Spit properly at what men term their skill !—)  
 Yet here I think our fighter has the odds.  
 With Pisa's strength diminished thus and thus,  
 Such points of vantage in our hands and such,  
 Lucca still off the stage, too,—all's assured :  
 Luria must win this battle. Write the Court,  
 That Luria's trial end and sentence pass !  
*Sec.* Patron,—  
*Brac.* Ay, Lapo ?  
*Sec.* If you trip, I fall ;  
 'Tis in self-interest I speak—  
*Brac.* Nay, nay,  
 You overshoot the mark, my Lapo !  
 Nay !  
 When did I say pure love's impossible ?  
 I make you daily write those red cheeks thin,  
 Load your young brow with what concerns it least,  
 And, when we visit Florence, let you pace  
 The Piazza by my side as if we talked,  
 Where all your old acquaintances may see :  
 You'd die for me, I should not be surprised !  
 Now then !  
*Sec.* Sir, look about and love yourself !  
 Step after step, the Signory and you  
 Tread gay till this tremendous point's to pass ;  
 Which, pass not, pass not, ere you ask yourself,—  
 Bears the brain steadily such draughts of fire,  
 Or too delicious may not prove the pride

Of this long secret Trial you dared plan,  
Dare execute, you solitary here,  
With the grey-headed toothless fools at  
home,

Who think themselves your lords, they  
are such slaves ?

If they pronounce this sentence as you  
bid,

Declare the treason, claim its penalty,—  
And sudden out of all the blaze of life,  
On the best minute of his brightest day,  
From that adoring army at his back,  
Thro' Florence' joyous crowds before  
his face,

Into the dark you beckon Luria . . .

*Brac.* Then—  
Why, Lapo, when the fighting-people  
vaunt,

We of the other craft and mystery,  
May we not smile demure, the danger  
past ?

*Sec.* Sir, no, no, no,—the danger, and  
your spirit

At watch and ward ? Where's danger  
on your part,

With that thin flitting instantaneous  
steel,

'Gainst the blind bull-front of a brute-  
force world ?

If Luria, that's to perish sure as fate,  
Should have been really guiltless after  
all ?

*Brac.* Ah, you have thought that ?

*Sec.* Here I sit, your scribe,  
And in and out goes Luria, days and  
nights ;

This Puccio comes ; the Moor his other  
friend,

Husain ; they talk—all that's feigned  
easily ;

He speaks (I would not listen if I could)  
Reads, orders, counsels :—but he rests  
sometimes,—

I see him stand and eat, sleep stretched  
an hour

On the lynx-skins, yonder ; hold his  
bared black arms

Into the sun from the tent-opening ;  
laugh

When his horse drops the forage from  
his teeth

And neighs to hear him hum his Moorish  
songs.

That man believes in Florence, as the  
saint

Tied to the wheel believes in God !  
*Brac.* How strange—

You too have thought that !

*Sec.* Do but you think too,  
And all is saved ! I only have to write,  
'The man seemed false awhile, proves  
true at last ;

Bury it' . . . so I write to the Signory . . .  
'Bury this Trial in your breasts for ever,  
Blot it from things or done or dreamed  
about :

So Luria shall receive his meed to-day  
With no suspicion what reverse was  
near,—

As if no meteoric finger hushed  
The doom-word just on the destroyer's  
lip,

Motioned him off, and let life's sun fall  
straight.'

*Brac.* [*looks to the wall of the tent.*]  
Did he draw that ?

*Sec.* With charcoal, when the watch  
Made the report at midnight ; Lady  
Domizia

Spoke of the unfinished Duomo, you  
remember ;

That is his fancy how a Moorish front  
Might join to, and complete, the body,  
—a sketch,—

And again where the cloak hangs,  
yonder in the shadow.

*Brac.* He loves that woman.

*Sec.* She is sent the spy  
Of Florence,—spies on you as you on  
him :

Florence, if only for Domizia's sake,  
Is surely safe. What shall I write ?

*Brac.* I see—  
A Moorish front, nor of such ill design !  
Lapo, there's one thing plain and  
positive ;

Man seeks his own good at the whole  
world's cost.

What ? If to lead our troops, stand  
forth our chiefs,

And hold our fate, and see us at their  
beck,

Yet render up the charge when peace  
returned,

Have ever proved too much for Floren-  
tines,



Even for the best and bravest of ourselves—  
 If in the struggle when the soldier's sword  
 Should sink its point before the statist's pen,  
 And the calm head replace the violent hand,  
 Virtue on virtue still have fallen away  
 Before ambition with unvarying fate,  
 Till Florence' self at last in bitterness  
 Be forced to own such falls the natural end,  
 And, sparing further to expose her sons  
 To a vain strife and profitless disgrace,  
 Declare, 'The Foreigner, one not my child,  
 Shall henceforth lead my troops, reach height by height  
 The glory, then descend into the shame ;  
 So shall rebellion be less guilt in him,  
 And punishment the easier task for me :'  
 —If on the best of us such brand she set,  
 Can I suppose an utter alien here,  
 This Luria, our inevitable foe,  
 Confessed a mercenary and a Moor,  
 Born free from any ties that bind the rest  
 Of common faith in Heaven or hope on earth,  
 No Past with us, no Future,—such a spirit  
 Shall hold the path from which our staunchest broke,  
 Stand firm where every famed precursor fell ?  
 My Lapo, I will frankly say, these proofs  
 So duly noted of the man's intent,  
 Are for the doting fools at home, not me.  
 The charges here, they may be true or false,  
 —What is set down ? Errors and oversights,  
 A dallying interchange of courtesies  
 With Pisa's General,—all that, hour by hour,  
 Puccio's pale discontent has furnished us,  
 Of petulant speeches, inconsiderate acts,  
 Now overhazard, overcaution now ;

Even that he loves this lady who believes  
 She outwits Florence, and whom Florence posted  
 By my procurement here, to spy on me,  
 Lest I one minute lose her from my sight—  
 She who remembering her whole House's fall,  
 That nest of traitors strangled in the birth,  
 Now labours to make Luria . . . poor device  
 As plain . . . the instrument of her revenge !  
 —That she is ever at his ear to prompt  
 Inordinate conceptions of his worth,  
 Exorbitant belief in its reward,  
 And after, when sure disappointment follows,  
 Proportionable rage at such a wrong—  
 Why, all these reasons, while I urge them most,  
 Weigh with me less than least ; as nothing weigh !  
 Upon that broad Man's-heart of his, I go !  
 On what I know must be, yet while I live  
 Shall never be, because I live and know !  
 Brute-force shall not rule Florence ! Intellect  
 May rule her, bad or good as chance supplies,—  
 But Intellect it shall be, pure if bad,  
 And Intellect's tradition so kept up  
 Till the good comes—'twas Intellect that ruled,  
 Not Brute-force bringing from the battle-field  
 The attributes of wisdom, foresight's graces  
 We lent it there to lure its grossness on ;  
 All which it took for earnest and kept safe  
 To show against us in our market-place,  
 Just as the plumes and tags and swordsmen's-gear  
 (Fetched from the camp where, at their foolish best,  
 When all was done they frightened nobody)

Perk in our faces in the street, forsooth,  
With our own warrant and allowance.  
No !

The whole procedure's overcharged,—  
its end

In too strict keeping with the bad first  
step.

To conquer Pisa was sheer inspiration ?  
Well then, to perish for a single fault,  
Let that be simple justice !—There, my  
Lapo !

A Moorish front ill suits our Duomo's  
body—

Blot it out—and bid Luria's sentence  
come !

[LURIA, *who, with DOMIZIA, has  
entered unobserved at the close of  
the last phrase, now advancing.*

And Luria, Luria, what of Luria now ?

Brac. Ah, you so close, sir ? Lady  
Domizia too ?

I said it needs must be a busy moment  
For one like you—that you were now  
i' the thick

Of your duties, doubtless, while we  
idlers sat . . .

Lur. No—in that paper,—it was in  
that paper

What you were saying !

Brac. Oh—my day's dispatch !  
I censure you to Florence : will you  
see ?

Lur. See your dispatch, your last,  
for the first time ?

Well, if I should, now ? For in truth,  
Domizia,

He would be forced to set about  
another,

In his sly cool way, the true Florentine,  
To mention that important circum-  
stance ;

So, while he wrote I should gain time,  
such time !

Do not send this !

Brac. And wherefore ?

Lur. These Lucchese  
Are not arrived—they never will  
arrive !

And I must fight to-day, arrived or  
not ;

And I shall beat Tiburzio, that is sure ;  
And then will be arriving his Lucchese,  
But slowly, oh so slowly, just in time

To look upon my battle from the hills,  
Like a late moon, of use to nobody !

And I must break my battle up, send  
forth,

Surround on this side, hold in check on  
that—

Then comes to-morrow, we negotiate,  
You make me send for fresh instruc-  
tions home,

—Incompleteness, incompleteness !

Brac. Ah, we scribes !

Why, I had registered that very point,  
The non-appearance of our foes' ally,  
As a most happy fortune ; both at once  
Were formidable—singly faced, each  
falls.

Lur. So, no great battle for my  
Florentines !

No crowning deed, decisive and com-  
plete,

For all of them, the simple as the wise,  
Old, young, alike, that do not under-  
stand

Our wearisome pedantic art of war,  
By which we prove retreat may be  
success,

Delay—best speed,—half loss, at times,  
—whole gain :

They want results—as if it were their  
fault !

And you, with warmest wish to be my  
friend,

Will not be able now to simply say  
' Your servant has performed his task  
—enough !

You ordered, he has executed : good !  
Now walk the streets in holiday attire,  
Congratulate your friends, till noon  
strikes fierce,

Then form bright groups beneath the  
Duomo's shade !

No ! you will have to argue and ex-  
plain,

Persuade them, all is not so ill in the  
end,

Tease, tire them out ! Arrive, arrive,  
Lucchese !

Dom. Well, you will triumph for the  
Past enough,

Whatever be the Present's chance ; no  
service

Falls to the ground with Florence : she  
awaits

Her saviour, will receive him fittingly.

*Lur.* Ah, Braccio, you know Florence! will she, think you,

Receive one . . . what means 'fittingly receive'?

—Receive compatriots, doubtless—I am none:

And yet Domizia promises so much!

*Brac.* Kind women still give men a woman's prize.

I know not o'er which gate most boughs will arch,

Nor if the Square will wave red flags or blue:

I should have judged, the fullest of rewards

Our State gave Luria, when she made him chief

Of her whole force, in her best captain's place.

*Lur.* That, my reward? Florence on my account

Relieved Ser Puccio?—mark you, my reward!

And Puccio's having all the fight's true joy—

Goes here and there, gets close, may fight, himself,

While I must order, stand aloof, o'ersee!

That was my calling—there was my true place!

I should have felt, in some one over me, Florence impersonate, my visible Head,

As I am over Puccio,—taking life Directly from her eye! They give me

you:

But do you cross me, set me half to work?

I enjoy nothing—but I will, for once! Decide, shall we join battle? may I wait?

*Brac.* Let us compound the matter; wait till noon:

Then, no arrival,—

*Lur.* Ah, noon comes too fast!

I wonder, do you guess why I delay Involuntarily the final blow

As long as possible? Peace follows it! Florence at peace, and the calm studious heads

Come out again, the penetrating eyes; As if a spell broke, all's resumed, each

art

You boast, more vivid that it slept awhile.

'Gainst the glad heaven, o'er the white palace-front

The interrupted scaffold climbs anew; The walls are peopled by the painter's

brush;

The statue to its niche ascends to dwell.

The Present's noise and trouble have retired

And left the eternal Past to rule once more;—

You speak its speech and read its records plain,

Greece lives with you, each Roman breathes your friend:

—But Luria—where will then be Luria's place?

*Dom.* Highest in honour, for that Past's own sake,

Of which his actions, sealing up the sum By saving all that went before from

wreck,

Will range as part, with which be worshipped too.

*Lur.* Then I may walk and watch you in your streets

Leading the life my rough life helps no more,

So different, so new, so beautiful—

Nor fear that you will tire to see parade The club that slew the lion, now that

crooks

And shepherd-pipes come into use again?

For very lone and silent seems my East In its drear vastness: still it spreads,

and still

No Braccios, no Domizias anywhere— Not ever more!—Well, well, to-day is

ours!

*Dom.* [to BRAC.] Should he not have been one of us?

*Lur.*

Oh, no!

Not one of you, and so escape the thrill

Of coming into you, of changing thus,— Feeling a soul grow on me that restricts

The boundless unrest of the savage heart!

The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o'er the land,

Breaks there and buries its tumultuous strength ;

Horror, and silence, and a pause awhile :  
Lo, inland glides the gulf-stream, miles away,

In rapture of assent, subdued and still,  
'Neath those strange banks, those unimagined skies !

Well, 'tis not sure the quiet lasts for ever !

Your placid heads still find rough hands  
new work ;

Some minutes' chance—there comes  
the need of mine—

And, all resolved on, I too hear at last.  
Oh, you must find some use for me, Ser Braccio !

You hold my strength ; 'twere best  
dispose of it !

What you created, see that you find  
food for—

I shall be dangerous else !

*Brac.* How dangerous, Sir ?

*Lur.* Oh, there are many ways,  
Domizia warns me,

And one with half the power that I  
possess,

Grows very formidable ! Do you doubt ?  
Why, first, who holds the army . . .

*Dom.* While we talk,  
Morn wears ; we keep you from your  
proper place

In the field.

*Lur.* Nay, to the field I move  
no more :

My part is done, and Puccio's may  
begin.

I cannot trench upon his province  
longer

With any face.—You think yourselves  
so safe ?

Why see—in concert with Tiburzio,  
now—

One could . . .

*Dom.* A trumpet !

*Lur.* My Lucchese at last !  
Arrived, as sure as Florence stands !  
your leave !

[*Springs out.*]

*Dom.* How plainly is true greatness  
charactered

By such unconsciousness as Luria's  
here,

Strength sharing least the secret of  
itself !

Be it with head that schemes or hand  
that acts,

Such save the world which none but  
they could save,

Yet think whate'er they did, that world  
could do.

*Brac.* Yes : and how worthy note,  
that these same great ones

In hand or head, with such uncon-  
sciousness

And all its due entailed humility,  
Should never shrink, so far as I per-  
ceive,

From taking up whatever offices  
Involve the whole world's safety or  
mishap,

Into their mild hands as a thing of  
course !

The statist finds it natural to lead  
The mob who might as easily lead  
him—

The soldier marshals troops who know  
as much—

Statist and soldier verily believe !  
While we poor scribes . . . you catch me  
thinking, now,

That I shall in this very letter write  
What none of you are able ! To it,  
Lapo !

[*DOMIZIA goes.*]

This last, worst, all-affected childish fit  
Of Luria's, this be-praised unconscious-  
ness,

Convinces me ; the Past was no child's  
play :

It was a man beat Pisa,—not a child.  
All's mere dissimulation—to remove  
The fear, he best knows we should  
entertain.

The utmost danger was at hand. Is 't  
written ?

Now make a duplicate, lest this should  
fail.

And speak your fullest on the other  
side.

*Sec.* I noticed he was busily repairing  
My half-effacement of his Duomo  
sketch,

And, while he spoke of Florence, turned  
to it,

As the Mage Negro turns to Christ the  
Babe.—

I judge his childishness the mere relapse  
To boyhood of a man who has worked  
lately,  
And presently will work, so, meantime,  
plays :  
Whence more than ever I believe in  
him.

*Brac. [after a pause.]* The sword !  
At best, the soldier, as he says,  
In Florence—the black face, the barbarous name,  
For Italy to boast her show of the age,  
If man of men !—To Florence with  
each letter !

## ACT II

NOON.

*Dom.* Well, Florence, shall I reach  
thee, pierce thy heart  
Thro' all its safeguards ? Hate is said  
to help—  
Quicken the eye, invigorate the arm ;  
And this my hate, made up of many  
hates,  
Might stand in scorn of visible instrument,  
And will thee dead :—yet do I trust it  
not.  
Nor Man's devices, nor Heaven's  
memory  
Of wickedness forgot on Earth so soon,  
But thy own nature,—Hell and thee I  
trust,  
To keep thee constant in that wicked-  
ness,  
Where my revenge may meet thee.  
Turn aside  
A single step, for gratitude, or shame,—  
Grace but this Luria,—this wild mass  
of rage  
That I prepare to launch against thee  
now,—  
With other payment than thy noblest  
found,—  
Give his desert for once its due re-  
ward,—  
And past thee would my sure destruc-  
tion roll.  
But thou, who mad'st our House thy  
sacrifice,  
It cannot be thou wilt except this Moor

From the accustomed fate of zeal and  
truth :  
Thou wilt deny his looked-for recom-  
pense,  
And then—I reach thee. Old and  
trained, my sire  
Could bow down on his quiet broken  
heart,  
Die awe-struck and submissive, when  
at last  
The strange blow came for the ex-  
pected wreath ;  
And Porzio passed in blind bewilderment  
To exile, never to return,—they say,  
Perplexed in his frank simple honest soul,  
As if some natural law had changed,—  
how else  
Could Florence, on plain fact pro-  
nouncing thus,  
Judge Porzio's actions worthy such an  
end ?  
But Berto, with the ever-passionate  
pulse,  
—Oh that long night, its dreadful hour  
on hour,  
In which no way of getting his fair fame  
From their inexplicable charges free,  
Was found, save pouring forth the  
impatient blood  
To show its colour whether false or no !  
My brothers never had a friend like me  
Close in their need to watch the time,  
then speak,  
—Burst with a wakening laughter on  
their dream,  
Cry, Florence was all falseness, so, false  
here,—  
And show them what a simple task  
remained—  
To leave dreams, rise, and punish in  
God's name  
The city wedded to its wickedness.  
None stood by them as I by Luria  
stand !  
So, when the stranger cheated of his due  
Turns on thee as his rapid nature bids,  
Then, Florence, think, a hireling at thy  
throat  
For the first outrage, think who bore  
thy last,  
Yet mutely in forlorn obedience died !  
He comes—his friend—black faces in  
the camp



Where moved those peerless brows and eyes of old !

*Enter LURIA and HUSAIN.*

*Dom.* Well, and the movement—is it as you hope ?

'Tis Lucca ?

*Lur.* Ah, the Pisan trumpet merely !

Tiburzio's envoy, I must needs receive.

*Dom.* Whom I withdraw before ; tho' if I lingered

You could not wonder, for my time fleets fast.

The overtaking night brings such reward !

—And where will then be room for me ? Yet still

Remember who was first to promise it, And envied those who also can perform ! *[Goes.]*

*Lur.* This trumpet from the Pisans ?—

*Hus.* In the camp ;

A very noble presence—Braccio's visage On Puccio's body—calm and fixed and good ;

A man I seem as I had seen before : Most like, it was some statue had the face.

*Lur.* Admit him ! This will prove the last delay.

*Hus.* Ay, friend, go on, and die thou going on !

Thou heardst what the grave woman said but now :

To-night rewards thee. That is well to hear ;

But stop not therefore : hear it, and go on !

*Lur.* Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest

They round me in the ears with, all day long ?

All that, I never take for earnest, friend !

Well would it suit us,—their triumphal arch

Or storied pillar,—thee and me, the Moors !

But gratitude in those Italian eyes—

That, we shall get ?

*Hus.* It is too cold an air.

Our sun rose out of yonder mound of mist :

Where is he now ? So, I trust none of them !

*Lur.* Truly ?

*Hus.* I doubt and fear. There stands a wall

'Twixt our expansive and explosive race And those absorbing, concentrating men !

They use thee !

*Lur.* And I feel it, Husain ; yes, And care not—yes, an alien force like mine

Is only called to play its part outside Their different nature ; where its sole use seems

To fight with and keep off an adverse force

As alien,—which repelled, mine too withdraws :

Inside, they know not what to do with me ;

Thus I have told them laughingly and oft,

But long since was prepared to learn the worst.

*Hus.* What is the worst ?

*Lur.* I will forestall them, Husain, And speak my destiny, they dare not speak—

Banish myself before they find the heart. I will be first to say, 'The work rewards !

I know, for all your praise, my use is over,

So may it prove !—meanwhile 'tis best I go,

And carry safe my memories of you all To other scenes of action, newer lands.'—

Thus leaving them confirmed in their belief

They would not easily have tired of me. You think this hard to say ?

*Hus.* Say it or not, So thou but go, so they but let thee go ! This hating people, that hate each the other,

And in one blandness to us Moors unite—

Locked each to each like slippery snakes, I say,



Which still in all their tangles, hissing  
tongue  
And threatening tail, ne'er do each  
other harm ;  
While any creature of a better blood,  
They seem to fight for, while they circle  
safe  
And never touch it,—pines without a  
wound,  
Withers away beside their eyes and  
breath.  
See thou, if Puccio come not safely out  
Of Braccio's grasp, this Braccio sworn  
his foe,  
As Braccio safely from Domizia's toils  
Who hates him most !—But thou, the  
friend of all,  
... Come out of them !

*Lur.* The Pisan trumpet now !

*Hus.* Breathe free—it is an enemy,  
no friend ! [*Goes.*]

*Lur.* He keeps his instincts, no new  
culture mars

Their perfect use in him ; just so the  
brutes

Rest not, are anxious without visible  
cause,

When change is in the elements at work,  
Which man's trained senses fail to  
apprehend.

But here,—he takes the distant chariot-  
wheels

For thunder, festal fire for lightning's  
flash,

The finer traits of cultivated life  
For treachery and malevolence : I see !

*Enter TIBURZIO.*

*Lur.* Quick, sir, your message ! I but  
wait your message

To sound the charge. You bring not  
overtures

For truce ?—I would not, for your  
General's sake,

You spoke of truce—a time to fight is  
come,

And, whatsoe'er the fight's event, he  
keeps

His honest soldier's name to beat me  
with,

Or leaves me all himself to beat, I  
trust !

*Tib.* I am Tiburzio.

*Lur.* You ? 'Tis—yes...

Tiburzio !

You were the last to keep the ford i' the  
valley

From Puccio, when I threw in succours  
there !

Why, I was on the heights—through the  
defile

Ten minutes after, when the prey was  
lost !

You wore an open skull-cap with a  
twist

Of water-reeds—the plume being hewn  
away ;

While I drove down my battle from the  
heights,

—I saw with my own eyes !

*Tib.* And you are Luria

Who sent my cohort, that laid down its  
arms

In error of the battle-signal's sense,  
Back safely to me at the critical time—

One of a hundred deeds—I know you !  
Therefore

To none but you could I...

*Lur.* No truce, Tiburzio !

*Tib.* Luria, you know the peril  
imminent

On Pisa,—that you have us in the toils,  
Us her last safeguard, all that intercepts

The rage of her implacablest of foes  
From Pisa,—if we fall to-day, she falls.

Tho' Lucca will arrive, yet, 'tis too late.  
You have so plainly here the best of it,

That you must feel, brave soldier as you  
are,

How dangerous we grow in this ex-  
treme,

How truly formidable by despair.

Still, probabilities should have their  
weight—

The extremest chance is ours, but, that  
chance failing,

You win this battle. Wherefore say  
I this ?

To be well apprehended when I add,  
This danger absolutely comes from you.

Were you, who threaten thus, a Floren-  
tine...

*Lur.* Sir, I am nearer Florence than  
her sons.

I can, and have perhaps obliged the  
State,

Nor paid a mere son's duty.

*Tib.* Even so!

Were you the son of Florence, yet  
endued

With all your present nobleness of soul,  
No question, what I must communicate  
Would not detach you from her.

*Lur.* Me, detach?

*Tib.* Time urges: you will ruin  
presently

Pisa, you never knew, for Florence'  
sake

You think you know. I have from  
time to time

Made prize of certain secret missives  
sent

From Braccio here, the Commissary,  
home—

And knowing Florence otherwise, I  
piece

The entire chain out, from these its  
scattered links.

Your trial occupies the Signory;

They sit in judgment on your conduct  
now.

When men at home inquire into the  
acts

Which in the field e'en foes appre-  
ciate...

Brief, they are Florentines! You,  
saving them,

Will seek the sure destruction saviours  
find.

*Lur.* Tiburzio—

*Tib.* All the wonder is of course.

I am not here to teach you, nor direct,  
Only to loyally apprise—scarce that.

This is the latest letter, sealed and safe,  
As it left here an hour ago. One way

Of two thought free to Florence, I com-  
mand.

The duplicate is on its road; but  
this,—

Read it, and then I shall have more to  
say.

*Lur.* Florence!

*Tib.* Now, were yourself a

Florentine,

This letter, let it hold the worst it can,  
Would be no reason you should fall

away.

The mother city is the mother still,  
And recognition of the children's service

Her own affair; reward—there's no  
reward!

But you are bound by quite another tie;  
Nor nature shows, nor reason, why at  
first

A foreigner, born friend to all alike,  
Should give himself to any special State  
More than another, stand by Florence'  
side

Rather than Pisa's; 'tis as fair a city  
You war against, as that you fight for—  
famed

As well as she in story, graced no less  
With noble heads and patriotic hearts:  
Nor to a stranger's eye would either  
cause,

Stripped of the cumulative loves and  
hates

Which take importance from familiar  
view,

Stand as the right, and sole to be up-  
held.

Therefore, should the preponderating  
gift

Of love and trust, Florence was first to  
throw,

Which made you hers not Pisa's, void  
the scale,—

Old ties dissolving, things resume their  
place

And all begins again. Break seal and  
read!

At least let Pisa offer for you now!

And I, as a good Pisan, shall rejoice—  
Though for myself I lose, in gaining you,

This last fight and its opportunity;  
The chance it brings of saving Pisa yet,

Or in the turn of battle dying so

That shame should want its extreme  
bitterness.

*Lur.* Tiburzio, you that fight for Pisa  
now

As I for Florence . . . say my chance  
were yours!

You read this letter, and you find . . .  
no, no!

Too mad!

*Tib.* I read the letter, find they  
purpose

When I have crushed their foe, to crush  
me: well?

*Lur.* You, being their captain, what  
is it you do?

*Tib.* Why, as it is, all cities are alike—  
Pisa will pay me much as Florence you ;  
I shall be as belied, whate'er the event,  
As you, or more : my weak head, they  
will say,

Prompted this last expedient, my faint  
heart

Entailed on them indelible disgrace,  
Both which defects ask proper punish-  
ment.

Another tenure of obedience, mine !  
You are no son of Pisa's : break and  
read !

*Lur.* And act on what I read ? What  
act were fit ?

If the firm-fixed foundation of my faith  
In Florence, which to me stands for  
mankind,

—If that breaks up and, disimprisoning  
From the abyss . . . Ah friend, it cannot  
be !

You may be very sage, yet—all the  
world

Having to fail, or your sagacity,  
You do not wish to find yourself alone !  
What would the world be worth ?

Whose love be sure ?

The world remains—you are deceived !

*Tib.* Your hand !  
I lead the vanguard.—If you fall,  
beside,

The better—I am left to speak ! For  
me,

This was my duty, nor would I rejoice  
If I could help, it misses its effect ;  
And after all you will look gallantly  
Found dead here with that letter in  
your breast.

*Lur.* Tiburzio—I would see these  
people once

And test them ere I answer finally !  
At your arrival let the trumpet sound :  
If mine returns not then the wonted cry,  
It means that I believe—am Pisa's !

*Tib.* Well ! [*Goes.*]

*Lur.* My heart will have it he speaks  
true ! My blood

Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend.  
If he had slept into my watch-tent,  
night

And the wild desert full of foes around,  
I should have broke the bread and  
given the salt

Secure, and, when my hour of watch  
was done,

Taken my turn to sleep between his  
knees,

Safe in the untroubled brow and honest  
cheek.

Oh, world, where all things pass and  
nought abides,

Oh, life the long mutation—is it so ?

Is it with life as with the body's change ?

—Where, e'en tho' better follow, good  
must pass,

Nor manhood's strength can mate with  
boyhood's grace,

Nor age's wisdom, in its turn, find  
strength,

But silently the first gift dies away,

And though the new stays, never both  
at once !

Life's time of savage instinct o'er with  
me,

It fades and dies away, past trusting  
more,

As if to punish the ingratitude

With which I turned to grow in these  
new lights,

And learned to look with European  
eyes.

Yet it is better, this cold certain way,  
Where Braccio's brow tells nothing,—  
Puccio's mouth,

Domizia's eyes reject the searcher—yes !

For on their calm sagacity I lean,

Their sense of right, deliberate choice  
of good,

Sure, as they know my deeds, they deal  
with me.

Yes, that is better—that is best of all !

Such faith stays when mere wild belief  
would go !

Yes—when the desert creature's heart,  
at fault

Amid the scattering tempest's pillared  
sands,

Betrays its steps into the pathless  
drift—

The calm instructed eye of man holds  
fast

By the sole bearing of the visible star,

Sure that when slow the whirling wreck  
subsides,

The boundaries, lost now, shall be found  
again,—

The palm-trees and the pyramid over all.

Yes: I trust Florence: Pisa is deceived.

*Enter BRACCIO, PUCCIO, and DOMIZIA.*

*Brac.* Noon's at an end: no Lucca?  
You must fight.

*Lur.* Do you remember ever, gentle friends,

I am no Florentine?

*Dom.* It is yourself

Who still are forcing us importunately,  
To bear in mind what else we should forget.

*Lur.* For loss!—For what I lose in being none!

No shrewd man, such as you yourselves respect,

But would remind you of the stranger's loss

In natural friends and advocates at home,

Hereditary loves, even rivalships,  
With precedents for honour and reward.

Still, there's a gain, too! If you take it so,

The stranger's lot has special gain as well!

Do you forget there was my own far East

I might have given away myself to, once,  
As now to Florence, and for such a gift,

Stood there like a descended deity?  
There, worship greets us! what do I get here?

See! Chance has put into my hand the means

Of knowing what I earn, before I work!  
Should I fight better, should I fight the worse,

With your crown palpably before me? see!

Here lies my whole reward! Best know it now,

Or keep it for the end's entire delight?

*Brac.* If you serve Florence as the vulgar serve,

For swordsman's-pay alone,—break seal and read!

In that case, you will find your full desert!

*Lur.* Give me my one last happy moment, friends!

You need me now, and all the gratitude

This letter can contain will never balance

The after-feeling that your need's at end!

This moment . . . Oh, the East has use with you!

Its sword still flashes—is not flung aside

With the past praise, in a dark corner yet!

How say you? 'Tis not so with Florentines—

Captains of yours—for them, the ended war

Is but a first step to the peace begun  
—He who did well in war, just earns the right

To begin doing well in peace, you know!

And certain my precursors,—would not such

Look to themselves in such a chance as this,

Secure the ground they trod upon, perhaps?

For I have heard, by fits, or seemed to hear,

Of strange occurrences, ingratitude,  
Treachery even,—say that one of you

Surmised this letter carried what might turn

To harm hereafter, cause him prejudice—

What would he do?

*Dom.* [*hastily.*] Thank God and take revenge!

Turn her own force against the city straight,

And even at the moment when the foe Sounded defiance . . .

[*TIBURZIO'S trumpet sounds in the distance.*]

*Lur.* Ah, you Florentines!

So would you do? Wisely for you, no doubt!

My simple Moorish instinct bids me sink  
The obligation you relieve me from,

Still deeper! [*To Puc.*] Sound our answer, I should say!

And thus:—[*tearing the paper.*]—The battle! That solves every doubt!

## ACT III

AFTERNOON.

*Puccio, as making a report to JACOPO.**Puc.* And here, your Captain must report the rest;

For, as I say, the main engagement over,

And Luria's special part in it performed,

How could subalterns like myself expect Leisure or leave to occupy the field

And glean what dropped from his wide harvesting?

I thought, when Lucca at the battle's end

Came up, just as the Pisan centre broke, That Luria would detach me and prevent

The flying Pisans seeking what they found,

Friends in the rear, a point to rally by. But no—more honourable proved my post!

I had the august captive to escort Safe to our camp—some other could pursue,

Fight, and be famous; gentler chance was mine—

Tiburzio's wounded spirit must be soothed!

He's in the tent there.

*Jac.* Is the substance down? I write—'The vanguard beaten, and both wings

In full retreat—Tiburzio prisoner'—

And now,—'That they fell back and formed again

On Lucca's coming.'—Why then, after all,

'Tis half a victory, no conclusive one?

*Puc.* Two operations where a sole had served.*Jac.* And Luria's fault was—?*Puc.* Oh, for fault . . . not much! He led the attack, a thought impetuously,

—There's commonly more prudence; now, he seemed

To hurry measures, otherwise well-judged;

By over-concentrating strength, at first,

Against the enemy's van, both sides escaped:

That's reparable—yet it is a fault.

*Enter BRACCIO.**Jac.* As good as a full victory to Florence,

With the advantage of a fault beside—What is it, Puccio?—that by pressing forward

With too impetuous . . .

*Brac.* The report anon!

Thanks, Sir—you have elsewhere a charge, I know.

*[PUCCIO goes.]*

There's nothing done but I would do again;

Yet, Lapo, it may be the Past proves nothing,

And Luria has kept faithful to the end.

*Jac.* I was for waiting.*Brac.* Yes: so was not I.

He could not choose but tear that letter—true!

Still, certain of his tones, I mind, and looks—

You saw, too, with a fresher soul than I.

So, Porzio seemed an injured man, they say!

Well, I have gone upon the broad, sure ground.

*Enter LURIA, PUCCIO, and DOMIZIA.**Lur. [to Puc.]* Say, at his pleasure I will see Tiburzio:

All's at his pleasure.

*Dom. [to LUR.]* Were I not so sure You would reject, as you do constantly, Praise,—I might tell you what you have deserved

Of Florence by this last and crowning feat:

But words are vain.

*Lur.* Nay, you may praise me now!

I want instruction every hour, I find, On points where once I saw least need of it;

And praise, I have been used to do without,

Seems not so easy to dispense with now: After a battle half one's strength is gone—



And glorious passion in us once appeased,  
Our reason's calm cold dreadful voice begins.

All justice, power and beauty scarce appear  
Monopolized by Florence, as of late,  
To me, the stranger: you, no doubt,  
may know

Why Pisa needs must give her rival place.  
And I am growing nearer you, perhaps,  
For I, too, want to know and be assured.  
When a cause ceases to reward itself,  
Its friend needs fresh sustainments;  
praise is one,

And here stand you—you, Lady, praise  
me well.

But yours—(your pardon)—is unlearned  
praise:

To the motive, the endeavour, the  
heart's self,

Your quick sense looks: you crown and  
call aright

The soul of the purpose, ere 'tis shaped  
as act,

Takes flesh i' the world, and clothes  
itself a king.

But when the act comes, stands for what  
'tis worth,

—Here's Puccio, the skilled soldier,  
he's my judge!

Was all well, Puccio?

*Puc.* All was . . . must be well:  
If we beat Lucca presently, as doubt-  
less . . .

—No, there's no doubt, we must—all  
was well done.

*Lur.* In truth? But you are of the  
trade, my Puccio!

You have the fellow-craftsman's sym-  
pathy.

There's none knows like a fellow of the  
craft,

The all-unestimated sum of pains

That go to a success the world can see:  
They praise then, but the best they  
never know

—While you know!—Oh, if envy mix  
with it.

Hate even, still the bottom-praise of all,  
Whatever be the dregs, that drop's  
pure gold!

—For nothing's like it; nothing else  
records

Those daily, nightly drippings in the dark  
Of the heart's blood, the world lets  
drop away

For ever—so, pure gold that praise  
must be!

And I have yours, my soldier! yet the  
best

Is still to come—there's one lock on  
apart

Whom all refers to, failure or success;  
What's done might be our best, our  
utmost work,

And yet inadequate to serve his need.  
Here's Braccio now, for Florence—  
here's our service—

Well done for us, is it well done for  
him?

His chosen engine, tasked to its full  
strength

Answers his end? Should he have  
chosen higher?

Do we help Florence, now our best is  
done?

*Brac.* This battle, with the foregone  
services,  
Saves Florence.

*Lur.* Why then, all is very well!  
Here am I in the middle of my friends,  
Who know me and who love me, one  
and all!

And yet . . . 'tis like . . . this instant  
while I speak

Is like the turning-moment of a dream  
When . . . Ah, you are not foreigners  
like me!

Well then, one always dreams of friends  
at home;

And always comes, I say, the turning-  
point

When something changes in the friendly  
eyes

That love and look on you . . . so  
slight, so slight . . .

And yet it tells you they are dead and  
gone,

Or changed and enemies, for all their  
words,

And all is mockery and a maddening  
show.

You, now, so kind here, all you Floren-  
tines,

What is it in your eyes . . . those lips,  
those brows . . .



Nobody spoke it . . . yet I know it well!—

Come now—this battle saves you, all's at end,

Your use of me is o'er, for good, for evil,—

Come now, what's done against me, while I speak,

In Florence? Come! I feel it in my blood,

My eyes, my hair, a voice is in my ear  
That spite of all this smiling and kind speech

You are betraying me! What is it you do?

Have it your way, and think my use is over—

That you are saved and may throw off the mask—

Have it my way, and think more work remains

Which I could do,—so, show you fear me not!

Or prudent be, or generous, as you choose,

But tell me—tell what I refused to know

At noon, lest heart should fail me!  
Well? That letter?

My fate is known at Florence! What is it?

*Brac.* Sir, I shall not conceal what you divine.

It is no novelty for innocence

To be suspected, but a privilege:

The after certain compensation comes.

Charges, I say not whether false or true,

Have been preferred against you some time since,

Which Florence was bound, plainly, to receive,

And which are therefore undergoing now

The due investigation. That is all.

I doubt not but your innocence will prove

Apparent and illustrious, as to me,

To them this evening, when the trial ends.

*Lur.* My trial?

*Dom.* Florence, Florence to the end,

My whole heart thanks thee!

*Puc.* [to *BRAC.*] What is 'Trial,' sir?

It was not for a trial—surely, no—  
I furnished you those notes from time to time?

I held myself aggrieved—I am a man—  
And I might speak,—ay, and speak mere truth, too,

And yet not mean at bottom of my heart

What should assist a—Trial, do you say?

You should have told me!

*Dom.* Nay, go on, go on!

His sentence! Do they sentence him?

What is it?

The block? Wheel?

*Brac.* Sentence there is

none as yet,

Nor shall I give my own opinion here

Of what it should be, or is like to be.

When it is passed, applaud or disapprove!

Up to that point, what is there to impugn?

*Lur.* They are right, then, to try me?

*Brac.* I assert,

Maintain, and justify the absolute right

Of Florence to do all she can have done

In this procedure,—standing on her guard,

Receiving even services like yours

With utmost fit suspicious wariness.

In other matters, keep the mummery up!

Take all the experiences of the whole world,

Each knowledge that broke through a heart to life,

Each reasoning which, to work out, cost a brain,

—In other cases, know these, warrant these,

And then dispense with them—'tis very well!

Let friend trust friend, and love demand its like,

And gratitude be claimed for benefits,—

There's grace in that—and when the fresh heart breaks,

The new brain proves a martyr, what of them?

Where is the matter of one moth the more

Singed in the candle, at a summer's end?

But Florence is no simple John or James

To have his toy, his fancy, his conceit,  
That he's the one excepted man by fate,  
And, when fate shows him he's mistaken there,

Die with all good men's praise, and yield his place

To Paul and George intent to try their chance!

Florence exists because these pass away;  
She's a contrivance to supply a type  
Of Man, which men's deficiencies refuse;

She binds so many, that she grows out of them—

Stands steady o'er their numbers, though they change

And pass away—there's always what upholds,

Always enough to fashion the great show.

As, see, yon hanging city, in the sun,  
Of shapely cloud substantially the same!

A thousand vapours rise and sink again,  
Are interfused, and live their life and die,—

Yet ever hangs the steady show i' the air  
Under the sun's straight influence: that is well!

That is worth heaven to hold, and God to bless!

And so is Florence,—the unseen sun above,

Which draws and holds suspended all of us,—

Binds transient mists and vapours into one,

Differing from each and better than they all.

And shall she dare to stake this permanence

On any one man's faith? Man's heart is weak,

And its temptations many: let her prove

Each servant to the very uttermost  
Before she grant him her reward, I say!

*Dom.* And as for hearts she chances to mistake,

Wronged hearts, not destined to receive reward,

Though they deserve it, did she only know!

—What should she do for these?

*Brac.* What does she not? Say, that she gives them but herself to serve!

Here's Luria—what had profited his strength,

When half an hour of sober fancying  
Had shown him step by step the uselessness

Of strength exerted for its proper sake?  
But the truth is, she did create that strength,

Drew to the end the corresponding means.

The world is wide—are we the only men?

Oh, for the time, the social purpose's sake,

Use words agreed on, bandy epithets,  
Call any man, sole great and wise and good!

But shall we, therefore, standing by ourselves,

Insult our souls and God with the same speech?

There, swarm the ignoble thousands under Him—

What marks us from the hundreds and the tens?

Florence took up, turned all one way the soul

Of Luria with its fires, and here he stands!

She takes me out of all the world as him,

Fixing my coldness till like ice it checks  
The fire! So, Braccio, Luria, which is best?

*Lur.* Ah, brave me? And is this indeed the way

To gain your good word and sincere esteem?

Am I the baited tiger that must turn  
And fight his baiters to deserve their praise?

Obedience has no fruit then?—Be it so!  
Do you indeed remember I stand here  
The Captain of the conquering army,—mine—

With all your tokens, praise and promise, ready

To show for what their names were  
 when you gave,  
 Not what you style them now you take  
 away ?  
 If I call in my troops to arbitrate,  
 And in their first enthusiastic thrill  
 Of victory, tell them how you menace  
 me—  
 Commending to their plain instinctive  
 sense,  
 My story first, your comment after-  
 ward,—  
 Will they take, think you, part with you  
 or me ?  
 When I say simply, I, the man they  
 know,  
 Ending my work, ask payment, and find  
 Florence  
 Has all this while provided silently  
 Against the day of pay and proving  
 words,  
 By what you call my sentence that's  
 to come—  
 Will they sit waiting it complacently ?  
 When I resist that sentence at their  
 head,  
 What will you do, my mild antagonist ?  
*Brac.* I will rise up like fire, proud  
 and triumphant  
 That Florence knew you thoroughly  
 and by me,  
 And so was saved. 'See, Italy,' I'll  
 say,  
 'The need of our precautions ! here's  
 a man  
 Was far advanced, just touched on the  
 reward  
 Less subtle cities had accorded him ;  
 But we were wiser : at the end comes  
 this !'  
 And from that minute all your strength  
 will go.  
 The very stones of Florence cry against  
 The all-exacting, unenduring Luria,  
 Resenting her first slight probation  
 thus ;  
 As if he, only, shone and cast no shade,  
 He, only, walked the earth with privi-  
 lege  
 Against suspicion, free from causing  
 fear :  
 So, for the first inquisitive mother's-  
 word,

He turned, and stood on his defence,  
 forsooth !  
 Reward ? You will not be worth  
 punishment !  
*Lur.* And Florence knew me thus !  
 Thus I have lived,—  
 And thus you, with the clear fine  
 intellect,  
 Braccio, the cold acute instructed  
 mind,  
 Out of the stir, so calm and unconfused,  
 Reported me—how could you other-  
 wise !  
 Ay ?—and what dropped from *you*,  
 just now, moreover ?  
 Your information, Puccio ?—did your  
 skill  
 And understanding sympathy approve  
 Such a report of me ? Was this the  
 end ?  
 Or is even this the end ? Can I stop  
 here—  
 You, Lady, with the woman's stand  
 apart,  
 The heart to see with, not man's learned  
 eyes,  
 ... I cannot fathom why you should  
 destroy  
 The unoffending one, you call your  
 friend—  
 So, looking at the good examples here  
 Of friendship, 'tis but natural I ask—  
 Had you a further end, in all you  
 spoke,  
 Than profit to me, in those instances  
 Of perfidy from Florence to her chiefs—  
 All I remember now for the first  
 time ?  
*Dom.* I am a daughter of the Traver-  
 sari,  
 Sister of Porzio and of Berto both.  
 I have foreseen all that has come to  
 pass.  
 I knew the Florence that could doubt  
 their faith,  
 Must needs mistrust a stranger's—  
 holding back  
 Reward from them, must hold back his  
 reward.  
 And I believed, the shame they bore  
 and died,  
 He would not bear, but live and fight  
 against—

Seeing he was of other stuff than they.  
*Lur.* Hear them! All these against  
 one foreigner!

And all this while, where is in the whole  
 world

To his good faith a single witness?  
*Tiburzio.* [*who has entered during the  
 preceding dialogue.*] Here!

Thus I bear witness to it, not in word  
 But deed. I live for Pisa; she's not  
 lost

By many chances—much prevents from  
 that!

Her army has been beaten, I am here,  
 But Lucca comes at last, one chance  
 exists.

I rather would see Pisa three times lost  
 Than saved by any traitor, even by  
 you;

The example of a traitor's happy fortune  
 Would bring more evil in the end than  
 good;—

Pisa rejects such: save yourself and her!  
 I, in her name, resign forthwith to you  
 My charge,—the highest of her offices.

You shall not, by my counsel, turn on  
 Florence

Her army, give her calumny that  
 ground—

Nor bring it with you: be you all we  
 gain!

And all she'll lose,—a head to deck  
 some bridge,

And save the crown's cost that should  
 deck the head.

Leave her to perish in her perfidy,  
 Plague-stricken and stripped naked to  
 all eyes,

A proverb and a bye-word in all mouths!  
 Go you to Pisa! Florence is my place—  
 Leave me to tell her of the rectitude,  
 I, from the first, told Pisa, knowing it.  
 To Pisa!

*Dom.* Ah, my Braccio, are you  
 caught?

*Brac.* Puccio, good soldier and selected  
 man,

Whom I have ever kept beneath my eye,  
 Ready, as fit, to serve in this event  
 Florence, who clear foretold it from the  
 first—

Through me, she gives you the com-  
 mand and charge

She takes, through me, from him who  
 held it late!

A painful trial, very sore, was yours:  
 All that could draw out, marshal in  
 array

The selfish passions 'gainst the public  
 good—

Slights, scorns, neglects, were heaped  
 on you to bear:

And ever you did bear and bow the  
 head!

It had been sorry trial, to precede  
 Your feet, hold up the promise of re-  
 ward

For luring gleam; your footsteps kept  
 the track

Through dark and doubt: take all the  
 light at once!

Trial is over, consummation shines;  
 Well have you served, as well hence-  
 forth command!

*Puc.* No, no . . . I dare not! I am  
 grateful, glad;

But Luria—you shall understand he's  
 wronged—

And he's my Captain—this is not the  
 way

We soldiers climb to fortune: think  
 again!

The sentence is not even passed,  
 beside!

I dare not . . . where's the soldier  
 could?

*Lur.* Now, Florence—

Is it to be?—You will know all the  
 strength

Of the savage—to your neck the proof  
 must go?

You will prove the brute nature? Ah,  
 I see!

The savage plainly is impassible—  
 He keeps his calm way through insult-  
 ing words,

Sarcastic looks, sharp gestures—one of  
 which

Would stop you, fatal to your finer  
 sense:

But if he steadily advances, still  
 Without a mark upon his callous hide,  
 Through the mere brushwood you grow  
 angry with,

And leave the tatters of your flesh  
 upon,

—You have to learn that when the true bar comes,  
 The thick mid-forest, the real obstacle,  
 Which when you reach, you give the labour up,  
 Nor dash on, but lie down composed before,  
 —He goes against it, like the brute he is!  
 It falls before him, or he dies in his course!  
 I kept my course through past ingratitude—  
 I saw—it does seem, now, as if I saw,  
 Could not but see, those insults as they fell,  
 —Ay, let them glance from off me, very like,  
 Laughing, perhaps, to think the quality  
 You grew so bold on, while you so despised  
 The Moor's dull mute inapprehensive mood,  
 Was saving you. I bore and kept my course.  
 Now real wrong fronts me—see if I succumb!  
 Florence withstands me?—I will punish her!  
 At night my sentence will arrive, you say!  
 Till then I cannot, if I would, rebel  
 —Unauthorized to lay my office down,  
 Retaining my full power to will and do:  
 After—it is to see. Tiburzio, thanks!  
 Go; you are free: join Lucca. I suspend  
 All further operations till to-night.  
 Thank you, and for the silence most of all!  
 [*To Brac.*] Let my complacent bland accuser go,  
 And carry his self-approving head and heart  
 Safe through the army which would trample him  
 Dead in a moment at my word or sign!  
 Go, sir, to Florence; tell friends what I say—  
 That while I wait their sentence, theirs waits them!  
 [*To Dom.*] You, Lady,—you have black Italian eyes!

I would be generous if I might . . . Oh, yes—  
 For I remember how so oft you seemed  
 Inclined at heart to break the barrier down  
 Which Florence finds God built between us both.  
 Alas, for generosity! this hour  
 Demands strict justice: bear it as you may!  
 I must—the Moor,—the Savage,—pardon you.  
 [*To Puc.*] Puccio, my trusty soldier, see them forth!

## ACT IV

## EVENING.

*Enter PUCCIO and JACOPO.*

*Puc.* What Luria will do? Ah, 'tis yours, fair sir,  
 Your and your subtle-witted master's part,  
 To tell me that; I tell you what he can.  
*Jac.* Friend, you mistake my station:  
 I observe  
 The game, watch how my betters play,  
 no more.  
*Puc.* But mankind are not pieces—there's your fault!  
 You cannot push them, and, the first move made,  
 Lean back to study what the next should be,  
 In confidence that, when 'tis fixed upon,  
 You'll find just where you left them, blacks and whites:  
 Men go on moving when your hand's away.  
 You build, I notice, firm on Luria's faith  
 This whole time,—firmlier than I choose to build,  
 Who never doubted it—of old, that is—  
 With Luria in his ordinary mind:  
 But now, oppression makes the wise man mad.  
 How do I know he will not turn and stand  
 And hold his own against you, as he may?  
 Suppose he but withdraws to Pisa—well,—



Then, even if all happens to your wish,  
Which is a chance . . .

*Jac.* Nay—'twas an oversight,  
Not waiting till the proper warrant  
came :

You could not take what was not ours  
to give.

But when at night the sentence really  
comes,

And Florence authorizes past dispute  
Luria's removal and your own advance,  
You will perceive your duty and accept?

*Puc.* Accept what? muster-rolls of  
soldiers' names?

An army upon paper?—I want men,  
Their hearts as well as hands—and  
where's a heart

That's not with Luria, in the multitude  
I come from walking through by Luria's  
side?

You gave them Luria, set him on to grow,  
Head-like, upon their trunk, one blood  
feeds both,

They feel him there, and live, and well  
know why!

—For they do know, if you are ignorant,  
Who kept his own place and respected  
theirs,

Managed their ease, yet never spared  
his own.

All was your deed: another might have  
served—

There's peradventure no such dearth  
of men—

But you chose Luria—so, they grew to  
him.

And now, for nothing they can under-  
stand,

Luria's removed, off is to roll the head—  
The body's mine—much I shall do  
with it!

*Jac.* That's at the worst.

*Puc.* No—at the best, it is!  
Best, do you hear? I saw them by his  
side.

Only we two with Luria in the camp  
Are left that know the secret? You  
think that?

Hear what I saw: from rear to van, no  
heart

But felt the quiet patient hero there  
Was wronged, nor in the moveless ranks  
an eye

But glancing told its fellow the whole  
story

Of that convicted silent knot of spies  
Who passed thro' them to Florence;  
they might pass—

No breast but gladlier beat when free  
of such!

Our troops will catch up Luria, close  
him round,

Lead him to Florence as their natural  
lord,

Partake his fortunes, live or die with  
him.

*Jac.* And by mistake catch up along  
with him

Puccio, no doubt, compelled in self-  
despite

To still continue Second in Command!

*Puc.* No, Sir, no second nor so  
fortunate!

Your tricks succeed with me too well  
for that!

I am as you have made me, and shall  
die

A mere trained fighting-hack to serve  
your end;

With words, you laugh at while they  
leave your mouth,

For my life's rules and ordinance of  
God!

I have to do my duty, keep my faith,  
And earn my praise, and guard against  
my blame,

As I was trained. I shall accept your  
charge,

And fight against one better than my-  
self,

Spite of my heart's conviction of his  
worth—

That, you may count on!—just as  
hitherto

I have gone on, persuaded I was  
wronged,

Slighted, and moody, terms we learn  
by rote,—

All because Luria superseded me—  
Because the better nature, fresh-  
inspired,

Mounted above me to its proper place!  
What mattered all the kindly gracious-  
ness,

And cordial brother's-bearing? This  
was clear—



I, once the captain, was subaltern now,  
And so must keep complaining like a  
fool !

Go, take the curse of a lost man, I say !  
You neither play your puppets to the end,  
Nor treat the real man,—for his real-  
ness' sake

Thrust rudely in their place,—with such  
regard

As might console them for their altered  
rank.

Me, the mere steady soldier, you depose  
For Luria, and here's all your pet  
deserves !

Of what account, then, are my services ?  
One word for all : whatever Luria does,  
—If backed by his indignant troops he  
turns

In self-defence and Florence goes to  
ground,—

Or for a signal, everlasting shame,  
He pardons you, simply seeks better  
friends

And heads the Pisan and the Lucchese  
troops

—And if I, for you ingrates past belief,  
Resolve to fight against a man called  
false,

Who, inasmuch as he was true, fights  
there—

Whichever way he win, he wins for me,  
For every soldier, for the true and good !  
Sir, chronicling the rest, omit not this !

*As they go, enter LURIA and HUSAIN.*

*Hus.* Saw'st thou ?—For they are  
gone ! The world lies bare  
Before thee, to be tasted, felt and seen  
Like what it is, now Florence goes  
away !

Thou livest now, with men art man  
again !

Those Florentines were eyes to thee of  
old ;

But Braccio, but Domizia, gone is each :  
There lie beneath thee thine own  
multitudes.

Saw'st thou ?

*Lur.* I saw.

*Hus.* Then, hold thy course,  
my King !

The years return. Let thy heart have  
its way !

Ah, they would play with thee as with  
all else ?

Turn thee to use, and fashion thee anew,  
Find out God's fault in thee as in the  
rest ?

Oh, watch but, listen only to these men  
Once at their occupation ! Ere ye know,  
The free great heaven is shut, their  
stifling pall

Drops till it frets the very tingling hair,  
So weighs it on our head,—and, for the  
earth,

Our common earth is tethered up and  
down,

Over and across—'here shalt thou  
move,' they say !

*Lur.* Ay, Husain ?

*Hus.* So have they spoiled  
all beside !

So stands a man girt round with  
Florentines,

Priests, greybeards, Braccios, women,  
boys and spies,

All in one tale, each singing the same  
song,

How thou must house, and live at bed  
and board,

Take pledge and give it, go their every  
way,

Breathe to their measure, make thy  
blood beat time

With theirs—or, all is nothing—thou  
art lost—

A savage . . . how shouldst thou per-  
ceive as they ?

Feel glad to stand 'neath God's close  
naked hand !

Look up to it ! Why, down they pull  
thy neck,

Lest it crush thee, who feel'st it and  
wouldst kiss,

Without their priests that needs must  
glove it first,

Lest peradventure it offend thy lip !  
Love Woman ! Why, a very beast  
thou art !

Thou must . . .

*Lur.* Peace, Husain !

*Hus.* Ay, but, spoiling all,  
For all, else true things, substituting  
false,

That they should dare spoil, of all  
instincts, thine !

Should dare to take thee with thine  
instincts up,

Thy battle-ardours, like a ball of fire,  
And class them and allow them place  
and play

So far, no farther—unabashed the  
while !

Thou with the soul that never can take  
rest—

Thou born to do, undo, and do again,  
And never to be still,—wouldst thou  
make war ?

Oh, that is commendable, just and  
right !

‘Come over,’ say they, ‘have the  
honour due

In living out thy nature ! Fight thy  
best :

It is to be for Florence, not thyself !

For thee, it were a horror and a plague ;  
For us, when war is made for Florence,  
see,

How all is changed : the fire that fed  
on earth

Now towers to heaven !’—

*Lur.* And what sealed up so long  
My Husain’s mouth ?

*Hus.* Oh, friend, oh, lord—for me,  
What am I ?—I was silent at thy  
side,

Who am a part of thee. It is thy hand,  
Thy foot that glows when in the heart  
fresh blood

Boils up, thou heart of me ! Now, live  
again !

Again love as thou likest, hate as free !  
Turn to no Braccios nor Domizias now,  
To ask, before thy very limbs dare  
move,

If Florence’ welfare be concerned  
thereby !

*Lur.* So clear what Florence must  
expect of me ?

*Hus.* Both armies against Florence !  
Take revenge !

Wide, deep—to live upon, in feeling  
now,—

And after, in remembrance, year by  
year—

And, with the dear conviction, die at  
last !

She lies now at thy pleasure : pleasure  
have !

Their vaunted intellect that gilds our  
sense,

And blends with life, to show it better  
by,

—How think’st thou ?—I have turned  
that light on them !

They called our thirst of war a transient  
thing ;

‘The battle-element must pass away  
From life,’ they said, ‘and leave a  
tranquil world.’

—Master, I took their light and turned  
it full

On that dull turgid vein they said  
would burst

And pass away ; and as I looked on  
life,

Still everywhere I tracked this, though  
it hid

And shifted, lay so silent as it thought,  
Changed oft the hue yet ever was the  
same.

Why, ’twas all fighting, all their nobler  
life !

All work was fighting, every harm—  
defeat,

And every joy obtained—a victory !  
Be not their dupe !

—Their dupe ? That  
hour is past !

Here stand’st thou in the glory and the  
calm !

All is determined ! Silence for me now !  
[HUSAIN goes.]

*Lur.* Have I heard all ?

*Dom.* [advancing from the background.]

No, Luria, I remain !

Not from the motives these have urged  
on thee,

Ignoble, insufficient, incomplete,  
And pregnant each with sure seeds of  
decay,

As failing of sustainment from thyself,  
—Neither from low revenge, nor  
selfishness,

Nor savage lust of power, nor one, nor  
all,

Shalt thou abolish Florence ! I pro-  
claim

The angel in thee, and reject the  
sprites

Which ineffectual crowd about his  
strength,

And mingle with his work and claim a share !  
 Inconsciously to the augustest end  
 Thou hast arisen : second not in rank  
 So much as time, to him who first  
 ordained  
 That Florence, thou art to destroy,  
 should be.  
 Yet him a star, too, guided, who broke  
 first  
 The pride of lonely power, the life  
 apart,  
 And made the eminences, each to each,  
 Lean o'er the level world and let it lie  
 Safe from the thunder henceforth 'neath  
 their tops ;  
 So the few famous men of old com-  
 bined,  
 And let the multitude rise underneath,  
 And reach them, and unite—so Florence  
 grew :  
 Braccio speaks true, it was well worth  
 the price.  
 But when the sheltered many grew in  
 pride  
 And grudged the station of the elected  
 ones,  
 Who, greater than their kind, are truly  
 great  
 Only in voluntary servitude—  
 Time was for thee to rise, and thou art  
 here.  
 Such plague possessed this Florence :  
 who can tell  
 The mighty girth and greatness at the  
 heart  
 Of those so perfect pillars of the grove  
 She pulled down in her envy ? Who  
 as I,  
 The light weak parasite born but to  
 twine  
 Round each of them and, measuring  
 them, live ?  
 My light love keeps the matchless circle  
 safe,  
 My slender life proves what has pass'd  
 away.  
 I lived when they departed ; lived to  
 cling  
 To thee, the mighty stranger ; thou  
 wouldst rise  
 And burst the thralldom, and avenge, I  
 knew.

I have done nothing ; all was thy  
 strong heart.  
 But a bird's weight can break the  
 infant tree  
 Which after holds an aery in its arms,  
 And 'twas my care that nought should  
 warp thy spire  
 From rising to the height ; the roof is  
 reached :  
 Break through and there extends the  
 sky above !  
 Go on to Florence, Luria ! 'Tis man's  
 cause !  
 Fail thou, and thine own fall is least to  
 dread !  
 Thou keepest Florence in her evil way,  
 Encouragest her sin so much the more—  
 And while the bloody Past is justified,  
 Thou all the surelier dost the Future  
 wrong,  
 The chiefs to come, the Lurias yet  
 unborn,  
 That, greater than thyself, are reached  
 o'er thee  
 Who giv'st the vantage-ground their  
 foes require,  
 As o'er my prostrate House thyself  
 wast reached !  
 Man calls thee, God requites thee. All  
 is said,  
 The mission of my House fulfilled at  
 last :  
 And the mere woman, speaking for  
 herself,  
 Reserves speech—it is now no woman's  
 time.

[DOMIZIA goes.]

*Lur.* Thus at the last must figure  
 Luria, then !  
 Doing the various work of all his  
 friends,  
 And answering every purpose save his  
 own.  
 No doubt, 'tis well for them to wish ;  
 but him—  
 After the exploit what were left ?  
 Perchance  
 A little pride upon the swarthy brow,  
 At having brought successfully to bear  
 'Gainst Florence' self her own especial  
 arms,—  
 Her craftiness, impelled by fiercer  
 strength

From Moorish blood than feeds the  
northern wit—  
But after!—once the easy vengeance  
willed,  
Beautiful Florence at a word laid low  
—(Not in her Domes and Towers and  
Palaces,  
Not even in a dream, that outrage!)—  
low,  
As shamed in her own eyes henceforth  
for ever,  
Low, for the rival cities round to see,  
Conquered and pardoned by a hireling  
Moor!  
—For him, who did the irreparable  
wrong,  
What would be left, his life's illusion  
fled,—  
What hope or trust in the forlorn wide  
world?  
How strange that Florence should  
mistake me so!  
Whence grew this? What withdrew  
her faith from me?  
Some cause! These fretful-blooded  
children talk  
Against their mother, — they are  
wronged, they say—  
Notable wrongs her smile makes up  
again!  
So, taking fire at each supposed of-  
fence,  
They may speak rashly, suffer for their  
speech:  
But what could it have been in word or  
deed  
That injured me? Some one word  
spoken more  
Out of my heart, and all had changed  
perhaps!  
My fault, it must have been,—for,  
what gain they?  
Why risk the danger? See, what I  
could do!  
And my fault, wherefore visit upon  
them,  
My Florentines? The generous re-  
venge,  
I meditate! To stay here passively,  
Go at their summons, be as they dis-  
pose—  
Why, if my very soldiers keep their  
ranks,

And if I pacify my chiefs, what then?  
I ruin Florence, teach her friends  
mistrust,  
Confirm her enemies in harsh belief,  
And when she finds one day, as she  
must find,  
The strange mistake, and how my heart  
was hers,  
Shall it console me, that my Floren-  
tines  
Walk with a sadder step, a graver face,  
Who took me with such frankness,  
praised me so,  
At the glad outset? Had they loved  
me less,  
They had less feared what seemed a  
change in me.  
And after all, who did the harm? Not  
they!  
How could they interpose with those  
old fools  
In the council? Suffer for those old  
fools' sakes—  
They, who made pictures of me, sang  
the songs  
About my battles? Ah, we Moors get  
blind  
Out of our proper world where we can  
see!  
The sun that guides is closer to us!  
There—  
There, my own orb! He sinks from  
out the sky!  
Why, there! a whole day has he  
blessed the land,  
My land, our Florence all about the  
hills,  
The fields and gardens, vineyards,  
olive-grounds,  
All have been blest—and yet we  
Florentines  
With minds intent upon our battle here,  
Found that he rose too soon, or else too  
late,  
Gave us no vantage, or gave Pisa  
more—  
And so we wronged him! Does he  
turn in ire  
To burn the earth that cannot under-  
stand?  
Or drop out quietly, and leave the sky,  
His task once ended? Night wipes  
blame away.

Another morning from my East shall  
 spring  
 And find all eyes at leisure, more dis-  
 posed  
 To watch and understand its work, no  
 doubt.  
 So, praise the new sun, the successor  
 praise,  
 Praise the new Luria, and forget the old !  
*[Taking a phial from his breast.*  
 —Strange ! This is all I brought from  
 my own land  
 To help me : Europe would supply the  
 rest,  
 All needs beside, all other helps save  
 this !  
 I thought of adverse fortune, battles  
 lost,  
 The natural upbraidings of the loser,  
 And then this quiet remedy to seek  
 At end of the disastrous day—

*[He drinks.*  
 'Tis sought !

This was my happy triumph-morning :  
 Florence  
 Is saved : I drink this, and ere night,—  
 die !—Strange !

## ACT V

NIGHT.

LURIA and PUCCIO.

*Lur.* I thought to do this, not to talk  
 this : well,  
 Such were my projects for the city's  
 good,  
 To help her in attack or by defence.  
 Time, here as elsewhere, soon or late  
 may take  
 Our foresight by surprise thro' chance  
 and change ;  
 But not a little we provide against  
 —If you see clear on every point.

*Puc.* Most clear.

*Lur.* Then all is said—not much, if  
 you count words,  
 Yet for an understanding ear enough ;  
 And all that my brief stay permits,  
 beside.  
 Nor must you blame me, as I sought to  
 teach  
 My elder in command, or threw a doubt

Upon the very skill, it comforts me  
 To know I leave,—your steady soldier-  
 ship

Which never failed me : yet, because it  
 seemed

A stranger's eye might haply note  
 defect

That skill, through use and custom,  
 overlooks,

I have gone into the old cares once  
 more,

As if I had to come and save again  
 Florence—that May—that morning !

'Tis night now.

Well—I broke off with ? . . .

*Puc.* Of the past campaign  
 You spoke—of measures to be kept in  
 mind

For future use.

*Lur.* True, so . . . but, time—  
 no time !

As well end here : remember this, and  
 me !

Farewell now !

*Puc.* Dare I speak ?

*Lur.* —The South o' the river—  
 How is the second stream called . . . no,  
 —the third ?

*Puc.* Pesa.

*Lur.* And a stone's-cast from the  
 fording-place,

To the East,—the little mount's name ?  
*Puc.* Lupo.

*Lur.* Ay !

Ay—there the tower, and all that side  
 is safe !

With San Romano, West of Evola,

San Miniato, Scala, Empoli,

Five towers in all,—forget not !

*Puc.* Fear not me !

*Lur.* —Nor to memorialize the  
 Council now,

I' the easy hour, on those battalions'  
 claim

On the other side, by Staggia on the hills,  
 Who kept the Sienese at check !

*Puc.* One word—

Sir, I must speak ! That you submit  
 yourself

To Florence' bidding, howsoe'er it  
 prove,

And give up the command to me—is  
 much,

Too much, perhaps : but what you tell  
me now,  
Even will affect the other course you  
choose—

Poor as it may be, peril even that !  
Refuge you seek at Pisa : yet these  
plans

All militate for Florence, all conclude  
Your formidable work to make her  
queen

Of the country,—which her rivals rose  
against

When you began it,—which to in-  
terrupt,

Pisa would buy you off at any price !  
You cannot mean to sue for Pisa's help,  
With this made perfect and on record ?

*Lur.* I—  
At Pisa, and for refuge, do you say ?

*Puc.* Where are you going, then ?  
You must decide

On leaving us, a silent fugitive,  
Alone, at night—you, stealing through  
our lines,

Who were this morning's Luria,—you  
escape

To painfully begin the world once more,  
With such a Past, as it had never been !  
Where are you going ?

*Lur.* Not so far, my Puccio,  
But that I hope to hear, enjoy and  
praise

(If you mind praise from your old  
captain yet)

Each happy blow you strike for Flor-  
ence !

*Puc.* —Ay,  
But ere you gain your shelter, what  
may come ?

For see—though nothing's surely known  
as yet,

Still—truth must out—I apprehend the  
worst.

If mere suspicion stood for certainty  
Before, there's nothing can arrest the  
steps

Of Florence toward your ruin, once on  
foot.

Forgive her fifty times, it matters not !  
And having disbelieved your innocence,  
How can she trust your magnanimity ?  
You may do harm to her—why then,  
you will !

And Florence is sagacious in pursuit.  
Have you a friend to count on ?

*Lur.* One sure friend.

*Puc.* Potent ?

*Lur.* All-potent.

*Puc.* And he is apprised ?

*Lur.* He waits me.

*Puc.* So !—Then I, put  
in your place,

Making my profit of all done by you,  
Calling your labours mine, reaping their  
fruit,

To these, the State's gift, now add this  
of yours—

That I may take to my peculiar store  
All your instructions to do Florence good.

And if, by putting some few happily  
In practice, I should both advantage  
her

And draw down honour on myself,—  
what then ?

*Lur.* Do it, my Puccio ! I shall know  
and praise.

*Puc.* Though, so, men say, 'mark  
what we gain by change

—A Puccio for a Luria !'

*Lur.* Even so !

*Puc.* Then, not for fifty hundred  
Florences,

Would I accept one office save my own,  
Fill any other than my rightful post

Here at your feet, my Captain and my  
Lord !

That such a cloud should break, such  
trouble be,

Ere a man settle, soul and body, down  
Into his true place and take rest for  
ever !

Here were my wise eyes fixed on your  
right-hand,

And so the bad thoughts came and the  
worse words,

And all went wrong and painfully  
enough,—

No wonder,—till, the right spot stum-  
bled on,

All the jar stops, and there is peace at  
once !

I am yours now,—a tool your right-  
hand wields !

God's love, that I should live, the man  
I am,

On orders, warrants, patents and the like,



As if there were no glowing eye i' the world,  
To glance straight inspiration to my brain,  
No glorious heart to give mine twice the beats!

For, see—my doubt, where is it?—  
fear? 'tis flown!

And Florence and her anger are a tale  
To scare a child! Why, half-a-dozen words

Will tell her, spoken as I now can speak,

Her error, my past folly—and all's right,

And you are Luria, our great chief again!

Or at the worst—which worst were best of all—

To exile or to death I follow you!

*Lur.* Thanks, Puccio! Let me use the privilege

You grant me: if I still command you, —stay!

Remain here—my vicegerent, it shall be,

And not successor: let me, as of old, Still serve the State, my spirit prompting yours—

Still triumph, one for both. There! Leave me now!

You cannot disobey my first command?

Remember what I spoke of Jacopo,

And what you promised to concert with him!

Send him to speak with me—nay, no farewell—

You shall be by me when the sentence comes. [*Puccio goes.*]

So, there's one Florentine returns again!

Out of the genial morning-company,

One face is left to take into the night.

*Enter* JACOPO.

*Jac.* I wait for your commands, Sir.

*Lur.* What, so soon?

I thank your ready presence and fair word.

I used to notice you in early days

As of the other species, so to speak,

Those watchers of the lives of us who act—

That weigh our motives, scrutinize our thoughts.

So, I propound this to your faculty

As you would tell me, were a town to take

. . . That is, of old. I am departing hence

Under these imputations; that is nought—

I leave no friend on whom they may rebound,

Hardly a name behind me in the land,

Being a stranger: all the more behoves

That I regard how altered were the case

With natives of the country, Florentines,

On whom the like mischance should fall: the roots

O' the tree survive the ruin of the trunk—

No root of mine will throb—you understand.

But I had predecessors, Florentines, Accused as I am now, and punished so—

The Traversari: you know more than I How stigmatized they are, and lost in shame.

Now, Puccio, who succeeds me in command,

Both served them and succeeded, in due time;

He knows the way, holds proper documents,

And has the power to lay the simple truth

Before an active spirit, as I know yours:

And also there's Tiburzio, my new friend,

Will, at a word, confirm such evidence,

He being the chivalric soul we know.

I put it to your instinct—were't not well,

—A grace, though but for contrast's sake, no more,—

If you who witness, and have borne a share

Involuntarily, in my mischance, Should, of your proper motion, set

your skill

To indicate—that is, investigate

The reason or the wrong of what befell

Those famous citizens, your countrymen?

Nay, you shall promise nothing : but reflect,  
And if your sense of justice prompt you—good !

*Jac.* And if, the trial past, their fame stand clear

To all men's eyes, as yours, my Lord, to mine—

Their ghosts may sleep in quiet satisfied !

For me, a straw thrown up into the air,  
My testimony goes for a straw's worth.  
I used to hold by the instructed brain,

And move with Braccio as the master-wind ;

The heart leads surelier : I must move with you—

As greatest now, who ever were the best.  
So, let the last and humblest of your servants

Accept your charge, as Braccio's heretofore,

And offer homage, by obeying you !

[*JACOPO goes.*]

*Lur.* Another !—Luria goes not poorly forth !

If we could wait ! The only fault's with time :

All men become good creatures—but so slow !

*Enter DOMIZIA.*

*Lur.* Ah, you once more ?

*Dom.* Domizia, that you knew,  
Performed her task, and died with it.  
'Tis I,

Another woman, you have never known.  
Let the Past sleep now.

*Lur.* I have done with it.

*Dom.* How inexhaustibly the spirit grows !

One object, she seemed erewhile born to reach

With her whole energies and die content,—

So like a wall at the world's end it stood,

With nought beyond to live for,—is it reached ?

Already are new undreamed energies  
Outgrowing under, and extending further

To a new object ;—there's another world !

See ! I have told the purpose of my life :  
'Tis gained—you are decided, well or ill—

You march on Florence, or submit to her—

My work is done with you, your brow declares.

But—leave you ? More of you seems yet to reach !

I stay for what I just begin to see.

*Lur.* So that you turn not to the Past !

*Dom.* You trace

Nothing but ill in it—my selfish impulse,

Which sought its ends and disregarded yours ?

*Lur.* Speak not against your nature : best, each keep

His own—you, yours—most, now, when I keep mine,

—At least, fall by it, having too weakly stood.

God's finger marks distinctions, all so fine,

We would confound : the lesser has its use,

Which, when it apes the greater, is foregone.

I, born a Moor, lived half a Florentine ;  
But, punished properly, can end, a Moor.

Beside, there is what makes me understand

Your nature : I have seen it.

*Dom.* Aught like mine ?

*Lur.* In my own East . . . if you would stoop and help

My barbarous illustration ! it sounds ill—

Yet there's no wrong at bottom—rather, praise.

*Dom.* Well ?

*Lur.* We have creatures there, which if you saw

The first time, you would doubtless marvel at,

For their surpassing beauty, craft, and strength.

And though it were a lively moment's shock

Wherein you found the purpose of  
those tongues

That seemed innocuous in their lambent  
play,

Yet, once made know such grace re-  
quires such guard,

Your reason soon would acquiesce, I  
think,

In the wisdom which made all things  
for the best—

So, take them, good with ill, con-  
tentedly,

The prominent beauty with the secret  
sting.

I am glad to have seen you wondrous  
Florentines :

Yet . . .

*Dom.* I am here to listen.

*Lur.* My own East !

How nearer God we were ! He glows  
above

With scarce an intervention, presses close  
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours !

We feel Him, nor by painful reason  
know !

The everlasting minute of creation  
Is felt there ; Now it is, as it was

Then ;

All changes at His instantaneous will,  
Not by the operation of a law

Whose maker is elsewhere at other  
work !

His hand is still engaged upon His  
world—

Man's praise can forward it, Man's  
prayer suspend,

For is not God all-mighty ?—To recast  
The world, erase old things and make

them new,

What costs it Him ? So, man breathes  
nobly there !

And inasmuch as Feeling, the East's  
gift,

Is quick and transient—comes, and lo,  
is gone—

While Northern Thought is slow and  
durable,

Surely a mission was reserved for me,  
Who, born with a perception of the power

And use of the North's thought for us  
of the East,

Should have stayed there and turned it  
to account,

Giving Thought's character and per-  
manence

To the too-transitory Feeling there—  
Writing God's messages in mortal

words !

Instead of which, I leave my fated field  
For this where such a task is needed

least,

Where all are born consummate in the art  
I just perceive a chance of making

mine,—

And then, deserting thus my early post,  
I wonder that the men I come among

Mistake me ! There, how all had  
understood,

Still brought fresh stuff for me to stamp  
and keep,

Fresh instinct to translate them into  
law !

Me, who . . .

*Dom.* Who here the greater task  
achieve,

More needful even : who have brought  
fresh stuff

For us to mould, interpret and prove  
right,—

New feelings fresh from God, which,  
could we know

O' the instant, where had been our need  
of them ?

—Whose life re-teaches us what life  
should be,

What faith is, loyalty and simpleness,  
All, their revelation taught us so long

since

That, having mere tradition of the  
fact,—

Truth copied falteringly from copies  
faint,

The early traits all dropped away,—we  
said

On sight of faith like yours, 'so looks  
not faith

We understand, described and taught  
before.'

But still, the truth was shown ; and  
though at first

It suffer from our haste, yet trace by  
trace

Old memories reappear, the likeness  
grows,

Our slow Thought does its work, and  
all's re-known.

Oh, noble Luria! what you have decreed

I see not, but no animal revenge,  
No brute-like punishment of bad by worse—

It cannot be, the gross and vulgar way  
Traced for me by convention and mistake,

Has gained that calm approving eye  
and brow!

Spare Florence, after all! Let Luria trust  
To his own soul, and I will trust to him!

*Lur.* In time!

*Dom.* How, Luria?

*Lur.* It is midnight now,

And they arrive from Florence with my fate.

*Dom.* I hear no step.

*Lur.* I feel it, as you say.

*Enter HUSAIN.*

*Hus.* The man returned from Florence!

*Lur.* As I knew.

*Hus.* He seeks thee.

*Lur.* And I only wait for him.

Aught else?

*Hus.* A movement of the Lucchese troops

Southward—

*Lur.* Toward Florence? Have out instantly...

Ah, old use clings! Puccio must care henceforth!

In—quick—'tis nearly midnight! Bid him come!

*Enter TIBURZIO, BRACCIO, and PUCCIO.*

*Lur.* Tiburzio?—not at Pisa?

*Tib.* I return  
From Florence: I serve Pisa, and must think

By such procedure I have served her best.  
A people is but the attempt of many  
To rise to the completer life of one;  
And those who live as models for the mass

Are singly of more value than they all.  
Such man are you, and such a time is this  
That your sole fate concerns a nation more

Than its apparent welfare; and to prove

Your rectitude, and duly crown the same,

Imports it far beyond the day's event,  
Its battle's loss or gain: the mass remains,—

Keep but the model safe, new men will rise

To study it, and other days to prove  
How great a good was Luria's having lived.

I might go try my fortune as you bade,  
And joining Lucca, helped by your disgrace,

Repair our harm—so were to-day's work done;

But where find Luria for our sons to see?

No, I look farther. I have testified  
(Declaring my submission to your arms)  
Her full success to Florence, making clear  
Your probity, as none else could: I spoke—

And it shone clearly!

*Lur.* Ah—till Braccio spoke!

*Brac.* Till Braccio told in just a word the whole—

His old great error, and return to knowledge:

Which told . . . Nay, Luria, I should droop the head,

I, whom shame rests with! yet I dare look up,

Sure of your pardon when I sue for it,  
Knowing you wholly—so, let midnight end!

Sunrise approaches! Still you answer not?

The shadow of the night is past away;  
Our circling faces here 'mid which it grew  
Are all that felt it: they close round you now

To witness its completest vanishing.  
Speak, Luria! Here begins your true career:

Look up to it! All now is possible,  
The glory and the grandeur of each dream:

And every prophecy shall be fulfilled  
Save one—(nay, now your word must come at last)

—That you would punish Florence!

*Hus.* [pointing to LURIA'S dead body.]  
That is done.

# A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

1846

PART FIRST, BEING WHAT WAS CALLED THE POETRY  
OF CHIAPPINO'S LIFE: AND PART SECOND, ITS PROSE

## PART I

*Inside LUITOLFO'S house at Faenza.*

CHIAPPINO, EULALIA.

*Eu.* What is it keeps Luitolfo?  
Night's fast falling,

And 'twas scarce sunset . . . had the  
Ave-bell

Sounded before he sought the Provost's  
House?

I think not: all he had to say would  
take

Few minutes, such a very few, to say!  
How do you think, Chiappino? If our  
lord

The Provost were less friendly to your  
friend

Than everybody here professes him,  
I should begin to tremble—should not  
you?

Why are you silent when so many times  
I turn and speak to you?

*Ch.* That's good!

*Eu.* You laugh?

*Ch.* Yes. I had fancied nothing that  
bears price

In the whole world was left to call my  
own;

And, may be, felt a little pride thereat.  
Up to a single man's or woman's love,  
Down to the right in my own flesh and  
blood,

There's nothing mine, I fancied,—till  
you spoke!

—Counting, you see, as 'nothing' the  
permission

To study this peculiar lot of mine  
In silence: well, go silence with the  
rest

Of the world's good! What can I say,  
shall serve?

*Eu.* This,—lest you, even more than  
needs, embitter

Our parting: say your wrongs have  
cast, for once,

A cloud across your spirit!

*Ch.* How a cloud?

*Eu.* No man nor woman loves you,  
did you say?

*Ch.* My God, were 't not for Thee!

*Eu.* Ay, God remains,

Even did men forsake you.

*Ch.* Oh, not so!

Were 't not for God, I mean, what hope  
of truth—

Speaking truth, hearing truth, would  
stay with man?

I, now—the homeless, friendless, penni-  
less,

Proscribed and exiled wretch who speak  
to you,—

Ought to speak truth, yet could not, for  
my death,

(The thing that tempts me most) help  
speaking lies

About your friendship, and Luitolfo's  
courage,

And all our townsfolk's equanimity,—  
Through sheer incompetence to rid  
myself

Of the old miserable lying trick

Caught from the liars I have lived with,  
—God,

Did I not turn to Thee! it is Thy  
prompting

I dare to be ashamed of, and Thy  
counsel

Would die along my coward lip, I  
know—

But I do turn to Thee! This craven  
tongue,

These features which refuse the soul its  
way,

Reclaim Thou! Give me truth—  
truth, power to speak

—And after be sole present to approve

The spoken truth!—or, stay, that  
spoken truth,  
Who knows but you, too, might  
approve?

*Eu.* Ah, well—  
Keep silence, then, Chiappino!

*Ch.* You would hear,  
And shall now,—why the thing we're  
pleased to style  
My gratitude to you and all your  
friends

For service done me, is just gratitude  
So much as yours was service—and no  
more.

I was born here, so was Luitolfo,—both  
At one time, much with the same  
circumstance

Of rank and wealth; and both, up to  
this night

Of parting company, have side by side  
Still fared, he in the sunshine—I, the  
shadow.

'Why?' asks the world: 'Because,'  
replies the world

To its complacent self, 'these play-  
fellows,

Who took at church the holy-water  
drop

One from the other's finger, and so  
forth,—

Were of two moods: Luitolfo was the  
proper

Friend-making, everywhere friend-find-  
ing soul,

Fit for the sunshine, so, it followed him.

A happy-tempered bringer of the best  
Out of the worst; who bears with  
what's past cure,

And puts so good a face on 't—wisely  
passive

Where action's fruitless, while he  
remedies

In silence what the foolish rail against;

A man to smoothe such natures as  
parade

Of opposition must exasperate—

No general gauntlet-gatherer for the  
weak

Against the strong, yet over-scrupulous  
At lucky junctures; one who won't  
forego

The after-battle work of binding  
wounds,

Because, forsooth, he'd have to bring  
himself

To side with wound-inflictors for their  
leave!'

—Why do you gaze, nor help me to  
repeat

What comes so glibly from the common  
mouth,

About Luitolfo and his so-styled friend?

*Eu.* Because, that friend's sense is  
obscured...

*Ch.* I thought  
You would be readier with the other  
half

Of the world's story,—my half!—Yet,  
'tis true,

For all the world does say it! Say  
your worst!

True, I thank God, I ever said 'you  
sin,'

When a man did sin: if I could not  
say it,

I glared it at him,—if I could not glare  
it,

I prayed against him,—then my part  
seemed over;

God's may begin yet—so it will, I trust!

*Eu.* If the world outraged you, did  
we?

*Ch.* What's 'me'  
That you use well or ill? It's Man, in  
me,

All your successes are an outrage to,  
You all, whom sunshine follows, as you  
say!

Here's our Faenza birthplace; they  
send here

A Provost from Ravenna: how he  
rules,

You can at times be eloquent about.

'Then, end his rule!'—'Ah yes, one  
stroke does that!

But patience under wrong works slow  
and sure.

Must violence still bring peace forth?  
He, beside,

Returns so blandly one's obeisance!  
ah—

Some latent virtue may be lingering yet,  
Some human sympathy which, once  
excite,

And all the lump were leavened  
quietly—



So, no more talk of striking, for this time !'

But I, as one of those he rules, won't bear

These pretty takings-up and layings-down

Our cause, just as you think occasion suits !

Enough of earnest, is there ? You'll play, will you ?

Diversify your tactics,—give submission,

Obsequiousness and flattery a turn,

While we die in our misery patient deaths ?

We all are outraged then, and I the first !

I, for mankind, resent each shrug and smirk,

Each beck and bend, each . . . all you do and are,

I hate !

*Eu.* We share a common censure, then.

'Tis well you have not poor Luitolfo's part

Nor mine to point out in the wide offence.

*Ch.* Oh, shall I let you so escape me, Lady ?

Come, on your own ground, Lady,—from yourself,

(Leaving the people's wrong, which most is mine,)

What have I got to be so grateful for ?

These three last fines, no doubt, one on the other

Paid by Luitolfo ?

*Eu.* Shame, Chiappino !

*Ch.* Shame

Presently on who deserves it most !

—Which is to see. He paid my fines—my friend,

Your prosperous smooth lover presently,

Then, scarce your wooer,—soon, your husband : well—

I loved you.

*Eu.* Hold !

*Ch.* You knew it, years ago.

When my voice faltered and my eyes grew dim

Because you gave me your silk mask to hold—

My voice that greatens when there's need to curse

The People's Provost to their heart's content,

—My eyes, the Provost, who bears all men's eyes,

Banishes now because he cannot bear,—

You knew . . . but you do your parts—my part, I :

So be it ! you flourish—I decay. All's well !

*Eu.* I hear this for the first time.

*Ch.* The fault's there ?

Then, my days spoke not, and my nights of fire

Were voiceless ? Then, the very heart may burst

Yet all prove nought, because no mincing speech

Tells leisurely that thus it is and thus ?

Eulalia ! truce with toying for this once !

A banished fool, who troubles you to-night

For the last time—why, what's to fear from me ?

You knew I loved you !

*Eu.* Not so, on my faith !

You were my now-affianced lover's friend—

Came in, went out with him, could speak as he.

All praise your ready parts and pregnant wit ;

See how your words come from you in a crowd !

Luitolfo's first to place you o'er himself

In all that challenges respect and love : Yet you were silent then, who blame me now.

I say all this by fascination, sure—

I am all but wed to one I love, yet listen !

It must be, you are wronged, and that the wrongs

Luitolfo pities . . .

*Ch.* —You too pity ? Do !

But hear first what my wrongs are ; so began

This talk and so shall end this talk. I say,

Was 't not enough that I must strive (I saw)

To grow so far familiar with your charms

As next contrive some way to win them—  
—which

To do, an age seemed far too little—for, see!

We all aspire to Heaven—and there is Heaven

Above us—go there! Dare we go? no, surely!

How dare we go without a reverent pause,

A growing less unfit for Heaven?—Even so,

I dared not speak: the greater fool, it seems!

Was't not enough to struggle with such folly,

But I must have, beside, the very man  
Whose slight, free, loose and incapacious soul

Gave his tongue scope to say whate'er he would

—Must have him load me with his benefits

For fortune's fiercest stroke?

*Eu.* Justice to him  
That's now entreating, at his risk perhaps,

Justice for you! Did he once call those acts

Of simple friendship—bounties, benefits?

*Ch.* No—the straight course had been to call them so—

Then, I had flung them back, and kept myself

Unhampered, free as he to win the prize

We both sought—but 'the gold was dross,' he said,

'He loved me, and I loved him not—to spurn

A trifle out of superfluity:

He had forgotten he had done as much.

So had not I!—Henceforth, try as I could

To take him at his word, there stood by you

My benefactor—who might speak and laugh

And urge his nothings—even banter me

Before you—but my tongue was tied.  
A dream!

Let's wake: your husband . . . how you shake at that!

Good—my revenge!  
*Eu.* Why should I shake?

What forced,  
Or forces me to be Luitolfo's bride?

*Ch.* There's my revenge, that nothing forces you.

No gratitude, no liking of the eye  
Nor longing of the heart, but the poor bond

Of habit—here so many times he came,  
So much he spoke,—all these compose the tie

That pulls you from me. Well, he paid my fines,

Nor missed a cloak from wardrobe, dish from table—

—He spoke a good word to the Provost here—

Held me up when my fortunes fell away  
—It had not looked so well to let me drop—

Men take pains to preserve a tree-stump, even,

Whose boughs they played beneath—much more a friend.

But one grows tired of seeing, after the first,

Pains spent upon impracticable stuff  
Like me: I could not change—you know the rest.

I've spoke my mind too fully out, for once,

This morning to our Provost; so, ere night

I leave the city on pain of death: and now

On my account there's gallant intercession

Goes forward—that's so graceful!—and anon

He'll noisily come back: 'the intercession

Was made and fails—all's over for us both—

'Tis vain contending—I would better go.'

And I do go—and so, to you he turns  
Light of a load; and ease of that permits

His visage to repair its natural bland  
Oeconomy, sore broken late to suit  
My discontent. Thus, all are pleased—  
you, with him,

He with himself, and all of you with me  
—Who, say the citizens, had done far  
better

In letting people sleep upon their woes,  
If not possessed with talent to relieve  
them

When once they woke;—but then I  
had, they'll say,

Doubtless some unknown compensating  
pride

In what I did; and as I seem content  
With ruining myself, why, so should  
they be:

And so they are, and so be with his  
prize

The devil, when he gets them speedily!  
Why does not your Luitolfo come?

I long

To don this cloak and take the Lugo  
path.

It seems you never loved me, then?

*Eu.* Chiappino!

*Ch.* Never?

*Eu.* Never.

*Ch.* That's sad: say what I might,  
There was no helping being sure this  
while

You loved me—love like mine must  
have return,

I thought—no river starts but to some  
sea.

And had you loved me, I could soon  
devise

Some specious reason why you stifled  
love,

Some fancied self-denial on your part,  
Which made you choose Luitolfo; so,  
excepting

From the wide condemnation of all  
here,

One woman. Well, the other dream  
may break!

If I knew any heart, as mine loved you,  
Loved me, tho' in the vilest breast  
'twere lodged,

I should, I think, be forced to love  
again:

Else there's no right nor reason in the  
world.

*Eu.* 'If you knew,' say you,—but I  
did not know:

That's where you're blind, Chiappino!  
—a disease

Which if I may remove, I'll not repent  
The listening to. You cannot, will not,  
see

How, place you but in every circum-  
stance

Of us, you are just now indignant at,  
You'd be as we.

*Ch.* I should be? . . . that, again!  
I, to my Friend, my Country and my  
Love,

Be as Luitolfo and these Faentines?

*Eu.* As we.

*Ch.* Now, I'll say something to  
remember!

I trust in nature for the stable laws  
Of beauty and utility—Spring shall  
plant,

And Autumn garner to the end of  
time:

I trust in God—the right shall be the  
right

And other than the wrong, while He  
endures:

I trust in my own soul, that can per-  
ceive

The outward and the inward, nature's  
good

And God's: so, seeing these men and  
myself,

Having a right to speak, thus do I  
speak.—

I'll not curse . . . God bears with them  
—well may I—

But I—protest against their claiming  
me.

I simply say, if that's allowable,  
I would not . . . broadly . . . do as they  
have done.

—God curse this townful of born  
slaves, bred slaves,

Branded into the blood and bone,  
slaves! Curse

Whoever loved, above his liberty,  
House, land or life! and . . .

[A knocking without.

—bless my hero-friend,

Luitolfo!

*Eu.* How he knocks!

*Ch.* The peril, Lady!

'Chiappino, I have run a risk! My God!  
 How when I prayed the Provost—  
 (he's my friend)—  
 To grant you a week's respite of his  
 sentence  
 That confiscates your goods, and  
 exiles you,  
 He shrugged his shoulder—I say,  
 shrugged it! Yes,  
 And fright of that drove all else from  
 my head.  
 Here's a good purse of *scudi*—off with  
 you!  
 Lest of that shrug come what God only  
 knows!  
 The *scudi*—friend, they're trash—no  
 thanks, I beg!  
 Take the north gate,—for San Vitale's  
 suburb  
 Whose double taxes you appealed  
 against,  
 In discomposure at your ill-success  
 Is apt to stone you: there, there—only  
 go!  
 Beside, Eulalia here looks sleepily.  
 Shake . . . oh, you hurt me, so you  
 squeeze my wrist!  
 —Is it not thus you'll speak, adven-  
 turous friend?  
*[As he opens the door, LUITOLFO  
 rushes in, his garments dis-  
 ordered.]*  
*Eu.* Luitolfo! Blood?  
*Luit.* There's more—  
 and more of it!  
 Eulalia—take the garment . . . no . . .  
 you, friend!  
 You take it and the blood from me—  
 you dare!  
*Eu.* Oh, who has hurt you? where's  
 the wound?  
*Ch.* 'Who,' say you?  
 The man with many a touch of virtue  
 yet!  
 The Provost's friend has proved too  
 frank of speech,  
 And this comes of it. Miserable bound!  
 This comes of temporizing, as I said!  
 Here's fruit of your smooth speeches  
 and fair looks!  
 Now see my way! As God lives, I go  
 straight  
 To the palace and do justice, once for all!

*Luit.* What says he?  
*Ch.* I'll do justice on him.  
*Luit.* Him?  
*Ch.* The Provost.  
*Luit.* I've just killed him.  
*Eu.* Oh, my God!  
*Luit.* My friend, they're on my trace  
 —they'll have me—now!  
 They're round him, busy with him:  
 soon they'll find  
 He's past their help, and then they'll  
 be on me!  
 Chiappino! save Eulalia . . . I forget . . .  
 Were you not bound . . . for . . .  
*Ch.* Lugo!  
*Luit.* Ah—yes—yes—  
 That was the point I prayed of him to  
 change.  
 Well—go—be happy . . . is Eulalia safe?  
 They're on me!  
*Ch.* 'Tis through me they  
 reach you, then!  
 Friend, seem the man you are! Lock  
 arms—that's right.  
 Now tell me what you've done; explain  
 how you  
 That still professed forbearance, still  
 preached peace,  
 Could bring yourself . . .  
*Luit.* What was peace  
 for, Chiappino?  
 I tried peace—did that promise, when  
 peace failed,  
 Strife should not follow? All my  
 peaceful days  
 Were just the prelude to a day like this.  
 I cried 'You call me "friend"—save  
 my true friend!  
 Save him, or lose me!'  
*Ch.* But you never said  
 You meant to tell the Provost thus  
 and thus!  
*Luit.* Why should I say it? What  
 else did I mean?  
*Ch.* Well? He persisted?  
*Luit.* 'Would so order it  
 You should not trouble him too soon  
 again.'  
 I saw a meaning in his eye and lip;  
 I poured my heart's store of indignant  
 words  
 Out on him: then—I know not! He  
 retorted,

And I . . . some staff lay there to hand  
—I think

He bade his servants thrust me out—I  
struck . . .

Ah, they come! Fly you, save your-  
selves, you two!

The dead back-weight of the beheading  
axe!

The glowing trip-hook, thumbscrews  
and the gadge!

*Eu.* They do come! Torches in the  
Place! Farewell,

Chiappino! You can work no good to  
us—

Much to yourself; believe not, all the  
world

Must needs be cursed henceforth!

*Ch.* And you?

*Eu.* I stay.

*Ch.* Ha, ha! Now, listen! I am  
master here!

This was my coarse disguise; this  
paper shows

My path of flight and place of refuge—  
see—

Lugo—Argenta—past San Nicolo—

Ferrara, then to Venice and all's safe!  
Put on the cloak! His people have to  
fetch

A compass round about. There's time  
enough

Ere they can reach us—so you straight-  
way make

For Lugo . . . Nay, he hears not! On  
with it—

The cloak, Luitolfo, do you hear me?  
See—

He obeys he knows not how. Then, if  
I must . . .

Answer me! Do you know the Lugo  
gate?

*Eu.* The north-west gate, over the  
bridge!

*Luit.* I know!

*Ch.* Well, there—you are not fright-  
ened? all my route

Is traced in that: at Venice you'll  
escape

Their power. Eulalia, I am master  
here!

[*Shouts from without. He pushes  
out LUITOLFO, who complies  
mechanically.*

In time! nay, help me with him—So!  
—he's gone.

*Eu.* What have you done? On you,  
perchance, all know

The Provost's hater, will men's ven-  
geance fall

As our accomplice.

*Ch.* Mere accomplice? See!  
[*Putting on LUITOLFO's vest.*

Now, Lady, am I true to my profession,  
Or one of these?

*Eu.* You take Luitolfo's place?

*Ch.* Die for him.

*Eu.* Well done!

[*Shouts increase.*

*Ch.* How the people tarry!

I can't be silent . . . I must speak . . . or  
sing—

How natural to sing now!

*Eu.* Hush and pray!

We are to die; but even I perceive  
'Tis not a very hard thing so to die.

My cousin of the pale-blue tearful  
eyes,

Poor Cesca, suffers more from one day's  
life

With the stern husband; Tisbe's heart  
goes forth

Each evening after that wild son of hers,  
To track his thoughtless footstep  
through the streets:

How easy for them both to die like  
this!

I am not sure that I could live as  
they.

*Ch.* Here they come, crowds! They  
pass the gate? Yes!—No!—

One torch is in the court-yard. Here  
flock all.

*Eu.* At least Luitolfo has escaped.  
What cries!

*Ch.* If they would drag one to the  
market-place,

One might speak there!

*Eu.* List, list!

*Ch.* They mount the steps.

*Enter the Populace.*

*Ch.* I killed the Provost!

[*The populace speaking together.*] 'Twas  
Chiappino, friends!

Our saviour.—The best man at last as  
first!



He who first made us see what chains  
we wore,

He also strikes the blow that shatters  
them,

He at last saves us—our best citizen !  
—Oh, have you only courage to speak  
now ?

My eldest son was christened a year  
since

'Cino' to keep Chiappino's name in  
mind—

Cino, for shortness merely, you observe !  
The city's in our hands.—The guards  
are fled ;

Do you, the cause of all, come down—  
come down—

Come forth to counsel us, our chief, our  
king,

Whate'er rewards you ! Choose your  
own reward !

The peril over, its reward begins !

Come and harangue us in the market-  
place !

*Eu.* Chiappino !

*Ch.* Yes . . . I understand  
your eyes !

You think I should have promptlier  
disowned

This deed with its strange unforeseen  
success,

In favour of Luitolfo—but the peril,  
So far from ended, hardly seems begun.

To-morrow, rather, when a calm  
succeeds,

We easily shall make him full amends :  
And meantime . . . if we save them as

they pray,

And justify the deed by its effects ?

*Eu.* You would, for worlds, you had  
denied at once.

*Ch.* I know my own intention, be  
assured !

All's well ! Precede us, fellow-citizens !

## PART II

*The Market-place.* LUITOLFO in disguise mingling with the Populace assembled opposite the Provost's Palace.

*First Bystander (To LUIT.)* You, a friend of Luitolfo's ? Then, your friend is vanished,—in all probability killed

on the night that his patron the tyrannical Provost was loyally suppressed here, exactly a month ago, by our illustrious fellow-citizen, thrice-noble saviour, and new Provost that is like to be, this very morning,—Chiappino !

*Luit.* He the new Provost ?

*Second Bys.* Up those steps will he go, and beneath yonder pillar stand, while Ogniben, the Pope's Legate from Ravenna, reads the new dignitary's title to the people, according to established usage : for which reason, there is the assemblage you inquire about.

*Luit.* Chiappino—the old Provost's successor ? Impossible ! But tell me of that presently. What I would know first of all is, wherefore Luitolfo must so necessarily have been killed on that memorable night ?

*Third Bys.* You were Luitolfo's friend ? So was I. Never, if you will credit me, did there exist so poor-spirited a milk-sop ! He, with all the opportunities in the world, furnished by daily converse with our oppressor, would not stir a finger to help us : and, when Chiappino rose in solitary majesty and . . . how does one go on saying ? . . . dealt the godlike blow,—this Luitolfo, not unreasonably fearing the indignation of an aroused and liberated people, fled precipitately. He may have got trodden to death in the press at the south-east gate, when the Provost's guards fled through it to Ravenna, with their wounded master,—if he did not rather hang himself under some hedge.

*Luit.* Or why not simply have lain perdue in some quiet corner,—such as San Cassiano, where his estate was,—receiving daily intelligence from some sure friend, meanwhile, as to the turn matters were taking here—how, for instance, the Provost was not dead after all, only wounded—or, as to-day's news would seem to prove, how Chiappino was not Brutus the Elder, after all, only the new Provost—and thus Luitolfo be enabled to watch a favourable opportunity for returning—might it not have been so ?



*Third Bys.* Why, he may have taken that care of himself, certainly, for he came of a cautious stock. I'll tell you how his uncle, just such another gingerly treader on tiptoes with finger on lip,—how he met his death in the great plague-year: *dico vobis!* Hearing that the seventeenth house in a certain street was infected, he calculates to pass it in safety by taking plentiful breath, say, when he shall arrive at the eleventh house; then scouring by, holding that breath, till he be got so far on the other side as number twenty-three, and thus elude the danger.—And so did he begin; but, as he arrived at thirteen, we will say,—thinking to improve on his precaution by putting up a little prayer to St. Nepomucene of Prague, this exhausted so much of his lungs' reserve, that at sixteen it was clean spent,—consequently at the fatal seventeen he inhaled with a vigour and persistence enough to suck you any latent venom out of the heart of a stone—Ha, ha!

*Luit.* [*Aside.*] (If I had not lent that man the money he wanted last spring, I should fear this bitterness was attributable to me.) Luitolfo is dead then, one may conclude?

*Third Bys.* Why, he had a house here, and a woman to whom he was affianced; and as they both pass naturally to the new Provost, his friend and heir...

*Luit.* Ah, I suspected you of imposing on me with your pleasantry! I know Chiappino better.

*First Bys.* (Our friend has the bile! after all, I do not dislike finding somebody vary a little this general gape of admiration at Chiappino's glorious qualities.) Pray, how much may you know of what has taken place in Faenza since that memorable night?

*Luit.* It is most to the purpose, that I know Chiappino to have been by profession a hater of that very office of Provost, you now charge him with proposing to accept.

*First Bys.* Sir, I'll tell you. That night was indeed memorable; up we

rose, a mass of us, men, women, children—out fled the guards with the body of the tyrant—we were to defy the world: but, next grey morning, 'What will Rome say?' began everybody—(you know we are governed by Ravenna, which is governed by Rome). And quietly into the town, by the Ravenna road, comes on muleback a portly personage, Ogniben by name, with the quality of Pontifical Legate—trots briskly through the streets humming a '*Cur fremuère gentes,*' and makes directly for the Provost's Palace—there it faces you. 'One Messer Chiappino is your leader? I have known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts!' (laughing gently to himself)—'Give me the help of your arm from my mule to yonder steps under the pillar—So! And now, my revolters and good friends, what do you want? The guards burst into Ravenna last night bearing your wounded Provost—and, having had a little talk with him, I take on myself to come and try appease the disorderliness, before Rome, hearing of it, resort to another method: 'tis I come, and not another, from a certain love I confess to, of composing differences. So, do you understand, you are about to experience this unheard-of tyranny from me, that there shall be no heading nor hanging, no confiscation nor exile,—I insist on your simply pleasing yourselves,—and now, pray, what does please you? To live without any government at all? Or having decided for one, to see its minister murdered by the first of your body that chooses to find himself wronged, or disposed for reverting to first principles and a justice anterior to all institutions,—and so will you carry matters, that the rest of the world must at length unite and put down such a den of wild beasts? As for vengeance on what has just taken place,—once for all, the wounded man assures me he cannot conjecture who struck him—and this so earnestly, that one may be sure he knows perfectly well what intimate acquaintance could find

admission to speak with him late last evening. I come not for vengeance therefore, but from pure curiosity to hear what you will do next.'—And thus he ran on, easily and volubly, till he seemed to arrive quite naturally at the praise of law, order, and paternal government by somebody from rather a distance. All our citizens were in the snare, and about to be friends with so congenial an adviser; but that Chiappino suddenly stood forth, spoke out indignantly, and set things right again.

*Luit.* Do you see? I recognize him there!

*Third Bys.* Ay, but mark you, at the end of Chiappino's longest period in praise of a pure republic,—‘And by whom do I desire such a government should be administered, perhaps, but by one like yourself?’—returns the Legate: thereupon speaking for a quarter of an hour together, on the natural and only legitimate government by the best and wisest. And it should seem there was soon discovered to be no such vast discrepancy at bottom between this and Chiappino's theory, place but each in its proper light. ‘Oh, are you there?’ quoth Chiappino:—‘In that, I agree,’ returns Chiappino, and so on.

*Luit.* But did Chiappino cede at once to this?

*First Bys.* Why, not altogether at once. For instance, he said that the difference between him and all his fellows was, that they seemed all wishing to be kings in one or another way,—‘whereas what right,’ asked he, ‘has any man to wish to be superior to another?’—whereat, ‘Ah, Sir,’ answers the Legate, ‘this is the death of me, so often as I expect something is really going to be revealed to us by you clearer-seers, deeper-thinkers—this—that your right hand (to speak by a figure) should be found taking up the weapon it displayed so ostentatiously, not to destroy any dragon in our path, as was prophesied, but simply to cut off its own fellow left-hand: yourself

set about attacking yourself—for see now! Here are you who, I make sure, glory exceedingly in knowing the noble nature of the soul, its divine impulses, and so forth; and with such a knowledge you stand, as it were, armed to encounter the natural doubts and fears as to that same inherent nobility, that are apt to waylay us, the weaker ones, in the road of life. And when we look eagerly to see them fall before you, lo, round you wheel, only the left hand gets the blow; one proof of the soul's nobility destroys simply another proof, quite as good, of the same,—you are found delivering an opinion like this! Why, what is this perpetual yearning to exceed, to subdue, to be better than, and a king over, one's fellows,—all that you so disclaim,—but the very tendency yourself are most proud of, and under another form, would oppose to it,—only in a lower stage of manifestation? You don't want to be vulgarly superior to your fellows after their poor fashion—to have me hold solemnly up your gown's tail, or hand you an express of the last importance from the Pope, with all these bystanders noticing how unconcerned you look the while: but neither does our gaping friend, the burgess yonder, want the other kind of kingship, that consists in understanding better than his fellows this and similar points of human nature, nor to roll under his tongue this sweeter morsel still,—the feeling that, through immense philosophy, he does *not* feel, he rather thinks, above you and me!’ And so chatting, they glided off arm in arm.

*Luit.* And the result is . . .

*First Bys.* Why, that a month having gone by, the indomitable Chiappino, marrying as he will Luitolfo's love—at all events succeeding to Luitolfo's goods,—becomes the first inhabitant of Faenza, and a proper aspirant to the Provostship; which we assemble here to see conferred on him this morning. The Legate's Guard to clear the way! He will follow presently.

*Luit. (withdrawing a little.)* I understand the drift of Eulalia's communications less than ever. Yet she surely said, in so many words, that Chiappino was in urgent danger: wherefore, disregarding her injunction to continue in my retreat and await the result of, what she called, some experiment yet in process—I hastened here without her leave or knowledge—what could I else?—But if what they say be true—if it were for such a purpose, she and Chiappino kept me away . . . Oh, no, no! I must confront him and her before I believe this of them. And at the word, see!

*Enter CHIAPPINO and EULALIA.*

*Eu.* We part here, then? The change in your principles would seem to be complete.

*Ch.* Now, why refuse to see that in my present course I change no principles, only re-adapt them and more adroitly? I had despaired of, what you may call the material instrumentality of life; of ever being able to rightly operate on mankind through such a deranged machinery as the existing modes of government: but now, if I suddenly discover how to inform these perverted institutions with fresh purpose, bring the functionary limbs once more into immediate communication with, and subjection to, the soul I am about to bestow on them—do you see? Why should one desire to invent, as long as it remains possible to renew and transform? When all further hope of the old organization shall be extinct, then, I grant you, it may be time to try and create another.

*Eu.* And there being discoverable some hope yet in the hitherto much-abused old system of absolute government by a Provost here, you mean to take your time about endeavouring to realize those visions of a perfect State, we once heard of?

*Ch.* Say, I would fain realize my conception of a Palace, for instance, and that there is, abstractedly, but a single way of erecting one perfectly.

Here, in the market-place is my allotted building-ground; here I stand without a stone to lay, or a labourer to help me,—stand, too, during a short day of life, close on which the night comes. On the other hand, circumstances suddenly offer me . . . turn and see it . . . the old Provost's House to experiment upon—ruinous, if you please, wrongly constructed at the beginning, and ready to tumble now. But materials abound, a crowd of workmen offer their services; here, exists yet a Hall of Audience of originally noble proportions, there, a Guest-chamber of symmetrical design enough: and I may restore, enlarge, abolish or unite these to heart's content. Ought I not rather make the best of such an opportunity, than continue to gaze disconsolately with folded arms on the flat pavement here, while the sun goes slowly down, never to rise again? Since you cannot understand this nor me, it is better we should part as you desire.

*Eu.* So, the love breaks away too!

*Ch.* No, rather my soul's capacity for love widens—needs more than one object to content it,—and, being better instructed, will not persist in seeing all the component parts of love in what is only a single part,—nor in finding the so many and so various loves, united in the love of a woman,—manifest uses in one instrument, as the savage has his sword, sceptre and idol, all in one club-stick. Love is a very compound thing. I shall give the intellectual part of my love to Men, the mighty dead, or illustrious living; and determine to call a mere sensual instinct by as few fine names as possible. What do I lose?

*Eu.* Nay, I only think, what do I lose? and, one more word—which shall complete my instruction—does friendship go too? What of Luitolfo, the author of your present prosperity?

*Ch.* How the author?—

*Eu.* That blow now called yours . . .

*Ch.* Struck without principle or purpose, as by a blind natural operation—yet to which all my thought and life

directly and advisedly tended. I would have struck it, and could not. He would have done his utmost to avoid striking it, yet did so. I dispute his right to that deed of mine—a final action with him, from the first effect of which he fled away—a mere first step with me, on which I base a whole mighty superstructure of good to follow. Could he get good from it?

*Eu.* So we profess, so we perform!

*Enter OGNIBEN. EULALIA stands apart.*

*Ogni.* I have seen three-and-twenty leaders of revolts!—By your leave, Sir! Perform? What does the lady say of Performing?

*Ch.* Only the trite saying, that we must not trust Profession, only Performance.

*Ogni.* She'll not say that, Sir, when she knows you longer; you'll instruct her better. Ever judge of men by their professions! For though the bright moment of promising is but a moment and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere in its moment's extravagant goodness, why, trust it and know the man by it, I say—not by his performance—which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must, with its accidents and circumstances,—the profession was purely the man's own. I judge people by what they might be,—not are, nor will be.

*Ch.* But have there not been found, too, performing natures, not merely promising?

*Ogni.* Plenty. Little Bindo of our town, for instance, promised his friend, great ugly Masaccio, once, 'I will repay you!'—for a favour done him: so, when his father came to die, and Bindo succeeded to the inheritance, he sends straightway for Masaccio and shares all with him—gives him half the land, half the money, half the kegs of wine in the cellar. 'Good,' say you—and it is good. But had little Bindo found himself possessor of all this wealth some five years before—on the happy night when Masaccio procured him that interview in the garden with his pretty cousin

Lisa—instead of being the beggar he then was,—I am bound to believe that in the warm moment of promise he would have given away all the wine-kegs, and all the money, and all the land, and only reserved to himself some hut on a hill-top hard by, whence he might spend his life in looking and seeing his friend enjoy himself: he meant fully that much, but the world interfered.—To our business! Did I understand you just now within-doors? You are not going to marry your old friend's love, after all?

*Ch.* I must have a woman that can sympathize with, and appreciate me, I told you.

*Ogni.* Oh, I remember! you, the greater nature, needs must have a lesser one (—avowedly lesser—contest with you on that score would never do!)—such a nature must comprehend you, as the phrase is, accompany and testify of your greatness from point to point onward. Why, that were being not merely as great as yourself, but greater considerably! Meantime, might not the more bounded nature as reasonably count on your appreciation of it, rather?—on your keeping close by it, so far as you both go together, and then going on by yourself as far as you please? Thus God serves us!

*Ch.* And yet a woman that could understand the whole of me, to whom I could reveal alike the strength and the weakness—

*Ogni.* Ah, my friend, wish for nothing so foolish! Worship your Love, give her the best of you to see; be to her like the western lands (they bring us such strange news of) to the Spanish Court—send her only your lumps of gold, fans of feathers, your spirit-like birds, and fruits and gems—so shall you, what is unseen of you, be supposed altogether a Paradise by her,—as these western lands by Spain—though I warrant there is filth, red baboons, ugly reptiles and squalor enough, which they bring Spain as few samples of as possible. Do you want your mistress to respect your body generally? Offer her your mouth to



kiss : don't strip off your boot and put your foot to her lips ! You understand my humour by this time ? I help men to carry out their own principles : if they please to say two and two make five, I assent, so they will but go on and say, four and four make ten !

*Ch.* But these are my private affairs ; what I desire you to occupy yourself about, is my public appearance presently : for when the people hear that I am appointed Provost, though you and I may thoroughly discern—and easily, too—the right principle at bottom of such a movement, and how my republicanism remains thoroughly unaltered, only takes a form of expression hitherto commonly judged . . . and heretofore by myself . . . incompatible with its existence—when thus I reconcile myself to an old form of government instead of proposing a new one . . .

*Ogni.* Why, you must deal with people broadly. Begin at a distance from this matter and say,—new truths, old truths ! sirs, there is nothing new possible to be revealed to us in the moral world—we know all we shall ever know, and it is for simply reminding us, by their various respective expedients, how we *do* know this and the other matter, that men get called prophets, poets and the like. A philosopher's life is spent in discovering that, of the half-dozen truths he knew when a child, such an one is a lie, as the world states it in set terms ; and then, after a weary lapse of years, and plenty of hard-thinking, it becomes a truth again after all, as he happens to newly consider it and view it in a different relation with the others : and so he restates it, to the confusion of somebody else in good time. As for adding to the original stock of truths,—impossible ! Thus, you see the expression of them is the grand business :—you have got a truth in your head about the right way of governing people, and you took a mode of expressing it which now you confess to be imperfect—but what then ? There is truth in falsehood, falsehood in truth. No man ever told one great truth, that I know, without

the help of a good dozen of lies at least, generally unconscious ones : and as when a child comes in breathlessly and relates a strange story, you try to conjecture from the very falsities in it, what the reality was,—do not conclude that he saw nothing in the sky, because he assuredly did not see a flying horse there as he says,—so, through the contradictory expression, do you see, men should look painfully for, and trust to arrive eventually at, what you call the true principle at bottom. Ah, what an answer is there ! to what will it not prove applicable !—‘ Contradictions ? ’—Of course there were, say you !

*Ch.* Still, the world at large may call it inconsistency, and what shall I urge in reply ?

*Ogni.* Why, look you, when they tax you with tergiversation or duplicity, you may answer—you begin to perceive that, when all's done and said, both great parties in the State, the advocates of change in the present system of things, and the opponents of it, patriot and anti-patriot, are found working together for the common good, and that in the midst of their efforts for and against its progress, the world somehow or other still advances—to which result they contribute in equal proportions, those who spent their life in pushing it onward as those who gave theirs to the business of pulling it back. Now, if you found the world stand still between the opposite forces, and were glad, I should conceive you : but it steadily advances, you rejoice to see ! By the side of such a rejoicer, the man who only winks as he keeps cunning and quiet, and says, ‘ Let yonder hot-headed fellow fight out my battle ; I, for one, shall win in the end by the blows he gives, and which I ought to be giving ’—even he seems graceful in his avowal, when one considers that he might say, ‘ I shall win quite as much by the blows our antagonist gives him, and from which he saves me—I thank the antagonist equally ! ’ Moreover, you may enlarge on the loss of the edge of party-animosity with age and experience . . .

*Ch.* And naturally time must wear off such asperities: the bitterest adversaries get to discover certain points of similarity between each other, common sympathies—do they not?

*Ogni.* Ay, had the young David but sat first to dine on his cheeses with the Philistine, he had soon discovered an abundance of such common sympathies. He of Gath, it is recorded, was born of a father and mother, had brothers and sisters like another man,—they, no more than the sons of Jesse, were used to eat each other. But, for the sake of one broad antipathy that had existed from the beginning, David slung the stone, cut off the giant's head, made a spoil of it, and after ate his cheeses alone, with the better appetite, for all I can learn. My friend, as you, with a quickened eye-sight, go on discovering much good on the worse side, remember that the same process should proportionably magnify and demonstrate to you the much more good on the better side. And when I profess no sympathy for the Goliaths of our time, and you object that a large nature should sympathize with every form of intelligence, and see the good in it, however limited—I answer, so I do; but preserve the proportions of my sympathy, however finelier or widelier I may extend its action. I desire to be able, with a quickened eye-sight, to descry beauty in corruption where others see foulness only,—but I hope I shall also continue to see a redoubled beauty in the higher forms of matter, where already everybody sees no foulness at all. I must retain, too, my old power of selection, and choice of appropriation, to apply to such new gifts; else they only dazzle instead of enlightening me. God has His archangels and consorts with them: though He made too, and intimately sees what is good in, the worm. Observe, I speak only as you profess to think and so ought to speak: I do justice to your own principles, that is all.

*Ch.* But you very well know that the two parties do, on occasion, assume each other's characteristics. What more

disgusting, for instance, than to see how promptly the newly emancipated slave will adopt, in his own favour, the very measures of precaution, which pressed soreliest on himself as institutions of the tyranny he has just escaped from? Do the classes, hitherto without opinion, get leave to express it? there is a confederacy immediately, from which—exercise your individual right and dissent, and woe be to you!

*Ogni.* And a journey over the sea to you!—That is the generous way. Cry—emancipated slaves, the first excess, and off I go! The first time a poor devil, who has been bastinadoed steadily his whole life long, finds himself let alone and able to legislate, so, begins pettishly, while he rubs his soles, 'Woe be to whoever brings anything in the shape of a stick this way!'—you, rather than give up the very innocent pleasure of carrying one to switch flies with,—you go away, to everybody's sorrow. Yet you were quite reconciled to staying at home while the governors used to pass, every now and then, some such edict as 'Let no man indulge in owning a stick which is not thick enough to chastise our slaves, if need require.' Well, there are pre-ordained hierarchies among us, and a profane vulgar subjected to a different law altogether; yet I am rather sorry you should see it so clearly: for, do you know what is to—all but save you at the Day of Judgment, all you men of genius? It is this—that, while you generally began by pulling down God, and went on to the end of your life, in one effort at setting up your own genius in His place,—still, the last, bitterest concession wrung with the utmost unwillingness from the experience of the very loftiest of you, was invariably—would one think it?—that the rest of mankind, down to the lowest of the mass, stood not, nor ever could stand, just on a level and equality with yourselves. That will be a point in the favour of all such, I hope and believe!

*Ch.* Why, men of genius are usually charged, I think, with doing just the reverse; and at once acknowledging



the natural inequality of mankind, by themselves participating in the universal craving after, and deference to, the civil distinctions which represent it. You wonder they pay such undue respect to titles and badges of superior rank.

*Ogni.* Not I! (always on your own ground and showing, be it noted!) Who doubts that, with a weapon to brandish, a man is the more formidable? Titles and badges are exercised as such a weapon, to which you and I look up wistfully. We could pin lions with it moreover, while in its present owner's hands it hardly prods rats. Nay, better than a mere weapon of easy mastery and obvious use, it is a mysterious divining rod that may serve us in undreamed-of ways. Beauty, strength, intellect—men often have none of these, and yet conceive pretty accurately what kind of advantages they would bestow on the possessor. We know at least what it is we make up our mind to forego, and so can apply the fittest substitute in our power; wanting beauty, we cultivate good humour; missing wit, we get riches: but the mystic unimaginable operation of that gold collar and string of Latin names which suddenly turned poor stupid little peevish Cecco of our town into natural Lord of the best of us—a Duke, he is now! there indeed is a virtue to be revered!

*Ch.* Ay, by the vulgar: not by Messere Stiatto the poet, who pays more assiduous court to him than anybody.

*Ogni.* What else should Stiatto pay court to? He has talent, not honour and riches: men naturally covet what they have not.

*Ch.* No—or Cecco would covet talent, which he has not, whereas he covets more riches, of which he has plenty already.

*Ogni.* Because a purse added to a purse makes the holder twice as rich: but just such another talent as Stiatto's, added to what he now possesses, what would that profit him? Give the talent a purse indeed, to do something with! But lo, how we keep the good people waiting. I only desired to do justice to

the noble sentiments which animate you, and which you are too modest to duly enforce. Come, to our main business: shall we ascend the steps? I am going to propose you for Provost to the people; they know your antecedents, and will accept you with a joyful unanimity: whereon I confirm their choice. Rouse up! are you nerving yourself to an effort? Beware the disaster of Messere Stiatto we were talking of; who, determining to keep an equal mind and constant face on whatever might be the fortune of his last new poem with our townsmen,—heard too plainly 'hiss, hiss, hiss,' increase every moment: till at last the man fell senseless—not perceiving that the portentous sounds had all the while been issuing from between his own nobly clenched teeth, and nostrils narrowed by resolve.

*Ch.* Do you begin to throw off the mask?—to jest with me, having got me effectually into your trap?

*Ogni.* Where is the trap, my friend? You hear what I engage to do, for my part: you, for yours, have only to fulfil your promise made just now within doors, of professing unlimited obedience to Rome's authority in my person. And I shall authorize no more than the simple re-establishment of the Provostship and the conferment of its privileges upon yourself: the only novel stipulation being a birth of the peculiar circumstances of the time.

*Ch.* And that stipulation?

*Ogni.* Just the obvious one—that in the event of the discovery of the actual assailant of the late Provost...

*Ch.* Ha!

*Ogni.* Why, he shall suffer the proper penalty, of course; what did you expect?

*Ch.* Who heard of this?

*Ogni.* Rather, who needed to hear of this?

*Ch.* Can it be, the popular rumour never reached you...

*Ogni.* Many more such rumours reach me, friend, than I choose to receive: those which wait longest have best chance. Has the present one sufficiently waited? Now is its time for entry with

effect. See the good people crowding about yonder palace-steps—which we may not have to ascend, after all ! My good friends—(nay, two or three of you will answer every purpose)—who was it fell upon and proved nearly the death of your late Provost ?—his successor desires to hear, that his day of inauguration may be graced by the act of prompt, bare justice we all anticipate. Who dealt the blow that night, does anybody know ?

*Luitolfo.* [*coming forward.*] I !

*All.* Luitolfo !

*Luit.* I avow the deed, justify and approve it, and stand forth now, to relieve my friend of an unearned responsibility. Having taken thought, I am grown stronger : I shall shrink from nothing that awaits me. Nay, Chiappino—we are friends still : I dare say there is some proof of your superior nature in this starting aside, strange as it seemed at first. So, they tell me, my horse is of the right stock, because a shadow in the path frightens him into a frenzy, makes him dash my brains out. I understand only the dull mule's way of standing stockishly, plodding soberly, suffering on occasion a blow or two with due patience.

*Eu.* I was determined to justify my choice, Chiappino ; to let Luitolfo's nature vindicate itself. Henceforth we are undivided, whatever be our fortune.

*Ogni.* Now, in these last ten minutes of silence, what have I been doing, deem you ?—Putting the finishing stroke to a homily of mine, I have long taken thought to perfect, on the text 'Let whoso thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' To your house, Luitolfo ! Still silent, my patriotic friend ? Well, that is a good sign, however. And you

will go aside for a time ? That is better still. I understand—it would be easy for you to die of remorse here on the spot and shock us all, but you mean to live and grow worthy of coming back to us one day. There, I will tell everybody ; and you only do right to believe you must get better as you get older. All men do so,—they are worst in childhood, improve in manhood, and get ready in old age for another world. Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid ; when they leave us. The sweetest child we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up, or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it—would be rudely handled by that world's inhabitants, if he retained those angelic infantine desires when he has grown six feet high, black and bearded : but, little by little, he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion,—and when the octogenarian asks barely a sup of gruel and a fire of dry sticks, and thanks you as for his full allowance and right in the common good of life,—hoping nobody may murder him,—he who began by asking and expecting the whole of us to bow down in worship to him,—why, I say he is advanced, far onward, very far, nearly out of sight like our friend Chiappino yonder. And now—(Ay, good-bye to you ! He turns round the north-west gate : going to Lugo again ? Good-bye !)—And now give thanks to God, the keys of the Provost's Palace to me, and yourselves to profitable meditation at home. I have known *Four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts.

## IN A BALCONY

## A SCENE

1855

*In a Balcony.*

CONSTANCE and NORBERT.

*Nor.* Now.*Con.* Not now.*Nor.* Give me them again, those hands—

Put them upon my forehead, how it throbs!

Press them before my eyes, the fire comes through.

You cruellest, you dearest in the world,  
Let me! the Queen must grant whate'er I ask—

How can I gain you and not ask the Queen?

There she stays waiting for me, here stand you.

Some time or other this was to be asked;  
Now is the one time—what I ask, I gain—

Let me ask now, Love!

*Con.* Do, and ruin us.*Nor.* Let it be now, Love! All my soul breaks forth.

How I do love you! give my love its way!

A man can have but one life and one death,

One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfil my fate—

Grant me my heaven now. Let me know you mine,

Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,

Hold you and have you, and then die away

If God please, with completion in my soul.

*Con.* I am not yours then? how content this man?I am not his, who change into himself,  
Have passed into his heart and beat its beats,Who give my hands to him, my eyes,  
my hair,

Give all that was of me away to him

So well, that now, my spirit turned his own,

Takes part with him against the woman here,

Bids him not stumble at so mere a straw  
As caring that the world be cognisant

How he loves her and how she worships him.

You have this woman, not as yet that world.

Go on, I bid, nor stop to care for me  
By saving what I cease to care about,  
The courtly name and pride of circumstance—

The name you'll pick up and be cumbered with

Just for the poor parade's sake, nothing more;

Just that the world may slip from under you—

Just that the world may cry 'So much for him—

The man predestined to the heap of crowns:

There goes his chance of winning one, at least!'

*Nor.* The world!*Con.* You love it. Love me quite as well,And see if I shall pray for this in vain!  
Why must you ponder what it knows or thinks?*Nor.* You pray for—what, in vain?*Con.* Oh my heart's heart,  
How I do love you, Norbert!—that is right!

But listen, or I take my hands away.

You say, 'let it be now'—you would go now

And tell the Queen, perhaps six steps from us,

You love me—so you do, thank God !

*Nor.* Thank God !

*Con.* Yes, Norbert,—but you fain would tell your love,

And, what succeeds the telling, ask of her

My hand. Now take this rose and look at it,

Listening to me. You are the minister,  
The Queen's first favourite, nor without a cause.

To-night completes your wonderful year's-work

(This palace-feast is held to celebrate)  
Made memorable by her life's success,  
That junction of two crowns, on her sole head,

Her house had only dreamed of anciently.  
That this mere dream is grown a stable truth,

To-night's feast makes authentic.  
Whose the praise ?

Whose genius, patience, energy, achieved

What turned the many heads and broke the hearts ?

You are the fate—your minute's in the heaven.

Next comes the Queen's turn. ' Name your own reward ! '

With leave to clench the Past, chain the To-come,

Put out an arm and touch and take the sun

And fix it ever full-faced on your earth,  
Possess yourself supremely of her life,—  
You choose the single thing she will not grant ;

Nay, very declaration of which choice  
Will turn the scale and neutralize your work.

At best she will forgive you, if she can.  
You think I'll let you choose—her cousin's hand ?

*Nor.* Wait. First, do you retain your old belief

The Queen is generous,—nay, is just ?

*Con.* There, there !

So men make women love them, while they know

No more of women's hearts than . . . look you here,

You that are just and generous beside,

Make it your own case. For example now,

I'll say—I let you kiss me and hold my hands—

Why ? do you know why ? I'll instruct you, then—

The kiss, because you have a name at court,

This hand and this, that you may shut in each

A jewel, if you please to pick up such.  
That's horrible! Apply it to the Queen—

Suppose, I am the Queen to whom you speak.

' I was a nameless man ; you needed me :

Why did I proffer you my aid ? there stood

A certain pretty cousin at your side.

Why did I make such common cause with you ?

Access to her had not been easy else.

You give my labours here abundant praise ?

' Faith, labour, which she overlooked, grew play.

How shall your gratitude discharge itself ?

Give me her hand ! '

*Nor.* And still I urge the same.  
Is the Queen just ? just—generous or no !

*Con.* Yes, just. You love a rose ; no harm in that :

But was it for the rose's sake or mine

You put it in your bosom ? mine, you said—

Then, mine you still must say or else be false.

You told the Queen you served her for herself :

If so, to serve her was to serve yourself,  
She thinks, for all your unbelieving face !

I know her. In the hall, six steps from us,

One sees the twenty pictures ; there's a life

Better than life, and yet no life at all.

Conceive her born in such a magic dome,  
Pictures all round her ! why, she sees the world,

Can recognize its given things and facts,  
The fight of giants or the feast of gods,  
Sages in senate, beauties at the bath,

Chaces and battles, the whole earth's  
 display,  
 Landscape and sea-piece, down to  
 flowers and fruit—  
 And who shall question that she knows  
 them all,  
 In better semblance than the things  
 outside ?  
 Yet bring into the silent gallery  
 Some live thing to contrast in breath  
 and blood,  
 Some lion, with the painted lion there—  
 You think she'll understand com-  
 posedly ?  
 —Say, ' that 's his fellow in the hunting-  
 piece  
 Yonder, I've turned to praise a hundred  
 times ? '   
 Not so. Her knowledge of our actual  
 earth,  
 Its hopes and fears, concerns and sym-  
 pathies,  
 Must be too far, too mediate, too unreal.  
 The real exists for us outside, not her :  
 How should it, with that life in these  
 four walls,  
 That father and that mother, first to last  
 No father and no mother—friends, a  
 heap,  
 Lovers, no lack—a husband in due time,  
 And every one of them alike a lie !  
 Things painted by a Rubens out of  
 nought  
 Into what kindness, friendship, love  
 should be ;  
 All better, all more grandiose than life,  
 Only no life ; mere cloth and surface-  
 paint,  
 You feel, while you admire. How  
 should she feel ?  
 Yet now that she has stood thus fifty  
 years  
 The sole spectator in that gallery,  
 You think to bring this warm real strug-  
 gling love  
 In to her of a sudden, and suppose  
 She'll keep her state untroubled ?  
 Here's the truth—  
 She'll apprehend its value at a glance,  
 Prefer it to the pictured loyalty ?  
 You only have to say ' so men are made,  
 For this they act ; the thing has many  
 names,

But this the right one : and now, Queen,  
 be just ! '   
 And life slips back ; you lose her at the  
 word :  
 You do not even for amends gain me.  
 He will not understand ! oh, Norbert,  
 Norbert,  
 Do you not understand ?  
*Nor.* The Queen's the Queen,  
 I am myself—no picture, but alive  
 In every nerve and every muscle, here  
 At the palace-window o'er the people's  
 street,  
 As she in the gallery where the pictures  
 glow :  
 The good of life is precious to us both.  
 She cannot love ; what do I want with  
 rule ?  
 When first I saw your face a year ago—  
 I knew my life's good, my soul heard  
 one voice—  
 ' The woman yonder, there 's no use of  
 life  
 But just to obtain her ! heap earth's  
 woes in one  
 And bear them—make a pile of all  
 earth's joys  
 And spurn them, as they help or help  
 not this ;  
 Only, obtain her ! '—How was it to be ?  
 I found you were the cousin of the Queen ;  
 I must then serve the Queen to get to  
 you.  
 No other way. Suppose there had been  
 one,  
 And I, by saying prayers to some white  
 star  
 With promise of my body and my soul,  
 Might gain you,—should I pray the  
 star or no ?  
 Instead, there was the Queen to serve !  
 I served, '   
 Helped, did what other servants failed  
 to do.  
 Neither she sought nor I declared my  
 end.  
 Her good is hers, my recompense be  
 mine,  
 I therefore name you as that recompense.  
 She dreamed that such a thing could  
 never be ?  
 Let her wake now. She thinks there  
 was more cause



In love of power, high fame, pure  
loyalty ?

Perhaps she fancies men wear out their  
lives

Chasing such shades. Then, I've a  
fancy too ;

I worked because I want you with my  
soul :

I therefore ask your hand. Let it be now !

*Con.* Had I not loved you from the  
very first,

Were I not yours, could we not steal out  
thus

So wickedly, so wildly, and so well,  
You might become impatient. What 's  
conceived

Of us without here, by the folks within ?

Where are you now ? immersed in cares  
of state—

Where am I now ?—intent on festal  
robes—

We two, embracing under death's  
spread hand !

What was this thought for, what that  
scruple of yours

Which broke the council up ?—to bring  
about

One minute's meeting in the corridor !

And then the sudden sleights, strange  
secrecies,

Complots inscrutable, deep telegraphs,  
Long-planned chance-meetings, hazards  
of a look,

' Does she know ? does she not know ?  
saved or lost ? '

A year of this compression's ecstasy

All goes for nothing ! you would give  
this up

For the old way, the open way, the  
world's,

His way who beats, and his who sells  
his wife !

What tempts you ?—their notorious  
happiness,

That you're ashamed of ours ? The  
best you'll gain

Will be, the Queen grants all that you  
require,

Concedes the cousin, rids herself of you

And me at once, and gives us ample  
leave

To live like our five hundred happy  
friends.

The world will show us with officious  
hand

Our chamber-entry and stand sentinel,  
Where we so oft have stolen across its  
traps !

Get the world's warrant, ring the  
falcons' feet,

And make it duty to be bold and swift,  
Which long ago was nature. Have it so !

We never hawked by rights till flung  
from fist ?

Oh, the man's thought !—no woman's  
such a fool.

*Nor.* Yes, the man's thought and  
my thought, which is more—

One made to love you, let the world take  
note !

Have I done worthy work ? be love's  
the praise,

Though hampered by restrictions, barred  
against

By set forms, blinded by forced secrecies !

Set free my love, and see what love can  
do

Shown in my life—what work will  
spring from that !

The world is used to have its business  
done

On other grounds, find great effects  
produced

For power's sake, fame's sake, motives  
in men's mouth.

So, good : but let my low ground shame  
their high !

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's  
life be true !

And love's the truth of mine. Time  
prove the rest !

I choose to wear you stamped all over  
me,

Your name upon my forehead and my  
breast,

You, from the sword's blade to the  
ribbon's edge,

That men may see, all over, you in me—  
That pale loves may die out of their  
pretence

In face of mine, shames thrown on love  
fall off.

Permit this, Constance ! Love has been  
so long

Subdued in me, eating me through and  
through,



That now it's all of me and must have  
way.  
Think of my work, that chaos of in-  
trigues,  
Those hopes and fears, surprises and  
delays,  
That long endeavour, earnest, patient,  
slow,  
Trembling at last to its assured result—  
Then think of this revulsion ! I resume  
Life after death, (it is no less than life,  
After such long unlovely labouring days)  
And liberate to beauty life's great need  
Of the beautiful, which, while it  
prompted work,  
Suppress itself erewhile. This eve's  
the time—  
This eve intense with yon first trembling  
star  
We seem to pant and reach ; scarce  
aught between  
The earth that rises and the heaven that  
bends ;  
All nature self-abandoned, every tree  
Flung as it will, pursuing its own  
thoughts  
And fixed so, every flower and every  
weed,  
No pride, no shame, no victory, no  
defeat ;  
All under God, each measured by itself.  
These statues round us stand abrupt,  
distinct,  
The strong in strength, the weak in  
weakness fixed,  
The Muse for ever wedded to her lyre,  
The Nymph to her fawn, the Silence to  
her rose :  
See God's approval on His universe !  
Let us do so—aspire to live as these  
In harmony with truth, ourselves being  
true !  
Take the first way, and let the second  
come !  
My first is to possess myself of you ;  
The music sets the march-step—forward,  
then !  
And there's the Queen, I go to claim  
you of,  
The world to witness, wonder and ap-  
plaud.  
Our flower of life breaks open. No  
delay !

*Con.* And so shall we be ruined, both  
of us.  
Norbert, I know her to the skin and  
bone—  
You do not know her, were not born to  
it,  
To feel what she can see or cannot see.  
Love, she is generous,—ay, despite your  
smile,  
Generous as you are : for, in that thin  
frame  
Pain-twisted, punctured through and  
through with cares,  
There lived a lavish soul until it starved  
Debarred all healthy food. Look to  
the soul—  
Pity that, stoop to that, ere you begin  
(The true man's-way) on justice and  
your rights,  
Exactions and acquittance of the Past !  
Begin so—see what justice she will deal !  
We women hate a debt as men a gift.  
Suppose her some poor keeper of a  
school  
Whose business is to sit thro' summer-  
months  
And dole out children leave to go and  
play,  
Herself superior to such lightness—she  
In the arm-chair's state and pædagogic  
pomp,  
To the life, the laughter, sun and youth  
outside—  
We wonder such a face looks black on  
us ?  
I do not bid you wake her tenderness,  
(That were vain truly—none is left to  
wake)  
But, let her think her justice is engaged  
To take the shape of tenderness, and  
mark  
If she'll not coldly pay its warmest need !  
Does she love me, I ask you ? not a  
whit :  
Yet, thinking that her justice was en-  
gaged  
To help a kinswoman, she took me up—  
Did more on that bare ground than  
other loves  
Would do on greater argument. For  
me,  
I have no equivalent of such cold kind  
To pay her with, but love alone to give

If I give anything. I give her love :  
 I feel I ought to help her, and I will.  
 So, for her sake, as yours, I tell you  
 twice

That women hate a debt as men a gift.  
 If I were you, I could obtain this grace—  
 Could lay the whole I did to love's  
 account,

Nor yet be very false as courtiers go—  
 Declaring my success was recompense ;  
 It would be so, in fact : what were it  
 else ?

And then, once loose her generosity,—  
 Oh, how I see it ! then, were I but you  
 To turn it, let it seem to move itself,  
 And make it offer what I really take,  
 Accepting just, in the poor cousin's hand,  
 Her value as the next thing to the  
 Queen's—

Since none loves Queens directly, none  
 dares that,

And a thing's shadow or a name's mere  
 echo

Suffices those who miss the name and  
 thing !

You pick up just a ribbon she has worn,  
 To keep in proof how near her breath  
 you came.

Say, I'm so near I seem a piece of her—  
 Ask for me that way—(oh, you under-  
 stand)

You'd find the same gift yielded with  
 a grace,

Which, if you make the least show to  
 extort . . .

—You'll see ! and when you have  
 ruined both of us,

Dissertate on the Queen's ingratitude !

*Nor.* Then, if I turn it that way, you  
 consent ?

'Tis not my way ; I have more hope in  
 truth :

Still, if you won't have truth—why, this  
 indeed,

Were scarcely false, as I'd express the  
 sense.

Will you remain here ?

*Con.* O best heart of mine,  
 How I have loved you ! then, you take  
 my way ?

Are mine as you have been her minister,  
 Work out my thought, give it effect for  
 me,

Paint plain my poor conceit and make  
 it serve ?

I owe that withered woman everything—  
 Life, fortune, you, remember ! Take my  
 part—

Help me to pay her ! Stand upon your  
 rights ?

You, with my rose, my hands, my heart  
 on you ?

Your rights are mine—you have no  
 rights but mine.

*Nor.* Remain here. How you know  
 me !

*Con.* Ah, but still—

*[He breaks from her : she remains.*

*Dance-music from within.*

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Constance !—She is here as he  
 said. Speak ! quick !

Is it so ? is it true—or false ? One word !

*Con.* True.

*Queen.* Mercifullest Mother,  
 thanks to thee !

*Con.* Madam !

*Queen.* I love you, Constance,  
 from my soul.

Now say once more, with any words you  
 will,

'Tis true, all true, as true as that I speak.

*Con.* Why should you doubt it ?

*Queen.* Ah,  
 why doubt ? why doubt ?

Dear, make me see it ! Do you see it so ?  
 None see themselves ; another sees  
 them best.

You say ' why doubt it ? '—you see him  
 and me.

It is because the Mother has such grace  
 That if we had but faith—wherein we  
 fail—

Whate'er we yearn for would be granted  
 us ;

Howbeit we let our whims prescribe  
 despair,

Our very fancies thwart and cramp our  
 will,

And so, accepting life, abjure ourselves.

Constance, I had abjured the hope of love

And of being loved, as truly as yon  
 palm

The hope of seeing Egypt from that plot.

*Con.* Heaven !

*Queen.* But it was so, Constance,  
it was so !  
Men say—or do men say it ? fancies  
say—  
‘ Stop here, your life is set, you are  
grown old.  
Too late—no love for you, too late for  
love—  
Leave love to girls. Be queen : let  
Constance love ! ’  
One takes the hint—half meets it like  
a child,  
Ashamed at any feelings that oppose.  
‘ Oh, love, true, never think of love  
again !  
I am a queen : I rule, not love, indeed.’  
So it goes on ; so a face grows like  
this,  
Hair like this hair, poor arms as lean as  
these,  
Till,—nay, it does not end so, I thank  
God !  
*Con.* I cannot understand—  
*Queen.* The happier you !  
Constance, I know not how it is with  
men :  
For women, (I am a woman now like  
you)  
There is no good of life but love—but  
love !  
What else looks good, is some shade  
flung from love—  
Love gilds it, gives it worth. Be  
warned by me,  
Never you cheat yourself one instant !  
Love,  
Give love, ask only love, and leave the  
rest !  
O Constance, how I love you !

*Con.* I love you.  
*Queen.* I do believe that all is come  
through you.  
I took you to my heart to keep it warm  
When the last chance of love seemed  
dead in me ;  
I thought your fresh youth warmed my  
withered heart.  
Oh, I am very old now, am I not ?  
Not so ! it is true and it shall be true !  
*Con.* Tell it me : let me judge if true  
or false.

*Queen.* Ah, but I fear you ! you will  
look at me

And say ‘ she ’s old, she ’s grown un-  
lovely quite  
Who ne’er was beauteous : men want  
beauty still.’  
Well, so I feared—the curse ! so I felt  
sure.

*Con.* Be calm. And now you feel not  
sure, you say ?

*Queen.* Constance, he came,—the  
coming was not strange—  
Do not I stand and see men come and  
go ?

I turned a half-look from my pedestal  
Where I grow marble—‘ one young man  
the more !

He will love some one,—that is nought  
to me :

What would he with my marble state-  
liness ? ’

Yet this seemed somewhat worse than  
heretofore ;

The man more gracious, youthful, like  
a god,

And I still older, with less flesh to  
change—

We two those dear extremes that long  
to touch.

It seemed still harder when he first  
began

Absorbed to labour at the state-affairs  
The old way for the old end—interest.

Oh, to live with a thousand beating  
hearts

Around you, swift eyes, serviceable  
hands,

Professing they’ve no care but for your  
cause,

Thought but to help you, love but for  
yourself,

And you the marble statue all the time  
They praise and point at as preferred to  
life,

Yet leave for the first breathing  
woman’s cheek,

First dancer’s, gipsy’s, or street bala-  
dine’s !

Why, how I have ground my teeth to  
hear men’s speech

Stifled for fear it should alarm my ear,  
Their gait subdued lest step should  
startle me,

Their eyes declined, such queendom to  
respect,

Their hands alert, such treasure to preserve,  
While not a man of them broke rank and spoke,  
Or wrote me a vulgar letter all of love,  
Or caught my hand and pressed it like a hand.

There have been moments, if the sentinel

Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,  
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knees,

I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul.

*Con.* Who could have comprehended?

*Queen.* Ay, who—who?

Why, no one, Constance, but this one who did.

Not they, not you, not I. Even now perhaps

It comes too late—would you but tell the truth.

*Con.* I wait to tell it.

*Queen.* Well, you see, he came,

Outfaced the others, did a work this year

Exceeds in value all was ever done,  
You know—it is not I who say it—all  
Say it. And so (a second pang and worse)

I grew aware not only of what he did,  
But why so wondrously. Oh, never work

Like his was done for work's ignoble sake—

It must have finer aims to lure it on!

I felt, I saw, he loved—loved somebody.

And Constance, my dear Constance, do you know,

I did believe this while 'twas you he loved.

*Con.* Me, madam?

*Queen.* It did seem to me, your face

Met him where'er he looked: and whom but you

Was such a man to love? it seemed to me,

You saw he loved you, and approved the love,

And so you both were in intelligence.

You could not loiter in the garden, step  
Into this balcony, but I straight was stung

And forced to understand. It seemed so true,

So right, so beautiful, so like you both,  
That all this work should have been done by him

Not for the vulgar hope of recompense,  
But that at last—suppose, some night like this—

Borne on to claim his due reward of me,  
He might say, 'Give her hand and pay me so.'

And I (O Constance, you shall love me now!)

I thought, surmounting all the bitterness,

—'And he shall have it. I will make her blest,

My flower of youth, my woman's self that was,

My happiest woman's self that might have been!

These two shall have their joy and leave me here.'

Yes—yes—

*Con.* Thanks!

*Queen.* And the word was on my lips

When he burst in upon me. I looked to hear

A mere calm statement of his just desire  
For payment of his labour. When—O Heaven,

How can I tell you? cloud was on my eyes

And thunder in my ears at that first word

Which told 'twas love of me, of me, did all—

He loved me—from the first step to the last,

Loved me!

*Con.* You did not hear . . . you thought he spoke

Of love? what if you should mistake?

*Queen.* No, no—

No mistake! Ha, there shall be no mistake!

He had not dared to hint the love he felt—

You were my reflex—(how I understood!)

He said you were the ribbon I had worn,

He kissed my hand, he looked into my eyes,

And love, love was the end of every phrase.

Love is begun—this much is come to pass,

The rest is easy. Constance, I am yours—

I will learn, I will place my life on you,  
But teach me how to keep what I have won.

Am I so old ? this hair was early grey ;  
But joy ere now has brought hair brown again,

And joy will bring the cheek's red back,  
I feel.

I could sing once too ; that was in my youth.

Still, when men paint me, they declare me . . . yes,

Beautiful—for the last French painter did !

I know they flatter somewhat ; you are frank—

I trust you. How I loved you from the first !

Some queens would hardly seek a cousin out

And set her by their side to take the eye :

I must have felt that good would come from you.

I am not generous—like him—like you !  
But he is not your lover after all—

It was not you he looked at. Saw you him ?

You have not been mistaking words or looks !

He said you were the reflex of myself—  
And yet he is not such a paragon

To you, to younger women who may choose

Among a thousand Norberts. Speak the truth !

You know you never named his name to me—

You know, I cannot give him up—ah God,

Not up now, even to you !

*Con.* Then calm yourself.

*Queen.* See, I am old—look here, you happy girl,

I will not play the fool, deceive myself ;  
'Tis all gone—put your cheek beside

my cheek—

Ah, what a contrast does the moon behold !

But then I set my life upon one chance,  
The last chance and the best—am I not left,

My soul, myself ? All women love great men

If young or old—it is in all the tales—  
Young beauties love old poets who can love—

Why should not he, the poems in my soul,

The love, the passionate faith, the sacrifice,

The constancy ? I throw them at his feet.

Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,

And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's  
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around ?

You could not praise indeed the empty conch ;

But I'll pour floods of love and hide myself.

How I will love him ! cannot men love love ?

Who was a queen and loved a poet once  
Humpbacked, a dwarf ? ah, women can do that !

Well, but men too ; at least, they tell you so.

They love so many women in their youth,  
And even in age they all love whom they please ;

And yet the best of them confide to friends

That 'tis not beauty makes the lasting love—

They spend a day with such and tire the next ;

They like soul,—well then, they like phantasy,

Novelty even. Let us confess the truth,  
Horrible though it be—that prejudice,  
Prescription . . . curses ! they will love a queen.

They will—they do. And will not, does not—he ?

*Con.* How can he ? You are wedded—'tis a name

We know, but still a bond. Your rank remains,



His rank remains. How can he, nobly souled

As you believe and I incline to think,  
Aspire to be your favourite, shame and all ?

*Queen.* Hear her ! there, there now—  
could she love like me ?

What did I say of smooth-cheeked youth and grace ?

See all it does or could do ! so, youth loves !

Oh, tell him, Constance, you could never do

What I will—you, it was not born in ! I  
Will drive these difficulties far and fast  
As yonder mists curdling before the moon.

I'll use my light too, gloriously retrieve  
My youth from its enforced calamity,  
Dissolve that hateful marriage, and be his,

His own in the eyes alike of God and man.

*Con.* You will do—dare do . . . pause  
on what you say !

*Queen.* Hear her ! I thank you,  
Sweet, for that surprise.

You have the fair face : for the soul,  
see mine !

I have the strong soul : let me teach  
you, here.

I think I have borne enough and long  
enough,

And patiently enough, the world  
remarks,

To have my own way now, unblamed  
by all.

It does so happen (I rejoice for it)  
This most unhopèd-for issue cuts the knot.

There 's not a better way of settling  
claims

Than this ; God sends the accident  
express :

And were it for my subjects' good, no  
more,

'Twere best thus ordered. I am thank-  
ful now,

Mute, passive, acquiescent. I receive,  
And bless God simply, or should almost  
fear

To walk so smoothly to my ends at last.  
Why, how I baffle obstacles, spurn fate !

How strong I am ! could Norbert see  
me now !

*Con.* Let me consider. It is all too  
strange.

*Queen.* You, Constance, learn of me ;  
do you, like me !

You are young, beautiful : my own,  
best girl,

You will have many lovers, and love  
one—

Light hair, not hair like Norbert's, to  
suit yours,

And taller than he is, for yourself are  
tall.

Love him, like me ! give all away to  
him ;

Think never of yourself ; throw by your  
pride,

Hope, fear,—your own good as you  
saw it once,

And love him simply for his very self.  
Remember, I (and what am I to you ?)

Would give up all for one, leave throne,  
lose life,

Do all but just unlove him ! He loves  
me.

*Con.* He shall.

*Queen.* You, step inside my  
inmost heart.

Give me your own heart : let us have  
one heart.

I'll come to you for counsel ; ' this he  
says,

This he does ; what should this amount  
to, pray ?

Beseech you, change it into current  
coin.

Is that worth kisses ? shall I please him  
there ?

And then we'll speak in turn of you—  
what else ?

Your love, according to your beauty's  
worth,

For you shall have some noble love, all  
gold :

Whom choose you ? we will get him at  
your choice.

—Constance, I leave you. Just a  
minute since,

I felt as I must die or be alone  
Breathing my soul into an ear like yours :

Now, I would face the world with my  
new life,



With my new crown. I'll walk around  
the rooms,  
And then come back and tell you how  
it feels.

How soon a smile of God can change  
the world !

How we are made for happiness—how  
work

Grows play, adversity a winning fight !  
True, I have lost so many years. What  
then ?

Many remain : God has been very good.  
You, stay here. 'Tis as different from  
dreams,

From the mind's cold calm estimate of  
bliss,

As these stone statues from the flesh and  
blood.

The comfort thou hast caused mankind,  
God's moon !

*[She goes out, leaving CONSTANCE.  
Dance-music from within.]*

NORBERT enters.

Nor. Well ! we have but one minute  
and one word.

Con. I am yours, Norbert !

Nor. Yes, mine.

Con. Not till now !

You were mine. Now I give myself to  
you.

Nor. Constance !

Con. Your own ! I know  
the thriftier way

Of giving—haply, 'tis the wiser way.  
Meaning to give a treasure, I might dole  
Coin after coin out (each, as that were  
all,

With a new largess still at each despair)  
And force you keep in sight the deed,  
preserve

Exhaustless till the end my part and  
yours,

My giving and your taking ; both our  
joys

Dying together. Is it the wiser way ?  
I choose the simpler ; I give all at once.  
Know what you have to trust to, trade  
upon !

Use it, abuse it,—anything but think  
Hereafter, 'Had I known she loved me so,  
And what my means, I might have  
thriven with it.'

This is your means. I give you all my-  
self.

Nor. I take you and thank God.

Con. Look on through years !  
We cannot kiss, a second day like this ;  
Else were this earth, no earth.

Nor. With this day's heat  
We shall go on through years of cold.

Con. So, best !  
I try to see those years—I think I see.

You walk quick and new warmth comes ;  
you look back

And lay all to the first glow—not sit  
down

For ever brooding on a day like this  
While seeing the embers whiten and  
love die.

Yes, love lives best in its effect ; and  
mine,

Full in its own life, yearns to live in  
yours.

Nor. Just so. I take and know you  
all at once.

Your soul is disengaged so easily,  
Your face is there, I know you ; give me  
time,

Let me be proud and think you shall  
know me.

My soul is slower : in a life I roll  
The minute out whereto you condense  
yours—

The whole slow circle round you I must  
move,

To be just you. I look to a long life  
To decompose this minute, prove its  
worth.

'Tis the sparks' long succession one by  
one

Shall show you, in the end, what fire  
was crammed

In that mere stone you struck : how  
could you know,

If it lay ever unproved in your sight,  
As now my heart lies ? your own  
warmth would hide

Its coldness, were it cold.

Con. But how prove, how ?

Nor. Prove in my life, you ask ?

Con. Quick, Norbert—how ?

Nor. That's easy told. I count life  
just a stuff

To try the soul's strength on, educe the  
man.

Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.

As with the body—he who hurls a lance  
Or heaps up stone on stone, shows strength alike,

So I will seize and use all means to prove

And show this soul of mine you crown as yours,

And justify us both.

*Con.* Could you write books,  
Paint pictures! one sits down in poverty

And writes or paints, with pity for the rich.

*Nor.* And loves one's painting and one's writing, then,

And not one's mistress! All is best, believe,

And we best as no other than we are.  
We live, and they experiment on life—  
Those poets, painters, all who stand aloof

To overlook the farther. Let us be  
The thing they look at! I might take your face

And write of it and paint it—to what end?

For whom? what pale dictatress in the air

Feeds, smiling sadly, her fine ghost-like form

With earth's real blood and breath, the beauteous life

She makes despised for ever? You are mine,

Made for me, not for others in the world,  
Nor yet for that which I should call my art,

The cold calm power to see how fair you look.

I come to you—I leave you not, to write  
Or paint. You are, I am. Let Rubens there

Paint us.

*Con.* So, best!

*Nor.* I understand your soul.  
You live, and rightly sympathize with life,

With action, power, success. This way is straight;

And days were short beside, to let me change

The craft my childhood learnt: my craft shall serve.

Men set me here to subjugate, enclose,  
Manure their barren lives, and force the fruit

First for themselves, and afterward for me

In the due tithe; the task of some one man,

By ways of work appointed by themselves.

I am not bid create—they see no star  
Transfiguring my brow to warrant that—

But bind in one and carry out their wills.  
So I began: to-night sees how I end.

What if it see, too, my first outbreak here

Amid the warmth, surprise and sympathy,

And instincts of the heart that teach the head?

What if the people have discerned at length

The dawn of the next nature, the new man

Whose will they venture in the place of theirs,

And who, they trust, shall find them out new ways

To heights as new which yet he only sees?

I felt it when you kissed me. See this Queen,

This People—in our phrase, this mass of men—

See how the mass lies passive to my hand

And how my hand is plastic, and you by To make the muscles iron! Oh, an end

Shall crown this issue as this crowns the first!

My will be on this People! then, the strain,

The grappling of the potter with his clay,  
The long uncertain struggle,—the success

And consummation of the spirit-work,  
Some vase shaped to the curl of the god's lip,

While rounded fair for lower men to see  
The Graces in a dance all recognize  
With turbulent applause and laughs of heart!

So triumph ever shall renew itself ;  
Ever shall end in efforts higher yet,  
Ever begin . . .

*Con.* I ever helping ?

*Nor.* Thus !

[*As he embraces her, the QUEEN enters.*]

*Con.* Hist, madam—so I have performed my part.

You see your gratitude's true decency,  
Norbert ? a little slow in seeing it !  
Begin, to end the sooner. What's a kiss ?

*Nor.* Constance !

*Con.* Why, must I teach it you again ?

You want a witness to your dullness, sir ?

What was I saying these ten minutes long ?

Then I repeat—when some young handsome man

Like you has acted out a part like yours,  
Is pleased to fall in love with one beyond,  
So very far beyond him, as he says—

So hopelessly in love, that but to speak  
Would prove him mad,—he thinks judiciously,

And makes some insignificant good soul  
Like me, his friend, adviser, confidant  
And very stalking-horse to cover him  
In following after what he dares not face—  
When his end's gained—(sir, do you understand ?)

When she, he dares not face, has loved him first,

—May I not say so, madam ?—tops his hope,

And overpasses so his wildest dream,  
With glad consent of all, and most of her  
The confidant who brought the same about—

Why, in the moment when such joy explodes,

I do hold that the merest gentleman  
Will not start rudely from the stalking-horse.

Dismiss it with a 'There, enough of you !'  
Forget it, show his back unmannerly ;  
But like a liberal heart will rather turn  
And say, ' A tingling time of hope was ours—

Betwixt the fears and falterings—we two lived

A chanceful time in waiting for the prize :

The confidant, the Constance, served not ill !

And though I shall forget her in due time,

Her use being answered now, as reason bids,

Nay as herself bids from her heart of hearts,

Still, she has rights, the first thanks go to her,

The first good praise goes to the prosperous tool,

And the first—which is the last—rewarding kiss.'

*Nor.* Constance ? it is a dream—ah see, you smile !

*Con.* So, now his part being properly performed,

Madam, I turn to you and finish mine  
As duly ; I do justice in my turn.

Yes, madam, he has loved you—long and well ;

He could not hope to tell you so—'twas I  
Whoserved to prove your soul accessible.  
I led his thoughts on, drew them to their place

When else they had wandered out into despair,

And kept love constant towards its natural aim.

Enough, my part is played ; you stoop half-way

And meet us royally and spare our fears :

'Tis like yourself. He thanks you, so do I.

Take him—with my full heart ! my work is praised

By what comes of it. Be you happy, both !

Yourself—the only one on earth who can—

Do all for him, much more than a mere heart

Which though warm is not useful in its warmth

As the silk vesture of a queen ! fold that  
Around him gently, tenderly. For him—

For him,—he knows his own part.

*Nor.* Have you done ?

I take the jest at last. Should I speak now ?

Was yours the wager, Constance, foolish child,

Or did you but accept it ? Well—at least

You lose by it.

*Con.* Nay, madam, 'tis your turn !  
Restrain him still from speech a little more,

And make him happier and more confident !

Pity him, madam, he is timid yet !

Mark, Norbert ! do not shrink now !  
Here I yield

My whole right in you to the Queen, observe !

With her go put in practice the great schemes

You team with, follow the career else closed—

Be all you cannot be except by her !

Behold her !—Madam, say for pity's sake

Anything—frankly say you love him !  
Else

He'll not believe it : there's more earnest in

His fear than you conceive : I know the man.

*Nor.* I know the woman somewhat, and confess

I thought she had jested better : she begins

To overcharge her part. I gravely wait  
Your pleasure, madam : where is my reward ?

*Queen.* Norbert, this wild girl (whom I recognize

Scarce more than you do, in her fancy-fit,  
Eccentric speech and variable mirth,

Not very wise perhaps and somewhat bold,

Yet suitable, the whole night's work  
being strange)

—May still be right : I may do well to speak

And make authentic what appears a dream

To even myself. For, what she says, is true—

Yes, Norbert—what you spoke but now  
of love,

Devotion, stirred no novel sense in me,  
But justified a warmth felt long before.  
Yes, from the first—I loved you, I shall say :

Strange ! but I do grow stronger, now 'tis said.

Your courage helps mine : you did well to speak

To-night, the night that crowns your twelvemonths' toil—

But still I had not waited to discern  
Your heart so long, believe me. From the first

The source of so much zeal was almost plain,

In absence even of your own words just now

Which opened out the truth. 'Tis very strange,

But takes a happy ending—in your love  
Which mine meets : be it so : as you choose me,

So I choose you.

*Nor.* And worthily you choose !

I will not be unworthy your esteem,  
No, madam. I do love you ; I will meet

Your nature, now I know it. This was well.

I see,—you dare and you are justified :  
But none had ventured such experiment,

Less versed than you in nobleness of heart,

Less confident of finding such in me.

I joy that thus you test me ere you grant  
The dearest, richest, beauteousest and best

Of women to my arms : 'tis like yourself.  
So—back again into my part's set words—

Devotion to the uttermost is yours,  
But no, you cannot, madam, even you,

Create in me the love our Constance does.  
Or—something truer to the tragic

phrase—

Not you magnolia-bell superb with scent  
Invites a certain insect—that's myself—

But the small eye-flower nearer to the ground.

I take this lady.

*Con.* Stay—not hers, the trap—  
Stay, Norbert—that mistake were worst

of all.

He is too cunning, madam ! It was I,

I, Norbert, who . . .

*Nor.* You, was it, Constance ? Then,

But for the grace of this divinest hour  
Which gives me you, I might not pardon  
here.

I am the Queen's : she only knows my  
brain—

She may experiment therefore on my  
heart

And I instruct her too by the result.

But you, Sweet, you who know me, who  
so long

Have told my heart-beats over, held my  
life

In those white hands of yours,—it is  
not well !

*Con.* Tush ! I have said it, did I not  
say it all ?

The life, for her—the heart-beats, for  
her sake !

*Nor.* Enough ! my cheek grows red,  
I think. Your test ?

There's not the meanest woman in the  
world,

Not she I least could love in all the world,  
Whom, did she love me, did love prove  
itself,

I dared insult as you insult me now.

Constance, I could say, if it must be said,  
'Take back the soul you offer—I keep  
mine'

But—'Take the soul still quivering on  
your hand,

The soul so offered, which I cannot use,  
And, please you, give it to some playful  
friend,

For—what's the trifle he requites me  
with ?'

I, tempt a woman, to amuse a man,

That two may mock her heart if it suc-  
cumb ?

No ! fearing God and standing 'neath  
His heaven,

I would not dare insult a woman so,  
Were she the meanest woman in the  
world.

And he, I cared to please, ten emperors !

*Con.* Norbert !

*Nor.* I love once as I live  
but once.

What case is this to think or talk about ?

I love you. Would it mend the case at all

Should such a step as this kill love in me ?  
Your part were done : account to God  
for it.

But mine—could murdered love get up  
again,

And kneel to whom you pleased to  
designate,

And make you mirth ? It is too horrible.

You did not know this, Constance ? now  
you know

That body and soul have each one life,  
but one :

And here's my love, here, living, at  
your feet.

*Con.* See the Queen ! Norbert—this  
one more last word—

If thus you have taken jest for earnest—  
thus

Loved me in earnest . . .

*Nor.* Ah, no jest holds here !

Where is the laughter in which jests  
break up,

And what this horror that grows  
palpable ?

Madam—why grasp you thus the bal-  
cony ?

Have I done ill ? Have I not spoken the  
truth ?

How could I other ? Was it not your test,  
To try me, and what my love for Con-  
stance meant ?

Madam, your royal soul itself approves,  
The first, that I should choose thus ! so  
one takes

A beggar—asks him what would buy  
his child,

And then approves the expected laugh  
of scorn

Returned as something noble from the  
rags.

Speak, Constance, I'm the beggar ! Ha,  
what's this ?

You two glare each at each like panthers  
now.

Constance, the world fades ; only you  
stand there !

You did not, in to-night's wild whirl of  
things,

Sell me—your soul of souls, for any price ?

No—no—'tis easy to believe in you.

Was it your love's mad trial to o'ertop  
Mine by this vain self-sacrifice ? well,  
still—



Though I should curse, I love you. I  
 am love  
 And cannot change: love's self is at  
 your feet. [*The QUEEN goes out.*]  
*Con.* Feel my heart; let it die  
 against your own!  
*Nor.* Against my own! explain not;  
 let this be.  
 This is life's height.  
*Con.* Yours! Yours! Yours!  
*Nor.* You and I—  
 Why care by what meanders we are here  
 In the centre of the labyrinth? men  
 have died  
 Trying to find this place, which we have  
*Con.* Found, found!  
*Nor.* Sweet, never fear  
 what she can do!

We are past harm now.  
*Con.* On the breast of God.  
 I thought of men—as if you were a man.  
 Tempting him with a crown!  
*Nor.* This must end here—  
 It is too perfect!  
*Con.* There's the music stopped.  
 What measured heavy tread? it is one  
 blaze  
 About me and within me.  
*Nor.* Oh, some death  
 Will run its sudden finger round this  
 spark  
 And sever us from the rest—  
*Con.* And so do well.  
 Now the doors open—  
*Nor.* 'Tis the guard comes.  
*Con.* Kiss!

## STRAFFORD

## A TRAGEDY

DEDICATED, IN ALL AFFECTIONATE ADMIRATION,

TO

WILLIAM C. MACREADY

April 23, 1837.

## PERSONS.

CHARLES I.  
 Earl of HOLLAND.  
 LORD SAVILE.  
 SIR HENRY VANE.  
 WENTWORTH, Viscount WENTWORTH,  
 Earl of STRAFFORD.  
 JOHN PYM.  
 JOHN HAMPDEN.  
 The younger VANE.  
 DENZIL HOLLIS.  
 BENJAMIN RUDYARD.

NATHANIEL FIENNES.  
 Earl of LOUDON.  
 MAXWELL, Usher of the Black Rod.  
 BALFOUR, Constable of the Tower.  
 A Puritan.  
 Queen HENRIETTA.  
 LUCY PERCY, Countess of Carlisle.  
 Presbyterians, Scots Commissioners,  
 Adherents of Strafford, Secretaries,  
 Officers of the Court, &c. Two of  
 Strafford's Children.

## ACT I

SCENE I. *A House near Whitehall.*—  
 HAMPDEN, HOLLIS, the younger  
 VANE, RUDYARD, FIENNES, and  
 many of the Presbyterian Party:  
 LOUDON and other Scots Commis-  
 sioners.

*Vane.* I say, if he be here—  
*Rud.* (And he is here!)

*Hol.* For England's sake let every  
 man be still  
 Nor speak of him, so much as say his  
 name,  
 Till Pym rejoin us! Rudyard! Henry  
 Vane!  
 One rash conclusion may decide our  
 course  
 And with it England's fate—think—  
 England's fate!

Hampden, for England's sake they should be still !

*Vane.* You say so, Hollis ? Well, I must be still !

It is indeed too bitter that one man, Any one man's mere presence should suspend

England's combined endeavour : little need

To name him !

*Rud.* For you are his brother, Hollis !

*Hamp.* Shame on you, Rudyard ! time to tell him that,

When he forgets the Mother of us all.

*Rud.* Do I forget her ?

*Hamp.* You talk idle hate Against her foe : is that so strange a thing ?

Is hating Wentworth all the help she needs ?

*A Puritan.* The Philistine strode, cursing as he went :

But David—five smooth pebbles from the brook

Within his scrip . . .

*Rud.* Be you as still as David !

*Fien.* Here's Rudyard not ashamed to wag a tongue

Stiff with ten years' disuse of Parliaments ;

Why, when the last sat, Wentworth sat with us !

*Rud.* Let's hope for news of them now he returns—

He that was safe in Ireland, as we thought !

—But I'll abide Pym's coming.

*Vane.* Now, by Heaven

They may be cool who can, silent who will—

Some have a gift that way ! Wentworth is here,

Here, and the King's safe closeted with him

Ere this. And when I think on all that's past

Since that man left us, how his single arm Rolled the advancing good of England back

And set the woeful Past up in its place,—Exalting Dagon where the Ark should be—

How that man has made firm the fickle King

(Hampden, I will speak out !)—in aught he feared

To venture on before ; taught Tyranny Her dismal trade, the use of all her tools, To ply the scourge yet screw the gag so close

That strangled agony bleeds mute to death—

How he turns Ireland to a private stage For training infant villainies, new ways Of wringing treasure out of tears and blood,

Unheard oppressions nourished in the dark

To try how much man's nature can endure —If he dies under it, what harm ? if not, Why, one more trick is added to the rest Worth a king's knowing, and what Ireland bears

England may learn to bear : how all this while

That man has set himself to one dear task,

The bringing Charles to relish more and more

Power, power without law, power and blood too—

—Can I be still ?

*Hamp.* For that you should be still.

*Vane.* Oh, Hampden, then and now !

The year he left us,

The People in full Parliament could wrest

The Bill of Rights from the reluctant King ;

And now, he'll find in an obscure small room

A stealthy gathering of great-hearted men That take up England's cause : England is here !

*Hamp.* And who despairs of England ?

*Rud.* That do I,

If Wentworth comes to rule her. I am sick

To think her wretched masters, Hamilton,

The muckworm Cottington, the maniac Laud,

May yet be longed-for back again. I say, I do despair.

*Vane.* And, Rudyard, I'll say this—

Which all true men say after me, not  
loud

But solemnly and as you'd say a prayer !  
This King, who treads our England  
underfoot,

Has just so much—it may be fear or  
craft—

As bids him pause at each fresh outrage ;  
friends,

He needs some sterner hand to grasp his  
own,

Some voice to ask, ' Why shrink ?—am  
I not by ? '

Now, one whom England loved for  
serving her,

Found in his heart to say, ' I know  
where best

The iron heel shall bruise her, for she  
leans

Upon me when you trample.' Witness,  
you !

So Wentworth heartened Charles, and  
England fell.

But inasmuch as life is hard to take  
From England . . .

*Many Voices.* Go on, Vane ! 'Tis  
well said, Vane !

*Vane.*—Who has not so forgotten  
Runnymede !—

*Voices.* 'Tis well and bravely spoken,  
Vane ! Go on !

*Vane.* There are some little signs of  
late she knows

The ground no place for her ! She  
glances round,

Wentworth has dropped the hand, is  
gone his way

On other service : what if she arise ?

No ! the King beckons, and beside him  
stands

The same bad man once more, with the  
same smile

And the same gesture. Now shall  
England crouch,

Or catch at us and rise ?

*Voices.* The Renegade !

Haman ! Ahithophel !

*Hamp.* Gentlemen of the

North,

It was not thus, the night your claims  
were urged,

And we pronounced the League and  
Covenant

The cause of Scotland, England's cause  
as well !

Vane there, sat motionless the whole  
night through.

*Vane.* Hampden !

*Fien.* Stay, Vane !

*Lou.* Be just and patient, Vane !

*Vane.* Mind how you counsel patience,  
Loudon ! you

Have still a Parliament, and this your  
League

To back it ; you are free in Scotland  
still :

While we are brothers, hope's for  
England yet.

But know you wherefore Wentworth  
comes ? to quench

This last of hopes ? that he brings war  
with him ?

Know you the man's self ? what he  
dares ?

*Lou.* We know,  
All know—'tis nothing new.

*Vane.* And what's new, then,  
In calling for his life ? Why, Pym him-  
self—

You must have heard—ere Wentworth  
dropped our cause

He would see Pym first ; there were  
many more

Strong on the people's side and friends  
of his,

Eliot that's dead, Rudyard and Hamp-  
den here,

But for these Wentworth cared not ;  
only, Pym

He would see—Pym and he were sworn,  
'tis said,

To live and die together ; so, they met  
At Greenwich. Wentworth, you are

sure, was long,  
Specious enough, the devil's argument

Lost nothing on his lips ; he'd have  
Pym own

A patriot could not play a purer part  
Than follow in his track ; they two com-  
bined

Might put down England. Well, Pym  
heard him out ;

One glance—you know Pym's eye—one  
word was all :

' You leave us, Wentworth ! while your  
head is on,

I'll not leave you.'

*Hamp.* Has he left Wentworth, then?

Has England lost him? Will you let him speak,

Or put your crude surmises in his mouth?  
Away with this! Will you have Pym or Vane?

*Voices.* Wait Pym's arrival! Pym shall speak.

*Hamp.* Meanwhile

Let Loudon read the Parliament's report  
From Edinburgh: our last hope, as Vane says,

Is in the stand it makes. Loudon!

*Vane.* No, no!

Silent I can be: not indifferent!

*Hamp.* Then each keep silence, praying God to spare

His anger, cast not England quite away  
In this her visitation!

*A Puritan.* Seven years long

The Midianite drove Israel into dens  
And caves. Till God sent forth a mighty man,

*PYM enters.*

Even Gideon!

*Pym.* Wentworth's come: nor sickness, care,

The ravaged body nor the ruined soul,  
More than the winds and waves that beat his ship,

Could keep him from the King. He has not reached

Whitehall: they've hurried up a Council there

To lose no time and find him work enough.

Where's Loudon? your Scots' Parliament...

*Lou.* Holds firm:

We were about to read reports.

*Pym.* The King

Has just dissolved your Parliament.

*Lou. and other Scots.* Great God!

An oath-breaker! Stand by us, England, then!

*Pym.* The King's too sanguine; doubtless Wentworth's here;

But still some little form might be kept up.

*Hamp.* Now speak, Vane! Rudyard, you had much to say!

*Hol.* The rumour's false, then...

*Pym.* Ay, the Court gives out  
His own concerns have brought him back: I know

'Tis the King calls him: Wentworth supersedes

The tribe of Cottingtons and Hamiltons  
Whose part is played; there's talk enough, by this,—

Merciful talk, the King thinks: time is now

To turn the record's last and bloody leaf  
That, chronicling a nation's great despair,

Tells they were long rebellious, and their lord

Indulgent, till, all kind expedients tried,  
He drew the sword on them and reigned in peace.

Laud's laying his religion on the Scots  
Was the last gentle entry: the new page  
Shall run, the King thinks, 'Wentworth thrust it down

At the sword's point.'

*A Puritan.* I'll do your bidding, Pym,

England's and God's—one blow!

*Pym.* A goodly thing—

We all say, friends, it is a goodly thing  
To right that England! Heaven grows dark above:

Let's snatch one moment ere the thunder fall,

To say how well the English spirit comes out

Beneath it! All have done their best, indeed,

From lion Eliot, that grand Englishman,  
To the least here: and who, the least one here,

When she is saved (for her redemption dawns,

Dimly, most dimly, but it dawns—the dawns)

Who'd give at any price his hope away  
Of being named along with the Great Men?

We would not—no, we would not give that up!

*Hamp.* And one name shall be dearer than all names.

When children, yet unborn, are taught that name

After their fathers',—taught what matchless man . . .

*Pym.* . . . Saved England? What if Wentworth's should be still

That name?

*Rud. and others.* We have just said it, Pym! His death

Saves he! We said it—there's no way beside!

I'll do God's bidding, Pym! They struck down Joab

And purged the land.

*Vane.* No villanous striking-down!

*Rud.* No, a calm vengeance: let the whole land rise

And shout for it. No Feltons!

*Pym.* Rudyard, no!

England rejects all Feltons; most of all Since Wentworth . . . Hampden, say

the trust again

Of England in her servants—but I'll think

You know me, all of you. Then, I believe,

Spite of the Past, Wentworth rejoins you, friends!

*Vane and others.* Wentworth? apostate! Judas! double-dyed

A traitor! Is it Pym, indeed . . .

*Pym.* . . . Who says

Vane never knew that Wentworth, loved that man,

Was used to stroll with him, arm locked in arm,

Along the streets to see the people pass And read in every island-countenance

Fresh argument for God against the King,—

Never sat down, say, in the very house Where Eliot's brow grew broad with

noble thoughts,

(You've joined us, Hampden—Hollis, you as well,)

And then left talking over Gracchus' death . . .

*Vane.* To frame, we know it well, the choicest clause

In the Petition of Right: he framed such clause

One month before he took at the King's hand

His Northern Presidency, which that Bill

Denounced.

*Pym.* Too true! Never more, never more

Walked we together! Most alone I went. I have had friends—all here are fast my

friends—

But I shall never quite forget that friend.

And yet it could not but be real in him!

You, Vane,—you Rudyard, have no right to trust

To Wentworth: but can no one hope with me?

Hampden, will Wentworth dare shed English blood

Like water?

*Hamp.* Ireland is Aceldama.

*Pym.* Will he turn Scotland to a hunting-ground

To please the King, now that he knows the King?

The People or the King? and that King, Charles!

*Hamp.* Pym, all here know you: you'll not set your heart

On any baseless dream. But say one deed

Of Wentworth's, since he left us . . .

[*Shouting without.*

*Vane.* There! he comes,

And they shout for him! Wentworth's at Whitehall,

The King embracing him, now, as we speak,

And he, to be his match in courtesies, Taking the whole war's risk upon him-

self,

Now, while you tell us here how changed he is!

Hear you?

*Pym.* And yet if 'tis a dream, no more,

That Wentworth chose their side, and brought the King

To love it as though Laud had loved it first,

And the Queen after;—that he led their cause

Calm to success, and kept it spotless through,

So that our very eyes could look upon The travail of our souls and close content

That violence, which something mars even right



Which sanctions it, had taken off no  
 grace  
 From its serene regard. Only a dream !  
*Hamp.* We meet here to accomplish  
 certain good  
 By obvious means, and keep tradition  
 up  
 Of free assemblages, else obsolete,  
 In this poor chamber : nor without  
 effect  
 Has friend met friend to counsel and  
 confirm,  
 As, listening to the beats of England's  
 heart,  
 We spoke its wants to Scotland's  
 prompt reply  
 By these her delegates. Remains  
 alone  
 That word grow deed, as with God's  
 help it shall—  
 But with the devil's hindrance, who  
 doubts too ?  
 Looked we or no that tyranny should  
 turn  
 Her engines of oppression to their use ?  
 Whereof, suppose the worst be Went-  
 worth here—  
 Shall we break off the tactics which suc-  
 ceed  
 In drawing out our formidablest foe,  
 Let bickering and disunion take their  
 place ?  
 Or count his presence as our conquest's  
 proof,  
 And keep the old arms at their steady  
 play ?  
 Proceed to England's work ! Fiennes,  
 read the list !  
*Fiennes.* Ship-money is refused or  
 fiercely paid  
 In every county, save the northern parts  
 Where Wentworth's influence . . .

(shouting.)

*Vane.* I, in England's name,  
 Declare her work, this way, at end ! Till  
 now,  
 Up to this moment, peaceful strife was  
 best.  
 We English had free leave to think ; till  
 now,  
 We had a shadow of a Parliament  
 In Scotland. But all's changed : they  
 change the first,

They try brute-force for law, they, first  
 of all . . .

*Voices.* Good ! Talk enough ! The  
 old true hearts with Vane !

*Vane.* Till we crush Wentworth for  
 her, there's no act

Serves England !

*Voices.* Vane for England !

*Pym.* Pym should be  
 Something to England. I seek Went-  
 worth, friends.

SCENE II.—*Whitehall.*

LADY CARLISLE and WENTWORTH.

*Went.* And the King ?

*Lady Car.* Wentworth, lean  
 on me ! sit then,—

I'll tell you all ; this horrible fatigue  
 Will kill you.

*Went.* No ; or—Lucy, just your  
 arm ;

I'll not sit till I've cleared this up with  
 him :

After that, rest. The King ?

*Lady Car.* Confides in you.

*Went.* Why ? or, why now ?—They  
 have kind throats, the knaves !

Shout for me—they !

*Lady Car.* You come so  
 strangely soon :

Yet we took measures to keep off the  
 crowd—

Did they shout for you ?

*Went.* Wherefore should they not ?

Does the King take such measures for  
 himself ?

Beside, there's such a dearth of mal-  
 contents,

You say !

*Lady Car.* I said but few dared carp  
 at you.

*Went.* At me ? at us, I hope ! The  
 King and I !

He's surely not disposed to let me bear  
 The fame away from him of these late  
 deeds

In Ireland ? I am yet his instrument  
 Be it for well or ill ? He trusts me, too !

*Lady Car.* The King, dear Went-  
 worth, purposes, I said,

To grant you, in the face of all the  
 Court . . .

*Went.* All the Court ! Evermore the Court about us !

Savile and Holland, Hamilton and Vane About us,—then the King will grant me—what ?

That he for once put these aside and say—

‘Tell me your whole mind, Wentworth !’

*Lady Car.* You professed You would be calm.

*Went.* Lucy, and I am calm ! How else shall I do all I come to do, Broken, as you may see, body and mind,

Howshall I serve the King ? time wastes meanwhile,

You have not told me half. His foot-step ! No.

Quick, then, before I meet him,—I am calm—

Why does the King distrust me ?

*Lady Car.* He does not Distrust you.

*Went.* Lucy, you can help me ; you Have even seemed to care for me : one word !

Is it the Queen ?

*Lady Car.* No, not the Queen : the party

That poisons the Queen’s ear, Savile and Holland.

*Went.* I know, I know : and Vane, too, he’s one, too ?

Go on—and he’s made Secretary. Well ? Or leave them out and go straight to the charge ;

The charge !

*Lady Car.* Oh, there’s no charge, no precise charge ;

Only they sneer, make light of—one may say,

Nibble at what you do.

*Went.* I know ! but Lucy, I reckoned on you from the first !—Go on !

—Was sure could I once see this gentle friend

When I arrived, she’d throw an hour away

To help her . . . what am I ?

*Lady Car.* You thought of me, Dear Wentworth ?

*Went.* But go on ! The party here !

*Lady Car.* They do not think your Irish Government

Of that surpassing value . . .

*Went.* The one thing Of value ! The one service that the crown May count on ! All that keeps these very Vanes

In power, to vex me—not that they do vex,

Only it might vex some to hear that service

Decried, the sole support that’s left the King !

*Lady Car.* So the Archbishop says.

*Went.* Ah ? well, perhaps The only hand held up in my defence May be old Laud’s ! These Hollands, then, these Saviles

Nibble ? They nibble ?—that’s the very word !

*Lady Car.* Your profit in the Customs, Bristol says,

Exceeds the due proportion : while the tax . . .

*Went.* Enough ! ’tis too unworthy,—I am not

So patient as I thought ! What’s Pym about ?

*Lady Car.* Pym ?

*Went.* Pym and the People.

*Lady Car.* Oh, the Faction ! Extinct—of no account : there’ll never be

Another Parliament.

*Went.* Tell Savile that !

You may know—(ay, you do—the creatures here

Never forget !) that in my earliest life I was not . . . much that I am now ! The King

May take my word on points concerning Pym

Before Lord Savile’s, Lucy, or if not, I bid them ruin their wise selves, not me, These Vanes and Hollands ! I’ll not be their tool

Who might be Pym’s friend yet.

But there’s the King !

Where is he ?

*Lady Car.* Just apprised that you arrive.

*Went.* And why not here to meet me ? I was told

He sent for me, nay, longed for me !

*Lady Car.* Because,—  
He is now . . . I think a Council 's sitting  
now

About this Scots affair.

*Went.* A Council sits ?  
They have not taken a decided course  
Without me in the matter ?

*Lady Car.* I should say . . .  
*Went.* The war ? They cannot have  
agreed to that ?

Not the Scots' war ?—without con-  
sulting me—

Me, that am here to show how rash  
it is,

How easy to dispense with ?—Ah, you  
too

Against me ! well,—the King may take  
his time.

—Forget it, Lucy ! cares make peevish :  
mine

Weigh me (but 'tis a secret) to my grave.

*Lady Car.* For life or death I am your  
own, dear friend ! [*Goes out.*]

*Went.* Heartless ! but all are heart-  
less here. Go now,

Forsake the People !—I did not for-  
sake

The People : they shall know it—when  
the King

Will trust me !—who trusts all beside at  
once,

While I have not spoke Vane and Savile  
fair,

And am not trusted : have but saved  
the Throne :

Have not picked up the Queen's glove  
prettily,

And am not trusted. But he'll see me  
now.

Weston is dead : the Queen's half  
English now—

More English : one decisive word will  
brush

These insects from . . . the step I know  
so well !

The King ! But now, to tell him . . . no  
—to ask

What's in me he distrusts :—or, best  
begin

By proving that this frightful Scots  
affair

Is just what I foretold. So much to say,

And the flesh fails, now ! and the time is  
come,

And one false step no way to be repaired !  
You were avenged, Pym, could you look  
on me !

*PYM enters.*

*Went.* I little thought of you just  
then.

*Pym.* No ? I  
Think always of you, Wentworth.

*Went.* The old voice !  
I wait the King, sir.

*Pym.* True—you look so pale !  
A Council sits within ; when that  
breaks up

He'll see you.

*Went.* Sir, I thank you.

*Pym.* Oh, thank Laud !  
You know when Laud once gets on  
Church affairs

The case is desperate : he'll not be long  
To-day : he only means to prove, to-day,  
We English all are mad to have a hand  
In butchering the Scots for serving  
God

After their fathers' fashion : only that !

*Went.* Sir, keep your jests for those  
who relish them !

(Does *he* enjoy their confidence ?) 'Tis  
kind

To tell me what the Council does.

*Pym.* You grudge  
That I should know it had resolved on  
war

Before you came ? no need : you shall  
have all

The credit, trust me.

*Went.* Have the Council dared—  
They have not dared . . . that is—I know  
you not.

Farewell, sir : times are changed.

*Pym.* —Since we two met  
At Greenwich ? Yes : poor patriots  
though we be,

You cut a figure, makes some slight  
return

For your exploits in Ireland ! Changed  
indeed,

Could our friend Eliot look from out his  
grave !

Ah, Wentworth, one thing for acquain-  
tance' sake,

Just to decide a question ; have you,  
now,

Felt your old self since you forsook us ?

*Went.* Sir !

*Pym.* Spare me the gesture ! you  
misapprehend !

Think not I mean the advantage is with  
me.

I was about to say that, for my part,  
I never quite held up my head since  
then,—

Was quite myself since then : for first,  
you see,

I lost all credit after that event  
With those who recollect how sure I was  
Wentworth would outdo Eliot on our  
side.

Forgive me : Savile, old Vane, Holland  
here,

Eschew plain-speaking : 'tis a trick  
I keep.

*Went.* How, when, where, Savile,  
Vane and Holland speak,

Plainly or otherwise, would have my  
scorn,

All of my scorn, sir . . .

*Pym.* . . . Did not my poor thoughts  
Claim somewhat ?

*Went.* Keep your thoughts !  
believe the King

Mistrusts me for their prattle, all these  
Vanes

And Saviles ! make your mind up, o'  
God's love,

That I am discontented with the King !

*Pym.* Why, you may be : I should  
be, that I know,

Were I like you.

*Went.* Like me ?

*Pym.* I care not much

For titles : our friend Eliot died no  
Lord,

Hampden's no Lord, and Savile is a  
Lord :

But you care, since you sold your soul  
for one.

I can't think, therefore, your soul's  
purchaser

Did well to laugh you to such utter  
scorn

When you twice prayed so humbly for  
its price,

The thirty silver pieces . . . I should say,

The Earldom you expected, still expect,  
And may. Your letters were the  
movingest !

Console yourself : I've borne him prayers  
just now

From Scotland not to be oppressed by  
Laud,

Words moving in their way : he'll pay,  
be sure,

As much attention as to those you sent.

*Went.* False, sir !—Who showed them  
you ? suppose it so,

The King did very well . . . nay, I was  
glad

When it was shown me : I refused, the  
first !

John Pym, you were my friend—for-  
bear me once !

*Pym.* Oh, Wentworth, ancient brother  
of my soul,

That all should come to this !

*Went.* Leave me !

*Pym.* My friend,

Why should I leave you ?

*Went.* To tell Rudyard this,

And Hampden this !

*Pym.* Whose faces once were bright  
At my approach—now sad with doubt  
and fear,

Because I hope in you—yes, Wentworth,  
you

Who never mean to ruin England—you  
Who shake off, with God's help, an ob-  
scene dream

In this Ezekiel chamber, where it crept  
Upon you first, and wake, yourself—  
your true

And proper self, our Leader, England's  
Chief,

And Hampden's friend !

This is the proudest day !

Come Wentworth ! Do not even see the  
King !

The rough old room will seem itself  
again !

We'll both go in together : you've not  
seen

Hampden so long : come : and there's  
Fiennes : you'll have

To know young Vane. This is the  
proudest day !

[*The KING enters.* WENTWORTH  
lets fall PYM's hand.

*Cha.* Arrived, my Lord ?—This gentleman, we know,  
Was your old friend.

The Scots shall be informed  
What we determine for their happiness.

[*PYM goes out.*]

You have made haste, my Lord.

*Went.* Sir, I am come . . .

*Cha.* To see an old familiar—nay, 'tis well ;

Aid us with his experience : this Scots' League

And Covenant spreads too far, and we have proofs

That they intrigue with France : the Faction, too,

Whereof your friend there is the head and front,

Abets them,—as he boasted, very like.

*Went.* Sir, trust me ! but for this once, trust me, sir !

*Cha.* What can you mean ?

*Went.* That you should trust me, sir !

Oh—not for my sake ! but 'tis sad, so sad

That for distrusting me, you suffer—you Whom I would die to serve : sir, do you think

That I would die to serve you ?

*Cha.* But rise, Wentworth !

*Went.* What shall convince you ?

What does Savile do

To prove him . . . Ah, one can't tear out one's heart

And show it, how sincere a thing it is !

*Cha.* Have I not trusted you ?

*Went.* Say aught but that !

There is my comfort, mark you : all will be

So different when you trust me—as you shall !

It has not been your fault,—I was away, Mistook, maligned, how was the King to know ?

I am here, now—he means to trust me, now—

All will go on so well !

*Cha.* Be sure I do—

I've heard that I should trust you : as you came,

Your friend, the Countess, told me . . .

*Went.* No,—hear nothing—

Be told nothing about me ! you're not told

Your right-hand serves you, or your children love you !

*Cha.* You love me, Wentworth : rise !

*Went.* I can speak now.

I have no right to hide the truth. 'Tis I

Can save you ; only I. Sir, what must be ?

*Cha.* Since Laud's assured (the minutes are within)

—Loath as I am to spill my subjects' blood . . .

*Went.* That is, he'll have a war : what's done is done !

*Cha.* They have intrigued with France ; that's clear to Laud.

*Went.* Has Laud suggested any way to meet

The war's expense ?

*Cha.* He'd not decide so far

Until you joined us.

*Went.* Most considerate !

He's certain they intrigue with France, these Scots ?

The People would be with us.

*Cha.* Pym should know.

*Went.* The People for us—were the People for us !

Sir, a great thought comes to reward your trust :

Summon a Parliament ! in Ireland first, Then, here.

*Cha.* In truth ?

*Went.* That saves us ! that puts off

The war, gives time to right their grievances—

To talk with Pym. I know the Faction, as

Laud styles it, tutors Scotland : all their plans

Suppose no Parliament : in calling one You take them by surprise. Produce

the proofs Of Scotland's treason ; then bid England help :

Even Pym will not refuse.

*Cha.* You would begin

With Ireland ?

*Went.* Take no care for that : that's sure

To prosper.



*Cha.* You shall rule me. You were best  
Return at once : but take this ere you go !

Now, do I trust you ? You're an Earl :  
my Friend  
Of Friends : yes, while . . . You hear  
me not !

*Went.* Say it all o'er again—but once  
again :

The first was for the music—once again !

*Cha.* Strafford, my friend, there may  
have been reports,  
Vain rumours. Henceforth touching  
Strafford is

To touch the apple of my sight : why gaze  
So earnestly ?

*Went.* I am grown young again,  
And foolish. What was it we spoke of ?

*Cha.* Ireland,  
The Parliament,—

*Went.* I may go when I will ?  
—Now ?

*Cha.* Are you tired so soon of us ?  
*Went.* My King !

But you will not so utterly abhor  
A Parliament ? I'd serve you any way.

*Cha.* You said just now this was the  
only way.

*Went.* Sir, I will serve you !  
*Cha.* Strafford, spare yourself—  
You are so sick, they tell me.

*Went.* 'Tis my soul  
That 's well and prospers, now !

This Parliament—  
We'll summon it, the English one—I'll  
care

For everything. You shall not need  
them much.

*Cha.* If they prove restive . . .  
*Went.* I shall be with you.

*Cha.* Ere they assemble ?  
*Went.* I will come, or else

Deposit this infirm humanity  
I' the dust. My whole heart stays with  
you, my King !

[As WENTWORTH goes out, the QUEEN  
enters.]

*Cha.* That man must love me !  
*Queen.* Is it over then ?

Why, he looks yellower than ever ! well,  
At least we shall not hear eternally  
Of service—services : he 's paid at least.

*Cha.* Not done with : he engages to  
surpass

All yet performed in Ireland.

*Queen.* I had thought  
Nothing beyond was ever to be done.  
The war, Charles—will he raise supplies  
enough ?

*Cha.* We've hit on an expedient ; he  
. . . that is,

I have advised . . . we have decided on  
The calling—in Ireland—of a Parlia-  
ment.

*Queen.* O truly ! You agree to that ?  
Is that

The first fruit of his counsel ? But I  
guessed  
As much.

*Cha.* This is too idle, Henriette !  
I should know best. He will strain  
every nerve,

And once a precedent established . . .  
*Queen.* Notice

How sure he is of a long term of favours !  
He'll see the next, and the next after  
that ;

No end to Parliaments !

*Cha.* Well, it is done.  
He talks it smoothly, doubtless. If, in-  
deed,

The Commons here . . .

*Queen.* Here ! you will  
summon them

Here ? Would I were in France again to  
see

A King !

*Cha.* But Henriette . . .

*Queen.* Oh, the Scots see clear !  
Why should they bear your rule ?

*Cha.* But listen, Sweet !  
*Queen.* Let Wentworth listen—you  
confide in him !

*Cha.* I do not, Love—I do not so con-  
fide !

The Parliament shall never trouble us  
. . . Nay, hear me ! I have schemes, such  
schemes : we'll buy

The leaders off : without that, Went-  
worth's counsel

Had ne'er prevailed on me. Perhaps  
I call it

To have excuse for breaking it for ever,  
And whose will then the blame be ? See  
you not ?

Come, Dearest !—look ! the little fairy,  
 now,  
 That cannot reach my shoulder !  
 Dearest, come !

## ACT II

SCENE I.—(As in Act I, Scene I.)

*The same Party enters.*

*Rud.* Twelve subsidies !

*Vane.* O Rudyard, do not laugh  
 At least !

*Rud.* True : Strafford called the  
 Parliament—  
 'Tis he should laugh !

*A Puritan.* Out of the serpent's root  
 Comes forth a cockatrice.

*Fien.* —A stinging one,  
 If that's the Parliament : twelve sub-  
 sidies !

A stinging one ! but, brother, where's  
 your word

For Strafford's other nest-egg, the Scots'  
 war ?

*The Puritan.* His fruit shall be a fiery  
 flying serpent.

*Fien.* Shall be ? It chips the shell,  
 man ; peeps abroad.

Twelve subsidies !—Why, how now,  
 Vane ?

*Rud.* Peace, Fiennes !

*Fien.* Ah ?—But he was not more a  
 dupe than I,

Or you, or any here, the day that Pym  
 Returned with the good news. Look  
 up, friend Vane !

We all believed that Strafford meant us  
 well

In summoning the Parliament.

*HAMPDEN enters.*

*Vane.* Now, Hampden,  
 Clear me ! I would have leave to sleep  
 again ;

I'd look the People in the face again :  
 Clear me from having, from the first,  
 hoped, dreamed

Better of Strafford !

*Hamp.* You may grow one day  
 A steadfast light to England, Henry  
 Vane !

*Rud.* Meantime, by flashes I make  
 shift to see

Strafford revived our Parliaments ;  
 before,

War was but talked of ; there's an  
 army, now :

Still, we've a Parliament ! Poor Ireland  
 bears

Another wrench (she dies the hardest  
 death !)

Why, speak of it in Parliament ! and,  
 lo,

'Tis spoken ! so console yourselves.

*Fien.* The jest !  
 We clamoured, I suppose, thus long, to  
 win

The privilege of laying on our backs  
 A sorer burden than the King dares lay !

*Rud.* Mark now : we meet at length,  
 complaints pour in

From every county, all the land cries  
 out

On loans and levies, curses ship-money,  
 Calls vengeance on the Star-chamber ;  
 we lend

An ear. ' Ay, lend them all the ears you  
 have !'

Puts in the King ; ' my subjects, as you  
 find,

Are fretful, and conceive great things of  
 you.

Just listen to them, friends ; you'll  
 sanction me

The measures they most wince at, make  
 them yours,

Instead of mine, I know : and, to begin,  
 They say my levies pinch them,—raise  
 me straight

Twelve subsidies !'

*Fien.* All England cannot furnish  
 Twelve subsidies !

*Hol.* But Strafford, just returned  
 From Ireland—what has he to do with  
 that ?

How could he speak his mind ? He left  
 before

The Parliament assembled. Pym, who  
 knows

Strafford . . .

*Rud.* Would I were sure we know  
 ourselves !

What is for good, what, bad—who  
 friend, who foe !

*Hol.* Do you count Parliaments no  
 gain ?

*Rud.* A gain ?  
While the King's creatures overbalance  
us ?

—There's going on, beside, among our-  
selves

A quiet, slow, but most effectual course  
Of buying over, sapping, leavening  
The lump till all is leaven. Glanville's  
gone.

I'll put a case ; had not the Court de-  
clared

That no sum short of just twelve sub-  
sidies

Will be accepted by the King—our  
House,

I say, would have consented to that offer  
To let us buy off ship-money !

*Hol.* Most like,  
If, say, six subsidies will buy it off,  
The House . . .

*Rud.* Will grant them ! Hamp-  
den, do you hear ?

Congratulate with me ! the King's the  
king,

And gains his point at last—our own  
assent

To that detested tax ! all's over, then !  
There's no more taking refuge in this  
room,

Protesting, 'Let the King do what he  
will,

We, England, are no party to our  
shame :

Our day will come !' Congratulate with  
me !

*PYM enters.*

*Vane.* Pym, Strafford called this  
Parliament, you say,

But we'll not have our Parliaments like  
those

In Ireland, Pym !

*Rud.* Let him stand forth,  
your friend !

One doubtful act hides far too many  
sins ;

It can be stretched no more, and, to my  
mind,

Begins to drop from those it covered.

*Other Voices.* Good !  
Let him avow himself ! No fitter time !

We wait thus long for you.

*Rud.* Perhaps, too long !

Since nothing but the madness of the  
Court,

In thus unmasking its designs at once,  
Has saved us from betraying England.

Stay—

This Parliament is Strafford's : let us  
vote

Our list of grievances too black by far  
To suffer talk of subsidies : or best,

That ship-money's disposed of long ago  
By England : any vote that's broad

enough :

And then let Strafford, for the love of it,  
Support his Parliament !

*Vane.* And vote as well

No war's to be with Scotland ! Hear  
you, Pym ?

We'll vote, no war ! No part nor lot in it  
For England !

*Many Voices.* Vote, no war ! Stop  
the new levies !

No Bishop's war ! At once ! When next  
we meet !

*Pym.* Much more when next we meet !  
Friends, which of you

Since first the course of Strafford was in  
doubt,

Has fallen the most away in soul from  
me ?

*Vane.* I sat apart, even now, under  
God's eye,

Pondering the words that should de-  
nounce you, Pym,

In presence of us all, as one at league  
With England's enemy.

*Pym.* You are a good  
And gallant spirit, Henry. Take my

hand

And say you pardon me for all the pain  
Till now ! Strafford is wholly ours.

*Many Voices.* Sure ? sure ?

*Pym.* Most sure : for Charles dis-  
solves the Parliament

While I speak here.

—And I must speak, friends, now !  
Strafford is ours. The King detects the

change,

Casts Strafford off for ever, and resumes  
His ancient path : no Parliament for us,

No Strafford for the King !

Come, all of you,  
To bid the King farewell, predict success

To his Scots' expedition, and receive

Strafford, our comrade now. The next will be

Indeed a Parliament!

*Vane.* Forgive me, Pym!

*Voices.* This looks like truth: Strafford can have, indeed,

No choice.

*Pym.* Friends, follow me! He's with the King.

Come, Hampden, and come, Rudyard, and come, Vane!

This is no sullen day for England, sirs! Strafford shall tell you!

*Voices.* To Whitehall then! Come!

## SCENE II.—Whitehall.

CHARLES and STRAFFORD.

*Cha.* Strafford!

*Straf.* Is it a dream? my papers, here—

Thus, as I left them, all the plans you found

So happy—(look! the track you pressed my hand

For pointing out)—and in this very room,

Over these very plans, you tell me, sir, With the same face, too,—tell me just one thing

That ruins them! How's this? What may this mean?

Sir, who has done this?

*Cha.* Strafford, who but I?

You bade me put the rest away: indeed You are alone.

*Straf.* Alone, and like to be!

No fear, when some unworthy scheme's grown ripe,

Of those, who hatched it, leaving me to loose

The mischief on the world! Laud hatches war,

Falls to his prayers, and leaves the rest to me,

And I'm alone.

*Cha.* At least, you knew as much

When first you undertook the war.

*Straf.* My liege,

Was this the way? I said, since Laud would lap

A little blood, 'twere best to hurry over

The loathsome business, not to be whole months

At slaughter—one blow, only one, then, peace,

Save for the dreams. I said, to please you both

I'd lead an Irish army to the West, While in the South an English... but

you look

As though you had not told me fifty times

'Twas a brave plan! My army is all raised,

I am prepared to join it...

*Cha.* Hear me, Strafford!

*Straf.* ... When, for some little thing, my whole design

Is set aside—(where is the wretched paper?)

I am to lead—(ay, here it is)—to lead The English army: why? Northumberland

That I appointed, chooses to be sick— Is frightened: and, meanwhile, who

answers for

The Irish Parliament? or army, either? Is this my plan?

*Cha.* So disrespectful, sir?

*Straf.* My liege, do not believe it! I am yours,

Yours ever: 'tis too late to think about: To the death, yours. Elsewhere, this

untoward step

Shall pass for mine; the world shall think it mine.

But, here! But, here! I am so seldom here,

Seldom with you, my King! I, soon to rush

Alone upon a giant in the dark!

*Cha.* My Strafford!

*Straf.* [examines papers awhile.]

'Seize the passes of the Tyne'!

But, sir, you see—see all I say is true? My plan was sure to prosper, so, no cause

To ask the Parliament for help; whereas We need them frightfully.

*Cha.* Need the Parliament?

*Straf.* Now, for God's sake, sir, not one error more!

We can afford no error; we draw, now, Upon our last resource: the Parliament Must help us!

*Cha.* I've undone you, Strafford !  
*Straf.* Nay—  
 Nay—why despond, sir ? 'tis not come to that !

I have not hurt you ? Sir, what have I said

To hurt you ? I unsay it ! Don't despond !

Sir, do you turn from me ?

*Cha.* My friend of friends !

*Straf.* We'll make a shift ! Leave me the Parliament !

Help they us ne'er so little and I'll make

Sufficient out of it. We'll speak them fair.

They're sitting, that 's one great thing ; that half gives

Their sanction to us ; that 's much : don't despond !

Why, let them keep their money, at the worst !

The reputation of the People's help

Is all we want : we'll make shift yet !

*Cha.* Good Strafford !

*Straf.* But meantime, let the sum be ne'er so small

They offer, we'll accept it : any sum—

For the look of it : the least grant tells the Scots

The Parliament is ours—their staunch ally

Turned ours : that told, there 's half the blow to strike !

What will the grant be ? What does Glanville think ?

*Cha.* Alas !

*Straf.* My liege ?

*Cha.* Strafford !

*Straf.* But answer me !

Have they . . . O surely not refused us half ?

Half the twelve subsidies ? We never looked

For all of them ! How many do they give ?

*Cha.* You have not heard . . .

*Straf.* (What has he done ?)—Heard what ?

But speak at once, sir, this grows terrible !  
*[The King continuing silent.]*

You have dissolved them !—I'll not leave this man.

*Cha.* 'Twas old Vane's ill-judged vehemence.

*Straf.* Old Vane ?

*Cha.* He told them, just about to vote the half,

That nothing short of all twelve subsidies

Would serve our turn, or be accepted.

*Straf.* Vane !

Vane ! Who, sir, promised me that very Vane . . .

O God, to have it gone, quite gone from me,

The one last hope—I that despair, my hope—

That I should reach his heart one day, and cure

All bitterness one day, be proud again And young again, care for the sunshine too,

And never think of Eliot any more,—God, and to toil for this, go far for this,

Get nearer, and still nearer, reach this heart

And find Vane there !

*[Suddenly taking up a paper, and continuing with a forced calmness.]*

Northumberland is sick : Well then, I take the army : Wilmot leads

The Horse, and he with Conway must secure

The passes of the Tyne : Ormond supplies

My place in Ireland. Here, we'll try the City :

If they refuse a loan—debase the coin And seize the bullion ! we've no other choice.

Herbert . . .

And this while I am here ! with you !

And there are hosts such, hosts like Vane ! I go,

And, I once gone, they'll close around you, sir,

When the least pique, pettiest mistrust, is sure

To ruin me—and you along with me ! Do you see that ? And you along with me !

—Sir, you'll not ever listen to these men, And I away, fighting your battle ? Sir,



If they—if She—charge me, no matter how—

Say you, 'At any time when he returns His head is mine!' Don't stop me there! You know

My head is yours, but never stop me there!

*Cha.* Too shameful, Strafford! You advised the war,

And . . .

*Straf.* I! I! that was never spoken with

Till it was entered on! That loathe the war!

That say it is the maddest, wickedest. . . Do you know, sir, I think, within my heart,

That you would say I did advise the war;

And if, through your own weakness, or what's worse,

These Scots, with God to help them, drive me back,

You will not step between the raging People

And me, to say . . .

I knew it! I knew it! from the first I knew it! Never was so cold a heart! Remember that I said it—that I never Believed you for a moment!

—And, you loved me?

You thought your perfidy profoundly hid

Because I could not share the whisperings With Vane? With Savile? What, the face was masked?

I had the heart to see, sir! Face of flesh, But heart of stone—of smooth, cold, frightful stone!

Ay, call them! Shall I call for you? The Scots

Goaded to madness? Or the English—Pym—

Shall I call Pym, your subject? Oh, you think

I'll leave them in the dark about it all? They shall not know you? Hampden, Pym shall not?

PYM, HAMPDEN, VANE, &c. enter.

[*Dropping on his knee.*] Thus favoured with your gracious countenance What shall a rebel League avail against

Your servant, utterly and ever yours? So, gentlemen, the King's not even left The privilege of bidding me farewell Who haste to save the People—that you style

Your People—from the mercies of the Scots

And France their friend?

[*To CHARLES.*] Pym's grave grey eyes are fixed

Upon you, sir!

Your pleasure, gentlemen?

*Hamp.* The King dissolved us—'tis the King we seek

And not Lord Strafford.

*Straf.* —Strafford, guilty too Of counselling the measure. [*To*

*CHARLES.*] (*Hush . . . you know—* You have forgotten—sir, I counselled it)

A heinous matter, truly! But the King Will yet see cause to thank me for a course

Which now, perchance . . . (*Sir, tell them so!*)—he blames.

Well, choose some fitter time to make your charge:

I shall be with the Scots, you understand?

Then yelp at me!

Meanwhile, your Majesty Binds me, by this fresh token of your trust . . .

[*Under the pretence of an earnest farewell, STRAFFORD conducts CHARLES to the door, in such a manner as to hide his agitation from the rest: as the King disappears, they turn as by one impulse to PYM, who has not changed his original posture of surprise.*

*Hamp.* Leave we this arrogant strong wicked man!

*Vane and others.* Hence, Pym! Come out of this unworthy place

To our old room again! He's gone.

[*STRAFFORD, just about to follow the King, looks back.*

*Pym.* Not gone!

[*To STRAFFORD.*] Keep tryst! the old appointment's made anew:

Forget not we shall meet again!

*Straf.* So be it !  
 And if an army follows me ?  
*Vane.* His friends  
 Will entertain your army !

*Pym.* I'll not say  
 You have misreckoned, Strafford : time  
 shows. Perish,  
 Body and spirit ! Fool to feign a doubt,  
 Pretend the scrupulous and nice reserve  
 Of one whose prowess should achieve  
 the feat !

What share have I in it ? Shall I affect  
 To see no dismal sign above your head  
 When God suspends his ruinous thunder  
 there ?

Strafford is doomed. Touch him no one  
 of you !

[PYM, HAMPDEN, &c. go out.]

*Straf.* Pym, we shall meet again !

LADY CARLISLE enters.

You here, child ?

*Lady Car.* Hush—  
 I know it all : hush, Strafford !

*Straf.* Ah ? you know ?  
 Well. I shall make a sorry soldier,  
 Lucy !

All knights begin their enterprise, we  
 read,

Under the best of auspices ; 'tis morn,  
 The Lady girds his sword upon the  
 Youth

(He 's always very young)—the trumpets  
 sound,

Cups pledge him, and, why, the King  
 blesses him—

You need not turn a page of the  
 Romance

To learn the Dreadful Giant's fate.  
 Indeed.

We've the fair Lady here ; but she  
 apart,—

A poor man, rarely having handled lance,  
 And rather old, weary, and far from sure  
 His Squires are not the Giant's friends.

All 's one :

Let us go forth !

*Lady Car.* Go forth ?

*Straf.* What matters it ?

We shall die gloriously—as the book  
 says.

*Lady Car.* To Scotland ? not to Scot-  
 land ?

*Straf.* Am I sick  
 Like your good brother, brave North-  
 umberland ?

Beside, these walls seem falling on me.

*Lady Car.* Strafford,  
 The wind that saps these walls can under-  
 mine

Your camp in Scotland, too. Whence  
 creeps the wind ?

Have you no eyes except for Pym ?  
 Look here !

A breed of silken creatures lurk and  
 thrive

In your contempt. You'll vanquish Pym ?  
 Old Vane

Can vanquish you ! And Vane you think  
 to fly ?

Rush on the Scots ! Do nobly ! Vane's  
 slight sneer

Shall test success, adjust the praise,  
 suggest

The faint result : Vane's sneer shall  
 reach you there.

—You do not listen !

*Straf.* Oh,—I give that up ;  
 There's fate in it : I give all here quite  
 up.

Care not what old Vane does or Holland  
 does

Against me ! 'Tis so idle to withstand—  
 In no case tell me what they do !

*Lady Car.* But Strafford . . .

*Straf.* I want a little strife, beside ;  
 real strife ;

This petty, palace-warfare does me  
 harm :

I shall feel better, fairly out of it.

*Lady Car.* Why do you smile ?

*Straf.* I got to fear them, child !  
 I could have torn his throat at first, old  
 Vane's,

As he leered at me on his stealthy way  
 To the Queen's closet. Lord, one loses  
 heart !

I often found it in my heart to say  
 ' Do not traduce me to her ! '

*Lady Car.* But the King . . .

*Straf.* The King stood there, 'tis not  
 so long ago,

—There ; and the whisper, Lucy, ' Be  
 my friend

Offriends ! '—My King ! I would have . . .

*Lady Car.* . . . Died for him ?

*Straf.* Sworn him true, Lucy : I can die for him.

*Lady Car.* But go not, Strafford !  
But you must renounce

This project on the Scots ! Die ! wherefore die ?

Charles never loved you.

*Straf.* And he never will.  
He 's not of those who care the more for men

That they're unfortunate.

*Lady Car.* Then wherefore die  
For such a master ?

*Straf.* You that told me first  
How good he was—when I must leave true friends

To find a truer friend !—that drew me here

From Ireland,—‘I had but to show myself

And Charles would spurn Vane, Savile, and the rest ’—

You, child, to ask me this ?

*Lady Car.* (If he have set  
His heart abidingly on Charles !)

Then, friend,  
I shall not see you any more !

*Straf.* Yes, Lucy.  
There 's one man here I have to meet.

*Lady Car.* (The King !  
What way to save him from the King ?

My soul—  
That lent from its own store the charmed disguise

That clothes the King—he shall behold my soul !)

Strafford,—I shall speak best if you'll not gaze

Upon me : I had never thought, indeed, To speak, but you would perish, too !

So sure !  
Could you but know what 'tis to bear, my friend,

One image stamped within you, turning blank

The else imperial brilliance of your mind,—

A weakness, but most precious,—like a flaw

I' the diamond, which should shape forth some sweet face

Yet to create, and meanwhile treasured there

Lest Nature lose her gracious thought for ever !

*Straf.* When could it be ? no ! Yet . . . was it the day

We waited in the anteroom, till Holland Should leave the presence-chamber ?

*Lady Car.* What ?  
*Straf.* —That I

Described to you my love for Charles ?  
*Lady Car.* (Ah, no—

One must not lure him from a love like that !

Oh, let him love the King and die ! 'Tis past.

I shall not serve him worse for that one brief

And passionate hope, silent for ever now !  
And you are really bound for Scotland, then ?

I wish you well : you must be very sure Of the King's faith, for Pym and all his crew

Will not be idle—setting Vane aside !  
*Straf.* If Pym is busy,—you may write of Pym.

*Lady Car.* What need, since there 's your King to take your part ?

He may endure Vane's counsel ; but for Pym—

Think you he'll suffer Pym to . . .  
*Straf.* Child, your hair

Is glossier than the Queen's !  
*Lady Car.* Is that to ask

A curl of me ?  
*Straf.* Scotland—the weary way !

*Lady Car.* Stay, let me fasten it.  
—A rival's, Strafford ?

*Straf.* [showing the George.] He hung it there : twine yours around it, child !

*Lady Car.* No—no—another time—I trifle so !

And there 's a masque on foot. Farewell. The Court

Is dull ; do something to enliven us  
In Scotland : we expect it at your hands.

*Straf.* I shall not fall in Scotland.  
*Lady Car.* Prosper—if

You'll think of me sometimes !  
*Straf.* How think of him

And not of you ? of you, the lingering streak

(A golden one) in my good fortune's eve.

*Lady Car.* Strafford . . . Well, when the eve has its last streak

The night has its first star. [*She goes out.*]

*Straf.* That voice of hers—

You'd think she had a heart sometimes!

His voice

Is soft too.

Only God can save him now.

Be Thou about his bed, about his path!

His path! Where's England's path?

Diverging wide

And not to join again the track my foot

Must follow—whither? All that forlorn way

Among the tombs! Far—far—till . . .

What, they do

Then join again, these paths? For, huge

in the dusk,

There's—Pym to face!

Why then, I have a foe

To close with, and a fight to fight at last

Worthy my soul! What, do they beard

the King,

And shall the King want Strafford at his

need?

Am I not here? Not in the market-

place,

Pressed on by the rough artisans, so

proud

To catch a glance from Wentworth!

They'll lie down

Hungry and smile 'Why, it must end

some day—

Is he not watching for our sake?'

—Not there!

But in Whitehall, the whited sepulchre,

The . . .

Curse nothing to-night! Only one name

They'll curse in all those streets to-

night. Whose fault?

Did I make kings? set up, the first, a

man

To represent the multitude, receive

All love in right of them—supplant them so,

Until you love the man and not the king—

The man with the mild voice and mournful eyes

Which send me forth.

—To breast the bloody sea

That sweeps before me: with one star for guide.

Night has its first, supreme, forsaken star.

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Opposite Westminster Hall.*

SIR HENRY VANE, LORD SAVILE, LORD HOLLAND, and others of the Court.

*Sir H. Vane.* The Commons thrust you out!

*Savile.* And what kept you from sharing their civility?

*Sir H. Vane.* Kept me?

Fresh news from Scotland, sir! worse than the last,

If that may be! All's up with Strafford there:

Nothing to bar the mad Scots marching hither

Next Lord's-day morning. That detained me, sir!

Well now, before they thrust you out,—go on,—

Their Speaker—did the fellow Lenthall say

All we set down for him?

*Hol.* Not a word missed.

Ere he began, we entered, Savile, I

And Bristol and some more, with hope to breed

A wholesome awe in the new Parliament.

But such a gang of graceless ruffians, Vane,

As glared at us!

*Vane.* So many?

*Savile.* Not a bench

Without its complement of burly knaves;

Your hopeful son among them: Hampden leant

Upon his shoulder—think of that!

*Vane.* I'd think

On Lenthall's speech, if I could get at it.

Urged he, I ask, how grateful they should prove

For this unlooked-for summons from the King?

*Hol.* Just as we drilled him.

*Vane.* That the Scots will march On London?

*Hol.* All, and made so much of it,

A dozen subsidies at least seemed sure

To follow, when . . .

*Vane.* Well ?

*Hol.* 'Tis a strange thing now !  
I've a vague memory of a sort of sound,  
A voice, a kind of vast, unnatural voice—  
Pym, sir, was speaking ! Savile, help  
me out :

What was it all ?

*Sav.* Something about  
'a matter'—

No,—'a work for England.'

*Hol.* 'England's great revenge'  
He talked of.

*Sav.* How should I get used to Pym  
More than yourselves ?

*Hol.* However that may be,  
'Twas something with which we had  
nought to do,

For we were 'strangers' and 'twas  
'England's work'—

(All this while looking us straight in the  
face)

In other words, our presence might be  
spared.

So, in the twinkling of an eye, before  
I settled to my mind what ugly brute  
Was likest Pym just then, they yelled  
us out,

Locked the doors after us, and here are  
we.

*Vane.* Eliot's old method . . .

*Sav.* Prithee, Vane, a truce  
To Eliot and his times, and the great  
Duke,

And how to manage Parliaments !  
'Twas you

Advised the Queen to summon this :  
why, Strafford

(To do him justice) would not hear of it.

*Vane.* Say, rather, you have done the  
best of turns

To Strafford : he's at York, we all  
know why.

I would you had not set the Scots on  
Strafford

Till Strafford put down Pym for us, my  
lord !

*Sav.* Was it I altered Strafford's  
plans ? did I . . .

*A Messenger enters.*

*Mes.* The Queen, my lords—she sends  
me : follow me

At once ; 'tis very urgent ! she requires  
Your counsel : something perilous and  
strange

Occasions her command.

*Sav.* We follow, friend !

Now, Vane ;—your Parliament will  
plague us all !

*Vane.* No Strafford here beside !

*Sav.* If you dare hint  
I had a hand in his betrayal, sir . . .

*Hol.* Nay, find a fitter time for  
quarrels—Pym

Will overmatch the best of you ; and,  
think,

The Queen !

*Vane.* Come on, then : understand,  
I loathe

Strafford as much as any—but his use !  
To keep off Pym—to screen a friend or  
two !

I would we had reserved him yet awhile.

SCENE II.—*Whitehall.*

*The QUEEN and LADY CARLISLE.*

*Queen.* It cannot be.

*Lady Car.* It is so.

*Queen.* Why, the House

Have hardly met.

*Lady Car.* They met for that.

*Queen.* No, no !

Meet to impeach Lord Strafford ? 'Tis  
a jest.

*Lady Car.* A bitter one.

*Queen.* Consider ! 'Tis the House  
We summoned so reluctantly, which  
nothing

But the disastrous issue of the war  
Persuaded us to summon. They'll  
wreak all

Their spite on us, no doubt ; but the  
old way

Is to begin by talk of grievances :

They have their grievances to busy them.

*Lady Car.* Pym has begun his speech.

*Queen.* Where's Vane ?—That is,  
Pym will impeach Lord Strafford if he  
leaves

His Presidency ; he's at York, we know,  
Since the Scots beat him : why should  
he leave York ?

*Lady Car.* Because the King sent for  
him.



*Queen.* Ah—but if  
The King did send for him, he let him  
know

We had been forced to call a Parliament—  
A step which Strafford, now I come to  
think,

Was vehement against.

*Lady Car.* The policy  
Escaped him, of first striking Parlia-  
ments

To earth, then setting them upon their  
feet

And giving them a sword: but this is idle.  
Did the King send for Strafford? He  
will come.

*Queen.* And what am I to do?

*Lady Car.* What do? Fail, madam!  
Be ruined for his sake! what matters  
how,

So it but stand on record that you made  
An effort, only one?

*Queen.* The King's away  
At Theobalds.

*Lady Car.* Send for him at once: he  
must

Dissolve the House.

*Queen.* Wait till Vane finds  
the truth

Of the report: then . . .

*Lady Car.* —It will matter little  
What the King does. Strafford that  
lends his arm,  
And breaks his heart for you!

SIR H. VANE enters.

*Vane.* The Commons, madam,  
Are sitting with closed doors. A huge  
debate,

No lack of noise; but nothing, I should  
guess,

Concerning Strafford: Pym has cer-  
tainly

Not spoken yet.

*Queen.* [To LADY CARLISLE.] You  
hear?

*Lady Car.* I do not hear  
That the King's sent for!

*Sir H. Vane.* Savile will be able  
To tell you more.

HOLLAND enters.

*Queen.* The last news, Holland?

*Hol.* Pym

Is raging like a fire. The whole House  
means

To follow him together to Whitehall  
And force the King to give up Straf-  
ford.

*Queen.* Strafford?

*Hol.* If they content themselves with  
Strafford! Laud

Is talked of, Cottington and Windebank  
too,

Pym has not left out one of them—I  
would

You heard Pym raging!

*Queen.* Vane, go find the King!  
Tell the King, Vane, the People follow  
Pym

To brave us at Whitehall!

SAVILE enters.

*Savile.* Not to Whitehall—  
'Tis to the Lords they go: they'll seek  
redress

On Strafford from his peers—the legal  
way,

They call it.

*Queen.* (Wait, Vane!)

*Sav.* But the adage gives  
Long life to threatened men. Strafford  
can save

Himself so readily: at York, remember,  
In his own county, what has he to fear?  
The Commons only mean to frighten  
him

From leaving York. Surely, he will not  
come.

*Queen.* Lucy, he will not come!

*Lady Car.* Once more, the King  
Has sent for Strafford. He will come.

*Vane.* Oh, doubtless!  
And bring destruction with him; that's  
his way.

What but his coming spoilt all Conway's  
plan?

The King must take his counsel, choose  
his friends,

Be wholly ruled by him! What's the  
result?

The North that was to rise, Ireland to  
help,—

What came of it? In my poor mind, a  
fright

Is no prodigious punishment.

*Lady Car.* A fright?

Pym will fail worse than Strafford if he thinks

To frighten him. [*To the QUEEN.*] You will not save him, then ?

*Sav.* When something like a charge is made, the King

Will best know how to save him : and 'tis clear,

While Strafford suffers nothing by the matter,

The King may reap advantage : this in question,

No dinnings you with ship-money complaints !

*Queen.* [*To LADY CARLISLE.*] If we dissolve them, who will pay the army ?

Protect us from the insolent Scots ?

*Lady Car.* In truth I know not, madam. Strafford's fate concerns

Me little : you desired to learn what course

Would save him : I obey you.

*Vane.* Notice, too, There can't be fairer ground for taking full

Revenge — (Strafford's revengeful) — than he'll have

Against his old friend Pym.

*Queen.* Why, he shall claim Vengeance on Pym !

*Vane.* And Strafford, who is he To 'scape unscathed amid the accidents That harass all beside ? I, for my part, Should look for something of discomfiture

Had the King trusted me so thoroughly And been so paid for it.

*Hol.* He'll keep at York : All will blow over : he'll return no worse,

Humbled a little, thankful for a place Under as good a man. Oh, we'll dispense

With seeing Strafford for a month or two !

STRAFFORD enters.

*Queen.* You here !

*Straf.* The King sends for me, madam.

*Queen.* Sir,

The King . . .

*Straf.* An urgent matter that imports the King.

[*To LADY CARLISLE.*] Why, Lucy, what's in agitation now

That all this muttering and shrugging, see,

Begins at me ? They do not speak !

*Car.* 'Tis welcome ! For we are proud of you—happy and proud

To have you with us, Strafford ! you were staunch

At Durham : you did well there ! Had you not

Been stayed, you might have . . . we said, even now,

Our hope's in you !

*Sir H. Vane.* [*To LADY CARLISLE.*] The Queen would speak with you.

*Straf.* Will one of you, his servants here, vouchsafe

To signify my presence to the King ?

*Sav.* An urgent matter ?

*Straf.* None that touches you, Lord Savile ! Say, it were some treacherous,

Sly, pitiful intriguing with the Scots— You would go free, at least ! (They half divine

My purpose !) Madam, shall I see the King ?

The service I would render, much concerns His welfare.

*Queen.* But his Majesty, my lord, May not be here, may . . .

*Straf.* Its importance, then, Must plead excuse for this withdrawal, madam,

And for the grief it gives Lord Savile here.

*Queen.* [*who has been conversing with VANE and HOLLAND.*] The King will see you, sir

[*To LADY CARLISLE.*] Mark me : Pym's worst

Is done by now : he has impeached the Earl,

Or found the Earl too strong for him, by now.

Let us not seem instructed ! We should work

No good to Strafford, but deform ourselves

With shame in the world's eye. [To STRAFFORD.] His Majesty

Has much to say with you.

*Straf.* Time fleeting, too !  
[To LADY CARLISLE.] No means of getting them away ? And She—

What does she whisper ? Does she know my purpose ?

What does she think of it ? Get them away !

*Queen.* [To LADY CARLISLE] He comes to baffle Pym—he thinks the danger

Far off : tell him no word of it ! a time For help will come ; we'll not be wanting then.

Keep him in play, Lucy—you, self-possessed

And calm ! [To STRAFFORD.] To spare your Lordship some delay

I will myself acquaint the King. [To LADY CARLISLE.] Beware !

[The QUEEN, VANE, HOLLAND, and SAVILE, go out.]

*Straf.* She knows it ?

*Lady Car.* Tell me, Strafford !

*Straf.* Afterward !

This moment's the great moment of all time.

She knows my purpose ?

*Lady Car.* Thoroughly : just now She bade me hide it from you.

*Straf.* Quick, dear child, The whole o' the scheme ?

*Lady Car.* (Ah, he would learn if they Connive at Pym's procedure ! Could they but

Have once apprised the King ! But there's no time

For falsehood, now.) Strafford, the whole is known.

*Straf.* Known and approved ?

*Lady Car.* Hardly discountenanced.

*Straf.* And the King—say, the King consents as well ?

*Lady Car.* The King's not yet informed, but will not dare

To interpose.

*Straf.* What need to wait him, then ? He'll sanction it ! I stayed, child, tell him, long !

It vexed me to the soul—this waiting here.

You know him, there's no counting on the King.

Tell him I waited long !

*Lady Car.* (What can he mean ? Rejoice at the King's hollowness ?)

*Straf.* I knew

They would be glad of it,—all over once, I knew they would be glad : but he'd

contrive,

The Queen and he, to mar, by helping it, An angel's making.

*Lady Car.* (Is he mad ?) Dear Strafford,

You were not wont to look so happy.

*Straf.* Sweet,

I tried obedience thoroughly. I took

The King's wild plan : of course, ere I could reach

My army, Conway ruined it. I drew The wrecks together, raised all heaven

and earth,

And would have fought the Scots : the King at once

Made truce with them. Then, Lucy, then, dear child,

God put it in my mind to love, serve, die For Charles, but never to obey him

more !

While he endured their insolence at Ripon

I fell on them at Durham. But you'll tell

The King I waited ? All the anteroom Is filled with my adherents.

*Lady Car.* Strafford—Strafford, What daring act is this you hint ?

*Straf.* No, no !

'Tis here, not daring if you knew ! all here !

[Drawing papers from his breast.] Full proof, see, ample proof—does the

Queen know

I have such damning proof ? Bedford and Essex,

Broke, Warwick, Savile (did you notice Savile ?

The simper that I spoilt ?), Saye, Mandeville—

Sold to the Scots, body and soul, by Pym !

*Lady Car.* Great heaven !

*Straf.* From Savile and  
his lords, to Pym  
And his losels, crushed!—Pym shall not  
ward the blow  
Nor Savile creep aside from it! The  
Crew  
And the Cabal—I crush them!  
*Lady Car.* And you go—  
Strafford,—and now you go?—  
*Straf.* —About no work  
In the background, I promise you! I go  
Straight to the House of Lords to claim  
these knaves.

Mainwaring!

*Lady Car.* Stay—stay, Strafford!

*Straf.* She'll return,  
The Queen—some little project of her  
own!

No time to lose: the King takes fright  
perhaps.

*Lady Car.* Pym's strong, remember!

*Straf.* Very strong, as fits  
The Faction's head—with no offence to  
Hampden,

Vane, Rudyard, and my loving Hollis—  
one

And all they lodge within the Tower to-  
night

In just equality. Bryan! Mainwaring!  
[*Many of his Adherents enter.*

The Peers debate just now (a lucky  
chance)

On the Scots' war; my visit's oppor-  
tune.

When all is over, Bryan, you'll proceed  
To Ireland: these dispatches, mark me,

Bryan,  
Are for the Deputy, and these for  
Ormond:

We want the army here—my army,  
raised

At such a cost, that should have done  
such good,

And was inactive all the time! no matter,  
We'll find a use for it. Willis . . . or,  
no—You!

You, friend, make haste to York: bear  
this, at once . . .

Or,—better stay for form's sake—see  
yourself

The news you carry. You remain with  
me

To execute the Parliament's command,

Mainwaring! help to seize the lesser  
knaves;

Take care there's no escaping at back-  
doors:

I'll not have one escape, mind me—not  
one!

I seem revengeful, Lucy? Did you  
know

What these men dare!

*Lady Car.* It is so much they dare!

*Straf.* I proved that long ago; my  
turn is now!

Keep sharp watch, Goring, on the  
citizens;

Observe who harbours any of the brood  
That scramble off: be sure they smart  
for it!

Our coffers are but lean.

And you, child, too,  
Shall have your task; deliver this to  
Laud.

Laud will not be the slowest in my  
praise:

'Thorough' he'll say!—Foolish, to be  
so glad!

This life is gay and glowing, after all:  
'Tis worth while, Lucy, having foes like  
mine

Just for the bliss of crushing them. To-  
day

Is worth the living for.

*Lady Car.* That reddening brow!  
You seem . . .

*Straf.* Well—do I not? I would  
be well—

I could not but be well on such a day!  
And, this day ended, 'tis of slight im-  
port

How long the ravaged frame subjects  
the soul

In Strafford.

*Lady Car.* Noble Strafford!

*Straf.* No farewell!  
I'll see you anon, to-morrow—the first  
thing.

—If She should come to stay me!

*Lady Car.* Go—'tis nothing—  
Only my heart that swells: it has been  
thus

Ere now: go, Strafford!

*Straf.* To-night, then, let it be.  
I must see Him: you, the next after  
Him.

I'll tell you how Pym looked. Follow me, friends !  
You, gentlemen, shall see a sight this hour  
To talk of all your lives. Close after me !  
' My friend of friends ! '

[STRAFFORD and the rest go out.  
*Lady Car.* The King—ever the King !  
No thought of one beside, whose little word  
Unveils the King to him—one word from me,  
Which yet I do not breathe !

Ah, have I spared  
Strafford a pang, and shall I seek reward  
Beyond that memory ? Surely too, some way  
He is the better for my love. No, no—  
He would not look so joyous—I'll believe  
His very eye would never sparkle thus,  
Had I not prayed for him this long, long while.

SCENE III.—*The Antechamber of the House of Lords.*

*Many of the Presbyterian Party. The Adherents of STRAFFORD, &c.*

*A Group of Presbyterians.*—1. I tell you he struck Maxwell : Maxwell sought  
To stay the Earl : he struck him and passed on.

2. Fear as you may, keep a good countenance  
Before these rufflers.

3. Strafford here the first,  
With the great army at his back !

4. No doubt.  
I would Pym had made haste : that's Bryan, hush—  
The gallant pointing.

*Strafford's Followers.*—1. Mark these worthies, now !

2. A goodly gathering ! ' Where the carcass is  
There shall the eagles '—what's the rest ?

3. For eagles  
Say crows.

*A Presbyterian.* Stand back, sirs !  
*One of Strafford's Followers.* Are we in Geneva ?

*A Presbyterian.* No—nor in Ireland ;  
we have leave to breathe.

*One of Strafford's Followers.* Truly ?  
Behold how privileged we be  
To serve ' King Pym ' ! There's Some-one at Whitehall

Who skulks obscure ; but Pym struts . . .  
*The Presbyterian.* Nearer.

*A Follower of Strafford.* Higher,  
We look to see him. [*To his Companions.*]  
I'm to have St. John

In charge ; was he among the knaves  
just now

That followed Pym within there ?  
*Another.* The gaunt man

Talking with Rudyard. Did the Earl expect  
Pym at his heels so fast ? I like it not.

MAXWELL enters.

*Another.* Why, man, they rush into the net ! Here's Maxwell—  
Ha, Maxwell ? How the brethren flock around

The fellow ! Do you feel the Earl's hand yet

Upon your shoulder, Maxwell ?  
*Max.* Gentlemen,

Stand back ! A great thing passes here.  
*A Follower of Strafford.* [*To another.*]

The Earl  
Is at his work ! [*To M.*] Say, Maxwell, what great thing !

Speak out ! [*To a Presbyterian.*] Friend,  
I've a kindness for you ! Friend,  
I've seen you with St. John : O stockishness !

Wear such a ruff, and never call to mind

St. John's head in a charger ? How, the plague,

Not laugh ?  
*Another.* Say, Maxwell, what great thing !

*Another.* Nay, wait :  
The jest will be to wait.

*First.* And who's to bear  
These demure hypocrites ? You'd swear they came . . .  
Came . . . just as we come !



[A Puritan enters hastily and without observing STRAFFORD'S Followers.

The Puritan. How goes on the work ?

Has Pym . . .

A Follower of Strafford. The secret's out at last. Aha,

The carrion's scented ! Welcome, crow the first !

Gorge merrily, you with the blinking eye !

'King Pym has fallen !'

The Puritan. Pym ?

A Strafford. Pym !

A Presbyterian. Only Pym ?

Many of Strafford's Followers. No, brother, not Pym only ; Vane as well,

Rudyard as well, Hampden, St. John as well !

A Presbyterian. My mind misgives : can it be true ?

Another. Lost ! Lost !

A Strafford. Say we true, Maxwell ?

The Puritan. Pride

before destruction,

A haughty spirit goeth before a fall.

Many of Strafford's Followers. Ah now ! The very thing ! A word in season !

A golden apple in a silver picture,

To greet Pym as he passes !

[The doors at the back begin to open, noise and light issuing.

Max. Stand back, all !

Many of the Presbyterians. I hold with Pym ! And I !

Strafford's Followers. Now for the text !

He comes ! Quick !

The Puritan. How hath the oppressor ceased !

The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked !

The sceptre of the rulers, he who smote The people in wrath with a continual stroke,

That ruled the nations in his anger—he Is persecuted and none hindereth !

[The doors open, and STRAFFORD issues in the greatest disorder, and amid cries from within of 'Void the House.'

Straf. Impeach me ! Pym ! I never struck, I think,

The felon on that calm insulting mouth When it proclaimed—Pym's mouth proclaimed me . . . God !

Was it a word, only a word that held

The outrageous blood back on my heart—which beats !

Which beats ! Some one word—'Traitor,' did he say,

Bending that eye, brimfull of bitter fire, Upon me ?

Max. In the Commons' name, their servant

Demands Lord Strafford's sword.

Straf. What did you say ?

Max. The Commons bid me ask your Lordship's sword.

Straf. Let us go forth : follow me, gentlemen !

Draw your swords too : cut any down that bar us.

On the King's service ! Maxwell, clear the way !

[The Presbyterians prepare to dispute his passage.

Straf. I stay : the King himself shall see me here.

Your tablets, fellow !

[To MAINWARING.] Give that to the King !

Yes, Maxwell, for the next half-hour, let be !

Nay, you shall take my sword !

[MAXWELL advances to take it.

Or, no—not that !

Their blood, perhaps, may wipe out all thus far,

All up to that—not that ! Why, friend, you see,

When the King lays your head beneath my foot

It will not pay for that. Go, all of you !

Max. I dare, my lord, to disobey : none stir !

Straf. This gentle Maxwell !—Do not touch him, Bryan !

[To the Presbyterians.] Whichever cur of you will carry this

Escapes his fellows' fate. None saves his life ?

None ?

[*Cries from within of 'STRAFFORD.'*

Slingsby, I've loved you at least :  
make haste !

Stab me ! I have not time to tell you why.  
You then, my Bryan ! Mainwaring, you  
then !

Is it because I spoke so hastily  
At Allerton ? The King had vexed me.  
[*To the Presbyterians.*] You !

—Not even you ? If I live over this,  
The King is sure to have your heads, you  
know !

But what if I can't live this minute  
through ?

Pym, who is there with his pursuing  
smile !

[*Louder cries of 'STRAFFORD.'*

The King ! I troubled him, stood in the  
way

Of his negotiations, was the one  
Great obstacle to peace, the Enemy  
Of Scotland : and he sent for me, from  
York,

My safety guaranteed—having prepared  
A Parliament—I see ! And at Whitehall  
The Queen was whispering with Vane—  
I see

The trap ! [*Tearing off the George.*

I tread a gewgaw underfoot,  
And cast a memory from me. One  
stroke, now !

[*His own adherents disarm him.*

*Renewed cries of 'STRAFFORD.'*

England ! I see Thy arm in this and yield.  
Pray you now—Pym awaits me—pray  
you now !

[*STRAFFORD reaches the doors :  
they open wide. HAMPDEN and  
a crowd discovered, and, at the bar,  
Pym standing apart. As STRAF-  
FORD kneels, the scene shuts.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—Whitehall.

THE KING, the QUEEN, HOLLIS, LADY  
CARLISLE. (VANE, HOLLAND,  
SAVILLE, in the background.)

*Lady Car.* Answer them, Hollis, for  
his sake ! One word !

*Cha.* [*To HOLLIS.*] You stand, silent  
and cold, as though I were

Deceiving you—my friend, my play-  
fellow

Of other times. What wonder after all ?  
Just so, I dreamed my People loved me.

*Hol.* Sir,

It is yourself that you deceive, not me.  
You'll quit me comforted, your mind  
made up

That, since you've talked thus much  
and grieved thus much,

All you can do for Strafford has been  
done.

*Queen.* If you kill Strafford—(come,  
we grant you leave,

Suppose)—

*Hol.* I may withdraw, sir ?

*Lady Car.* Hear them out !

'Tis the last chance for Strafford ! Hear  
them out !

*Hol.* 'If we kill Strafford'—on the  
eighteenth day

Of Strafford's trial—'We !'

*Cha.* Pym, my good Hollis—

Pym, I should say !

*Hol.* Ah, true—sir, pardon me !

You witness our proceedings every day ;  
But the screened gallery, I might have  
guessed,

Admits of such a partial glimpse at us,  
Pym takes up all the room, shuts out  
the view.

Still, on my honour, sir, the rest of the  
place

Is not unoccupied. The Commons sit  
—That's England ; Ireland sends, and  
Scotland too,

Their representatives ; the Peers that  
judge

Are easily distinguished ; one remarks  
The People here and there : but the  
close curtain

Must hide so much !

*Queen.* Acquaint your insolent  
crew,

This day the curtain shall be dashed  
aside !

It served a purpose.

*Hol.* Think ! This very day ?  
Ere Strafford rises to defend himself ?

*Cha.* I will defend him, sir !—sanction  
the Past

This day : it ever was my purpose.  
Rage

At me, not Strafford !

*Lady Car.* Nobly !—will he not  
Do nobly ?

*Hol.* Sir, you will do honestly ;  
And, for that deed, I too would be a  
king.

*Cha.* Only, to do this now !—‘ deaf ’  
(in your style)  
‘ To subjects’ prayers,’—I must oppose  
them now.

It seems their will the Trial should  
proceed,—

So palpably their will !

*Hol.* You peril much,  
But it were no bright moment save for  
that.

Strafford, your prime support, the sole  
roof-tree

That props this quaking House of Privi-  
lege,  
(Floods come, winds beat, and see—the  
treacherous sand !)

Doubtless, if the mere putting forth an  
arm

Could save him, you’d save Strafford.

*Cha.* And they mean  
Calmly to consummate this wrong !  
No hope ?

This ineffaceable wrong ! No pity then ?

*Hol.* No plague in store for perfidy ?  
—Farewell !

You called me, sir—[*To LADY CARLISLE*]  
you, lady, bade me come

To save the Earl : I came, thank God  
for it,

To learn how far such perfidy can go !

You, sir, concert with me on saving him  
Who have just ruined Strafford !

*Cha.* I ?—and how ?

*Hol.* Eighteen days long he throws,  
one after one,

Pym’s charges back : a blind moth-  
eaten law !

—He’ll break from it at last : and  
whom to thank ?

The mouse that gnawed the lion’s net  
for him

Got a good friend,—but he, the other  
mouse,

That looked on while the lion freed him-  
self—

Fared he so well, does any fable say ?

*Cha.* What can you mean ?

*Hol.* Pym never could have proved  
Strafford’s design of bringing up the  
troops

To force this kingdom to obedience :  
Vane—

Your servant, not our friend, has proved  
it.

*Cha.* Vane ?

*Hol.* This day. Did Vane deliver up  
or no

Those notes which, furnished by his son  
to Pym,

Seal Strafford’s fate ?

*Cha.* Sir, as I live, I know  
Nothing that Vane has done ! What  
treason next ?

I wash my hands of it. Vane, speak the  
truth !

Ask Vane himself !

*Hol.* I will not speak to Vane,  
Who speak to Pym and Hampden every  
day.

*Queen.* Speak to Vane’s master then !  
What gain to him

Were Strafford’s death ?

*Hol.* Ha ? Strafford cannot turn  
As you, sir, sit there—bid you forth,  
demand

If every hateful act were not set down  
In his commission ?—Whether you con-  
trived

Or no, that all the violence should seem  
His work, the gentle ways—your own,  
his part

To counteract the King’s kind impulses—  
While . . . but you know what he could  
say ! And then

He might produce,—mark, sir,—a cer-  
tain charge

To set the King’s express command  
aside,

If need were, and be blameless ! He  
might add . . .

*Cha.* Enough !

*Hol.* —Who bade him break  
the Parliament,  
Find some pretext for setting up sword-  
law !

*Queen.* Retire !

*Cha.* Once more, whatever  
Vane dared do,

I know not : he is rash, a fool—I know  
Nothing of Vane !

*Hol.* Well—I believe you. Sir, Believe me, in return, that . . .

[Turning to LADY CARLISLE.] Gentle lady,

The few words I would say, the stones might hear

Sooner than these,—I rather speak to you,

You, with the heart! The question, trust me, takes

Another shape, to-day: not, if the King Or England shall succumb,—but, who

shall pay The forfeit, Strafford or his master.

Sir, You loved me once: think on my warning now!

[Goes out.]

*Cha.* On you and on your warning both!—Carlisle!

That paper!

*Queen.* But consider!

*Cha.* Give it me! There, signed—will that content you?

Do not speak!

You have betrayed me, Vane! See! any day,

According to the tenor of that paper, He bids your brother bring the army up, Strafford shall head it and take full revenge.

Seek Strafford! Let him have the same, before

He rises to defend himself!

*Queen.* In truth? That your shrewd Hollis should have worked a change

Like this! You, late reluctant . . .

*Cha.* Say, Carlisle, Your brother Percy brings the army up, Falls on the Parliament—(I'll think of you,

My Hollis!) say, we plotted long—'tis mine,

The scheme is mine, remember! Say, I cursed

Vane's folly in your hearing! If the Earl

Does rise to do us shame, the fault shall lie

With you, Carlisle!

*Lady Car.* Nay, fear not me! but still

That's a bright moment, sir, you throw away.

Tear down the veil and save him!

*Queen.* Go, Carlisle!

*Lady Car.* (I shall see Strafford—speak to him: my heart

Must never beat so, then! And if I tell

The truth? What's gained by falsehood? There they stand

Whose trade it is, whose life it is! How vain

To gild such rottenness! Strafford shall know,

Thoroughly know them!)

*Queen.* Trust to me!

[To CARLISLE.] Carlisle, You seem inclined, alone of all the Court,

To serve poor Strafford: this bold plan of yours

Merits much praise, and yet . . .

*Lady Car.* Time presses, madam.

*Queen.* Yet—may it not be something premature?

Strafford defends himself to-day—reserves

Some wondrous effort, one may well suppose!

*Lady Car.* Ay, Hollis hints as much.

*Cha.* Why linger then?

Haste with the scheme—my scheme: I shall be there

To watch his look. Tell him I watch his look!

*Queen.* Stay, we'll precede you!

*Lady Car.* At your pleasure.

*Cha.* Say—

Say, Vane is hardly ever at Whitehall! I shall be there, remember!

*Lady Car.* Doubt me not.

*Cha.* On our return, Carlisle, we wait you here!

*Lady Car.* I'll bring his answer. Sir, I follow you.

(Prove the King faithless, and I take away

All Strafford cares to live for: let it be—

'Tis the King's scheme!

My Strafford, I can save, Nay, I have saved you, yet am scarce content.

Because my poor name will not cross  
your mind.

Strafford, how much I am unworthy  
you !)

SCENE II.—*A passage adjoining Westminster Hall.*

*Many groups of Spectators of the Trial.  
Officers of the Court, &c.*

*First Spec.* More crowd than ever !  
Not know Hampden, man ?

That 's he, by Pym, Pym that is speaking  
now.

No, truly, if you look so high you'll see  
Little enough of either !

*Second Spec.* Stay : Pym's arm  
Points like a prophet's rod.

*Third Spec.* Ay, ay, we've heard  
Some pretty speaking : yet the Earl  
escapes.

*Fourth Spec.* I fear it : just a foolish  
word or two

About his children—and we see, forsooth,  
Not England's foe in Strafford, but the  
man

Who, sick, half-blind . . .

*Second Spec.* What 's that  
Pym 's saying now

Which makes the curtains flutter ? look !  
A hand

Clutches them. Ah ! The King's hand !

*Fifth Spec.* I had thought  
Pym was not near so tall. What said  
he, friend ?

*Second Spec.* ' Nor is this way a novel  
way of blood,'

And the Earl turns as if to . . . look !  
look !

*Many Spectators.* There !  
What ails him ? no—he rallies, see—  
goes on

And Strafford smiles. Strange !

*An Officer.* Haselrig !

*Many Spectators.* Friend ? Friend ?

*The Officer.* Lost, utterly lost ! just  
when we looked for Pym

To make a stand against the ill effects  
Of the Earl's speech ! Is Haselrig with-  
out ?

Pym's message is to him.

*Third Spec.* Now, said I true ?  
Will the Earl leave them yet at fault or  
no ?

*First Spec.* Never believe it, man !

These notes of Vane's

Ruin the Earl.

*Fifth Spec.* A brave end : not a whit  
Less firm, less Pym all over. Then, the  
Trial

Is closed. No—Strafford means to  
speak again ?

*An Officer.* Stand back, there !

*Fifth Spec.* Why,  
the Earl is coming hither !

Before the court breaks up ! His brother,  
look,—

You'd say he deprecated some fierce act  
In Strafford's mind just now.

*An Officer.* Stand back, I say !

*Second Spec.* Who 's the veiled woman  
that he talks with ?

*Many Spectators.* Hush—  
The Earl ! the Earl !

[*Enter STRAFFORD, SLINGSBY, and  
other Secretaries, HOLLIS, LADY  
CARLISLE, MAXWELL, BALFOUR,  
&c. STRAFFORD converses with  
LADY CARLISLE.*

*Hol.* So near the end !  
Be patient—Return !

*Straf.* [*To his Secretaries.*] Here—any-  
where—or, 'tis freshest here !

To spend one's April here, the blossom-  
month !

Set it down here !

[*They arrange a table, papers, &c.*

So, Pym can quail, can cower  
Because I glance at him, yet more 's to  
do ?

What 's to be answered, Slingsby ? Let  
us end !

[*To LADY CARLISLE.*] Child, I refuse his  
offer ; whatsoever

It be ! Too late ! Tell me no word of  
him !

'Tis something, Hollis, I assure you  
that—

To stand, sick as you are, some eighteen  
days

Fighting for life and fame against a  
pack

Of very curs, that lie thro' thick and  
thin,

Eat flesh and bread by wholesale, and  
can't say



'Strafford' if it would take my life !

*Lady Car.* Be moved !  
Glance at the paper !

*Straf.* Already at my heels !  
Pym's faulting bloodhounds scent the track again.

Peace, child ! Now, Slingsby !

[*Messengers from LANE and other of STRAFFORD'S Counsel within the Hall are coming and going during the Scene.*]

*Straf.* [*setting himself to write and dictate.*] I shall beat you, Hollis !  
Do you know that ? In spite of St. John's tricks,

In spite of Pym—your Pym who shrank from me !

Eliot would have contrived it otherwise.  
[*To a Messenger.*] In truth ? This slip, tell Lane, contains as much

As I can call to mind about the matter.  
Eliot would have disdained . . .

[*Calling after the Messenger.*] And Radcliffe, say,

The only person who could answer Pym,  
Is safe in prison, just for that.

Well, well !  
It had not been recorded in that case,  
I baffled you.

[*To LADY CARLISLE.*] Nay, child, why look so grieved ?

All's gained without the King ! You saw Pym quail ?

What shall I do when they acquit me, think you,

But tranquilly resume my task as though Nothing had intervened since I proposed To call that traitor to account ! Such tricks,

Trust me, shall not be played a second time,

Say, even against Laud, with his grey hair—

Your good work, Hollis ! Peace ! to make amends

You, Lucy, shall be there when I impeach

Pym and his fellows.

*Hol.* Wherefore not protest  
Against our whole proceeding, long ago ?  
Why feel indignant now ? Why stand this while  
Enduring patiently ?

*Straf.* Child, I'll tell you—  
You, and not Pym—you, the slight graceful girl

Tall for a flowering lily, and not Hollis—  
Why I stood patient ! I was fool enough  
To see the will of England in Pym's will,  
To fear, myself had wronged her, and to wait

Her judgment,—when, behold, in place of it . . .

[*To a Messenger who whispers.*] Tell Lane to answer no such question !  
Law,—

I grapple with their law ! I'm here to try  
My actions by their standard, not my own !

Their law allowed that levy : what's the rest

To Pym, or Lane, any but God and me ?  
*Lady Car.* The King's so weak !

Secure this chance ! 'Twas Vane,  
Never forget, who furnished Pym the notes . . .

*Straf.* Fit,—very fit, those precious notes of Vane,

To close the Trial worthily ! I feared  
Some spice of nobleness might linger yet  
And spoil the character of all the Past.  
Vane eased me . . . and I will go back and say

As much—to Pym, to England ! Follow me !

I have a word to say ! There ! my defence

Is done !

Stay ! why be proud ? Why care to own

My gladness, my surprise ?—Nay, not surprise !

Wherefore insist upon the little pride  
Of doing all myself, and sparing him  
The pain ? Child, say the triumph is my King's !

When Pym grew pale, and trembled, and sank down,

One image was before me : could I fail ?  
Child, care not for the Past, so indistinct,  
Obscure—there's nothing to forgive in it  
'Tis so forgotten ! From this day begins  
A new life, founded on a new belief  
In Charles.

*Hol.* In Charles ? Rather, believe in Pym !

And here he comes in proof ! Appeal to  
Pym !

Say how unfair . . .

*Straf.* To Pym ? I would  
say nothing !

I would not look upon Pym's face again.

*Lady Car.* Stay, let me have to think  
I pressed your hand !

[STRAFFORD and his friends go out.]

*Enter HAMPDEN and VANE.*

*Vane.* O Hampden, save that great  
misguided man !

Plead Strafford's cause with Pym ! I  
have remarked

He moved no muscle when we all de-  
claimed

Against him : you had but to breathe—  
he turned

Those kind, calm eyes upon you.

[*Enter PYM, the Solicitor-General  
St. JOHN, the Managers of the  
Trial, FIENNES, RUDYARD, &c.*

*Rud.* Horrible !

Till now all hearts were with you :  
I withdraw

For one. Too horrible ! But we mistake  
Your purpose, Pym : you cannot snatch  
away

The last spar from the drowning man.

*Fien.* He talks

With St. John of it—see, how quietly !  
[*To other Presbyterians.*] You'll join us ?

Strafford may deserve the worst :  
But this new course is monstrous.

*Vane,* take heart !

This Bill of his Attainder shall not have  
One true man's hand to it.

*Vane.* Consider, Pym !

Confront your Bill, your own Bill :  
what is it ?

You cannot catch the Earl on any  
charge,—

No man will say the law has hold of him  
On any charge ; and therefore you  
resolve

To take the general sense on his desert,  
As though no law existed, and we met

To found one. You refer to Parliament  
To speak its thought upon this hideous

mass

Of half-borne out assertions, dubious hints

Hereafter to be cleared, distortions—ay,  
And wild inventions. Every man is  
saved

The task of fixing any single charge  
On Strafford : he has but to see in him  
The enemy of England.

*Pym.* A right scruple !

I have heard some called England's  
enemy

With less consideration.

*Vane.* Pity me !

Indeed you made me think I was your  
friend !

I who have murdered Strafford, how  
remove

That memory from me ?

*Pym.* I absolve you, Vane.

Take you no care for aught that you  
have done !

*Vane.* John Hampden, not this Bill !

Reject this Bill !

He staggers through the ordeal : let  
him go,

Strew no fresh fire before him ! Plead  
for us !

When Strafford spoke, your eyes were  
thick with tears !

*Hamp.* England speaks louder : who  
are we, to play

The generous pardoner at her expense,  
Magnanimously waive advantages,

And, if he conquer us, applaud his skill ?

*Vane.* He was your friend.

*Pym.* I have heard that before.

*Fien.* And England trusts you.

*Hamp.* Shame be his, who turns

The opportunity of serving her  
She trusts him with, to his own mean

account—

Who would look nobly frank at her  
expense !

*Fien.* I never thought it could have  
come to this.

*Pym.* But I have made myself  
familiar, Fiennes,

With this one thought—have walked,  
and sat, and slept,

This thought before me. I have done  
such things,

Being the chosen man that should des-  
troy

The traitor. You have taken up this  
thought

To play with, for a gentle stimulant,  
To give a dignity to idler life  
By the dim prospect of emprise to come,  
But ever with the softening, sure belief,  
That all would end some strange way  
right at last.

*Fien.* Had we made out some weightier charge !

*Pym.* You say  
That these are petty charges : can we  
come

To the real charge at all ? There he is  
safe

In tyranny's stronghold. Apostasy  
Is not a crime, treachery not a crime :  
The cheek burns, the blood tingles,  
when you speak

The words, but where's the power to  
take revenge

Upon them ? We must make occasion  
serve,—

The oversight here, pay for the main sin  
That mocks us.

*Rud.* But this unexampled course,  
This Bill !

*Pym.* By this, we roll the clouds away  
Of precedent and custom, and at once  
Bid the great beacon-light God sets in  
all,

The conscience of each bosom, shine  
upon

The guilt of Strafford : each shall lay  
his hand

Upon his breast, and judge.

*Vane.* I only see  
Strafford, nor pass his corpse for all  
beyond !

*Rud. and others.* Forgive him ! He  
would join us, now he finds  
What the King counts reward ! The  
pardon, too,

Should be your own. Yourself should  
bear to Strafford

The pardon of the Commons.

*Pym.* Meet him ? Strafford ?  
Have we to meet once more, then ? Be  
it so !

And yet—the prophecy seemed half  
fulfilled

When, at the Trial, as he gazed, my  
youth,

Our friendship, divers thoughts came  
back at once

And left me, for a time . . . 'Tis very sad !  
To-morrow we discuss the points of law  
With Lane—to-morrow ?

*Vane.* Not before to-morrow—  
So, time enough ! I knew you would  
relent !

*Pym.* The next day, Haselrig, you  
introduce

The Bill of his Attainder. Pray for me !

### SCENE III.—Whitehall.

*The KING.*

*Cha.* My loyal servant !—To defend  
himself  
Thus irresistibly,—withholding aught  
That seemed to implicate us !

We have done  
Less gallantly by Strafford. Well, the  
Future

Must recompense the Past.

She tarries long.  
I understand you, Strafford, now !

The scheme—  
Carlisle's mad scheme—he'll sanction it,  
I fear,

For love of me. 'Twas too precipitate :  
Before the army's fairly on its march,  
He'll be at large : no matter.

Well, Carlisle ?

*Enter PYM.*

*Pym.* Fear me not, sir :—my mission  
is to save,  
This time.

*Cha.* To break thus on me ! Un-  
announced !

*Pym.* It is of Strafford I would speak.

*Cha.* No more  
Of Strafford ! I have heard too much  
from you,

*Pym.* I spoke, sir, for the People :  
will you hear

A word upon my own account ?

*Cha.* Of Strafford ?  
(So, turns the tide already ? Have we  
tamed

The insolent brawler ?—Strafford's elo-  
quence

Is swift in its effect.) Lord Strafford,  
sir,

Has spoken for himself.

*Pym.* Sufficiently.

I would apprise you of the novel course  
The People take : the Trial fails.

*Cha.* Yes—yes—  
We are aware, sir : for your part in it  
Means shall be found to thank you.

*Pym.* Pray you, read  
This schedule ! I would learn from your  
own mouth

—(It is a matter much concerning me)—  
Whether, if two Estates of us concede  
The death of Strafford, on the grounds  
set forth

Within that parchment, you, sir, can  
resolve

To grant your own consent to it. That  
Bill

Is framed by me. If you determine, sir,  
That England's manifested will should  
guide

Your judgment, ere another week such  
will

Shall manifest itself. If not,—I cast  
Aside the measure.

*Cha.* You can hinder, then,  
The introduction of this Bill ?

*Pym.* I can.

*Cha.* He is my friend, sir : I have  
wronged him : mark you,  
Had I not wronged him, this might be.  
You think

Because you hate the Earl . . . (turn not  
away,

We know you hate him)—no one else  
could love

Strafford : but he has saved me, some  
affirm.

Think of his pride ! And, do you know  
one strange,

One frightful thing ? We all have used  
the man

As though a drudge of ours, with not  
a source

Of happy thoughts except in us ; and  
yet

Strafford has wife and children, house-  
hold cares,

Just as if we had never been. Ah, sir,  
You are moved, even you, a solitary  
man

Wed to your cause—to England if you  
will !

*Pym.* Yes—think, my soul—to Eng-  
land ! Draw not back !

*Cha.* Prevent that Bill, sir ! All your  
course seems fair  
Till now. Why, in the end, 'tis I should  
sign

The warrant for his death ! You have  
said much

I ponder on ; I never meant, indeed,  
Strafford should serve me any more. I  
take

The Commons' counsel ; but this Bill  
is yours—

Nor worthy of its leader : care not, sir,  
For that, however ! I will quite forget  
You named it to me. You are satisfied ?

*Pym.* Listen to me, sir ! Eliot laid  
his hand,

Wasted and white, upon my forehead  
once ;

Wentworth—he's gone now !—has  
talked on, whole nights,

And I beside him ; Hampden loves me :  
sir,

How can I breathe and not wish Eng-  
land well,

And her King well ?

*Cha.* I thank you, sir ! who leave  
That King his servant. Thanks, sir !

*Pym.* Let me speak !  
—Who may not speak again ; whose  
spirit yearns

For a cool night after this weary day :  
—Who would not have my soul turn  
sicker yet

In a new task, more fatal, more august,  
More full of England's utter weal or woe.

I thought, sir, could I find myself with  
you,

After this Trial, alone, as man to man—  
I might say something, warn you, pray  
you, save—

Mark me, King Charles, save—you !  
But God must do it. Yet I warn you,  
sir—

(With Strafford's faded eyes yet full on  
me)

As you would have no deeper question  
moved

—' How long the Many must endure the  
One,'

Assure me, sir, if England give assent  
To Strafford's death, you will not inter-  
fere !

Or—

*Cha.* God forsakes me. I am in a net.  
And cannot move. Let all be as you  
say !

*Enter LADY CARLISLE.*

*Lady Car.* He loves you—looking  
beautiful with joy  
Because you sent me ! he would spare  
you all  
The pain ! he never dreamed you would  
forsake

Your servant in the evil day—nay, see  
Your scheme returned ! That generous  
heart of his !

He needs it not—or, needing it, disdains  
A course that might endanger you—you,  
sir,

Whom Strafford from his inmost soul . . .  
[*Seeing Pym.*] Well met !

No fear for Strafford ! all that's true  
and brave

On your own side shall help us : we are  
now

Stronger than ever.

Ha—what, sir, is this ?  
All is not well ! What parchment have  
you there ?

*Pym.* Sir, much is saved us both.

*Lady Car.* This Bill ! Your lip  
Whitens—you could not read one line  
to me

Your voice would falter so !

*Pym.* No recreant yet !  
The great word went from England to  
my soul,

And I arose. The end is very near.

*Lady Car.* I am to save him ! All  
have shrunk beside—

'Tis only I am left ! Heaven will make  
strong

The hand now as the heart. Then let  
both die !

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Whitehall.*

HOLLIS, LADY CARLISLE.

*Hol.* Tell the King, then ! Come in  
with me !

*Lady Car.* Not so !  
He must not hear till it succeeds.

*Hol.* Succeed ?

No dream was half so vain—you'd  
rescue Strafford

And outwit Pym ! I cannot tell you . . .  
lady,

The block pursues me, and the hideous  
show

To-day . . . is it to-day ? And all the  
while

He's sure of the King's pardon. Think,  
I have

To tell this man he is to die. The King  
May rend his hair, for me ! I'll not see  
Strafford !

*Lady Car.* Only, if I succeed, re-  
member—Charles

Has saved him ! He would hardly value  
life

Unless his gift. My staunch friends  
wait. Go in—

You must go in to Charles !

*Hol.* And all beside  
Left Strafford long ago. The King has  
signed

The warrant for his death : the Queen  
was sick

Of the eternal subject. For the Court,—  
The Trial was amusing in its way,  
Only too much of it : the Earl withdrew  
In time. But you, fragile, alone, so  
young,

Amid rude mercenaries—you devise  
A plan to save him ! Even though it fails,  
What shall reward you ?

*Lady Car.* I may go, you think,  
To France with him ? And you reward  
me, friend,

Who lived with Strafford even from his  
youth

Before he set his heart on state-affairs  
And they bent down that noble brow of  
his.

I have learned somewhat of his latter  
life,

And all the future I shall know : but,  
Hollis,

I ought to make his youth my own as  
well.

Tell me,—when he is saved !

*Hol.* My gentle friend,  
He should know all and love you, but  
'tis vain !

*Lady Car.* Love ? no—too late now !  
Let him love the King !



'Tis the King's scheme ! I have your word, remember !  
 We'll keep the old delusion up. But, quick !  
 Quick ! Each of us has work to do, beside !  
 Go to the King ! I hope—Hollis—I hope !  
 Say nothing of my scheme ! Hush, while we speak  
 Think where he is ! Now for my gallant friends !  
*Hol.* Where he is ? Calling wildly upon Charles,  
 Guessing his fate, pacing the prison-floor.  
 Let the King tell him ! I'll not look on Strafford.

SCENE II.—*The Tower.*STRAFFORD *sitting with his Children.**They sing.*

*O bell' andare  
 Per barca in mare,  
 Verso la sera  
 Di Primavera !*

*William.* The boat's in the broad moonlight all this while—

*Verso la sera  
 Di Primavera !*

And the boat shoots from underneath the moon

Into the shadowy distance ; only still  
 You hear the dipping oar—

*Verso la sera,*

And faint, and fainter, and then all's quite gone,

Music and light and all, like a lost star.

*Anne.* But you should sleep, father : you were to sleep.

*Straf.* I do sleep, Anne ; or if not—you must know

There's such a thing as . . .

*Wil.* You're too tired to sleep ?

*Straf.* It will come by-and-by and all day long,

In that old quiet house I told you of :  
 We sleep safe there.

*Anne.* Why not in Ireland ?

*Straf.* No !

Too many dreams !—That song's for Venice, William :

You know how Venice looks upon the map—

Isles that the mainland hardly can let go ?

*Wil.* You've been to Venice, father ?

*Straf.* I was young then.

*Wil.* A city with no King ; that's why I like

Even a song that comes from Venice.

*Straf.* William !

*Wil.* Oh, I know why ! Anne, do you love the King ?

But I'll see Venice for myself one day.

*Straf.* See many lands, boy—England last of all,—

That way you'll love her best.

*Wil.* Why do men say

You sought to ruin her, then ?

*Straf.* Ah,—they say that.

*Wil.* Why ?

*Straf.* I suppose they must have words to say,

As you to sing.

*Anne.* But they make songs beside :

Last night I heard one, in the street beneath,

That called you . . . Oh, the names !

*Wil.* Don't mind her, father !

They soon left off when I cried out to them.

*Straf.* We shall so soon be out of it, my boy !

'Tis not worth while: who heeds a foolish song ?

*Wil.* Why, not the King.

*Straf.* Well : it has been the fate Of better ; and yet,—wherefore not feel sure

That Time, who in the twilight comes to mend

All the fantastic day's caprice, consign To the low ground once more the ignoble Term,

And raise the Genius on his orb again,— That Time will do me right ?

*Anne.* (Shall we sing, William ?

He does not look thus when we sing.)

*Straf.* For Ireland,

Something is done : too little, but enough

To show what might have been.

*Wil.* (I have no heart

To sing now ! Anne, how very sad he looks !

Oh, I so hate the King for all he says !

*Straf.* Forsook them ! What, the common songs will run

That I forsook the People ? Nothing more ?

Ay, Fame, the busy scribe, will pause, no doubt,

Turning a deaf ear to her thousand slaves

Noisy to be enrolled,—will register

The curious glosses, subtle notices,

Ingenious clearings-up one fain would see

Beside that plain inscription of The Name—

The Patriot Pym, or the Apostate Strafford !

*[The children resume their song timidly, but break off.]*

*Enter HOLLIS and an Attendant.*

*Straf.* No,—Hollis ? in good time !—Who is he ?

*Hol.* One

That must be present.

*Straf.* Ah—I understand. They will not let me see poor Laud alone.

How politic ! They'd use me by degrees

To solitude : and just as you came in

I was solicitous what life to lead

When Strafford's 'not so much as Constable

In the King's service.' Is there any means

To keep one's self awake ? What would you do

After this bustle, Hollis, in my place ?

*Hol.* Strafford !

*Straf.* Observe, not but that Pym and you

Will find me news enough—news I shall hear

Under a quince-tree by a fish-pond side

At Wentworth. Garrard must be re-engaged

My newsman. Or, a better project now—

What if when all's consummated, and the Saints

Reign, and the Senate's work goes swimmingly,—

What if I venture up, some day, unseen,

To saunter through the Town, notice how Pym,

Your Tribune, likes Whitehall, drop quietly

Into a tavern, hear a point discussed,

As, whether Strafford's name were John or James—

And be myself appealed to—I, who shall Myself have near forgotten !

*Hol.* I would speak . . .

*Straf.* Then you shall speak,—not now : I want just now,

To hear the sound of my own tongue. This place

Is full of ghosts.

*Hol.* Nay, you must hear me, Strafford !

*Straf.* Oh, readily ! Only, one rare thing more,—

The minister ! Who will advise the King,

Turn his Sejanus, Richelieu and whatnot, And yet have health—children, for aught I know—

My patient pair of traitors ! Ah,—but, William—

Does not his cheek grow thin ?

*Wil.* 'Tis you look thin, Father !

*Straf.* A scamper o'er the breezy wolds

Sets all to-rights.

*Hol.* You cannot sure forget A prison-roof is o'er you, Strafford ?

*Straf.* No, Why, no. I would not touch on that, the first.

I left you that. Well, Hollis ? Say at once,

The King can find no time to set me free !

A mask at Theobalds ?

*Hol.* Hold : no such affair Detains him.

*Straf.* True : what needs so great a matter ?

The Queen's lip may be sore. Well : when he pleases,—

Only, I want the air : it vexes flesh To be pent up so long.

*Hol.* The King—I bear His message, Strafford : pray you, let me speak !

*Straf.* Go, William! Anne, try o'er  
your song again!

[*The children retire.*  
They shall be loyal, friend, at all events.  
I know your message: you have nothing  
new

To tell me: from the first I guessed as  
much.

I know, instead of coming here himself  
Leading me forth in public by the hand,  
The King prefers to leave the door ajar  
As though I were escaping—bids me  
trudge

While the mob gapes upon some show  
prepared

On the other side of the river! Give at  
once

His order of release! I've heard, as well,  
Of certain poor manœuvrings to avoid  
The granting pardon at his proper risk;  
First, he must prattle somewhat to the  
Lords,

Must talk a trifle with the Commons first,  
Be grieved I should abuse his confidence,  
And far from blaming them, and . . .

Where's the order?

*Hol.* Spare me!

*Straf.* Why, he'd not have  
me steal away?

With an old doublet and a steeple hat  
Like Prynne's? Be smuggled into  
France, perhaps?

Hollis, 'tis for my children! 'Twas for  
them

I first consented to stand day by day  
And give your Puritans the best of  
words,

Be patient, speak when called upon,  
observe

Their rules, and not return them prompt  
their lie!

What's in that boy of mine that he  
should prove

Son to a prison-breaker? I shall stay  
And he'll stay with me. Charles  
should know as much—

He too has children!

[*Turning to HOLLIS'S companion.*] Sir,  
you feel for me!

No need to hide that face! Though it  
have looked

Upon me from the judgment-seat . . .  
I know

Strangely, that somewhere it has looked  
on me . . .

Your coming has my pardon, nay, my  
thanks.

For there is One who comes not.

*Hol.* Whom forgive,

As one to die!

*Straf.* True, all die, and all need  
Forgiveness: I forgive him from my  
soul.

*Hol.* 'Tis a world's wonder: Straf-  
ford, you must die!

*Straf.* Sir, if your errand is to set me  
free

This heartless jest mars much. Ha!  
Tears in truth?

We'll end this! See this paper, warm—  
feel—warm

With lying next my heart! Whose hand  
is there?

Whose promise? Read, and loud for  
God to hear!

'Strafford shall take no hurt'—read  
it, I say!

'In person, honour, nor estate'—

*Hol.* The King . . .

*Straf.* I could unking him by a breath!  
You sit

Where Loudon sat, who came to pro-  
phesy

The certain end, and offer me Pym's  
grace

If I'd renounce the King: and I stood  
firm

On the King's faith. The King who  
lives . . .

*Hol.* To sign

The warrant for your death.

*Straf.* 'Put not your trust  
In princes, neither in the sons of  
men,

In whom is no salvation!'

*Hol.* Trust in God.

The scaffold is prepared: they wait for  
you:

He has consented. Cast the earth  
behind!

*Cha.* You would not see me, Straf-  
ford, at your foot!

It was wrung from me! Only curse me  
not!

*Hol.* [*TO STRAFFORD.*] As you hope  
grace and pardon in your need,

Be merciful to this most wretched man !

[*Voices from within.*]

*Verso la sera  
Di Primavera.*

*Straf.* You'll be good to those children, sir ? I know  
You'll not believe her, even should the Queen  
Think they take after one they rarely saw.

I had intended that my son should live  
A stranger to these matters : but you are  
So utterly deprived of friends ! He too  
Must serve you—will you not be good to him ?

Or, stay, sir, do not promise—do not swear !

You, Hollis—do the best you can for me !  
I've not a soul to trust to : Wandesford's dead,

And you've got Radcliffe safe, Laud's turn comes next :

I've found small time of late for my affairs,

But I trust any of you, Pym himself—  
No one could hurt them : there's an infant, too—

These tedious cares ! Your Majesty could spare them !

Nay—pardon me, my King ! I had forgotten

Your education, trials, much temptation,  
Some weakness : there escaped a peevish word—

'Tis gone : I bless you at the last. You know

All's between you and me : what has the world

To do with it ? Farewell !

*Cha.* [at the door.] Balfour ! Balfour !

*Enter BALFOUR.*

The Parliament !—go to them : I grant all

Demands. Their sittings shall be permanent :

Tell them to keep their money if they will :

I'll come to them for every coat I wear  
And every crust I eat : only I choose  
To pardon Strafford. As the Queen shall choose !

—You never heard the People howl for blood,

Beside !

*Bal.* Your Majesty may hear them now :

The walls can hardly keep their murmurs out :

Please you retire !

*Cha.* Take all the troops, Balfour !

*Bal.* There are some hundred thousand of the crowd.

*Cha.* Come with me, Strafford ! You'll not fear, at least !

*Straf.* Balfour, say nothing to the world of this !

I charge you, as a dying man, forget

You gazed upon this agony of one . . .

Of one . . . or if . . . why you may say, Balfour,

The King was sorry : 'tis no shame in him :

Yes, you may say he even wept, Balfour,  
And that I walked the lighter to the block

Because of it. I shall walk lightly, sir !  
Earth fades, Heaven breaks on me : I shall stand next

Before God's throne : the moment's close at hand

When Man the first, last time, has leave to lay

His whole heart bare before its Maker, leave

To clear up the long error of a life  
And choose one happiness for evermore.  
With all mortality about me, Charles,  
The sudden wreck, the dregs of violent death—

What if, despite the opening angel-song,  
There penetrate one prayer for you ?  
Be saved

Through me ! Bear witness, no one could prevent

My death ! Lead on ! ere he awake—best, now !

All must be ready : did you say, Balfour,

The crowd began to murmur ? They'll be kept

Too late for sermon at St. Antholin's !  
Now ! but tread softly—children are at play

In the next room. Precede ! I follow—

*Enter* LADY CARLISLE, with many Attendants.

*Lady Car.* Me !  
Follow me, Strafford, and be saved !  
The King ?

[*To the KING.*] Well—as you ordered, they are ranged without,  
The convoy . . . [*seeing the KING's state.*]  
[*To STRAFFORD.*] You know all, then !  
Why, I thought

It looked best that the King should save you, Charles

Alone ; 'tis shame that you should owe me aught.

Or, no, not shame ! Strafford, you'll not feel shame

At being saved by me ?

*Hol.* All true ! Oh Strafford, She saves you ! all her deed ! this lady's deed !

And is the boat in readiness ? You, friend,

Are Billingsley, no doubt ! Speak to her, Strafford !

See how she trembles, waiting for your voice !

The world's to learn its bravest story yet !

*Lady Car.* Talk afterward ! Long nights in France enough,

To sit beneath the vines and talk of home !

*Straf.* You love me, child ! Ah, Strafford can be loved

As well as Vane ! I could escape, then ?

*Lady Car.* Haste !  
Advance the torches, Bryan !

*Straf.* I will die.  
They call me proud : but England had

no right,  
When she encountered me—her strength

to mine—

To find the chosen foe a craven. Girl, I fought her to the utterance, I fell,

I am hers now, and I will die. Beside, The lookers-on ! Eliot is all about

This place with his most uncomplaining brow.

*Lady Car.* Strafford !  
*Straf.* I think if you

could know how much  
I love you, you would be repaid, my friend !

*Lady Car.* Then, for my sake !

*Straf.* Even for your sweet sake, I stay.

*Hol.* For their sake !

*Straf.* To bequeath a stain ?  
Leave me ! Girl, humour me and let me die !

*Lady Car.* Bid him escape—wake, King ! Bid him escape !

*Straf.* True, I will go ! Die, and forsake the King ?

I'll not draw back from the last service.

*Lady Car.* Strafford !

*Straf.* And, after all, what is disgrace to me ?

Let us come, child ! That it should end this way !

Lead then ! but I feel strangely : it was not

To end this way.

*Lady Car.* Lean—lean on me !

*Straf.* My King !  
Oh, had he trusted me—his friend of friends !—

*Lady Car.* I can support him, Hollis !

*Straf.* Not this way !  
This gate—I dreamed of it, this very gate.

*Lady Car.* It opens on the river : our good boat

Is moored below, our friends are there.

*Straf.* The same.

Only with something ominous and dark, Fatal, inevitable.

*Lady Car.* Strafford ! Strafford !

*Straf.* Not by this gate ! I feel what will be there !

I dreamed of it, I tell you : touch it not !

*Lady Car.* To save the King,—Strafford, to save the King !

[*As STRAFFORD opens the door, PYM is discovered with HAMPDEN, VANE, &c. STRAFFORD falls back : PYM follows slowly and confronts him.*]

*Pym.* Have I done well ? Speak, England ! Whose sole sake

I still have laboured for, with disregard To my own heart,—for whom my youth

was made

Barren, my future waste, to offer up Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here—



Who walked in youth with me, loved me, it may be,  
 And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,  
 I hunted by all means (trusting that she  
 Would sanctify all means) even to the block  
 Which waits for him. And saying this, I feel  
 No bitterer pang than first I felt, the hour  
 I swore that Wentworth might leave us, but I  
 Would never leave him : I do leave him now.  
 I render up my charge (bewitness, God!)  
 To England who imposed it. I have done  
 Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be,  
 With ill effects—for I am weak, a man :  
 Still, I have done my best, my human best,  
 Not faltering for a moment. It is done.  
 And this said, if I say . . . yes, I will say  
 I never loved but one man—David not  
 More Jonathan ! Even thus, I love him now :  
 And look for my chief portion in that world  
 Where great hearts led astray are turned again,  
 (Soon it may be, and, certes, will be soon :  
 My mission over, I shall not live long.)—  
 Ay, here I know I talk—I dare and must,  
 Of England, and her great reward, as all  
 I look for there ; but in my inmost heart,  
 Believe, I think of stealing quite away  
 To walk once more with Wentworth—  
 my youth's friend  
 Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,  
 And Eliot shall not blame us. Then indeed . . .  
 This is no meeting, Wentworth ! Tears increase  
 Too hot. A thin mist—is it blood ?—  
 enwraps  
 The face I loved once. Then, the meeting be !

*Straf.* I have loved England too ;  
 we'll meet then, Pym !  
 As well die now ! Youth is the only time  
 To think and to decide on a great course :  
 Manhood with action follows ; but 'tis dreary  
 To have to alter our whole life in age—  
 The time past, the strength gone ! as well die now.  
 When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now !  
 Best die. Then if there's any fault, it too  
 Dies, smothered up. Poor grey old little Laud  
 May dream his dream out of a perfect Church  
 In some blind corner. And there's no one left.  
 I trust the King now wholly to you, Pym !  
 And yet, I know not ! I shall not be there !  
 Friends fail—if he have any ! And he's weak,  
 And loves the Queen, and . . . Oh, my fate is nothing—  
 Nothing ! But not that awful head—not that !  
 Pym, you help England ! I, that am to die,  
 What I must see ! 'tis here—all here !  
 My God !  
 Let me but gasp out, in one word of fire,  
 How Thou wilt plague him, satiating Hell !  
 What ? England that you help, become through you  
 A green and putrefying charnel, left  
 Our children . . . some of us have children,  
 Pym—  
 Some who, without that, still must ever wear  
 A darkened brow, an over-serious look,  
 And never properly be young ! No word ?  
 You will not say a word—to me—to Him ?  
*Pym.* England,—I am thine own !  
 Dost thou exact  
 That service ? I obey thee to the end.

PAULINE <sup>1</sup>

## A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION

PAULINE, mine own, bend o'er me—thy  
 soft breast  
 Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me—thy  
 sweet eyes,  
 And loosened hair, and breathing lips,  
 and arms  
 Drawing me to thee—these build up a  
 screen  
 To shut me in with thee, and from all  
 fear,  
 So that I might unlock the sleepless  
 brood  
 Of fancies from my soul, their lurking  
 place,  
 Nor doubt that each would pass, ne'er  
 to return  
 To one so watched, so loved, and so  
 secured.  
 But what can guard thee but thy naked  
 love ?  
 Ah, dearest ! whoso sucks a poisoned  
 wound  
 Envenoms his own veins,—thou art so  
 good,  
 So calm—if thou should'st wear a brow  
 less light  
 For some wild thought which, but for  
 me, were kept  
 From out thy soul, as from a sacred star.  
 Yet till I have unlocked them it were  
 vain  
 To hope to sing; some woe would light  
 on me ;  
 Nature would point at one, whose  
 quivering lip  
 Was bathed in her enchantments—  
 whose brow burned  
 Beneath the crown, to which her secrets  
 knelt ;  
 Who learned the spell which can call up  
 the dead,  
 And then departed, smiling like a fiend  
 Who has deceived God. If such one  
 should seek  
 Again her altars, and stand robed and  
 crowned

Amid the faithful : sad confession first,  
 Remorse and pardon, and old claims  
 renewed,  
 Ere I can be—as I shall be no more.  
 I had been spared this shame, if I had  
 sat  
 By thee for ever, from the first, in place  
 Of my wild dreams of beauty and of good,  
 Or with them, as an earnest of their  
 truth.  
 No thought nor hope, having been shut  
 from thee,  
 No vague wish unexplained—no wan-  
 dering aim  
 Sent back to bind on Fancy's wings, and  
 seek  
 Some strange fair world, where it might  
 be a law ;  
 But doubting nothing, had been led by  
 thee,  
 Thro' youth, and saved, as one at length  
 awaked,  
 Who has slept thro' a peril. Ah ! vain,  
 vain !  
 Thou lovest me—the past is in its grave,  
 Tho' its ghost haunts us—still this much  
 is ours,  
 To cast away restraint, lest a worse  
 thing  
 Wait for us in the darkness. Thou  
 lovest me,  
 And thou art to receive not love, but  
 faith,  
 For which thou wilt be mine, and smile,  
 and take  
 All shapes, and shames, and veil without  
 a fear  
 That form which music follows like a  
 slave ;  
 And I look to thee, and I trust in thee,  
 As in a Northern night one looks alway  
 Unto the East for morn, and spring and  
 joy.  
 Thou seest then my aimless, hopeless  
 state,

<sup>1</sup> [Not in 1863 edition ; reprinted from the first edition, of 1833.]

And resting on some few old feelings,  
 won  
 Back by thy beauty, would'st that I  
 essay  
 The task, which was to me what now  
 thou art :  
 And why should I conceal one weakness  
 more ?

Thou wilt remember one warm morn,  
 when Winter  
 Crept aged from the earth, and Spring's  
 first breath  
 Blew soft from the moist hills—the  
 blackthorn boughs,  
 So dark in the bare wood ; when glis-  
 tening  
 In the sunshine were white with coming  
 buds,  
 Like the bright side of a sorrow—and  
 the banks  
 Had violets opening from sleep like  
 eyes—  
 I walked with thee, who knew not a  
 deep shame  
 Lurked beneath smiles and careless  
 words, which sought  
 To hide it—till they wandered and were  
 mute ;  
 As we stood listening on a sunny mound  
 To the wind murmuring in the damp  
 copse,  
 Like heavy breathings of some hidden  
 thing  
 Betrayed by sleep—until the feeling  
 rushed  
 That I was low indeed, yet not so low  
 As to endure the calmness of thine eyes ;  
 And so I told thee all, while the cool  
 breast  
 I leaned on altered not its quiet beating ;  
 And long ere words, like a hurt bird's  
 complaint,  
 Bad me look up and bewhat I had been,  
 I felt despair could never live by thee.  
 Thou wilt remember :—thou art not  
 more dear  
 Than song was once to me ; and I ne'er  
 sung  
 But as one entering bright halls, where all  
 Will rise and shout for him. Sure I  
 must own  
 That I am fallen—having chosen gifts

Distinct from theirs—that I am sad—  
 and fain  
 Would give up all to be but where I was ;  
 Not high as I had been, if faithful  
 found—  
 But low and weak, yet full of hope, and  
 sure  
 Of goodness as of life—that I would lose  
 All this gay mastery of mind, to sit  
 Once more with them, trusting in truth  
 and love,  
 And with an aim—not being what I am.

Oh, Pauline ! I am ruined ! who believed  
 That tho' my soul had floated from its  
 sphere  
 Of wide dominion into the dim orb  
 Of self—that it was strong and free as  
 ever :—  
 It has conformed itself to that dim orb,  
 Reflecting all its shades and shapes, and  
 now  
 Must stay where it alone can be adored.  
 I have felt this in dreams—in dreams in  
 which  
 I seemed the fate from which I fled ; I  
 felt  
 A strange delight in causing my decay ;  
 I was a fiend, in darkness chained for  
 ever  
 Within some ocean-cave ; and ages  
 rolled,  
 Till thro' the cleft rock, like a moon-  
 beam, came  
 A white swan to remain with me ; and  
 ages  
 Rolled, yet I tired not of my first joy  
 In gazing on the peace of its pure wings.  
 And then I said, ' It is most fair to me,  
 Yet its soft wings must sure have suf-  
 fered change  
 From the thick darkness—sure its eyes  
 are dim—  
 Its silver pinions must be cramped and  
 numbed  
 With sleeping ages here ; it cannot  
 leave me,  
 For it would seem, in light, beside its  
 kind,  
 Withered— tho' here to me most beauti-  
 ful.'  
 And then I was a young witch, whose  
 blue eyes,

As she stood naked by the river springs,  
Drew down a god—I watched his  
radiant form

Growing less radiant—and it gladdened  
me ;

Till one morn, as he sat in the sunshine  
Upon my knees, singing to me of heaven,  
He turned to look at me, ere I could lose  
The grin with which I viewed his  
perishing.

And he shrieked and departed, and sat  
long

By his deserted throne—but sunk at  
last,

Murmuring, as I kissed his lips and  
curled

Around him, ‘ I am still a god—to thee.’  
Still I can lay my soul bare in its fall,  
For all the wandering and all the weak-  
ness

Will be a saddest comment on the song.  
And if, that done, I can be young again,  
I will give up all gained as willingly  
As one gives up a charm which shuts  
him out

From hope, or part, or care, in human  
kind.

As life wanes, all its cares, and strife, and  
toil,

Seem strangely valueless, while the old  
trees

Which grew by our youth’s home—the  
waving mass

Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom  
and dew—

The morning swallows with their songs  
like words,—

All these seem clear and only worth our  
thoughts.

So aught connected with my early  
life—

My rude songs or my wild imaginings,  
How I look on them—most distinct amid  
The fever and the stir of after years !

I ne’er had ventured e’en to hope for  
this,

Had not the glow I felt at His award  
Assured me all was not extinct within.

HIM whom all honour—whose renown  
springs up

Like sunlight which will visit all the  
world ;

So that e’en they who sneered at him at  
first

Come out to it, as some dark spider  
crawls

From his foul nets, which some lit torch  
invades

Yet spinning still new films for his  
retreat.—

Thou didst smile, poet,—but, can *we*  
forgive ?

Sun-treader—life and light be thine for  
ever !

Thou art gone from us—years go by,  
and spring

Gladdens, and the young earth is beau-  
tiful,

Yet thy songs come not—other bards  
arise,

But none like thee ;—they stand—thy  
majesties,

Like mighty works which tell some  
Spirit there

Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,  
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen  
And left us, never to return : and all  
Rush in to peer and praise when all in  
vain.

The air seems bright with thy past  
presence yet,

But thou art still for me, as thou hast  
been

When I have stood with thee, as on a  
throne

With all thy dim creations gathered  
round

Like mountains,—and I felt of mould  
like them,

And creatures of my own were mixed  
with them,

Like things half-lived, catching and  
giving life.

But thou art still for me, who have  
adored,

Tho’ single, panting but to hear thy  
name,

Which I believed a spell to me alone,  
Scarce deeming thou wert as a star to  
men—

As one should worship long a sacred  
spring

Scarce worth a moth’s flitting, which  
long grasses cross,

And one small tree embowers droop-  
ingly,  
Joying to see some wandering insect won,  
To live in its few rushes—or some locust  
To pasture on its boughs—or some wild  
bird  
Stoop for its freshness from the track-  
less air,  
And then should find it but the fountain-  
head,  
Long lost, of some great river—washing  
towns  
And towers, and seeing old woods which  
will live  
But by its banks, untrod of human foot,  
Which, when the great sun sinks, lie  
quivering  
In light as some thing lieth half of life  
Before God's foot, waiting a wondrous  
change;  
—Then girt with rocks which seek to  
turn or stay  
Its course in vain, for it does ever spread  
Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on,  
Being the pulse of some great country  
—so  
Wert thou to me—and art thou to the  
world.  
And I, perchance, half feel a strange  
regret,  
That I am not what I have been to  
thee:  
Like a girl one has loved long silently,  
In her first loveliness, in some retreat,  
When first emerged, all gaze and glow to  
view  
Her fresh eyes, and soft hair, and lips  
which bleed  
Like a mountain berry. Doubtless it is  
sweet  
To see her thus adored—but there have  
been  
Moments, when all the world was in his  
praise,  
Sweeter than all the pride of after hours.  
Yet, Sun-treader, all hail!—from my  
heart's heart  
I bid thee hail!—e'en in my wildest  
dreams  
I am proud to feel I would have thrown  
up all  
The wreaths of fame which seemed o'er-  
hanging me,

To have seen thee, for a moment, as  
thou art.

And if thou livest—if thou lovest, spirit!  
Remember me, who set this final seal  
To wandering thought—that one so  
pure as thou  
Could never die. Remember me, who  
flung  
All honour from my soul—yet paused  
and said,  
'There is one spark of love remaining yet,  
For I have nought in common with him  
—shapes  
Which followed him avoid me, and foul  
forms  
Seek me, which ne'er could fasten on his  
mind;  
And tho' I feel how low I am to him,  
Yet I aim not even to catch a tone  
Of all the harmonies he called up,  
So one gleam still remains, altho' the last.'  
Remember me—who praise thee e'en  
with tears,  
For never more shall I walk calm with  
thee;  
Thy sweet imaginings are as an air,  
A melody, some wondrous singer sings,  
Which, though it haunt men oft in the  
still eve,  
They dream not to essay; yet it no less,  
But more is honoured. I was thine in  
shame,  
And now when all thy proud renown is  
out,  
I am a watcher, whose eyes have grown  
dim  
With looking for some star—which  
breaks on him,  
Altered, and worn, and weak, and full of  
tears.  
Autumn has come—like Spring returned  
to us,  
Won from her girlishness—like one  
returned  
A friend that was a lover—nor forgets  
The first warm love, but full of sober  
thoughts  
Of fading years; whose soft mouth  
quivers yet  
With the old smile—but yet so changed  
and still!



And here am I the scoffer, who have  
probed

Life's vanity, won by a word again  
Into my old life—for one little word  
Of this sweet friend, who lives in loving  
me,

Lives strangely on my thoughts, and  
looks, and words,

As fathoms down some nameless ocean  
thing

Its silent course of quietness and joy.

O dearest, if, indeed, I tell the past,  
May'st thou forget it as a sad sick dream;  
Or if it linger—my lost soul too soon  
Sinks to itself, and whispers, we shall be  
But closer linked—two creatures whom  
the earth

Bears singly—with strange feelings,  
unrevealed

But to each other; or two lonely things  
Created by some Power, whose reign is  
done,

Having no part in God, or his bright  
world,

I am to sing; whilst ebbing day dies  
soft,

As a lean scholar dies, worn o'er his book,  
And in the heaven stars steal out one by  
one,

As hunted men steal to their mountain  
watch.

I must not think—lest this new impulse  
die

In which I trust. I have no confidence,  
So I will sing on—fast as fancies come  
Rudely—the verse being as the mood it  
paints.

I strip my mind bare—whose first ele-  
ments

I shall unveil—not as they struggled  
forth

In infancy, nor as they now exist,  
That I am grown above them, and can  
rule them.

But in that middle stage, when they  
were full,

Yet ere I had disposed them to my will;  
And then I shall show how these ele-  
ments

Produced my present state, and what it  
is.

I am made up of an intensest life,

Of a most clear idea of consciousness  
Of self—distinct from all its qualities,  
From all affections, passions, feelings,  
powers;

And thus far it exists, if tracked in all,  
But linked in me, to self-supremacy,  
Existing as a centre to all things,  
Most potent to create, and rule, and call  
Upon all things to minister to it;  
And to a principle of restlessness  
Which would be all, have, see, know,  
taste, feel all—

This is myself; and I should thus have  
been,

Though gifted lower than the meanest  
soul.

And of my powers, one springs up to  
save

From utter death a soul with such desires  
Confined to clay—which is the only one  
Which marks me—an imagination which  
Has been an angel to me—coming not  
In fitful visions, but beside me ever,  
And never failing me; so tho' my mind  
Forgets not—not a shred of life forgets—  
Yet I can take a secret pride in calling  
The dark past up—to quell it regally.

A mind like this must dissipate itself,  
But I have always had one lode-star;  
now,

As I look back, I see that I have wasted,  
Or progressed as I looked toward that  
star—

A need, a trust, a yearning after God,  
A feeling I have analysed but late,  
But it existed, and was reconciled  
With a neglect of all I deemed his laws,  
Which yet, when seen in others, I ab-  
horred.

I felt as one beloved, and so shut in  
From fear—and thence I date my trust  
in signs

And omens—for I saw God everywhere;  
And I can only lay it to the fruit  
Of a sad after-time that I could doubt  
Even his being—having always felt  
His presence—never acting from myself,  
Still trusting in a hand that leads me  
through

All danger; and this feeling still has  
fought

Against my weakest reason and resolves.

And I can love nothing—and this dull  
truth

Has come the last—but sense supplies  
a love

Encircling meand mingling with my life.

These make myself—I have sought in  
vain

To trace how they were formed by  
circumstance,

For I still find them—turning my wild  
youth

Where they alone displayed themselves,  
converting

All objects to their use—now see their  
course !

They came to me in my first dawn of life,  
Which passed alone with wisest ancient  
books,

All halo-girt with fancies of my own,  
And I myself went with the tale—a god,  
Wandering after beauty—or a giant,  
Standing vast in the sunset—an old  
hunter,

Talking with gods—or a high-crested  
chief,

Sailing with troops of friends to Tene-  
dos ;—

I tell you, nought has ever been so clear  
As the place, the time, the fashion of  
those lives.

I had not seen a work of lofty art,  
Nor woman's beauty, nor sweet nature's  
face,

Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as  
those

On the dim clustered isles in the bluesea:  
The deep groves, and white temples, and  
wet caves—

And nothing ever will surprise me now—  
Who stood beside the naked Swift-  
footed,

Who bound my forehead with Proser-  
pine's hair.

And strange it is, that I who could so  
dream,

Should e'er have stooped to aim at  
aught beneath—

Aught low, or painful, but I never  
doubted ;

So as I grew, I rudely shaped my life

To my immediate wants, yet strong  
beneath

Was a vague sense of powers folded up—  
A sense that tho' those shadowy times

were past,

Their spirit dwelt in me, and I should  
rule.

Then came a pause, and long restraint  
chained down

My soul, till it was changed. I lost  
myself,

And were it not that I so loathe that  
time,

I could recall how first I learned to turn  
My mind against itself ; and the effects,  
In deeds for which remorse were vain,  
as for

The wanderings of delirious dream ; yet  
thence

Came cunning, envy, falsehood, which  
so long

Have spotted me—at length I was  
restored,

Yet long the influence remained ; and  
nought

But the still life I led, apart from all,  
Which left my soul to seek its old delights,  
Could e'er have brought me thus far  
back to peace.

As peace returned, I sought out some  
pursuit :

And song rose—no new impulse—but  
the one

With which all others best could be  
combined.

My life has not been that of those whose  
heaven

Was lamplless, save where poesy shone  
out ;

But as a clime, where glittering moun-  
tain-tops,

And glancing sea, and forests steeped in  
light,

Give back reflected the far-flashing sun ;  
For music (which is earnest of a heaven,  
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,  
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,  
A low voice calling Fancy, as a friend,  
To the green woods in the gay summer  
time.

And she fills all the way with dancing  
shapes,

Which have made painters pale ; and  
 they go on  
 While stars look at them, and winds call  
 to them,  
 As they leave life's path for the twilight  
 world,  
 Where the dead gather. This was not  
 at first,  
 For I scarce knew what I would do.  
 I had  
 No wish to paint, no yearning—but I  
 sang.

And first I sang, as I in dream have seen  
 Music wait on a lyrist for some thought,  
 Yet singing to herself until it came.  
 I turned to those old times and scenes,  
 where all  
 That's beautiful had birth for me, and  
 made  
 Rude verses on them all ; and then I  
 paused—  
 I had done nothing, so I sought to know  
 What mind had yet achieved. No fear  
 was mine  
 As I gazed on the works of mighty bards,  
 In the first joy at finding my own  
 thoughts  
 Recorded, and my powers exemplified,  
 And feeling their aspirings were my  
 own.  
 And then I first explored passion and  
 mind ;  
 And I began afresh ; I rather sought  
 To rival what I wondered at, than form  
 Creations of my own ; so much was  
 light  
 Lent back by others, yet much was my  
 own.

I paused again—a change was coming  
 on,  
 I was no more a boy—the past was  
 breaking  
 Before the coming, and like fever  
 worked.  
 I first thought on myself—and here my  
 powers  
 Burst out. I dreamed not of restraint,  
 but gazed  
 On all things : schemes and systems  
 went and came,  
 And I was proud (being vainest of the  
 weak),

In wandering o'er them, to seek out  
 some one  
 To be my own ; as one should wander  
 o'er  
 The White Way for a star.

On one, whom praise of mine would not  
 offend,  
 Who was as calm as beauty—being such  
 Unto mankind as thou to me, Pauline,—  
 Believing in them, and devoting all  
 His soul's strength to their winning back  
 to peace ;  
 Who sent forth hopes and longings for  
 their sake,  
 Clothed in all passion's melodies, which  
 first  
 Caught me, and set me, as to a sweet  
 task,  
 To gather every breathing of his songs.  
 And woven with them there were words,  
 which seemed  
 A key to a new world ; the muttering  
 Of angels, of some thing unguessed by  
 man.  
 How my heart beat, as I went on, and  
 found  
 Much there I felt my own mind had  
 conceived,  
 But there living and burning ; soon the  
 whole  
 Of his conceptions dawned on me ; their  
 praise  
 Is in the tongues of men ; men's brows  
 are high  
 When his name means a triumph and a  
 pride ;  
 So my weak hands may well forbear to  
 dim  
 What then seemed my bright fate : I  
 threw myself  
 To meet it. I was vowed to liberty,  
 Men were to be as gods, and earth as  
 heaven.  
 And I—ah ! what a life was mine to be,  
 My whole soul rose to meet it. Now,  
 Pauline,  
 I shall go mad, if I recall that time.

Oh let me look back, e'er I leave for ever  
 The time, which was an hour, that one  
 waits

For a fair girl, that comes a withered hag.  
 And I was lonely,—far from woods and  
     fields,  
 And amid dullest sights, who should be  
     loose  
 As a stag—yet I was full of joy, who  
     lived  
 With Plato, and who had the key to life.  
 And I had dimly shaped my first attempt,  
 And many a thought did I build up on  
     thought,  
 As the wild bee hangs cell to cell—in  
     vain ;  
 For I must still go on : my mind rests  
     not.  
 'Twas in my plan to look on real life,  
 Which was all new to me ; my theories  
 Were firm, so I left them, to look upon  
 Men, and their cares, and hopes, and  
     fears, and joys ;  
 And, as I pondered on them all, I sought  
 How best life's end might be attained—  
     an end  
 Comprising every joy. I deeply mused.

And suddenly, without heart-wreck, I  
     awoke  
 As from a dream—I said, 'twas beautiful,  
 Yet but a dream ; and so adieu to it.  
 As some world-wanderer sees in a far  
     meadow  
 Strange towers, and walled gardens,  
     thick with trees,  
 Where singing goes on, and delicious  
     mirth,  
 And laughing fairy creatures peeping  
     over,  
 And on the morrow, when he comes to  
     live  
 For ever by those springs, and trees  
     fruit-flushed,  
 And fairy bowers—all his search is vain.  
 Well I remember . . .  
 First went my hopes of perfecting man-  
     kind,  
 And faith in them—then freedom in  
     itself,  
 And virtue in itself—and then my  
     motives' ends,  
 And powers and loves ; and human love  
     went last.  
 I felt this no decay, because new powers  
 Rose as old feelings left—wit, mockery,

And happiness ; for I had oft been sad,  
 Mistrusting my resolves : but now I  
     cast  
 Hope joyously away—I laughed and  
     said,  
 ' No more of this '—I must not think ;  
     at length  
 I look'd again to see how all went on.

My powers were greater—as some tem-  
     ple seemed  
 My soul, where nought is changed, and  
     incense rolls  
 Around the altar—only God is gone,  
 And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat !  
 So I passed through the temple ; and to  
     me  
 Knelt troops of shadows ; and they  
     cried, ' Hail, king !  
 We serve thee now, and thou shalt serve  
     no more !  
 Call on us, prove us, let us worship thee !'  
 And I said, ' Are ye strong—let fancy  
     bear me  
 Far from the past.'—And I was borne  
     away  
 As Arab birds float sleeping in the wind,  
 O'er deserts, towers, and forests, I being  
     calm ;  
 And I said, ' I have nursed up energies,  
 They will prey on me.' And a band  
     knelt low,  
 And cried, ' Lord, we are here, and we  
     will make  
 A way for thee—in thine appointed life  
 Oh look on us !' And I said, ' Ye will  
     worship  
 Me ; but my heart must worship too.'  
 They shouted,  
 ' Thyself—thou art our king !' So I  
     stood there  
 Smiling . . . . .

And buoyant and rejoicing was the  
     spirit  
 With which I looked out how to end my  
     days ;  
 I felt once more myself—my powers  
     were mine ;  
 I found that youth or health solifted me,  
 That, spite of all life's vanity, no grief  
 Came nigh me—I must ever be light-  
     hearted ;  
 And that this feeling was the only veil

Betwixt me and despair: so if age came,  
 I should be as a wreck linked to a soul  
 Yet fluttering, or mind-broken, and  
 aware  
 Of my decay. So a long summer morn  
 Found me; and e'er noon came, I had  
 resolved  
 No age should come on me, ere youth's  
 hopes went,  
 For I would wear myself out—like that  
 morn  
 Which wasted not a sunbeam—every  
 joy  
 I would make mine, and die. And thus  
 I sought  
 To chain my spirit down, which I had  
 fed  
 With thoughts of fame. I said: the  
 troubled life  
 Of genius, seen so bright when working  
 forth  
 Some trusted end, seems sad when all in  
 vain—  
 Most sad, when men have parted with  
 all joy  
 For their wild fancy's sake, which  
 waited first  
 As an obedient spirit when delight  
 Came not with her alone; but alters  
 soon,  
 Coming darkened, seldom, hasting to  
 depart,  
 Leaving a heavy darkness and warm  
 tears.  
 But I shall never lose her; she will  
 live  
 Brighter for such seclusion—I but catch  
 A hue, a glance of what I sing; so pain  
 Is linked with pleasure, for I ne'er may  
 tell  
 The radiant sights which dazzle me;  
 but now  
 They shall be all my own, and let them  
 fade  
 Untold—others shall rise as fair, as fast.  
 And when all's done, the few dim  
 gleams transferred,—  
 (For a new thought sprung up—that it  
 were well  
 To leave all shadowy hopes, and weave  
 such lays  
 As would encircle me with praise and  
 love;

So I should not die utterly—I should  
 bring  
 One branch from the gold forest, like  
 the knight  
 Of old tales, witnessing I had been  
 there,)—  
 And when all's done, how vain seems  
 e'en success,  
 And all the influence poets have o'er  
 men!  
 'Tis a fine thing that one, weak as my-  
 self,  
 Should sit in his lone room, knowing the  
 words  
 He utters in his solitude shall move  
 Men like a swift wind—that tho' he be  
 forgotten,  
 Faireyes shall glisten when his beauteous  
 dreams  
 Of love come true in happier frames  
 than his.  
 Ay, the still night brought thoughts like  
 these, but morn  
 Came, and the mockery again laughed  
 out  
 At hollow praises, and smiles, almost  
 sneers;  
 And my soul's idol seemed to whisper me  
 To dwell with him and his unhonoured  
 name—  
 And I well knew my spirit, that would  
 be  
 First in the struggle, and again would  
 make  
 All bow to it; and I would sink again.  
 And then know that this curse will come  
 on us,  
 To see our idols perish—we may wither;  
 Nor marvel—we are clay; but our low  
 fate  
 Should not extend them, whom trust-  
 ingly  
 We sent before into Time's yawning  
 gulf,  
 To face whate'er may lurk in darkness  
 there—  
 To see the painters' glory pass, and feel  
 Sweet music move us not as once, or  
 worst,  
 To see decaying wits ere the frail body  
 Decays. Nought makes me trust in  
 love so really



As the delight of the contented lowness  
With which I gaze on souls I'd keep for  
ever

In beauty—I'd be sad to equal them ;  
I'd feed their fame e'en from my heart's  
best blood,

Withering unseen, that they might  
flourish still.

Pauline, my sweet friend, thou dost not  
forget

How this mood swayed me, when thou  
first wert mine,

When I had set myself to live this life,  
Defying all opinion. Ere thou camest  
I was most happy, sweet, for old delights  
Had come like birds again ; music, my  
life,

I nourished more than ever, and old lore  
Loved for itself, and all it shows—the  
king

Treading the purple calmly to his death,  
—While round him, like the clouds of  
eve, all dusk,

The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,  
Pile the dim outline of the coming doom,  
—And him sitting alone in blood, while  
friends

Are hunting far in the sunshine ; and  
the boy,

With his white breast and brow and  
clustering curls

Streaked with his mother's blood, and  
striving hard

To tell his story ere his reason goes.

And when I loved thee, as I've loved so  
oft,

Thou lovedst me, and I wondered, and  
looked in

My heart to find some feeling like such  
love.

Believing I was still what I had been ;  
And soon I found all faith had gone from  
me.

And the late glow of life—changing like  
clouds,

'Twas not the morn-blush widening into  
day,

But evening, coloured by the dying sun  
While darkness is quick hastening :—

I will tell

My state as though 'twere none of mine  
—despair

Cannot come near me—thus it is with  
me.

Souls alter not, and mine must progress  
still ;

And this I knew not when I flung away  
My youth's chief aims. I ne'er sup-  
posed the loss

Of what few I retained ; for no resource  
Awaits me—now behold the change of  
all.

I cannot chain my soul, it will not rest  
In its clay prison ; this most narrow  
sphere—

It has strange powers, and feelings, and  
desires,

Which I cannot account for, nor explain,  
But which I stifle not, being bound to  
trust

All feelings equally—to hear all sides :  
Yet I cannot indulge them, and they  
live,

Referring to some state or life un-  
known . . .

My selfishness is satiated not,

It wears me like a flame ; my hunger for  
All pleasure, howsoe'er minute, is pain ;  
I envy—how I envy him whose mind

Turns with its energies to some one end !  
To elevate a sect, or a pursuit,

However mean—so mystill baffled hopes  
Seek out abstractions ; I would have  
but one

Delight on earth, so it were wholly mine ;  
One rapture all my soul could fill—and  
this

Wild feeling places me in dream afar,  
In some wide country, where the eye can  
see

No end to the far hills and dales be-  
strewn

With shining towers and dwellings.  
I grow mad

Wellnigh, to know not one abode but  
holds

Some pleasure—for my soul could grasp  
them all,

But must remain with this vile form.  
I look

With hope to age at last, which quench-  
ing much,

May let me concentrate the sparks it  
spares.

This restlessness of passion meets in me  
A craving after knowledge: the sole  
proof

Of a commanding will is in that power  
Repressed; for I beheld it in its dawn,  
That sleepless harpy, with its budding  
wings,

And I considered whether I should  
yield

All hopes and fears, to live alone with it,  
Finding a recompense in its wild eyes;  
And when I found that I should perish  
so,

I bade its wild eyes close from me for  
ever;—

And I am left alone with my delights,—  
So it lies in me a chained thing—still  
ready

To serve me, if I loose its slightest  
bond—

I cannot but be proud of my bright  
slave.

And thus I know this earth is not my  
sphere,

For I cannot so narrow me, but that  
I still exceed it; in their elements  
My love would pass my reason—but  
since here

Love must receive its objects from this  
earth,

While reason will be chainless, the few  
truths

Caught from its wanderings have suf-  
ficed to quell

All love below;—then what must be  
that love

Which, with the object it demands,  
would quell

Reason, tho' it soared with the sera-  
phim?

No—what I feel may pass all human  
love,

Yet fall far short of what my love should  
be;

And yet I seem more warped in this than  
aught,

For here myself stands out more hid-  
eously.

I can forget myself in friendship, fame,  
Or liberty, or love of mighty souls.

But I begin to know what thing hate is—

To sicken, and to quiver, and grow  
white,

And I myself have furnished its first  
prey.

All my sad weaknesses, this wavering  
will,

This selfishness, this still decaying  
frame...

But I must never grieve while I can pass  
Far from such thoughts—as now—  
Andromeda!

And she is with me—years roll, I shall  
change,

But change can touch her not—so beau-  
tiful

With her dark eyes, earnest and still,  
and hair

Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping  
breeze;

And one red-beam, all the storm leaves  
in heaven,

Resting upon her eyes and face and hair,  
As she awaits the snake on the wet  
beach,

By the dark rock, and the white wave  
just breaking

At her feet; quite naked and alone,—  
a thing

You doubt not, nor fear for, secure that  
God

Will come in thunder from the stars to  
save her.

Let it pass—I will call another change.  
I will be gifted with a wond'rous soul,

Yet sunk by error to men's sympathy,  
And in the wane of life; yet only so

As to call up their fears, and there shall  
come

A time requiring youth's best energies;  
And straight I fling age, sorrow, sickness

off,  
And I rise triumphing over my decay.

And thus it is that I supply the chasm  
'Twixt what I am and all that I would  
be.

But then to know nothing—to hope for  
nothing—

To seize on life's dull joys from a strange  
fear,

Lest, losing them, all's lost, and nought  
remains.

There 's some vile juggle with my reason  
here—

I feel I but explain to my own loss  
These impulses—they live no less the  
same.

Liberty! what though I despair—my  
blood

Rose not at a slave's name prouder  
than now,

And sympathy obscured by sophistries.  
Why have not I sought refuge in myself,  
But for the woes I saw and could not  
stay—

And love!—do I not love thee, my  
Pauline?

I cherish prejudice, lest I be left  
Utterly loveless—witness this belief  
In poets, tho' sad change has come there  
too;

No more I leave myself to follow them:  
Unconsciously I measure me by them.  
Let me forget it; and I cherish most  
My love of England—how her name—a  
word

Of her's in a strange tongue makes my  
heart beat!

Pauline, I could do anything—not now—  
All 's fever—but when calm shall come  
again—

I am prepared—I have made life my  
own—

I would not be content with all the  
change

One frame should feel—but I have gone  
in thought

Thro' all conjuncture—I have lived all  
life

When it is most alive—where strangest  
fate

New shapes it past surmise—the tales of  
men

Bit by some curse—or in the grasps of  
doom

Half-visible and still increasing round,  
Or crowning their wide being's general  
aim.

These are wild fancies, but I feel, sweet  
friend,

As one breathing his weakness to the ear  
Of pitying angel—dear as a winter  
flower;

A slight flower growing alone, and  
offering

Its frail cup of three leaves to the cold  
sun,

Yet joyous and confiding, like the  
triumph

Of a child—and why am I not worthy  
thee?

I can live all the life of plants, and gaze  
Drowsily on the bees that flit and play,  
Or bare my breast for sunbeams which  
will kill,

Or open in the night of sounds, to look  
For the dim stars; I can mount with  
the bird,

Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves  
And twisted boughs of some tall moun-  
tain tree,

Or rise cheerfully springing to the  
heavens,

Or like a fish breathe in the morning air  
In the misty sun-warm water, or with  
flowers

And trees can smile in light at the  
sinking sun,

Just as the storm comes—as a girl would  
look

On a departing lover—most serene.

Pauline, come with me—see how I could  
build

A home for us, out of the world; in  
thought—

I am inspired—come with me, Pauline!

Night, and one single ridge of narrow  
path

Between the sullen river and the woods  
Waving and muttering—for the moon-  
less night

Has shaped them into images of life,  
Like the upraising of the giant-ghosts,  
Looking on earth to know how their  
sons fare.

Thou art so close by me, the roughest  
swell

Of wind in the tree-tops hides not the  
panting

Of thy soft breasts; no—we will pass  
to morning—

Morning—the rocks, and valleys, and  
 old woods.  
 How the sun brightens in the mist, and  
 here,—  
 Half in the air, like creatures of the  
 place,  
 Trusting the element—living on high  
 boughs  
 That swing in the wind—look at the  
 golden spray,  
 Flung from the foam-sheet of the  
 cataract,  
 Amid the broken rocks—shall we stay  
 here  
 With the wild hawks ?—no, ere the hot  
 noon come  
 Dive we down—safe ;—see this our new  
 retreat  
 Walled in with a sloped mound of  
 matted shrubs,  
 Dark, tangled, old and green—still  
 sloping down  
 To a small pool whose waters lie  
 asleep  
 Amid the trailing boughs turned water-  
 plants,  
 And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,  
 Breaking the sunbeams into emerald  
 shafts,  
 And in the dreamy water one small  
 group  
 Of two or three strange trees are got  
 together,  
 Wondering at all around—as strange  
 beasts herd  
 Together far from their own land—all  
 wildness—  
 No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants  
 pave all,  
 And tongues of bank go shelving in the  
 waters,  
 Where the pale-throated snake reclines  
 his head,  
 And old grey stones lie making eddies  
 there ;  
 The wild mice cross them dry-shod—  
 deeper in—  
 Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still  
 deeper in :  
 This is the very heart of the woods—all  
 round,  
 Mountain-like, heaped above us ; yet  
 even here

One pond of water gleams—far off the  
 river  
 Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land ;  
 but one—  
 One thin clear sheet has over-leaped and  
 wound  
 Into this silent depth, which gained, it  
 lies  
 Still, as but let by sufferance ; the trees  
 bend  
 O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl,  
 And thro' their roots long creeping  
 plants stretch out  
 Their twined hair, steeped and spark-  
 ling ; farther on,  
 Tall rushes and thick flag-knots have  
 combined  
 To narrow it ; so, at length, a silver  
 thread  
 It winds, all noiselessly, thro' the deep  
 wood,  
 Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss  
 and stone,  
 It joins its parent-river with a shout.  
 Up for the glowing day—leave the old  
 woods :  
 See, they part, like a ruined arch, the  
 sky !  
 Nothing but sky appears, so close the  
 root  
 And grass of the hill-top level with the  
 air—  
 Blue sunny air, where a great cloud  
 floats, laden  
 With light, like a dead whale that white  
 birds pick,  
 Floating away in the sun in some north  
 sea.  
 Air, air—fresh life-blood—thin and  
 searching air—  
 The clear, dear breath of God, that  
 loveth us :  
 Where small birds reel and winds take  
 their delight.  
 Water is beautiful, but not like air.  
 See, where the solid azure waters lie,  
 Made as of thickened air, and down  
 below  
 The fern-ranks, like a forest, spread  
 themselves,  
 As tho' each pore could feel the element ;  
 Where the quick glancing serpent winds  
 his way—

Float with me there, Pauline, but not  
like air.

Down the hill—stop—a clump of trees,  
see, set

On a heap of rocks, which look o'er the  
far plains,

And envious climbing shrubs would  
mount to rest,

And peer from their spread boughs.  
There they wave, looking

At the muleteers, who whistle as they go  
To the merry chime of their morning  
bells, and all

The little smoking cots, and fields, and  
banks,

And copses, bright in the sun; my  
spirit wanders.

Hedgerows for me—still, living, hedge-  
rows, where

The bushes close, and clasp above, and  
keep

Thought in—I am concentrated—I  
feel;—

But my soul saddens when it looks  
beyond;

I cannot be immortal, nor taste all.

O God! where does this tend—these  
struggling aims!<sup>1</sup>

What would I have? what is this 'sleep,'  
which seems

To bound all? can there be a 'waking'  
point

Of crowning life? The soul would never  
rule—

It would be first in all things—it would  
have

Its utmost pleasure filled,—but that  
complete

Commanding for commanding sickens it.  
The last point that I can trace is, rest

beneath  
Some better essence than itself—in  
weakness;

This is 'myself'—not what I think  
should be,

And what is that I hunger for but God?

My God, my God! let me for once look  
on thee

As tho' nought else existed: we alone.  
And as creation crumbles, my soul's

spark  
Expands till I can say, 'Even from my-  
self

I need thee, and I feel thee, and I love  
thee;

I do not plead my rapture in thy works  
For love of thee—or that I feel as one

Who cannot die—but there is that in me  
Which turns to thee, which loves, or

which should love.'

Why have I girt myself with this hell-  
dress?

Why have I laboured to put out my life?  
Is it not in my nature to adore,

And e'en for all my reason do I not  
Feel him, and thank him, and pray to

him?—*Now.*

<sup>1</sup> Je crains bien que mon pauvre ami ne soit pas toujours parfaitement compris dans ce qui reste à lire de cet étrange fragment—mais il est moins propre que tout autre à éclaircir ce qui de sa nature ne peut jamais être que songe et confusion. D'ailleurs je ne sais trop si en cherchant à mieux co-ordonner certaines parties l'on ne courrait pas le risque de nuire au seul mérite auquel une production si singulière peut prétendre—celui de donner une idée assez précise du genre qu'elle n'a fait qu'ébaucher.—Ce début sans prétention, ce renouement des passions qui va d'abord en accroissant et puis s'apaise par degrés, ces élans de l'âme, ce retour soudain sur soi-même, et, par-dessus tout, la tournure d'esprit toute particulière de mon ami, rendent les changements presque impossibles. Les raisons qu'il fait valoir ailleurs, et d'autres encore plus puissantes, ont fait trouver grâce à mes yeux pour cet écrit qu'autrement je lui eusse conseillé de jeter au feu.—Je n'en crois pas moins au grand principe de toute composition—à ce principe de Shakspeare, de Raffaele, de Beethoven, d'où il suit que la concentration des idées est due bien plus à leur conception, qu'à leur mise en exécution. . . . j'ai tout lieu de craindre que la première de ces qualités ne soit encore étrangère à mon ami—et je doute fort qu'un redoublement de travail lui fasse acquiescer la seconde. Le mieux serait de brûler ceci; mais que faire?

Je crois que dans ce qui suit il fait allusion à un certain examen qu'il fit autrefois de l'âme ou plutôt de son âme, pour découvrir la suite des objets auxquels il lui serait possible d'attendre, et dont chacun une fois obtenu devait former une espèce de plateau d'où l'on pouvait apercevoir d'autres buts, d'autres projets, d'autres jouissances qui, à leur tour, devaient être surmontés. Il en résultait que l'oubli et le sommeil devaient tout terminer. Cette idée que je ne saisis pas parfaitement lui est peut-être aussi intelligible qu'à moi.



Can I forgo the trust that he loves me ?  
 Do I not feel a love which only ONE . . .  
 O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed,  
 I have denied thee calmly—do I not  
 Pant when I read of thy consummate deeds,  
 And burn to see thy calm, pure truths  
 out-flash  
 The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy ?  
 Do I not shake to hear aught question thee ? . . .  
 If I am erring save me, madden me,  
 Take from me powers, and pleasures—  
 let me die  
 Ages, so I see thee : I am knit round  
 As with a charm, by sin and lust and pride,  
 Yet tho' my wandering dreams have  
 seen all shapes  
 Of strange delight, oft have I stood by  
 thee—  
 Have I been keeping lonely watch with  
 thee,  
 In the damp night by weeping Olivet,  
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less—  
 Or dying with thee on the lonely cross—  
 Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb !  
 A mortal, sin's familiar friend doth here  
 Avow that he will give all earth's  
 reward  
 But to believe and humbly teach the  
 faith,  
 In suffering, and poverty, and shame,  
 Only believing he is not unloved . . .  
 And now, my Pauline, I am thine for  
 ever !  
 I feel the spirit which has buoyed me up  
 Deserting me : and old shades gathering  
 on ;  
 Yet while its last light waits, I would say  
 much.  
 And chiefly, I am glad that I have said  
 That love which I have ever felt for thee,  
 But seldom told ; our hearts so beat  
 together,  
 That speech is mockery, but when dark  
 hours come ;  
 And I feel sad ; and thou, sweet, deem'st  
 it strange ;

A sorrow moves me, thou canst not  
 remove,  
 Look on this lay I dedicate to thee,  
 Which thro' thee I began, and which  
 I end,  
 Collecting the last gleams to strive to  
 tell  
 That I am thine, and more than ever  
 now—  
 That I am sinking fast—yet tho' I sink,  
 No less I feel that thou hast brought me  
 bliss,  
 And that I still may hope to win it back.  
 Thou know'st, dear friend, I could not  
 think all calm,  
 For wild dreams followed me, and bore  
 me off,  
 And all was indistinct. Ere one was  
 caught  
 Another glanced : so dazzled by my  
 wealth,  
 Knowing not which to leave nor which  
 to choose,  
 For all my thoughts so floated, nought  
 was fixed—  
 And then thou said'st a perfect bard  
 was one  
 Who shadowed out the stages of all life,  
 And so thou badest me tell this my first  
 stage ;—  
 'Tis done ; and even now I feel all dim  
 the shift  
 Of thought. These are my last thoughts ;  
 I discern  
 Faintly immortal life, and truth, and  
 good.  
 And why thou must be mine is, that e'en  
 now,  
 In the dim hush of night—that I have  
 done—  
 With fears and sad forebodings : I look  
 thro'  
 And say, 'E'en at the last I have her  
 still,  
 With her delicious eyes as clear as  
 heaven,  
 When rain in a quick shower has beat  
 down mist,  
 And clouds float white in the sun like  
 broods of swans.'  
 How the blood lies upon her cheek, all  
 spread  
 As thinned by kisses ; only in her lips

It wells and pulses like a living thing,  
And her neck looks, like marble misted  
o'er

With love-breath, a dear thing to kiss  
and love,

Standing beneath me—looking out to  
me,

As I might kill her and be loved for it.

Love me—love me, Pauline, love nought  
but me ;

Leave me not. All these words are wild  
and weak :

Believe them not, Pauline. I stooped  
so low

But to behold thee purer by my side,  
To show thou art my breath—my life—  
a last

Resource—an extreme want: never  
believe

Aught better could so look to thee, nor  
seek

Again the world of good thoughts left  
for me.

There were bright troops of undiscovered  
suns,

Each equal in their radiant course.  
There were

Clusters of far fair isles, which ocean  
kept

For his own joy, and his waves broke on  
them

Without a choice. And there was a  
dim crowd

Of visions, each a part of the dim whole.  
And a star left his peers and came with

peace  
Upon a storm, and all eyes pined for  
him.

And one isle harboured a sea-beaten  
ship,

And the crew wandered in its bowers,  
and plucked

Its fruits, and gave up all their hopes  
for home.

And one dream came to a pale poet's  
sleep,

And he said, 'I am singled out by God,  
No sin must touch me.' I am very weak,

But what I would express is,—Leave  
me not,

Still sit by me—with beating breast, and  
hair

Loosened—watching earnest by my  
side,

Turning my books, or kissing me when I  
Look up—like summer wind. Be still

to me  
A key to music's mystery, when mind  
fails,

A reason, a solution, and a clue.  
You see I have thrown off my prescribed

rules :  
I hope in myself—and hope, and pant,  
and love—

You'll find me better—know me more  
than when

You loved me as I was. Smile not ;  
I have

Much yet to gladden you—to dawn on  
you.

No more of the past—I'll look within no  
more—

I have too trusted to my own wild  
wants—

Too trusted to myself—to intuition,  
Draining the wine alone in the still

night,  
And seeing how—as gathering films  
arose,

As by an inspiration life seemed bare  
And grinning in its vanity, and ends

Hard to be dreamed of, stared at me as  
fixed,

And others suddenly became all foul,  
As a fair witch turned an old hag at

night.  
No more of this—we will go hand in  
hand,

I will go with thee, even as a child,  
Looking no further than thy sweet

commands.  
And thou hast chosen where this life  
shall be—

The land which gave me thee shall be  
our home,

Where nature lies all wild amid her  
lakes

And snow-swathed mountains, and vast  
pines all girt

With ropes of snow—where nature lies  
all bare,

Suffering none to view her but a race  
Most stunted and deformed—like the

mute dwarfs

Which wait upon a naked Indian queen.  
 And there (the time being when the  
   heavens are thick  
 With storms) I'll sit with thee while thou  
   dost sing  
 Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird  
 Who crieth as he flies for perfect joy,  
 Or telling me old stories of dead knights.  
 Or I will read old lays to thee—how  
   she,  
 The fair pale sister, went to her chill  
   grave  
 With power to love, and to be loved, and  
   live.  
 Or we will go together, like twin gods  
 Of the infernal world, with scented lamp  
 Over the dead—to call and to awake—  
 Over the unshaped images which lie  
 Within my mind's cave—only leaving  
   all  
 That tells of the past doubts. So when  
   spring comes,  
 And sunshine comes again like an old  
   smile,  
 And the fresh waters, and awakened  
   birds,  
 And budding woods await us—I shall be  
 Prepared, and we will go and think  
   again,  
 And all old loves shall come to us—but  
   changed  
 As some sweet thought which harsh  
   words veiled before ;  
 Feeling God loves us, and that all that  
   errs  
 Is a strange dream which death will  
   dissipate ;  
 And then when I am firm we'll seek  
   again  
 My own land, and again I will approach  
 My old designs, and calmly look on all  
 The works of my past weakness, as one  
   views  
 Some scene where danger met him long  
   before.  
 Ah ! that such pleasant life should be  
   but dreamed !  
  
 But whate'er come of it—and tno' it  
   fade,  
 And tho' ere the cold morning all be  
   gone  
 As it will be ;—tho' music wait for me,

And fair eyes and bright wine, laughing  
   like sin,  
 Which steals back softly on a soul half  
   saved ;  
 And I be first to deny all, and despise  
 This verse, and these intents which seem  
   so fair :  
 Still this is all my own, this moment's  
   pride,  
 No less I make an end in perfect joy.  
 E'en in my brightest time, a lurking  
   fear  
 Possessed me. I well knew my weak  
   resolves,  
 I felt the witchery that makes mind  
   sleep  
 Over its treasures—as one half afraid  
 To make his riches definite—but now  
 These feelings shall not utterly be lost,  
 I shall not know again that nameless  
   care,  
 Lest leaving all undone in youth, some  
   new  
 And undreamed end reveal itself too  
   late :  
 For this song shall remain to tell for ever,  
 That when I lost all hope of such  
   a change,  
 Suddenly Beauty rose on me again.  
 No less I make an end in perfect joy,  
 For I, having thus again been visited,  
 Shall doubt not many another bliss  
   awaits,  
 And tho' this weak soul sink, and dark-  
   ness come,  
 Some little word shall light it up again,  
 And I shall see all clearer and love better ;  
 I shall again goo'er the tracts of thought,  
 As one who has a right ; and I shall live  
 With poets—calmer—purer still each  
   time,  
 And beauteous shapes will come to me  
   again,  
 And unknown secrets will be trusted me,  
 Which were not mine when wavering—  
   but now  
 I shall be priest and lover, as of old.  
  
 Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth,  
 And love ; and as one just escaped from  
   death  
 Would bind himself in bands of friends  
   to feel

Helivesindeed—so, I would lean on thee;  
 Thou must be ever with me—most in  
 gloom  
 When such shall come—but chiefly when  
 I die,  
 For I seem dying, as one going in the  
 dark  
 To fight a giant—and live thou for ever,  
 And be to all what thou hast been to me—

All in whom this wakes pleasant  
 thoughts of me,  
 Know my last state is happy—free from  
 doubt,  
 Or touch of fear. Love me and wish  
 me well !

RICHMOND,

October 22, 1832.

## PARACELSUS

INSCRIBED TO  
 AMÉDÉE DE RIPERT-MONCLAR,  
 BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

March 15th, 1835.

R.B.

### PERSONS.

AUREOLUS PARACELSUS, a student.

FESTUS and MICHAL, his friends.

APRILE, an Italian poet.

### I. PARACELSUS ASPIRES.

SCENE, Würzburg ; a garden in the  
 environs. 1512.

FESTUS, PARACELSUS, MICHAL.

*Par.* Come close to me, dear friends ;  
 still closer ; thus !

Close to the heart which, though long  
 time roll by

Ere it again beat quicker, pressed to  
 yours,

As now it beats—perchance a long, long  
 time—

At least henceforth your memories shall  
 make

Quiet and fragrant as befits their home.  
 Nor shall my memory want a home in  
 yours—

Alas, that it requires too well such free  
 Forgiving love as shall embalm it there !

For if you would remember me aright,  
 As I was born to be, you must forget

All fitful, strange and moody wayward-  
 ness

Which e'er confused my better spirit, to  
 dwell

Only on moments such as these, dear  
 friends !

—My heart no truer, but my words and  
 ways

More true to it : as Michal, some months  
 hence,

Will say, ' this autumn was a pleasant  
 time.'

For some few sunny days ; and over-  
 look

Its bleak wind, hankering after pining  
 leaves.

Autumn would fain be sunny ; I would  
 look

Liker my nature's truth : and both are  
 frail,

And both beloved, for all their frailty.  
*Mich.* Aureole !

*Par.* Drop by drop ! she is weeping  
 like a child !

Not so ! I am content—more than con-  
 tent ;

Nay, autumn wins you best by this its  
 mute

Appeal to sympathy for its decay :

Look up, sweet Michal, nor esteem the  
 less

Your stained and drooping vines their  
grapes bow down,  
Nor blame those creaking trees bent  
with their fruit,  
That apple-tree with a rare after-birth  
Of peeping blooms sprinkled its wealth  
among!

Then for the winds—what wind that  
ever raved

Shall vex that ash which overlooks you  
both,

So proud it wears its berries? Ah, at  
length,

The old smile meet for her, the lady of  
this

Sequestered nest!—this kingdom,  
limited

Alone by one old populous green wall  
Tenanted by the ever-busy flies,

Grey crickets and shy lizards and quick  
spiders,

Each family of the silver-threaded  
moss—

Which, look through near, this way, and  
it appears

A stubble-field or a cane-brake, a marsh  
Of bulrush whitening in the sun: laugh  
now!

Fancy the crickets, each one in his  
house,

Looking out, wondering at the world—  
or best,

Yon painted snail with his gay shell of  
dew,

Travelling to see the glossy balls high up  
Hung by the caterpillar, like gold lamps.

*Mich.* In truth we have lived carelessly  
and well.

*Par.* And shall, my perfect pair!—  
each, trust me, born

For the other; nay, your very hair,  
when mixed,

Is of one hue. For where save in this  
nook

Shall you two walk, when I am far  
away,

And wish me prosperous fortune? Stay:  
that plant

Shall never wave its tangles lightly and  
softly,

As a queen's languid and imperial arm  
Which scatters crowns among her lovers,

but you

Shall be reminded to predict to me  
Some great success! Ah, see, the sun  
sinks broad

Behind Saint Saviour's: wholly gone,  
at last!

*Fest.* Now, Aureole, stay those wan-  
dering eyes awhile!

You are ours to-night at least; and  
while you spoke

Of Michal and her tears, I thought that  
none

Could willing leave what he so seemed  
to love:

But that last look destroys my dream—  
that look

As if, where'er you gazed, there stood  
a star!

How far was Würzburg with its church  
and spire

And garden-walls and all things they  
contain,

From that look's far alighting?

*Par.* I but spoke  
And looked alike from simple joy to see

The beings I love best, shut in so well  
From all rude chances like to be my  
lot,

That, when afar, my weary spirit,—  
disposed

To lose awhile its care in soothing  
thoughts

Of them, their pleasant features, looks  
and words,—

Needs never hesitate, nor apprehend  
Encroaching trouble may have reached  
them too,

Nor have recourse to fancy's busy aid  
And fashion even a wish in their behalf

Beyond what they possess already here;  
But, unobstructed, may at once forget

Itself in them, assured how well they  
fare.

Beside, this Festus knows he holds me  
one

Whom quiet and its charms arrest in  
vain,

One scarce aware of all the joys I quit,  
Too filled with airy hopes to make

account

Of soft delights his own heart garners  
up:

Whereas, behold how much our sense  
of all



That'sauteous proves alike ! When  
Festus learns

That every common pleasure of the  
world

Affects me as himself ; that I have just  
As varied appetite for joy derived

From common things ; a stake in life,  
in short,

Like his ; a stake which rash pursuit of  
aims

That life affords not, would as soon  
destroy ;—

He may convince himself that, this in  
view,

I shall act well advised. And last,  
because,

Though heaven and earth and all things  
were at stake,

Sweet Michal must not weep, our parting  
eve.

*Fest.* True: and the eve is deepening,  
and we sit

As little anxious to begin our talk  
As though to-morrow I could hint of it

As we paced arm-in-arm the cheerful  
town

At sun-dawn ; or could whisper it by  
fits

(Trithemius busied with his class the  
while)

In that dim chamber where the noon-  
streaks peer

Half frightened by the awful tomes  
around ;

Or in some grassy lane unbosom all  
From even-blush to midnight : but, to-  
morrow !

Have I full leave to tell my inmost  
mind ?

We have been brothers, and henceforth  
the world

Will rise between us :—all my freest  
mind ?

'Tis the last night, dear Aureole !

*Par.* Oh, say on !

Devise some test of love, some arduous  
feat

To be performed for you : say on ! If  
night

Be spent the while, the better ! Recall  
how oft

My wondrous plans and dreams and  
hopes and fears

Have—never wearied you, oh, no !—as I  
Recall, and never vividly as now,  
Your true affection, born when Einsie-  
deln

And its green hills were all the world to  
us ;

And still increasing to this night which  
ends

My further stay at Würzburg. Oh, one  
day

You shall be very proud ! Say on, dear  
friends !

*Fest.* In truth ? 'Tis for my proper  
peace, indeed,

Rather than yours ; for vain all pro-  
jects seem

To stay your course : I said my latest  
hope

Is fading even now. A story tells  
Of some far embassy dispatched to win

The favour of an eastern king, and  
how

The gifts they offered proved but daz-  
zling dust

Shed from the ore-beds native to his  
clime.

Just so, the value of repose and love,  
I meant should tempt you, better far

than I  
You seem to comprehend ; and yet de-  
sist

No whit from projects where repose nor  
love

Have part.

*Par.* Once more ? Alas ! as I fore-  
bode.

*Fest.* A solitary briar the bank puts  
forth

To save our swan's nest floating out to  
sea.

*Par.* Dear Festus, hear me. What is  
it you wish ?

That I should lay aside my heart's pur-  
suit,

Abandon the sole ends for which I live,  
Reject God's great commission, and so

die !  
You bid me listen for your true love's  
sake :

Yet how has grown that love ? Even in  
a long

And patient cherishing of the selfsame  
spirit

It now would quell ; as though a mother  
 hoped  
 To stay the lusty manhood of the child  
 Once weak upon her knees. I was not  
 born  
 Informed and fearless from the first, but  
 shrank  
 From aught which marked me out apart  
 from men :  
 I would have lived their life, and died  
 their death,  
 Lost in their ranks, eluding destiny :  
 But you first guided me through doubt  
 and fear,  
 Taught me to know mankind and know  
 myself ;  
 And now that I am strong and full of  
 hope,  
 That, from my soul, I can reject all aims  
 Save those your earnest words made  
 plain to me,  
 Now that I touch the brink of my de-  
 sign,  
 When I would have a triumph in their  
 eyes,  
 A glad cheer in their voices—Michal  
 weeps,  
 And Festus ponders gravely !  
*Fest.* When you deign  
 To hear my purpose . . .  
*Par.* Hear it ? I can say  
 Beforehand all this evening's conference !  
 'Tis this way, Michal, that he uses :  
 first,  
 Or he declares, or I, the leading points  
 Of our best scheme of life, what is man's  
 end,  
 And what God's will ; no two faiths e'er  
 agreed  
 As his with mine. Next, each of us  
 allows  
 Faith should be acted on as best we may ;  
 Accordingly, I venture to submit  
 My plan, in lack of better, for pursuing  
 The path which God's will seems to  
 authorize :  
 Well, he discerns much good in it, avows  
 This motive worthy, that hope plausible,  
 A danger here to be avoided, there  
 An oversight to be repaired : in fine  
 Our two minds go together—all the good  
 Approved by him, I gladly recognize,  
 All he counts bad, I thankfully discard,

And nought forbids my looking up at  
 last  
 For some stray comfort in his cautious  
 brow.  
 When, lo ! I learn that, spite of all,  
 there lurks  
 Some innate and inexplicable germ  
 Of failure in my scheme ; so that at last  
 It all amounts to this—the sovereign  
 proof  
 That we devote ourselves to God, is  
 seen  
 In living just as though no God there  
 were ;  
 A life which, prompted by the sad and  
 blind  
 Folly of man, Festus abhors the most ;  
 But which these tenets sanctify at once,  
 Though to less subtle wits it seems the  
 same,  
 Consider it how they may.  
*Mich.* Is it so, Festus ?  
 He speaks so calmly and kindly : is it  
 so ?  
*Par.* Reject those glorious visions of  
 God's love  
 And man's design ; laugh loud that God  
 should send  
 Vast longings to direct us ; say how soon  
 Power satiates these, or lust or gold ;  
 I know  
 The world's cry well, and how to answer  
 it !  
 But this ambiguous warfare . . .  
*Fest.* . . . Wearies so  
 That you will grant no last leave to your  
 friend  
 To urge it ?—for his sake, not yours ? I  
 wish  
 To send my soul in good hopes after you ;  
 Never to sorrow that uncertain words  
 Erringly apprehended, a new creed  
 Ill understood, begot rash trust in you,  
 Had share in your undoing.  
*Par.* Choose your side,  
 Hold or renounce : but meanwhile  
 blame me not  
 Because I dare to act on your own views,  
 Nor shrink when they point onward,  
 nor espy  
 A peril where they most ensure success.  
*Fest.* Prove that to me—but that !  
 Prove, you abide

Within their warrant, nor presumptuous  
boast

God's labour laid on you ; prove, all you  
covet

A mortal may expect ; and, most of all,  
Prove the strange course you now affect,  
will lead

To its attainment—and I bid you speed,  
Nay, count the minutes till you venture  
forth !

You smile ; but I had gathered from  
slow thought—

Much musing on the fortunes of my  
friend—

Matter I deemed could not be urged in  
vain ;

But it all leaves me at my need : in  
shreds

And fragments I must venture what  
remains.

*Mich.* Ask at once, Festus, wherefore  
he should scorn . . .

*Fest.* Stay, Michal : Aureole, I speak  
guardedly

And gravely, knowing well, whate'er  
your error,

This is no ill-considered choice of yours,  
No sudden fancy of an ardent boy.

Not from your own confiding words alone  
Am I aware your passionate heart long  
since

Gave birth to, nourished, and at length  
matures

This scheme. I will not speak of  
Einsiedeln,

Where I was born your elder by some  
years

Only to watch you fully from the first :  
In all beside, our mutual tasks were  
fixed

Even then—'twas mine to have you in  
my view

As you had your own soul and those  
intentions

Which filled it when, to crown your  
dearest wish,

With a tumultuous heart, you left with  
me

Our childhood's home to join the  
favoured few

Whom, here, Trithemius condescends  
to teach

A portion of his lore : and not one youth

Of those so favoured, whom you now  
despise,

Came earnest as you came, resolved, like  
you,

To grasp all, and retain all, and deserve  
By patient toil a wide renown like  
his.

Now, this new ardour which supplants  
the old,

I watched, too ; 'twas significant and  
strange,

In one matched to his soul's content at  
length

With rivals in the search for wisdom's  
prize,

To see the sudden pause, the total  
change ;

From contest, the transition to repose—  
From pressing onward as his fellows  
pressed,

To a blank idleness, yet most unlike  
The dull stagnation of a soul, content,

Once foiled, to leave betimes athriveless  
quest.

That careless bearing, free from all  
pretence

Even of contempt for what it ceased to  
seek—

Smiling humility, praising much, yet  
waiving

What it professed to praise—though not  
so well

Maintained but that rare outbreaks,  
fierce and brief,

Revealed the hidden scorn, as quickly  
curbed.

That ostentatious show of past defeat,  
That ready acquiescence in contempt,

I deemed no other than the letting go  
His shivered sword, of one about to  
spring

Upon his foe's throat ; but it was not  
thus :

Not that way looked your brooding  
purpose then.

For after-signs disclosed, what you con-  
firmed,

That you prepared to task to the utter-  
most

Your strength, in furtherance of a  
certain aim

Which—while it bore the name your  
rivals gave

Their own most puny efforts—was so vast

In scope that it included their best flights,

Combined them, and desired to gain one prize

In place of many,—the secret of the world,

Of man, and man's true purpose, path, and fate.

—That you, not nursing as a mere vague dream

This purpose, with the sages of the Past, Have struck upon a way to this, if all

You trust be true, which following, heart and soul,

You, if a man may, dare aspire to *KNOW*: And that this aim shall differ from a host

Of aims alike in character and kind, Mostly in this,—that in itself alone,

Shall its reward be, not an alien end Blending therewith ; no hope, nor fear,

nor joy,

Nor woe, to elsewhere move you, but this pure

Devotion to sustain you or betray :

Thus you aspire.

*Par.* You shall not state it thus :

I should not differ from the dreamy crew

You speak of. I profess no other share

In the selection of my lot, than this

My ready answer to the will of God

Who summons me to be His organ. All

Whose innate strength supports them

shall succeed

No better than your sages.

*Fest.* Such the aim, then,

God sets before you ; and 'tis doubt-

less need

That He appoint no less the way of

praise

Than the desire to praise ; for, though

I hold

With you, the setting forth such praise

to be

The natural end and service of a man.

And hold such praise is best attained

when man

Attains the general welfare of his kind—

Yet, this, the end, is not the instrument.

Presume not to serve God apart from

such

Appointed channel as He wills shall gather

Imperfect tributes, for that sole obedience

Valued, perchance. He seeks not that His altars

Blaze, careless how, so that they do but blaze.

Suppose this, then ; that God selected you

To *KNOW* (heed well your answers, for my faith

Shall meet implicitly what they affirm)

I cannot think you dare annex to such

Selection aught beyond a steadfast will,

An intense hope ; nor let your gifts create

Scorn or neglect of ordinary means

Conducive to success, make destiny

Dispense with man's endeavour. Now,

dare you search

Your inmost heart, and candidly avow

Whether you have not rather wild desire

For this distinction, than security

Of its existence ? whether you discern

The path to the fulfilment of your pur-

pose

Clear as that purpose—and again, that

purpose

Clear as your yearning to be singled out

For its pursuer. Dare you answer this ?

*Par.* [*After a pause.*] No, I have nought

to fear ! Who will may know

The secret'st workings of my soul.

What though

It be so ?—if indeed the strong desire

Eclipse the aim in me ?—if splendour

break

Upon the outset of my path alone,

And duskest shade succeed ? What

fairer seal

Shall I require to my authentic mission

Than this fierce energy ?—this instinct

striving

Because its nature is to strive ?—enticed

By the security of no broad course,

Without success forever in its eyes !

How know I else such glorious fate my

own,

But in the restless irresistible force

That works within me ? Is it for human

will

To institute such impulses ?—still less,

To disregard their promptings ? What  
     should I  
 Do, kept among you all ; your loves,  
     your cares,  
 Your life—all to be mine ? Be sure that  
     God  
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He  
     deigns impart !  
 Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at  
     once  
 Into the vast and unexplored abyss,  
 What full-grown power informs her  
     from the first,  
 Why she not marvels, strenuously  
     beating  
 The silent boundless regions of the  
     sky !  
 Be sure they sleep not whom God needs !  
     Nor fear  
 Their holding light His charge, when  
     every hour  
 That finds that charge delayed, is a new  
     death.  
 This for the faith in which I trust ; and  
     hence  
 I can abjure so well the idle arts  
 These pedants strive to learn and teach ;  
     Black Arts,  
 Great Works, the Secret and Sublime,  
     forsooth—  
 Let others prize : too intimate a tie  
 Connects me with our God ! A sullen  
     fiend  
 To do my bidding, fallen and hateful  
     sprites  
 To help me—what are these, at best,  
     beside  
 God helping, God directing everywhere,  
 So that the earth shall yield her secrets  
     up,  
 And every object there be charged to  
     strike,  
 Teach, gratify her master God appoints ?  
 And I am young, my Festus, happy and  
     free !  
 I can devote myself ; I have a life  
 To give ; I, singled out for this, the One !  
 Think, think ; the wide East, where all  
     Wisdom sprung ;  
 The bright South, where she dwelt ; the  
     hopeful North,  
 All are passed o'er—it lights on me !  
     'Tis time

New hopes should animate the world,  
     new light  
 Should dawn from new revealings to a  
     race  
 Weighed down so long, forgotten so  
     long ; thus shall  
 The heaven reserved for us, at last  
     receive  
 Creatures whom no unwonted splen-  
     dours blind,  
 But ardent to confront the unclouded  
     blaze  
 Whose beams not seldom blessed their  
     pilgrimage,  
 Not seldom glorified their life below.  
     *Fest.* My words have their old fate  
     and make faint stand  
 Against your glowing periods. Call  
     this, truth—  
 Why not pursue it in a vast retreat,  
 Some one of Learning's many palaces,  
 After approved example ? — seeking  
     there  
 Calm converse with the great dead, soul  
     to soul,  
 Who laid up treasure with the like intent  
 —So lift yourself into their airy place,  
 And fill out full their unfulfilled careers,  
 Unravelling the knots their baffled skill  
 Pronounced inextricable, true !—but  
     left  
 Far less confused. A fresh eye, a fresh  
     hand,  
 Might do much at their vigour's waning-  
     point ;  
 Succeeding with new-breathed and un-  
     tired force,  
 As at old games a runner snatched the  
     torch  
 From runner still : this way success  
     might be.  
 But you have coupled with your enter-  
     prise,  
 An arbitrary self-repugnant scheme  
 Of seeking it in strange and untried  
     paths.  
 What books are in the desert ? writes  
     the sea  
 The secret of her yearning in vast caves  
 Where yours will fall the first of human  
     feet ?  
 Has Wisdom sat there and recorded  
     aught



You press to read ? Why turn aside  
 from her  
 To visit, where her vesture never  
 glanced,  
 Now—solitudes consigned to barrenness  
 By God's decree, which who shall dare  
 impugn ?  
 Now—ruins where she paused but would  
 not stay,  
 Old ravaged cities that, renouncing her,  
 She called an endless curse on, so it  
 came :  
 Or, worst of all, now—men you visit, men,  
 Ignoblest troops that never heard her  
 voice,  
 Or hate it, men without one gift from  
 Rome  
 Or Athens, — these shall Aureole's  
 teachers be !  
 Rejecting past example, practice, pre-  
 cept,  
 Aidless 'mid these he thinks to stand  
 alone :  
 Thick like a glory round the Stagirite  
 Your rivals throng, the sages : here  
 stand you !  
 Whate'er you may protest, knowledge  
 is not  
 Paramount in your love ; or for her sake  
 You would collect all help from every  
 source—  
 Rival, assistant, friend, foe, all would  
 merge  
 In the broad class of those who showed  
 her haunts,  
 And those who showed them not.  
*Par.* What shall I say ?  
 Festus, from childhood I have been  
 possessed  
 By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or  
 fierce,  
 As from without some master, so it  
 seemed,  
 Repressed or urged its current : this  
 but ill  
 Expresses what I would convey : but  
 rather  
 I will believe an angel ruled me thus,  
 Than that my soul's own workings, own  
 high nature,  
 So became manifest. I knew not then  
 What whispered in the evening, and  
 spoke out

At midnight. If some mortal, born too  
 soon,  
 Were laid away in some great trance—  
 the ages  
 Coming and going all the while—till  
 dawned  
 His true time's advent ; and could then  
 record  
 The words they spoke who kept watch  
 by his bed,—  
 Then I might tell more of the breath so  
 light  
 Upon my eyelids, and the fingers warm  
 Among my hair. Youth is confused ;  
 yet never  
 So dull was I but, when that spirit  
 passed,  
 I turned to him, scarce consciously, as  
 turns  
 A water-snake when fairies cross his  
 sleep.  
 And having this within me and about  
 me  
 While Einsiedeln, its mountains, lakes  
 and woods  
 Confined me—what oppressive joy was  
 mine  
 When life grew plain, and I first viewed  
 the thronged,  
 The everlasting concourse of mankind !  
 Believe that ere I joined them, ere I  
 knew  
 The purpose of the pageant, or the place  
 Consigned me in its ranks—while, just  
 awake,  
 Wonder was freshest and delight most  
 pure—  
 'Twas then that least supportable ap-  
 peared  
 A station with the brightest of the crowd,  
 A portion with the proudest of them all.  
 And from the tumult in my breast, this  
 only  
 Could I collect, that I must thenceforth  
 die,  
 Or elevate myself far, far above  
 The gorgeous spectacle. I seemed to  
 long  
 At once to trample on, yet save man-  
 kind,  
 To make some unexampled sacrifice  
 In their behalf, to wring some wondrous  
 good

From heaven or earth for them, to  
perish, winning  
Eternal weal in the act : as who should  
dare  
Pluck out the angry thunder from its  
cloud,  
That, all its gathered flame discharged  
on him,  
No storm might threaten summer's  
azure sleep :  
Yet never to be mixed with men so  
much  
As to have part even in my own work,  
share  
In my own largess. Once the feat  
achieved,  
I would withdraw from their officious  
praise,  
Would gently put aside their profuse  
thanks.  
Like some knight traversing a wilder-  
ness,  
Who, on his way, may chance to free a  
tribe  
Of desert-people from their dragon-foe ;  
When all the swarthy race press round  
to kiss  
His feet, and choose him for their king,  
and yield  
Their poor tents, pitched among the  
sand-hills, for  
His realm : and he points, smiling, to  
his scarf  
Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet  
Gay set with twinkling stones—and to  
the East,  
Where these must be displayed !  
*Fest.* Good : let us hear  
No more about your nature, ' which  
first shrank  
From all that marked you out apart  
from men !'  
*Par.* I touch on that ; these words  
but analyse  
The first mad impulse : 'twas as brief as  
fond,  
For as I gazed again upon the show,  
I soon distinguished here and there a  
shape  
Palm-wreathed and radiant, forehead  
and full eye.  
Well pleased was I their state should  
thus at once

Interpret my own thoughts :—' Behold  
the clue  
To all,' I rashly said, ' and what I pine  
To do, these have accomplished : we  
are peers.  
They know, and therefore rule : I, too,  
will know !'  
You were beside me, Festus, as you  
say ;  
You saw me plunge in their pursuits  
whom fame  
Is lavish to attest the lords of mind ;  
Not pausing to make sure the prize in  
view  
Would satiate my cravings when ob-  
tained,  
But since they strove I strove. Then  
came a slow  
And strangling failure. We aspired  
alike,  
Yet not the meanest plodder, Tritheim  
counts  
A marvel, but was all-sufficient, strong  
Or staggered only at his own vast wits ;  
While I was restless, nothing satisfied,  
Distrustful, most perplexed. I would  
slur over  
That struggle ; suffice it, that I loathed  
myself  
As weak compared with them, yet felt  
somehow  
A mighty power was brooding, taking  
shape  
Within me ; and this lasted till one  
night  
When, as I sat revolving it and more,  
A still voice from without said—' Seest  
thou not,  
Desponding child, whence spring defeat  
and loss ?  
Even from thy strength. Consider :  
hast thou gazed  
Presumptuously on Wisdom's counte-  
nance,  
No veil between ; and can thy faltering  
hands  
Unguided by thy brain the sight ab-  
sorb  
Pursue their task as earnest blinkers do  
Whom radiance ne'er distracted ? Live  
their life  
If thou wouldst share their fortune,  
choose their eyes

Unfed by splendour. Let each task  
 present  
 Its petty good to thee. Waste not thy  
 gifts  
 In profitless waiting for the gods'  
 descent,  
 But have some idol of thine own to dress  
 With their array. Know, not for  
 knowing's sake,  
 But to become a star to men for ever.  
 Know, for the gain it gets, the praise it  
 brings,  
 The wonder it inspires, the love it  
 breeds.  
 Look one step onward, and secure that  
 step.  
 And I smiled as one never smiles but  
 once;  
 Then first discovering my own aim's  
 extent,  
 Which sought to comprehend the works  
 of God,  
 And God himself, and all God's inter-  
 course  
 With the human mind; I understood,  
 no less,  
 My fellows' studies, whose true worth  
 I saw,  
 But smiled not, well aware Who stood  
 by me.  
 And softer came the voice—'There is a  
 way:  
 'Tis hard for flesh to tread therein,  
 imbued  
 With frailty—hopeless, if indulgence  
 first  
 Have ripened inborn germs of sin to  
 strength:  
 Wilt thou adventure for my sake and  
 man's,  
 Apart from all reward?' And last it  
 breathed—  
 'Be happy, my good soldier; I am by  
 thee,  
 Be sure, even to the end!'—I answered  
 not,  
 Knowing Him. As he spoke, I was  
 endued  
 With comprehension and a steadfast will;  
 And when He ceased, my brow was  
 sealed His own.  
 If there took place no special change in  
 me,

How comes it all things wore a different  
 hue  
 Thenceforward?—pregnant with vast  
 consequence,  
 Teeming with grand results, loaded with  
 fate?  
 So that when quailing at the mighty  
 range  
 Of secret truths which yearn for birth,  
 I haste  
 To contemplate undazzled some one  
 truth,  
 Its bearings and effects alone—at once  
 What was a speck expands into a star,  
 Asking a life to pass exploring thus,  
 Till I near craze. I go to prove my soul!  
 I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
 I shall arrive! what time, what circuit  
 first,  
 I ask not: but unless God send His hail  
 Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling  
 snow,  
 In some time, His good time, I shall  
 arrive:  
 He guides me and the bird. In His  
 good time!  
*Mich.* Vex him no further, Festus;  
 it is so!  
*Fest.* Just thus you help me ever.  
 This would hold  
 Were it the trackless air, and not a path  
 Inviting you, distinct with footprints  
 yet  
 Of many a mighty marcher gone that  
 way.  
 You may have purer views than theirs,  
 perhaps,  
 But they were famous in their day—the  
 proofs  
 Remain. At least accept the light they  
 lend.  
*Par.* Their light! the sum of all is  
 briefly this;  
 They laboured and grew famous, and  
 the fruits  
 Are best seen in a dark and groaning  
 earth  
 Given over to a blind and endless  
 strife  
 With evils, what of all their lore abates?  
 No; I reject and spurn them utterly  
 And all they teach. Shall I still sit  
 beside

Their dry wells, with a white lip and  
 filmed eye,  
 While in the distance heaven is blue  
 above  
 Mountains where sleep the unsunned  
 tarns ?

*Fest.* And yet  
 As strong delusions have prevailed ere  
 now.

Men have set out as gallantly to seek  
 Their ruin. I have heard of such :  
 yourself

Avow all hitherto have failed and fallen.

*Mich.* Nay, Festus, when but as the  
 pilgrims faint

Through the drear way, do you expect  
 to see

Their city dawn amid the clouds afar ?

*Par.* Ay, sounds it not like some old  
 well-known tale ?

For me, I estimate their works and them  
 So rightly, that at times I almost dream  
 I too have spent a life the sages' way,  
 And tread once more familiar paths.  
 Perchance

I perished in an arrogant self-reliance  
 Ages ago ; and in that act, a prayer  
 For one more chance went up so earnest,  
 so

Instinct with better light let in by death,  
 That life was blotted out—not so com-  
 pletely

But scattered wrecks enough of it  
 remain,

Dim memories, as now, when seems once  
 more

The goal in sight again. All which,  
 indeed,

Is foolish, and only means—the flesh I  
 wear,

The earth I tread, are not more clear to  
 me

Than my belief, explained to you or no.

*Fest.* And who am I, to challenge and  
 dispute

That clear belief ? I will divest all  
 fear.

*Mich.* Then Aureole is God's com-  
 missary ! he shall

Be great and grand—and all for us !

*Par.* No, Sweet !  
 Not great and grand. If I can serve  
 mankind

'Tis well ; but there our intercourse  
 must end :

I never will be served by those I serve.

*Fest.* Look well to this ; here is a  
 plague-spot, here,

Disguise it how you may ! 'Tis true, you  
 utter

This scorn while by our side and loving  
 us ;

'Tis but a spot as yet : but it will break  
 Into a hideous blotch if overlooked.

How can that course be safe which from  
 the first

Produces carelessness to human love ?

It seems you have abjured the helps  
 which men

Who overpass their kind, as you would  
 do,

Have humbly sought ; I dare not  
 thoroughly probe

This matter, lest I learn too much. Let  
 be,

That popular praise would little instigate  
 Your efforts, nor particular approval

Reward you ; put reward aside ; alone  
 You shall go forth upon your arduous

task,  
 None shall assist you, none partake your

toil,  
 None share your triumph : still you

must retain  
 Some one to cast your glory on, to share

Your rapture with. Were I elect like  
 you,

I would encircle me with love, and raise  
 A rampart of my fellows ; it should seem

Impossible for me to fail, so watched  
 By gentle friends who made my cause

their own.  
 They should ward off fate's envy—the

great gift,  
 Extravagant when claimed by me alone,

Being so a gift to them as well as me.  
 If danger daunted me or ease seduced,

How calmly their sad eyes should gaze  
 reproach !

*Mich.* O Aureole, can I sing when all  
 alone,

Without first calling, in my fancy, both  
 To listen by my side—even I ! And

you ?  
 Do you not feel this ? Say that you feel

this !

*Par.* I feel 'tis pleasant that my aims,  
at length  
Allowed their weight, should be supposed to need  
A further strengthening in these goodly helps !  
My course allures for its own sake—its sole  
Intrinsic worth ; and ne'er shall boat of mine  
Adventure forth for gold and apes at once.  
Your sages say, ' if human, therefore weak : '  
If weak, more need to give myself entire  
To my pursuit ; and by its side, all else . . .  
No matter ! I deny myself but little  
In waiving all assistance save its own.  
Would there were some real sacrifice to make !  
Your friends the sages threw their joys away,  
While I must be content with keeping mine.  
*Fest.* But do not cut yourself from human weal !  
You cannot thrive—a man that dares affect  
To spend his life in service to his kind,  
For no reward of theirs, nor bound to them  
By any tie ; nor do so, Aureole ! No—  
There are strange punishments for such.  
Give up  
(Although no visible good flow thence) some part  
Of the glory to another ; hiding thus,  
Even from yourself, that all is for yourself.  
Say, say almost to God—' I have done all  
For her, not for myself ! '

*Par.* And who, but lately,  
Was to rejoice in my success like you ?  
Whom should I love but both of you ?

*Fest.* I know not :  
But know this, you, that 'tis no will of mine  
You should abjure the lofty claims you make ;  
And this the cause—I can no longer seek

To overlook the truth, that there would be  
A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,  
Beneath the pleasant sun, among the trees :  
—A being knowing not what love is.  
Hear me !  
You are endowed with faculties which bear  
Annexed to them as 'twere a dispensation  
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,  
And gather round them at their need ;  
inspiring  
Such with a love themselves can never feel,  
Passionless 'mid their passionate votaries.  
I know not if you joy in this or no,  
Or ever dream that common men can live  
On objects you prize lightly, but which make  
Their heart's sole treasure : the affections seem  
Beauteous at most to you, which we must taste  
Or die : and this strange quality accords,  
I know not how, with you ; sits well upon  
That luminous brow, though in another it scowls  
An eating brand, a shame. I dare not judge you.  
The rules of right and wrong thus set aside,  
There's no alternative—I own you one  
Of higher order, under other laws  
Than bind us ; therefore, curb not one bold glance !  
'Tis best aspire. Once mingled with us all . . .  
*Mich.* Stay with us, Aureole ! cast those hopes away,  
And stay with us ! An angel warns me, too,  
Man should be humble ; you are very proud :  
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such !  
—Warns me to have in dread no quick repulse,  
No slow defeat, but a complete success :



You will find all you seek, and perish so!  
*Par.* [after a pause.] Are these the  
 barren firstfruits of my quest?  
 Is love like this the natural lot of all?  
 How many years of pain might one such  
 hour  
 O'erbalance? Dearest Michal, dearest  
 Festus,  
 What shall I say, if not that I desire  
 To justify your love; and will, dear  
 friends,  
 In swerving nothing from my first  
 resolves.  
 See, the great moon! and ere the  
 mottled owls  
 Were wide awake, I was to go. It  
 seems  
 You acquiesce at last in all save this—  
 If I am like to compass what I seek  
 By the untried career I choose; and  
 then,  
 If that career, making but small account  
 Of much of life's delight, will yet retain  
 Sufficient to sustain my soul—for thus  
 I understand these fond fears just ex-  
 pressed.  
 And first; the lore you praise and I  
 neglect,  
 The labours and the precepts of old time,  
 I have not lightly disesteemed. But,  
 friends,  
 Truth is within ourselves; it takes no  
 rise  
 From outward things, whate'er you may  
 believe.  
 There is an inmost centre in us all,  
 Where truth abides in fulness; and  
 around  
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
 This perfect, clear perception—which is  
 truth.  
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
 Blinds it, and makes all error: and, 'to  
 know'  
 Rather consists in opening out a way  
 Whence the imprisoned splendour may  
 escape.  
 Than in effecting entry for a light  
 Supposed to be without. Watch nar-  
 rowly  
 The demonstration of a truth, its birth,  
 And you trace back the effluence to its  
 spring

And source within us; where broods  
 radiance vast,  
 To be elicited ray by ray, as chance  
 Shall favour: chance—for hitherto,  
 your sage  
 Even as he knows not how those beams  
 are born,  
 As little knows he what unlocks their  
 fount.  
 And men have oft grown old among  
 their books  
 To die, case-hardened in their ignorance,  
 Whose careless youth had promised  
 what long years  
 Of unremitted labour ne'er performed:  
 While, contrary, it has chanced some  
 idle day  
 To autumn loiterers just as fancy-free  
 As the midges in the sun, gives birth at  
 last  
 To truth—produced mysteriously as  
 cape  
 Of cloud grown out of the invisible  
 air.  
 Hence, may not truth be lodged alike in  
 all,  
 The lowest as the highest? some slight  
 film  
 The interposing bar which binds a soul  
 And makes the idiot, just as makes the  
 sage  
 Some film removed, the happy outlet  
 whence  
 Truth issues proudly? See this soul of  
 ours!  
 How it strives weakly in the child, is  
 loosed  
 In manhood, clogged by sickness, back  
 compelled  
 By age and waste, set free at last by  
 death:  
 Why is it, flesh enthralled it or enthrones?  
 What is this flesh we have to penetrate?  
 Oh, not alone when life flows still, do  
 truth  
 And power emerge, but also when strange  
 chance  
 Ruffles its current; in unused con-  
 juncture,  
 When sickness breaks the body—hunger,  
 watching,  
 Excess, or languor—oftenest death's  
 approach,

Peril, deep joy, or woe. One man shall  
 crawl  
 Through life, surrounded with all  
 stirring things,  
 Unmoved—and he goes mad; and from  
 the wreck  
 Of what he was, by his wild talk alone,  
 You first collect how great a spirit he  
 hid.  
 Therefore, set free the soul alike in all,  
 Discovering the true laws by which the  
 flesh  
 Accloys the spirit! We may not be  
 doomed  
 To cope with seraphs, but at least the  
 rest  
 Shall cope with us. Make no more  
 giants, God,  
 But elevate the race at once! We ask  
 To put forth just our strength, our  
 human strength,  
 All starting fairly, all equipped alike,  
 Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-  
 hearted—  
 See if we cannot beat the angels yet!  
 Such is my task. I go to gather this  
 The sacred knowledge, here and there  
 dispersed  
 About the world, long lost or never  
 found.  
 And why should I be sad, or lorn of  
 hope?  
 Why ever make man's good distinct  
 from God's?  
 Or, finding they are one, why dare  
 mistrust?  
 Who shall succeed if not one pledged  
 like me?  
 Mine is no mad attempt to build a world  
 Apart from His, like those who set them-  
 selves  
 To find the nature of the spirit they  
 bore,  
 And, taught betimes that all their  
 gorgeous dreams  
 Were only born to vanish in this life,  
 Refused to fit them to its narrow  
 sphere,  
 But chose to figure forth another world  
 And other frames meet for their vast  
 desires,—  
 And all a dream! Thus was life scorned;  
 but life

Shall yet be crowned: twine amaranth!  
 I am priest!  
 And all for yielding with a lively spirit  
 A poor existence, parting with a youth  
 Like theirs who squander every energy  
 Convertible to good, on painted toys,  
 Breath-bubbles, gilded dust! And  
 though I spurn  
 All adventitious aims, from empty  
 praise  
 To love's award, yet whoso deems such  
 helps  
 Important, and concerns himself for  
 me,  
 May know even these will follow with  
 the rest—  
 As in the steady rolling Mayne, asleep  
 Yonder, is mixed its mass of schistous  
 ore.  
 My own affections, laid to rest awhile,  
 Will waken purified, subdued alone  
 By all I have achieved. Till then—till  
 then . . .  
 Ah! the time-wiling loitering of a page  
 Through bower and over lawn, till eve  
 shall bring  
 The stately lady's presence whom he  
 loves—  
 The broken sleep of the fisher whose  
 rough coat  
 Enwraps the queenly pearl—these are  
 faint types!  
 See, see they look on me: I triumph  
 now!  
 But one thing, Festus, Michal! I have  
 told  
 All I shall e'er disclose to mortal: say—  
 Do you believe I shall accomplish this?  
*Fest.* I do believe!  
*Mich.* I ever did believe!  
*Par.* Those words shall never fade  
 from out my brain!  
 This earnest of the end shall never fade!  
 Are there not, Festus, are there not,  
 dear Michal,  
 Two points in the adventure of the  
 diver:  
 One—when, a beggar, he prepares to  
 plunge,  
 One—when, a prince, he rises with his  
 pearl?  
 Festus, I plunge!  
*Fest.* We wait you when you rise!

## II. PARACELSUS ATTAINS.

SCENE, *Constantinople ; the House of a Greek conjurer.* 1521.

PARACELSUS.

Over the waters in the vaporous West  
The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold  
Behind the arm of the city, which between,

With all that length of domes and minarets,

Athwart the splendour, black and crooked runs

Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.

There lie, sullen memorial, and no more Possess my aching sight. 'Tis done at last!

Strange—and the juggles of a sallow cheat

Have won me to this act! 'Tis as yon cloud

Should voyage 'unwreck'd o'er many a mountain-top

And break upon a molehill. I have dared

Come to a pause with knowledge; scan for once

The heights already reached, without regard

To the extent above; fairly compute All I have clearly gained; for once excluding

A brilliant future to supply and perfect All half-gains and conjectures and crude hopes—

And all, because a fortune-teller wills His credulous seekers should inscribe thus much,

Their previous life's attainment, in his roll,

Before his promised secret, as he vaunts, Make up the sum: and here, amid the scrawled

Uncouth recordings of the dupes of this Old arch-genethliac, lie my life's results!

A few blurred characters suffice to note A stranger wandered long through many lands

And reaped the fruit he coveted in a few Discoveries, as appended here and there, The fragmentary produce of much toil, In a dim heap, fact and surmise together

Confusedly massed as when acquired; he was

Intent on gain to come too much to stay And scrutinize the little gained: the whole

Slipt in the blank space 'twixt an idiot's gibber

And a mad lover's ditty—there it lies.

And yet those blottings chronicle a life— A whole life,—and my life! Nothing to do,

No problem for the fancy, but a life Spent and decided, wasted past retrieve Or worthy beyond peer. Stay, what does this

Remembrancer set down concerning 'life'?

"Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream."

It is the echo of time; and he whose heart

Beat first beneath a human heart, whose speech

Was copied from a human tongue, can never

Recall when he was living yet knew not this.

Nevertheless long seasons pass o'er him Till some one hour's experience shows what nothing,

It seemed, could clearer show; and ever after,

An altered brow and eye and gait and speech

Attest that now he knows the adage true

"Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream."

Ay, my brave chronicler, and this same hour

As well as any: now, let my time be!

Now! I can go no farther; well or ill, 'Tis done. I must desist and take my chance.

I cannot keep on the stretch; 'tis no back-shrinking—

For let but some assurance beam, some close

To my toil grow visible, and I proceed At any price, though closing it, I die.

Else, here I pause. The old Greek's  
 prophecy  
 Is like to turn out true: 'I shall not  
 quit  
 His chamber till I know what I desire!'   
 Was it the light wind sang it o'er the sea?  
 An end, a rest! strange how the notion,  
 once  
 Encountered, gathers strength by mo-  
 ments! Rest!  
 Where has it kept so long? this  
 throbbing brow  
 To cease, this beating heart to cease, all  
 cruel  
 And gnawing thoughts to cease! To  
 dare let down  
 My strung, so high-strung brain, to dare  
 unnerve  
 My harassed o'ertasked frame, to know  
 my place!  
 My portion, my reward, even my failure,  
 Assigned, made sure for ever! To lose  
 myself  
 Among the common creatures of the  
 world,  
 To draw some gain from having been  
 a man,  
 Neither to hope nor fear, to live at  
 length!  
 Even in failure, rest! But rest in truth  
 And power and recompense . . . I hoped  
 that once!

What, sunk insensibly so deep? Has all  
 Been undergone for this? This the  
 request  
 My labour qualified me to present  
 With no fear of refusal? Had I gone  
 Slightly through my task, and so  
 judged fit  
 To moderate my hopes; nay, were it  
 now  
 My sole concern to exculpate myself,  
 End things or mend them,—why, I  
 could not choose  
 A humbler mood to wait for the event!  
 No, no, there needs not this; no, after  
 all,  
 At worst I have performed my share of  
 the task;  
 The rest is God's concern; mine,  
 merely this,  
 To know that I have obstinately held

By my own work. The mortal whose  
 brave foot  
 Has trod, unscathed, the temple-courts  
 so far  
 That he describes at length the shrine of  
 shrines,  
 Must let no sneering of the demons' eyes,  
 Whom he could pass unquailing, fasten  
 now  
 Upon him, fairly past their power; no,  
 no—  
 He must not stagger, faint, fall down at  
 last,  
 Having a charm to baffle them; behold,  
 He bares his front: a mortal ventures  
 thus  
 Serene amid the echoes, beams and  
 glooms!  
 If he be priest henceforth, if he wake up  
 The god of the place to ban and blast  
 him there,  
 Both well! What's failure or success to  
 me?  
 I have subdued my life to the one  
 purpose  
 Whereto I ordained it; there alone I  
 spy,  
 No doubt, that way I may be satisfied.  
 Yes, well have I subdued my life!  
 beyond  
 The obligation of my strictest vows,  
 The contemplation of my wildest bond,  
 Which gave my nature freely up, in  
 truth,  
 But in its actual state, consenting fully  
 All passionate impulses its soil was  
 formed  
 To rear, should wither; but foreseeing  
 not  
 The tract, doomed to perpetual barren-  
 ness,  
 Would seem one day, remembered as it  
 was,  
 Beside the parched sand-waste which  
 now it is,  
 Already strewn with faint blooms, view-  
 less then.

I ne'er engaged to root up loves so frail  
 I felt them not; yet now, 'tis very plain  
 Some soft spots had their birth in me at  
 first,  
 If not love, say, like love: there was  
 a time

When yet this wolfish hunger after  
knowledge  
Set not remorselessly love's claims aside.  
This heart was human once, or why  
recall  
Einsiedeln, now, and Würzburg, which  
the Mayne  
Forsakes her course to fold as with an  
arm ?

And Festus—my poor Festus, with his  
praise  
And counsel and grave fears—where is  
he now  
With the sweet maiden, long ago his  
bride ?

I surely loved them—that last night, at  
least,

When we . . . gone ! gone ! the better.  
I am saved

The sad review of an ambitious youth  
Choked by vile lusts, unnoticed in their  
birth,

But let grow up and wind around a will  
Till action was destroyed. No, I have  
gone

Purging my path successively of aught  
Wearing the distant likeness of such  
lusts.

I have made life consist of one idea :  
Ere that was master, up till that was  
born,

I bear a memory of a pleasant life  
Whose small events I treasure ; till one  
morn

I ran o'er the seven little grassy fields,  
Startling the flocks of nameless birds, to  
tell

Poor Festus, leaping all the while for joy,  
To leave all trouble for my future plans,  
Since I had just determined to become  
The greatest and most glorious man on  
earth.

And since that morn all life has been  
forgotten ;

All is one day, one only step between  
The outset and the end : one tyrant all—  
Absorbing aim fills up the interspace,  
One vast unbroken chain of thought,  
kept up

Through a career apparently adverse  
To its existence : life, death, light and  
shadow,

The shows of the world, were bare  
receptacles

Or indices of truth to be wrung thence,  
Not ministers of sorrow or delight :

A wondrous natural robe in which she  
went.

For some one truth would dimly beacon  
me

From mountains rough with pines, and  
flit and wink

O'er dazzling wastes of frozen snow, and  
tremble

Into assured light in some branching  
mine

Where ripens, swathed in fire, the liquid  
gold—

And all the beauty, all the wonder fell  
On either side the truth, as its mere robe ;

I see the robe now—then I saw the form.  
So far, then, I have voyaged with success,

So much is good, then, in this working  
sea

Which parts me from that happy strip  
of land :

But o'er that happy strip a sun shone,  
too !

And fainter gleams it as the waves grow  
rough,

And still more faint as the sea widens ;  
last

I sicken on a dead gulf streaked with  
light

From its own putrefying depths alone.  
Then, God was pledged to take me by

the hand ;

Now, any miserable juggle can bid  
My pride depart. All is alike at length :

God may take pleasure in confounding  
pride

By hiding secrets with the scorned and  
base—

I am here, in short : so little have I  
paused

Throughout. I never glanced behind to  
know

If I had kept my primal light from wane,  
And thus insensibly am—what I am !

Oh, bitter ; very bitter !

And more bitter,  
To fear a deeper curse, an inner ruin,  
Plague beneath plague, the last turning  
the first



To light beside its darkness. Let me weep  
 My youth and its brave hopes, all dead and gone,  
 In tears which burn ! Would I were sure to win  
 Some startling secret in their stead, a tincture  
 Of force to flush old age with youth, or breed  
 Gold, or imprison moonbeams till they change  
 To opal shafts !—only that, hurling it  
 Indignant back, I might convince myself  
 My aims remained supreme and pure as ever !  
 Even now, why not desire, for mankind's sake,  
 That if I fail, some fault may be the cause,  
 That, though I sink, another may succeed ?  
 O God, the despicable heart of us !  
 Shut out this hideous mockery from my heart !  
 'Twas politic in you, Aureole, to reject  
 Single rewards, and ask them in the lump ;  
 At all events, once launched, to hold straight on :  
 For now 'tis all or nothing. Mighty profit  
 Your gains will bring if they stop short of such  
 Full consummation ! As a man, you had  
 A certain share of strength ; and that is gone  
 Already in the getting these you boast.  
 Do not they seem to laugh, as who should say—  
 'Great master, we are here indeed, dragged forth  
 To light ; this hast thou done : be glad !  
 Now, seek  
 The strength to use which thou hast spent in getting !'  
 And yet 'tis much, surely 'tis very much,  
 Thus to have emptied youth of all its gifts,  
 To feed a fire meant to hold out till morn  
 Arrived with inexhaustible light ; and lo,

I have heaped up my last, and day dawns not !  
 And I am left with grey hair, faded hands,  
 And furrowed brow. Ha, have I, after all,  
 Mistaken the wild nursling of my breast ?  
 Knowledge it seemed, and Power, and Recompense !  
 Was she who glided through my room of nights,  
 Who laid my head on her soft knees and smoothed  
 The damp locks,—whose sly soothings just began  
 When my sick spirit craved repose awhile—  
 God ! was I fighting Sleep off for Death's sake ?  
 God ! Thou art Mind ! Unto the Master-Mind  
 Mind should be precious. Spare my mind alone !  
 All else I will endure ; if, as I stand  
 Here, with my gains, Thy thunder smite me down,  
 I bow me ; 'tis Thy will, Thy righteous will ;  
 I o'erpass life's restrictions, and I die ;  
 And if no trace of my career remain  
 Save a thin corpse at pleasure of the wind  
 In these bright chambers level with the air,  
 See Thou to it ! But if my spirit fail,  
 My once proud spirit forsake me at the last,  
 Hast Thou done well by me ? So do not Thou !  
 Crush not my mind, dear God, though I be crushed !  
 Hold me before the frequency of Thy seraphs  
 And say—'I crushed him, lest he should disturb  
 My law. Men must not know their strength : behold,  
 Weak and alone, how he had raised himself !'  
 But if delusions trouble me, and Thou,  
 Not seldom felt with rapture in Thy help

Throughout my toils and wanderings,  
dost intend

To work man's welfare through my  
weak endeavour,

To crown my mortal forehead with a beam  
From Thine own blinding crown, to  
smile; and guide

This puny hand, and let the work so  
wrought

Be styled my work,—hear me ! I covet  
not

An influx of new power, an angel's soul :  
It were no marvel then—but I have  
reached

Thus far, a man ; let me conclude, a  
man !

Give but one hour of my first energy,  
Of that invincible faith, but only one !  
That I may cover with an eagle-glance  
The truths I have, and spy some certain  
way

To mould them, and completing them,  
possess !

Yet God is good : I started sure of that,  
And why dispute it now ? I'll not  
believe

But some undoubted warning long ere  
this

Had reached me : a fire-labarum was  
not deemed

Too much for the old founder of these  
walls.

Then, if my life has not been natural,  
It has been monstrous : yet, till late,  
my course

So ardently engrossed me, that delight,  
A pausing and reflecting joy, 'tis plain,  
Could find no place in it. True, I am  
worn ;

But who clothes summer, who is Life  
itself ?

God, that created all things, can renew !  
And then, though after-life to please me  
now

Must have no likeness to the past, what  
hinders

Reward from springing out of toil, as  
changed

As bursts the flower from earth and root  
and stalk ?

What use were punishment, unless some  
sin

Be first detected ? let me know that  
first !

No man could ever offend as I have  
done . . .

[*A voice from within.*]

I hear a voice, perchance I heard  
Long ago, but all too low,

So that scarce a care it stirred

If the voice was real or no :

I heard it in my youth when first

The waters of my life outburst :

But now their stream ebbs faint, I hear

That voice, still low but fatal-clear—

As if all Poets, God ever meant

Should save the world, and therefore  
lent

Great gifts to, but who, proud, refused

To do His work, or lightly used

Those gifts, or failed through weak  
endeavour,

So, mourn cast off by Him for ever,—

As if these leaned in airy ring

To take me ; this the song they sing.

' Lost, lost ! yet come,

With our wan troop make thy home.

Come, come ! for we

Will not breathe, so much as breathe

Reproach to thee !

Knowing what thou sink'st beneath.

So sank we in those old years,

We who bid thee, come ! thou hast

Who, living yet, hast life o'erpast,

And altogether we, thy peers,

Will pardon ask for thee, the last

Whose trial is done, whose lot is cast

With those who watch but work no  
more,

Who gaze on life but live no more.

Yet we trusted thou shouldst speak

The message which our lips, too weak,

Refused to utter,—shouldst redeem

Our fault : such trust, and all a dream !

Yet we chose thee a birthplace

Where the richness ran to flowers ;

Couldst not sing one song for grace ?

Not make one blossom man's and ours ?

Must one more recreant to his race

Die with unexerted powers,

And join us, leaving as he found

The world, he was to loosen, bound ?

Anguish ! ever and for ever ;

Still beginning, ending never !

Yet, lost and last one, come !  
 How couldst understand, alas,  
 What our pale ghosts strove to say,  
 As their shades did glance and pass  
 Before thee, night and day ?  
 Thou wast blind as we were dumb :  
 Once more, therefore, come, O come !  
 How shall we clothe, how arm the spirit  
 Who next shall thy post of life inherit—  
 How guard him from thy speedy ruin ?  
 Tell us of thy sad undoing  
 Here, where we sit, ever pursuing  
 Our weary task, ever renewing  
 Sharp sorrow, far from God who gave  
 Our powers, and man they could not  
 save !'

*APRILE enters.*

Ha, ha ! our king that wouldst be, here  
 at last ?  
 Art thou the Poet who shall save the  
 world ?

Thy hand to mine. Stay, fix thine  
 eyes on mine.

Thou wouldst be king ? Still fix thine  
 eyes on mine !

*Par.* Ha, ha ! why crouchest not ?  
 Am I not king ?

So torture is not wholly unavailing !  
 Have my fierce spasms compelled thee  
 from thy lair ?

Art thou the sage I only seemed to be,  
 Myself of after-time, my very self  
 With sight a little clearer, strength more  
 firm,

Who robes him in my robe and grasps  
 my crown

For just a fault, a weakness, a neglect ?  
 I scarcely trusted God with the sur-  
 mise

That such might come, and thou didst  
 hear the while !

*Apr.* Thine eyes are lustreless to mine;  
 my hair

Is soft, nay silken soft : to talk with thee  
 Flushes my cheek, and thou art ashy-  
 pale.

Truly, thou hast laboured, hast with-  
 stood her lips,

The siren's ! Yes, 'tis like thou hast  
 attained !

Tell me, dear master, wherefore now  
 thou comest ?

I thought thy solemn songs would have  
 their meed

In after-time ; that I should hear the  
 earth

Exult in thee, and echo with thy praise,  
 While I was laid forgotten in my grave.

*Par.* Ah, fiend, I know thee, I am not  
 thy dupe !

Thou art ordained to follow in my track,  
 Reaping my sowing, as I scorned to reap  
 The harvest sown by sages passed away.

Thou art the sober searcher, cautious  
 striver,

As if, except through me, thou hadst  
 searched or striven !

Ay, tell the world ! Degrade me, after  
 all,

To an aspirant after fame, not truth—  
 To all but envy of thy fate, be sure !

*Apr.* Nay, sing them to me ; I shall  
 envy not :

Thou shalt be king ! Sing thou, and I  
 will sit

Beside, and call deep silence for thy  
 songs,

And worship thee, as I had ne'er been  
 meant

To fill thy throne : but none shall ever  
 know !

Sing to me ; for already thy wild eyes  
 Unlock my heart-springs, as some crys-  
 tal-shaft

Reveals by some chance blaze its parent  
 fount

After long time : so thou reveal'st my  
 soul.

All will flash forth at last, with thee to  
 hear !

*Par.* (His secret ! I shall get his  
 secret—fool !)

I am he that aspired to know : and  
 thou ?

*Apr.* I would LOVE infinitely, and be  
 loved !

*Par.* Poor slave ! I am thy king  
 indeed.

*Apr.* Thou deem'st

That—born a spirit, dowered even as  
 thou,

Born for thy fate—because I could not  
 curb

My yearnings to possess at once the full  
 Enjoyment, but neglected all the means

Of realizing even the frailest joy,  
Gathering no fragments to appease my  
want,

Yet nursing up that want till thus I die—  
Thou deem'st I cannot trace thy safe,  
sure march

O'er perils that o'erwhelm me, triumph-  
ing,

Neglecting nought below for aught  
above,

Despising nothing and ensuring all—  
Nor that I could (my time to come again)  
Lead thus my spirit securely as thine  
own.

Listen, and thou shalt see I know thee  
well.

I would love infinitely . . . Ah, lost! lost!

O ye who armed me at such cost,

How shall I look on all of ye

With your gifts even yet on me ?

*Par.* (Ah, 'tis some moonstruck  
creature after all !

Such fond fools as are like to haunt this  
den :

They spread contagion, doubtless : yet  
he seemed

To echo one foreboding of my heart  
So truly, that . . . no matter ! How he  
stands

With eve's last sunbeam staying on his  
hair

Which turns to it, as if they were akin :  
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest  
blue

Nearly set free, so far they rise above  
The painful fruitless striving of the brow  
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm-  
set

In slow despondency's eternal sigh !

Has he, too, missed life's end, and  
learned the cause ?)

I charge thee, by thy fealty, be calm !  
Tell me what thou wouldst be, and what  
I am.

*Apr.* I would love infinitely, and be  
loved.

First : I would carve in stone, or cast in  
brass,

The forms of earth. No ancient hunter  
lifted

Up to the gods by his renown, no nymph  
Supposed the sweet soul of a woodland  
tree

Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star,  
Should be too hard for me ; no shepherd-  
king

Regal for his white locks ; no youth who  
stands

Silent and very calm amid the throng,  
His right hand ever hid beneath his robe  
Until the tyrant pass ; no lawgiver,

No swan-soft woman rubbed with lucid  
oils,

Given by a god for love of her—too hard !

Every passion sprung from man, con-  
ceived by man,

Would I express and clothe it in its right  
form,

Or blend with others struggling in one  
form,

Or show repressed by an ungainly form.

Oh, if you marvelled at some mighty  
spirit

With a fit frame to execute its will—  
Even unconsciously to work its will—

You should be moved no less beside  
some strong,

Rare spirit, fettered to a stubborn body,  
Endeavouring to subdue it and inform  
it

With its own splendour ! All this I would  
do :

And I would say, this done, ' His sprites  
created,

God grants to each a sphere to be its  
world,

Appointed with the various objects  
needed

To satisfy its own peculiar wants ;

So, I create a world for these my shapes  
Fit to sustain their beauty and their  
strength !'

And, at the word, I would contrive and  
paint

Woods, valleys, rocks and plains, dells,  
sands and wastes,

Lakes which, when morn breaks on their  
quivering bed,

Blaze like a wyvern flying round the  
sun,

And ocean-isles so small, the dog-fish  
tracking

A dead whale, who should find them,  
would swim thrice

Around them, and fare onward—all to  
hold

The offspring of my brain. Nor these  
 alone :  
 Bronze labyrinth, palace, pyramid and  
 crypt,  
 Baths, galleries, courts, temples and  
 terraces,  
 Marts, theatres and wharfs—all filled  
 with men !  
 Men everywhere ! And this performed  
 in turn,  
 When those who looked on, pined to  
 hear the hopes  
 And fears and hates and loves which  
 moved the crowd,  
 I would throw down the pencil as the  
 chisel,  
 And I would speak ; no thought which  
 ever stirred  
 A human breast should be untold ; all  
 passions,  
 All soft emotions, from the turbulent  
 stir  
 Within a heart fed with desires like mine,  
 To the last comfort shutting the tired  
 lids  
 Of him who sleeps the sultry noon away  
 Beneath the tent-tree by the wayside  
 well :  
 And this in language as the need should  
 be,  
 Now poured at once forth in a burning  
 flow,  
 Now piled up in a grand array of words.  
 This done, to perfect and consummate  
 all,  
 Even as a luminous haze links star to  
 star,  
 I would supply all chasms with music,  
 breathing  
 Mysterious motions of the soul, no way  
 To be defined save in strange melodies.  
 Last, having thus revealed all I could  
 love,  
 Having received all love bestowed on it,  
 I would die : preserving so throughout  
 my course  
 God full on me, as I was full on men :  
 He would approve my prayer, ' I have  
 gone through  
 The loveliness of life ; create for me  
 If not for men, or take me to Thyself,  
 Eternal, infinite Love ! '

If thou hast ne'er

Conceived this mighty aim, this full  
 desire,  
 Thou hast not passed my trial, and thou  
 art  
 No king of mine.  
*Par.* Ah me !  
*Apr.* But thou art here !  
 Thou didst not gaze like me upon that  
 end  
 Till thine own powers for compassing  
 the bliss  
 Were blind with glory ; nor grow mad  
 to grasp  
 At once the prize long patient toil should  
 claim,  
 Nor spurn all granted short of that.  
 And I  
 Would do as thou, a second time : nay,  
 listen !  
 Knowing ourselves, our world, our task  
 so great,  
 Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we  
 refuse  
 The means so limited, the tools so  
 rude  
 To execute our purpose, life will fleet,  
 And we shall fade, and leave our task  
 undone.  
 We will be wise in time : what though  
 our work  
 Be fashioned in despite of their ill-  
 service,  
 Be crippled every way ? 'Twere little  
 praise  
 Did full resources wait on our goodwill  
 At every turn. Let all be as it is.  
 Some say the earth is even so con-  
 trived  
 That tree and flower, a vesture gay,  
 conceal  
 A bare and skeleton framework. Had  
 we means  
 Answering to our mind ! But now I seem  
 Wrecked on a savage isle : how rear  
 thereon  
 My palace ? Branching palms the props  
 shall be,  
 Fruit glossy mingling ; gems are for the  
 East ;  
 Who heeds them ? I can pass them.  
 Serpents' scales,  
 And painted birds' down, furs and  
 fishes' skins



Must help me ; and a little here and there  
 Is all I can aspire to : still my art  
 Shall show its birth was in a gentler  
 clime.  
 ' Had I green jars of malachite, this way  
 I'd range them : where those sea-shells  
 glisten above,  
 Cressets should hang, by right : this  
 way we set  
 The purple carpets, as these mats are  
 laid,  
 Woven of fern and rush and blossoming  
 flag.'  
 Or if, by fortune, some completer grace  
 Be spared to me, some fragment, some  
 slight sample  
 Of the prouder workmanship my own  
 home boasts,  
 Some trifle little heeded there, but here  
 The place's one perfection—with what  
 joy  
 Would I enshrine the relic, cheerfully  
 Foregoing all the marvels out of reach !  
 Could I retain one strain of all the psalm  
 Of the angels, one word of the fiat of  
 God,  
 To let my followers know what such  
 things are !  
 I would adventure nobly for their sakes :  
 When nights were still, and still, the  
 moaning sea,  
 And far away I could descry the land  
 Whence I departed, whither I return,  
 I would dispart the waves, and stand  
 once more  
 At home, and load my bark, and hasten  
 back,  
 And fling my gains to them, worthless  
 or true—  
 ' Friends,' I would say, ' I went far, far  
 for them,  
 Past the high rocks the haunt of doves,  
 the mounds  
 Of red earth from whose sides strange  
 trees grow out,  
 Past tracts of milk-white minute  
 blinding sand,  
 Till, by a mighty moon, I tremblingly  
 Gathered these magic herbs, berry and  
 bud,  
 In haste, not pausing to reject the weeds,  
 But happy plucking them at any price.

To me, who have seen them bloom in  
 their own soil,  
 They are scarce lovely : plait and wear  
 them, you !  
 And guess, from what they are, the  
 springs that fed them,  
 The stars that sparkled o'er them, night  
 by night,  
 The snakes that travelled far to sip their  
 dew !'  
 Thus for my higher loves ; and thus even  
 weakness  
 Would win me honour. But not these  
 alone  
 Should claim my care ; for common life,  
 its wants  
 And ways, would I set forth in beauteous  
 hues :  
 The lowest hind should not possess a  
 hope,  
 A fear, but I'd be by him, saying better  
 Than he his own heart's language.  
 I would live  
 For ever in the thoughts I thus ex-  
 plored,  
 As a discoverer's memory is attached  
 To all he finds ; they should be mine  
 henceforth,  
 Imbued with me, though free to all  
 before :  
 For clay, once cast into my soul's rich  
 mine  
 Should come up crusted o'er with gems.  
 Nor this  
 Would need a meaner spirit, than the  
 first ;  
 Nay, 'twould be but the selfsame spirit,  
 clothed  
 In humbler guise, but still the selfsame  
 spirit :  
 As one spring wind unbinds the moun-  
 tain snow  
 And comforts violets in their hermitage.  
 But, master, poet, who hast done all  
 this,  
 How didst thou 'scape the ruin whelming  
 me ?  
 Didst thou, when nerving thee to this  
 attempt,  
 Ne'er range thy mind's extent, as some  
 wide hall,  
 Dazzled by shapes that filled its length  
 with light,

Shapes clustered there to rule thee, not  
obey,  
That will not wait thy summons, will  
not rise  
Singly, nor when thy practised eye and  
hand  
Can well transfer their loveliness, but  
crowd  
By thee for ever, bright to thy despair ?  
Didst thou ne'er gaze on each by turns,  
and ne'er  
Resolve to single out one, though the  
rest  
Should vanish, and to give that one,  
entire  
In beauty, to the world ; forgetting, so,  
Its peers, whose number baffles mortal  
power ?  
And, this determined, wast thou ne'er  
seduced  
By memories and regrets and passionate  
love,  
To glance once more farewell ? and did  
their eyes  
Fasten thee, brighter and more bright,  
until  
Thou couldst but stagger back unto their  
feet,  
And laugh that man's applause or wel-  
fare ever  
Could tempt thee to forsake them ? Or  
when years  
Had passed and still their love possessed  
thee wholly,  
When from without some murmur  
startled thee  
Of darkling mortals famished for one ray  
Of thy so-hoarded luxury of light,  
Didst thou ne'er strive even yet to  
break those spells  
And prove thou couldst recover and  
fulfil  
Thy early mission, long ago renounced,  
And, to that end, select some shape  
once more ?  
And did not mist-like influences, thick  
films,  
Faint memories of the rest that charmed  
so long  
Thine eyes, float fast, confuse thee, bear  
thee off,  
As whirling snow-drifts blind a man  
who treads

A mountain ridge, with guiding spear,  
through storm ?  
Say, though I fell, I had excuse to fall ;  
Say, I was tempted sorely : say but this,  
Dear lord, Aprile's lord !  
*Par.* Clasp me not thus,  
Aprile ! That the truth should reach me  
thus !  
We are weak dust. Nay, clasp not or  
I faint !  
*Apr.* My king ! and envious thoughts  
could outrage thee !  
Lo, I forget my ruin, and rejoice  
In thy success, as thou ! Let our God's  
praise  
Go bravely through the world at last !  
What care  
Through me or thee ? I feel thy breath.  
Why, tears ?  
Tears in the darkness, and from thee to  
me ?  
*Par.* Love me henceforth, Aprile,  
while I learn  
To love ; and, merciful God, forgive us  
both !  
We wake at length from weary dreams ;  
but both  
Have slept in fairy-land : though dark  
and drear  
Appears the world before us, we no less  
Wake with our wrists and ankles  
jewelled still.  
I, too, have sought to KNOW as thou to  
LOVE—  
Excluding love as thou refusedst know-  
ledge.  
Still thou hast beauty and I, power.  
We wake :  
What penance canst devise for both of  
us ?  
*Apr.* I hear thee faintly. The thick  
darkness ! Even  
Thine eyes are hid. 'Tis as I knew : I  
speak,  
And now I die. But I have seen thy  
face !  
O, poet, think of me, and sing of me !  
But to have seen thee and to die so  
soon !  
*Par.* Die not, Aprile ! We must never  
part.  
Are we not halves of one dissevered  
world,

Whom this strange chance unites once more ? Part never !

Till thou, the lover, know ; and I, the knower,

Love—until both are saved. Aprile, hear !

We will accept our gains, and use them—now !

God, he will die upon my breast ! Aprile !

*Apr.* To speak but once, and die ! yet by his side.

Hush ! hush !

Ha ! go you ever girt about With phantoms, powers ? I have created such,

But these seem real as I ?

*Par.* Whom can you see Through the accursed darkness ?

*Apr.* Stay ; I know, I know them : who should know them well as I ?

White brows, lit up with glory ; poets all !

*Par.* Let him but live, and I have my reward !

*Apr.* Yes ; I see now. God is the PERFECT POET,

Whoin His person acts His own creations. Had you but told me this at first ! Hush ! hush !

*Par.* Live ! for my sake, because of my great sin,

To help my brain, oppressed by these wild words

And their deep import. Live ! 'tis not too late.

I have a quiet home for us, and friends. Michal shall smile on you. Hear you ?

Lean thus,

And breathe my breath. I shall not lose one word

Of all your speech, one little word, Aprile !

*Apr.* No, no. Crown me ? I am not one of you !

'Tis he, the king, you seek. I am not one.

*Par.* Thy spirit, at least, Aprile ! Let me love !

I have attained, and now I may depart.

### III. PARACELSUS.

SCENE, *Basil ; a chamber in the house of Paracelsus.* 1526.

PARACELSUS, FESTUS.

*Par.* Heap logs, and let the blaze laugh out !

*Fest.* True, true.

'Tis very fit all, time and chance and change

Have wrought since last we sat thus, face to face

And soul to soul—all cares, far-looking fears,

Vague apprehensions, all vain fancies bred

By your long absence, should be cast away,

Forgotten in this glad unhop'd renewal Of our affections.

*Par.* Oh, omit not aught Which witnesses your own and Michal's own

Affection : spare not that ! Only forget The honours and the glories and what not,

It pleases you to tell profusely out.

*Fest.* Nay, even your honours, in a sense, I waive :

The wondrous Paracelsus, Life's dispenser,

Fate's commissary, idol of the schools And courts, shall be no more than

Aureole still,

Still Aureole and my friend, as when we parted

Some twenty years ago, and I restrained As best I could the promptings of my spirit

Which secretly advanced you, from the first,

To the pre-eminent rank which, since, your own

Adventurous ardour, nobly triumphing, Has won for you.

*Par.* Yes, yes. And Michal's face Still wears that quiet and peculiar light Like the dim circlet floating round a pearl ?

*Fest.* Just so.

*Par.* And yet her calm sweet countenance,

Though saintly, was not sad ; for she  
 would sing  
 Alone. Does she still sing alone, bird-  
 like,  
 Not dreaming you are near ? Her carols  
 dropt  
 In flakes through that old leafy bower  
 built under  
 The sunny wall at Würzburg, from her  
 lattice  
 Among the trees above, while I, un-  
 seen,  
 Sat conning some rare scroll from  
 Tritheim's shelves,  
 Much wondering notes so simple could  
 divert  
 My mind from study. Those were happy  
 days.

Respect all such as sing when all alone !  
*Fest.* Scarcely alone : her children,  
 you may guess,  
 Are wild beside her.

*Par.* Ah, those children quite  
 Unsettle the pure picture in my mind :  
 A girl, she was so perfect, so distinct.  
 No change, no change ! Not but this  
 added grace  
 May blend and harmonize with its  
 compeers,  
 And Michal may become her mother-  
 hood ;  
 But 'tis a change, and I detest all change,  
 And most a change in aught I loved long  
 since.

So, Michal—you have said she thinks of  
 me ?

*Fest.* O very proud will Michal be of  
 you !

Imagine how we sat, long winter-nights,  
 Scheming and wondering, shaping your  
 presumed

Adventure, or devising its reward ;  
 Shutting out fear with all the strength  
 of hope.

For it was strange how, even when most  
 secure

In our domestic peace, a certain dim  
 And flitting shade could sadden all ; it  
 seemed

A restlessness of heart, a silent yearning,  
 A sense of something wanting, incom-  
 plete—

Not to be put in words, perhaps avoided

By mute consent—but, said or unsaid,  
 felt

To point to one so loved and so long lost.  
 And then the hopes rose and shut out  
 the fears—

How you would laugh should I recount  
 them now !

I still predicted your return at last,  
 With gifts beyond the greatest of them  
 all,

All Tritheim's wondrous troop ; did one  
 of which

Attain renown by any chance, I smiled,  
 As well aware of who would prove his  
 peer.

Michal was sure some woman, long ere  
 this,

As beautiful as you were sage, had  
 loved . . .

*Par.* Far-seeing, truly, to discern so  
 much

In the fantastic projects and day-dreams  
 Of a raw, restless boy !

*Fest.* Oh, no : the sunrise  
 Well warranted our faith in this full  
 noon !

Can I forget the anxious voice which  
 said,

'Festus, have thoughts like these e'er  
 shaped themselves

In other brains than mine ? have their  
 possessors

Existed in like circumstance ? were they  
 weak

As I, or ever constant from the first,  
 Despising youth's allurements and  
 rejecting

As spider-films the shackles I endure ?  
 Is there hope for me ?'—and I  
 answered gravely

As an acknowledged elder, calmer, wiser,  
 More gifted mortal. O you must  
 remember,

For all your glorious . . .

*Par.* Glorious ? ay, this hair,  
 These hands—nay, touch them, they are  
 mine ! Recall

With all the said recallings, times when  
 thus

To lay them by your own ne'er turned  
 you pale

As now. Most glorious, are they not ?  
*Fest.* Why—why—

Something must be subtracted from  
success

So wide, no doubt. He would be scrupulous, truly,

Who should object such drawbacks.  
Still, still, Aureole,

You are changed, very changed ! 'Twere  
losing nothing

To look well to it: you must not be  
stolen

From the enjoyment of your well-won  
need.

*Par.* My friend! you seek my pleasure,  
past a doubt:

You will best gain your point, by talking,  
not

Of me, but of yourself.

*Fest.* Have I not said

All touching Michal and my children ?  
Sure

You know, by this, full well how  
Aennchen looks

Gravely, while one disparts her thick  
brown hair ;

And Aureole's glee when some stray  
gannet builds

Amid the birch-trees by the lake. Small  
hope

Have I that he will honour (the wild  
imp)

His namesake ! Sigh not ! 'tis too much  
to ask

That all we love should reach the same  
proud fate.

But you are very kind to humour me  
By showing interest in my quiet life ;

You, who of old could never tame your-  
self

To tranquil pleasures, must at heart  
despise . . .

*Par.* Festus, strange secrets are let  
out by Death,

Who blabs so oft the follies of this world:  
And I am Death's familiar, as you know.

I helped a man to die, some few weeks  
since,

Warped even from his go-cart to one  
end—

The living on princes' smiles, reflected  
from

A mighty herd of favourites. No mean  
trick

He left untried, and truly well-nigh  
wormed

All traces of God's finger out of him :  
Then died, grown old. And just an hour

before,  
Having lain long with blank and soulless

eyes,  
He sat up suddenly, and with natural

voice  
Said that in spite of thick air and closed

doors  
God told him it was June ; and he knew

well,  
Without such telling, harebells grew in

June ;  
And all that kings could ever give or

take  
Would not be precious as those blooms

to him.  
Just so, allowing I am passing sage,

It seems to me much worthier argument  
Why pansies<sup>1</sup>, eyes that laugh, bear

beauty's prize  
From violets, eyes that dream—(your

Michal's choice)—  
Than all fools find to wonder at in me,

Or in my fortunes. And be very sure  
I say this from no prurient restlessness,

No self-complacency, itching to turn,  
Vary, and view its pleasure from all

points,  
And, in this instance, willing other men

Should be at pains, demonstrate to  
itself

The realness of the very joy it tastes.  
What should delight me like the news of

friends  
Whose memories were a solace to me

oft,  
As mountain-baths to wild fowls in their

flight ?  
Ofter than you had wasted thought on

me  
Had you been wise, and rightly valued

bliss !  
But there's no taming nor repressing

hearts :  
God knows I need such !—So, you

heard me speak ?  
*Fest.* Speak ? when ?

*Par.* When but this  
morning at my class ?

<sup>1</sup> Citrinula (flammula) herba Paracelso multum familiaris. DORN.



There was noise and crowd enough.

I saw you not.

Surely you know I am engaged to fill  
The chair here ?—that 'tis part of my  
proud fate

To lecture to as many thick-skulled  
youths

As please, each day, to throng the  
theatre,

To my great reputation, and no small  
Danger of Basil's benches, long unused  
To crack beneath such honour ?

*Fest.* I was there ;  
I mingled with the throng : shall I avow  
Small care was mine to listen ?—too  
intent

On gathering from the murmurs of the  
crowd

A full corroboration of my hopes !

What can I learn about your powers ?  
but they

Know, care for nought beyond your  
actual state,

Your actual value ; yet they worship you,  
Those various natures whom you sway  
as one !

But ere I go, be sure I shall attend . . .

*Par.* Stop, o' God's name : the  
thing 's by no means yet

Past remedy ! Shall I read this morning's  
labour

—At least in substance ? Nought so  
worth the gaining

As an apt scholar ! Thus then, with all  
due

Precision and emphasis—you, besides,  
are clearly

Guiltless of understanding more, a whit,  
The subject than your stool—allowed  
to be

A notable advantage.

*Fest.* Surely, Aureole,  
You laugh at me !

*Par.* I laugh ? Ha, ha !  
thank heaven,

I charge you, if 't be so ! for I forget  
Much, and what laughter should be like !

No less,

However, I forego that luxury  
Since it alarms the friend who brings it  
back.

True, laughter like my own must echo  
strangely

To thinking men ; a smile were better  
far ;

So, make me smile ! If the exulting look  
You wore but now be smiling, 'tis so  
long

Since I have smiled ! Alas, such smiles  
are born

Alone of hearts like yours, or herds-  
men's souls

Of ancient time, whose eyes, calm as  
their flocks,

Saw in the stars mere garnishry of  
heaven,

In earth a stage for altars, nothing more.  
Never change, Festus : I say, never  
change !

*Fest.* My God, if he be wretched after  
all !

*Par.* When last we parted, Festus,  
you declared,

—Or Michal, yes, her soft lips whispered  
words

I have preserved. She told me she  
believed

I should succeed (meaning, that in the  
search

I then engaged in, I should meet success),  
And yet be wretched : now, she augured  
false.

*Fest.* Thank Heaven ! but you spoke  
strangely : could I venture

To think bare apprehension lest your  
friend,

Dazzled by your resplendent course,  
might find

Henceforth less sweetness in his own,  
awakes

Such earnest mood in you ? Fear not,  
dear friend,

That I shall leave you, inwardly repining  
Your lot was not my own !

*Par.* And this, for ever !  
For ever ! gull who may, they will be  
gulled !

They will not look nor think ; 'tis  
nothing new

In them : but surely he is not of them !  
My Festus, do you know, I reckoned,

you—

Though all beside were sand-blind—  
you, my friend,

Would look at me, once close, with  
piercing eye

Untroubled by the false glare that confounds  
 A weaker vision ; would remain serene,  
 Though singular, amid a gaping throng.  
 I feared you, or I had come, sure, long ere this,  
 To Einsiedeln. Well, error has no end,  
 And Rhasis is a sage, and Basil boasts  
 A tribe of wits, and I am wise and blest  
 Past all dispute ! 'Tis vain to fret at it.  
 I have vowed long ago my worshippers  
 Shall owe to their own deep sagacity  
 All further information, good or bad.  
 Small risk indeed my reputation runs,  
 Unless perchance the glance now searching me  
 Be fixed much longer ; for it seems to spell  
 Dimly the characters a simpler man  
 Might read distinct enough. Old eastern books  
 Say, the fallen prince of morning some short space  
 Remained unchanged in semblance ; nay, his brow  
 Was hued with triumph : every spirit then  
 Praising, *his* heart on flame the while :— a tale !  
 Well, Festus, what discover you, I pray ?  
*Fest.* Some foul deed sullies then a life which else  
 Were raised supreme ?  
*Par.* Good : I do well, most well !  
 Why strive to make men hear, feel, fret themselves  
 With what 'tis past their power to comprehend ?  
 I should not strive now : only, having nursed  
 The faint surmise that one yet walked the earth,  
 One, at least, not the utter fool of show,  
 Not absolutely formed to be the dupe  
 Of shallow plausibilities alone ;  
 One who, in youth found wise enough to choose  
 The happiness his riper years approve,  
 Was yet so anxious for another's sake,  
 That, ere his friend could rush upon a mad  
 And ruinous course, the converse of his own,

His gentle spirit essayed, prejudged for him  
 The perilous path, foresaw its destiny,  
 And warned the weak one in such tender words,  
 Such accents—his whole heart in every tone—  
 That oft their memory comforted that friend  
 When it by right should have increased despair :  
 —Having believed, I say, that this one man  
 Could never lose the light thus from the first  
 His portion—how should I refuse to grieve  
 At even my gain if it disturb our old  
 Relation, if it make me out more wise ?  
 Therefore, once more reminding him how well  
 He prophesied, I note the single flaw  
 That spoils his prophet's title. In plain words,  
 You were deceived, and thus were you deceived—  
 I have not been successful, and yet am  
 Most miserable ; 'tis said at last ; nor you  
 Give credit, lest you force me to concede  
 That common sense yet lives upon the world.  
*Fest.* You surely do not mean to banter me ?  
*Par.* You know, or—if you have been wise enough  
 To cleanse your memory of such matters—knew,  
 As far as words of mine could make it clear,  
 That 'twas my purpose to find joy or grief  
 Solely in the fulfilment of my plan  
 Or plot or whatsoever it was ; rejoicing  
 Alone as it proceeded prosperously,  
 Sorrowing then only when mischance retarded  
 Its progress. That was in those Würzburg days !  
 Not to prolong a theme I thoroughly hate,  
 I have pursued this plan with all my strength ;

And having failed therein most signally,  
Cannot object to ruin utter and drear  
As all-excelling would have been the  
prize

Had fortune favoured me. I scarce  
have right

To vex your frank good spirit, late so  
glad

In my supposed prosperity, I know,  
And, were I lucky in a glut of friends,  
Would well agree to let your error live,  
Nay, strengthen it with fables of success.  
But mine is no condition to refuse  
The transient solace of so rare a godsend,  
My solitary luxury, my one friend :  
Accordingly I venture to put off  
The wearisome vest of falsehood galling  
me,

Secure when he is by. I lay me bare,  
Prone at his mercy—but he is my friend!  
Not that he needs retain his aspect  
grave ;

That answers not my purpose ; for 'tis  
like,

Some sunny morning—Basil being  
drained

Of its wise population, every corner  
Of the amphitheatre crammed with  
learned clerks,

Here Oecolampadius, looking worlds of  
wit,

Here Castellanus, as profound as he,  
Munsterus here, Frobenius there, all  
squeezed,

And staring,—that the zany of the show,  
Even Paracelsus, shall put off before  
them

His trappings with a grace but seldom  
judged

Expedient in such cases :—the grim  
smile

That will go round ! Is it not therefore  
best

To venture a rehearsal like the present  
In a small way ? Where are the signs  
I seek,

The first-fruits and fair sample of the  
scorn

Due to all quacks ? Why, this will  
never do !

*Fest.* These are foul vapours, Aureole ;  
nought beside !

The effect of watching, study, weariness.

Were there a spark of truth in the con-  
fusion

Of these wild words, you would not out-  
rage thus

Your youth's companion. I shall ne'er  
regard

These wanderings, bred of faintness and  
much study.

'Tis not thus you would trust a trouble  
to me,

To Michal's friend.

*Par.* I have said it, dearest Festus !  
For the manner, 'tis ungracious,  
probably ;

You may have it told in broken sobs,  
one day,

And scalding tears, ere long : but I  
thought best

To keep that off as long as possible.  
Do you wonder still ?

*Fest.* No ; it must oft fall out  
That one whose labour perfects any  
work,

Shall rise from it with eye so worn, that  
he

Of all men least can measure the extent  
Of what he has accomplished. He alone,  
Who, nothing tasked, is nothing weary  
too,

May clearly scan the little he effects :  
But we, the bystanders, untouched by  
toil,

Estimate each aright.

*Par.* This worthy Festus  
Is one of them, at last ! 'Tis so with all !  
First, they set down all progress as a  
dream ;

And next, when he, whose quick dis-  
comfiture

Was counted on, accomplishes some few  
And doubtful steps in his career,—  
behold,

They look for every inch of ground to  
vanish

Beneath his tread, so sure they spy  
success !

*Fest.* Few doubtful steps ? when  
death retires before

Your presence—when the noblest of  
mankind,

Broken in body or subdued in soul,  
May through your skill renew their  
vigour, raise

The shattered frame to pristine stateliness ?

When men in racking pain may purchase dreams

Of what delights them most, swooning at once

Into a sea of bliss, or rapt along  
As in a flying sphere of turbulent light ?  
When we may look to you as one ordained

To free the flesh from fell disease, as frees

Our Luther's burning tongue the fettered soul ?

When . . .

*Par.* When and where, the devil, did you get

This notable news ?

*Fest.* Even from the common voice ;  
From those whose envy, daring not dispute

The wonders it decries, attributes them  
To magic and such folly.

*Par.* Folly ? Why not  
To magic, pray ? You find a comfort doubtless

In holding, God ne'er troubles Him about

Us or our doings : once we were judged worth

The devil's tempting . . . I offend : forgive me,

And rest content. Your prophecy on the whole

Was fair enough as prophesyings go ;  
At fault a little in detail, but quite

Precise enough in the main ; and here-upon

I pay due homage : you guessed long ago  
(The prophet !) I should fail—and I have failed.

*Fest.* You mean to tell me, then, the hopes which fed

Your youth have not been realized as yet ?

Some obstacle has barred them hitherto ?  
Or that their innate . . .

*Par.* As I said but now,  
You have a very decent prophet's fame,  
So you but shun details here. Little matter

Whether those hopes were mad,—the aims they sought,

Safe and secure from all ambitious fools ;  
Or whether my weak wits are overcome  
By what a better spirit would scorn :  
I fail.

And now methinks 'twere best to change a theme,

I am a sad fool to have stumbled on.  
I say confusedly what comes uppermost ;

But there are times when patience proves at fault,

As now : this morning's strange encounter—you

Beside me once again ! you, whom I guessed

Alive, since hitherto (with Luther's leave)

No friend have I among the saints at peace,

To judge by any good their prayers effect—

I knew you would have helped me !—  
Why not He,

My strange competitor in enterprise,  
Bound for the same end by another path,  
Arrived, or ill or well, before the time,  
At our disastrous journey's doubtful close ?

How goes it with Aprile ? Ah, they miss  
Your lone, sad, sunny idleness of Heaven,

Our martyrs for the world's sake ;  
Heaven shuts fast :

The poor mad poet is howling by this time !

Since you are my sole friend then, here or there,

I could not quite repress the varied feelings

This meeting wakens ; they have had their vent,

And now forget them. Do the rear-mice still

Hang like a fret-work on the gate (or what

In my time was a gate) fronting the road

From Einsiedeln to Lachen ?

*Fest.* Trifle not :  
Answer me, for my sake alone. You smiled

Just now, when I supposed some deed, unworthy

<p>             Yourself, might blot the else so bright              result ;              Yet if your motives have continued pure,              Your will unfaltering, and in spite of              this,              You have experienced a defeat, why,              then              I say not, you would cheerfully with-              draw              From contest—mortal hearts are not so              fashioned—              But surely you would, ne'ertheless,              withdraw.              You sought not fame, nor gain, nor even              love ;              No end distinct from knowledge,—I              repeat              Your very words : once satisfied that              knowledge              Is a mere dream, you would announce              as much,              Yourself the first. But how is the event ?              You are defeated—and I find you here !  <i>Par.</i> As though ' here ' did not signify              defeat !              I spoke not of my little labours here,              But of the break-down of my general              aims :              For you, aware of their extent and scope,              To look on these sage lecturings, ap-              proved              By beardless boys, and bearded dotards              worse,              As a fit consummation of such aims,              Is worthy notice ! A professorship              At Basil ! Since you see so much in it,              And think my life was reasonably              drained              Of life's delights to render me a match              For duties arduous as such post              demands,—              Far be it from me to deny my power              To fill the petty circle lotted out              Of infinite space, or justify the host              Of honours thence accruing. So, take              notice,              This jewel dangling from my neck              preserves              The features of a prince, my skill restored              To plague his people some few years to              come :              And all through a pure whim. He had              eased the earth           </p>	<p>             For me, but that the droll despair which              seized              The vermin of his household, tickled me.              I came to see. Here, drivelled the              physician,              Whose most infallible nostrum was at              fault ;              There quaked the astrologer, whose              horoscope              Had promised him interminable years ;              Here a monk fumbled at the sick man's              mouth              With some undoubted relic—a sudary              Of the Virgin ; while another piebald              knave              Of the same brotherhood (he loved them              ever)              Was actively preparing 'neath his nose              Such a suffumigation as, once fired,              Had stunk the patient dead ere he could              groan.              I cursed the doctor, and upset the              brother ;              Brushed past the conjurer ; vowed that              the first gust              Of stench from the ingredients just              alight              Would raise a cross-grained devil in my              sword,              Not easily laid : and ere an hour, the              prince              Slept as he never slept since prince he              was.              A day—and I was posting for my life,              Placarded through the town as one              whose spite              Had near availed to stop the blessed              effects              Of the doctor's nostrum, which, well              seconded              By the sudary, and most by the costly              smoke—              Not leaving out the strenuous prayers              sent up              Hard by, in the abbey—raised the prince              to life ;              To the great reputation of the seer              Who, confident, expected all along              The glad event—the doctor's recom-              pense—              Much largess from his highness to the              monks—              And the vast solace of his loving people,           </p>
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Whose general satisfaction to increase,  
The prince was pleased no longer to  
defer

The burning of some dozen heretics,  
Remanded till God's mercy should be  
shown

Touching his sickness : last of all were  
joined

Ample directions to all loyal folk  
To swell the complement, by seizing me  
Who—doubtless some rank sorcerer—  
had endeavoured

To thwart these pious offices, obstruct  
The prince's cure, and frustrate Heaven  
by help

Of certain devils dwelling in his sword.  
By luck, the prince in his first fit of  
thanks

Had forced this bauble on me as an  
earnest

Of further favours. This one case may  
serve

To give sufficient taste of many such,  
So let them pass. Those shelves sup-  
port a pile

Of patents, licences, diplomas, titles,  
From Germany, France, Spain, and  
Italy ;

They authorize some honour ; ne'erthe-  
less,

I set more store by this Erasmus sent ;  
He trusts me ; our Frobenius is his  
friend,

And him ' I raised ' (nay, read it) ' from  
the dead.'

I weary you, I see. I merely sought  
To show, there's no great wonder after  
all

That while I fill the class-room, and  
attract

A crowd to Basil, I get leave to stay ;  
And therefore need not scruple to accept  
The utmost they can offer—if I please :  
For 'tis but right the world should be  
prepared

To treat with favoure'en fantastic wants  
Of one like me, used up in serving her.  
Just as the mortal, whom the gods in  
part

Devoured, received in place of his lost  
limb

Some virtue or other—cured disease,  
I think ;

You mind the fables we have read to-  
gether.

*Fest.* You do not think I comprehend  
a word.

The time was, Aureole, you were apt  
enough

To clothe the airiest thoughts in specious  
breath ;

But surely you must feel how vague and  
strange

These speeches sound.

*Par.* Well, then : you  
know my hopes ;

I am assured, at length, those hopes  
were vain ;

That truth is just as far from me as  
ever ;

That I have thrown my life away ; that  
sorrow

On that account is idle, and further  
effort

To mend and patch what's marred  
beyond repairing,

As useless : and all this was taught to  
me

By the convincing, good old-fashioned  
method

Of force—by sheer compulsion. Is that  
plain ?

*Fest.* Dear Aureole ! can it be my  
fears were just ?

God wills not . . .

*Par.* Now, 'tis this I most admire—  
The constant talk men of your stamp  
keep up

Of God's will, as they style it ; one would  
swear

Man had but merely to uplift his eye,  
And see the will in question charactered  
On the heaven's vault. 'Tis hardly wise  
to moot

Such topics : doubts are many and  
faith is weak.

I know as much of any will of God's,  
As knows some dumb and tortured  
brute what Man,

His stern lord, wills from the perplexing  
blows

That plague him every way ; but there,  
of course,

Where least he suffers, longest he  
remains—

My case ; and for such reasons I plod on,

Subdued, but not convinced. I know  
as little  
Why I deserve to fail, as why I hoped  
Better things in my youth. I simply  
know  
I am no master here, but trained and  
beaten  
Into the path I tread; and here I stay,  
Until some further intimation reach me,  
Like an obedient drudge. Though I  
prefer  
To view the whole thing as a task im-  
posed,  
Which, whether dull or pleasant, must  
be done—  
Yet, I deny not, there is made provision  
Of joys which tastes less jaded might  
affect;  
Nay, some which please me too, for all  
my pride—  
Pleasures that once were pains: the iron  
ring  
Festering about a slave's neck grows at  
length  
Into the flesh it eats. I hate no longer  
A host of petty, vile delights, un-  
dreamed of  
Or spurned before; such now supply  
the place  
Of my dead aims: as in the autumn  
woods  
Where tall trees used to flourish, from  
their roots  
Springs up a fungous brood, sickly and  
pale,  
Chill mushrooms, coloured like a corpse's  
cheek.  
*Fest.* If I interpret well your words,  
I own  
It troubles me but little that your aims,  
Vast in their dawning, and most likely  
grown  
Extravagantly since, have baffled you.  
Perchance I am glad; you merit greater  
praise;  
Because they are too glorious to be  
gained,  
You do not blindly cling to them and  
die;  
You fell, but have not sullenly refused  
To rise, because an angel worsted you  
In wrestling, though the world holds not  
your peer;

And though too harsh and sudden is the  
change  
To yield content as yet, still you pursue  
The ungracious path as though 'twere  
rosy strewn.  
'Tis well: and your reward, or soon or  
late,  
Will come from Him whom no man  
serves in vain.  
*Par.* Ah, very fine! For my part,  
I conceive  
The very pausing from all further toil,  
Which you find heinous, would be as  
a seal  
To the sincerity of all my deeds.  
To be consistent I should die at once;  
I calculated on no after-life;  
Yet (how crept in, how fostered, I know  
not)  
Here am I with as passionate regret  
For youth and health and love so vainly  
lavished,  
As if their preservation had been first  
And foremost in my thoughts; and this  
strange fact  
Humbled me wondrously, and had due  
force  
In rendering me the less averse to follow  
A certain counsel, a mysterious  
warning—  
You will not understand—but 'twas a  
man  
With aims not mine and yet pursued  
like mine,  
With the same fervour and no more  
success,  
Perishing in my sight; who summoned  
me  
As I would shun the ghastly fate I saw,  
To serve my race at once; to wait no  
longer  
That God should interfere in my behalf,  
But to distrust myself, put pride away,  
And give my gains, imperfect as they  
were,  
To men. I have not leisure to explain  
How since, a singular series of events  
Has raised me to the station you behold,  
Wherein I seem to turn to most account  
The mere wreck of the Past,—perhaps  
receive  
Some feeble glimmering token that God  
views

And may approve my penance : there-  
fore here

You find me, doing most good or least  
harm.

And if folks wonder much and profit  
little

'Tis not my fault ; only, I shall rejoice  
When my part in the farce is shuffled  
through,

And the curtain falls : I must hold out  
till then.

*Fest.* Till when, dear Aureole ?

*Par.* Till I'm fairly thrust  
From my proud eminence. Fortune is  
fickle

And even professors fall : should that  
arrive,

I see no sin in ceding to my bent.

You little fancy what rude shocks ap-  
prise us

We sin : God's intimations rather fail  
In clearness than in energy : 'twere well  
Did they but indicate the course to take  
Like that to be forsaken. I would fain  
Be spared a further sample ! Here I  
stand,

And here I stay, be sure, till forced to  
flit.

*Fest.* Be you but firm on that head ;  
long ere then

All I expect will come to pass, I trust :  
The cloud that wraps you will have  
disappeared.

Meantime, I see small chance of such  
event :

They praise you here as one whose lore,  
already

Divulged, eclipses all the Past can show,  
But whose achievements, marvellous as  
they be,

Are faint anticipations of a glory  
About to be revealed. When Basil's  
crowds

Dismiss their teacher, I shall be content  
That he depart.

*Par.* This favour at their hands  
I look for earlier than your view of things  
Would warrant. Of the crowd you  
saw to-day,

Remove the full half sheer amazement  
draws,

Mere novelty, nought else ; and next,  
the tribe

Whose innate blockish dulness just per-  
ceives

That unless miracles (as seem my works)  
Be wrought in their behalf, their chance  
is slight

To puzzle the devil ; next, the numerous  
set

Who bitterly hate established schools,  
and help

The teacher that oppugns them, till he  
once

Have planted his own doctrine, when  
the teacher

May reckon on their rancour in his turn ;  
Take, too, the sprinkling of sagacious  
knaves

Whose cunning runs not counter to the  
vogue,

But seeks, by flattery and crafty nursing  
To force my system to a premature  
Short-lived development. Why swell  
the list ?

Each has his end to serve, and his best  
way

Of serving it : remove all these, remains  
A scantling, a poor dozen at the best,  
Worthy to look for sympathy and ser-  
vice,

And likely to draw profit from my pains.

*Fest.* 'Tis no encouraging picture :  
still these few

Redeem their fellows. Once the germ  
implanted,

Its growth, if slow, is sure.

*Par.* God grant it so !  
I would make some amends : but if I  
fail,

The luckless rogues have this excuse to  
urge,

That much is in my method and my  
manner,

My uncouth habits, my impatient spirit,  
Which hinders of reception and result

My doctrine : much to say, small skill  
to speak !

Those old aims suffered not a looking-off,  
Though for an instant ; therefore, only  
when

I thus renounced them and resolved to  
reap

Some present fruit—to teach mankind  
some truth

So dearly purchased—only then I found

Such teaching was an art requiring cares  
And qualities peculiar to itself ;  
That to possess was one thing—to dis-  
play,

Another. Had renown been in my  
thoughts,  
Or popular praise, I had soon discovered  
it !

One grows but little apt to learn these  
things.

*Fest.* If it be so, which nowise I  
believe,

There needs no waiting fuller dispensa-  
tion

To leave a labour to so little use.

Why not throw up the irksome charge  
at once ?

*Par.* A task, a task !

But wherefore hide the whole  
Extent of degradation, once engaged  
In the confessing vein ? Despite of all  
My fine talk of obedience, and repug-  
nance,

Odocility, and what not, 'tis yet to learn  
If when the task shall really be per-  
formed,

My inclinations free to choose once more,  
I shall do aught but slightly modify  
The nature of the hated task I quit.

In plain words, I am spoiled : my life  
still tends

As first it tended. I am broken and  
trained

To my old habits ; they are part of me.  
I know, and none so well, my darling  
ends

Are proved impossible : no less, no less,  
Even now what humours me, fond fool,  
as when

Their faint ghosts sit with me, and  
flatter me,

And send me back content to my dull  
round ?

How can I change this soul ?—this  
apparatus

Constructed solely for their purposes  
So well adapted to their every want,  
To search out and discover, prove and  
perfect ;

This intricate machine whose most  
minute

And meanest motions have their charm  
to me

Though to none else—an aptitude I  
seize,

An object I perceive, a use, a meaning,  
A property, a fitness, I explain,  
And I alone :—how can I change my  
soul ?

And this wronged body, worthless save  
when tasked

Under that soul's dominion—used to  
care

For its bright master's cares, and quite  
subdue

Its proper cravings—not to ail nor pine,  
So he but prosper—whither drag this  
poor,

Tried, patient body ? God ! how I  
essayed,

To live like that mad poet, for a while,  
To love alone ! and how I felt too  
warped

And twisted and deformed ! What  
should I do,

Even tho' released from drudgery, but  
return

Faint, as you see, and halting, blind and  
sore,

To my old life—and die as I began !  
I cannot feed on beauty, for the sake  
Of beauty only ; nor can drink in balm  
From lovely objects for their loveliness ;  
My nature cannot lose her first imprint ;  
I still must hoard and heap and class all  
truths

With one ulterior purpose : I must  
know !

Would God translate me to His throne,  
believe

That I should only listen to His words  
To further my own aims ! For other  
men,

Beauty is prodigally strewn around,  
And I were happy could I quench as  
they

This mad and thriveless longing, and  
content me

With beauty for itself alone : alas !  
I have addressed a frock of heavy mail,  
Yet may not join the troop of sacred  
knights ;

And now the forest-creatures fly from  
me,

The grass-banks cool, the sunbeams  
warm no more.

Best follow, dreaming that ere night  
arrive,  
I shall o'ertake the company, and ride  
Glittering as they !

*Fest.* I think I apprehend

What you would say : if you, in truth,  
design

To enter once more on the life thus left,  
Seek not to hide that all this conscious-  
ness

Of failure is assumed.

*Par.* My friend, my friend,

I tell, you listen ; I explain, perhaps  
You understand : there our communion  
ends.

Have you learnt nothing from to-day's  
discourse ?

When we would thoroughly know the  
sick man's state

We feel awhile the fluttering pulse, press  
soft

The hot brow, look upon the languid eye,  
And thence divine the rest. Must I lay  
bare

My heart, hideous and beating, or tear  
up

My vitals for your gaze, ere you will  
deem

Enough made known ? You ! who are  
you, forsooth ?

That is the crowning operation claimed  
By the arch-demonstrator—heaven the  
hall,

And earth the audience. Let Aprile  
and you

Secure good places : 'twill be worth the  
while.

*Fest.* Are you mad, Aureole ? What  
can I have said

To call for this ? I judged from your  
own words.

*Par.* Oh, doubtless ! A sick wretch  
describes the ape

That mocks him from the bed-foot, and  
all gravely

You thither turn at once : or he re-  
counts

The perilous journey he has late per-  
formed,

And you are puzzled much how that  
could be !

You find me here, half stupid and half  
mad ;

It makes no part of my delight to search  
Into these things, much less to undergo  
Another's scrutiny ; but so it chances  
That I am led to trust my state to  
you :

And the event is, you combine, con-  
trast,

And ponder on my foolish words, as  
though

They thoroughly conveyed all hidden  
here—

Here, loathsome with despair, and hate,  
and rage !

Is there no fear, no shrinking or no  
shame ?

Will you guess nothing ? will you spare  
me nothing ?

Must I go deeper ? Ay or no ?

*Fest.* Dear friend . . .

*Par.* True : I am brutal—'tis a part  
of it ;

The plague's sign—you are not a lazar-  
haunter,

How should you know ? Well then, you  
think it strange

I should profess to have failed utterly,  
And yet propose an ultimate return

To courses void of hope : and this,  
because

You know not what temptation is, nor  
how

'Tis like to ply men in the sickliest part.  
You are to understand, that we who  
make

Sport for the gods, are hunted to the  
end :

There is not one sharp volley shot at us,  
Which 'scaped with life, though hurt,  
we slacken pace

And gather by the wayside herbs and  
roots

To stanch our wounds, secure from  
further harm :

We are assailed to life's extremest verge.  
It will be well indeed if I return,

A harmless busy fool, to my old ways !  
I would forget hints of another fate,

Significant enough, which silent hours  
Have lately scared me with.

*Fest.* Another ! and what ?

*Par.* After all, Festus, you say well :  
I am

A man yet : I need never humble me.



I would have been—something, I know  
not what ;

But though I cannot soar, I do not  
crawl.

There are worse portions than this one  
of mine.

You say well !

*Fest.* Ah !

*Par.* And deeper degradation !

If the mean stimulants of vulgar praise,  
And vanity, should become the chosen  
food

Of a sunk mind ; should stifle even the  
wish

To find its early aspirations true ;  
Should teach it to breathe falsehood like  
life-breath—

An atmosphere of craft and trick and  
lies ;

Should make it proud to emulate or  
surpass

Base natures in the practices which  
woke

Its most indignant loathing once . . .  
No, no !

Utter damnation is reserved for Hell !  
I had immortal feelings : such shall  
never

Be wholly quenched : no, no !

My friend, you wear

A melancholy face, and, certain 'tis  
There's little cheer in all this dismal  
work.

But 'twas not my desire to set abroad  
Such memories and forebodings : I  
foresaw

Where they would drive. 'Twere better  
to discuss

News of Lucerne or Zurich ; or to tell  
Of Egypt's flaring sky or Spain's cork-  
groves.

*Fest.* I have thought : trust me, this  
mood will pass away.

I know you, and the lofty spirit you bear,  
And easily ravel out a clue to all.

These are the trials meet for such as you,  
Nor must you hope exemption : to be  
mortal

Is to be plied with trials manifold.

Look round ! The obstacles which kept  
the rest

From your ambition, have been spurned  
by you ;

Their fears, their doubts, the chains  
that bind them all,

Were flax before your resolute soul,  
which nought

Avails to awe, save these delusions bred  
From its own strength, its selfsame  
strength disguised—

Mocking itself. Be brave, dear Aureole !  
Since

The rabbit has his shade to frighten him,  
The fawn a rustling bough, mortals  
their cares,

And higher natures yet would slight and  
laugh

At these entangling fantasies, as you  
At trammels of a weaker intellect,—  
Measure your mind's height by the  
shade it casts !

I know you.

*Par.* And I know you, dearest  
Festus !

And how you love unworthily ; and how  
All admiration renders blind.

*Fest.* You hold  
That admiration blinds ?

*Par.* Ay and alas !

*Fest.* Nought blinds you less than  
admiration will.

Whether it be that all love renders wise  
In its degree ; from love which blends  
with love—

Heart answering heart—to love which  
spends itself

In silent mad idolatry of some  
Pre-eminent mortal, some great soul of  
souls,

Which ne'er will know how well it is  
adored.

I say, such love is never blind ; but  
rather

Alive to every the minutest spot  
Which mars its object, and which hate  
(supposed

So vigilant and searching) dreams not of.  
Love broods on such : what then ?

When first perceived,

Is there no sweet strife to forget, to  
change,

To overflow those blemishes with all  
The glow of general goodness they  
disturb ?

—To make those very defects an endless  
source

Of new affection grown from hopes and fears ?  
 And, when all fails, is there no gallant stand  
 Made even for much proved weak ? no shrinking-back  
 Lest, since all love assimilates the soul  
 To what it loves, it should at length become  
 Almost a rival of its idol ? Trust me,  
 If there be fiends who seek to work our hurt,  
 To ruin and drag down earth's mightiest spirits  
 Even at God's foot, 'twill be from such as love,  
 Their zeal will gather most to serve their cause ;  
 And least from those who hate, who most essay  
 By contumely and scorn to blot the light  
 Which forces entrance even to their hearts :  
 For thence will our defender tear the veil  
 And show within each heart, as in a shrine,  
 The giant image of Perfection, grown  
 In hate's despite, whose calumnies were spawned  
 In the untroubled presence of its eyes !  
 True admiration blinds not ; nor am I  
 So blind. I call your sin exceptional ;  
 It springs from one whose life has passed the bounds  
 Prescribed to life. Compound that fault with God !  
 I speak of men ; to common men like me  
 The weakness you confess endears you more,  
 Like the far traces of decay in suns.  
 I bid you have good cheer !  
*Par. Praeclarè ! Optimè !*  
 Think of a quiet mountain-cloistered priest  
 Instructing Paracelsus ! yet, 'tis so.  
 Come, I will show you where my merit lies.  
 'Tis in the advance of individual minds  
 That the slow crowd should ground their expectation

Eventually to follow ; as the sea  
 Waits ages in its bed, 'till some one wave  
 Out of the multitudinous mass, extends  
 The empire of the whole, some feet perhaps,  
 Over the strip of sand which could confine  
 Its fellows so long time : thenceforth the rest,  
 Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,  
 And so much is clear gained. I shall be glad  
 If all my labours, failing of aught else,  
 Suffice to make such inroad and procure  
 A wider range for thought : nay, they do this ;  
 For, whatso'er my notions of true knowledge  
 And a legitimate success, may be,  
 I am not blind to my undoubted rank  
 When classed with others : I precede my age :  
 And whoso wills, is very free to mount  
 These labours as a platform, whence their own  
 May have a prosperous outset. But, alas !  
 My followers—they are noisy as you heard,  
 But for intelligence—the best of them  
 So clumsily wield the weapons I supply  
 And they extol, that I begin to doubt  
 Whether their own rude clubs and pebble-stones  
 Would not do better service than my arms  
 Thus vilely swayed—if error will not fall  
 Sooner before the old awkward batterings  
 Than my more subtle warfare, not half learned.  
*Fest.* I would supply that art, then, and withhold  
 Its arms until you have taught their mystery.  
*Par.* Content you, 'tis my wish ; I have recourse  
 To the simplest training. Day by day I seek  
 To wake the mood, the spirit which alone  
 Can make those arms of any use to men.  
 Of course, they are for swaggering forth at once

Graced with Ulysses' bow, Achilles'  
 shield—  
 Flash on us, all in armour, thou Achilles !  
 Make our hearts dance to thy resounding  
 step !  
 A proper sight to scare the crows away !  
*Fest.* Pity you choose not, then, some  
 other method  
 Of coming at your point. The mar-  
 vellous art  
 At length established in the world bids  
 fair  
 To remedy all hindrances like these :  
 Trust to Frobenius' press the precious  
 lore  
 Obscured by uncouth manner, or unfit  
 For raw beginners ; let his types secure  
 A deathless monument to after-times ;  
 Meanwhile wait confidently and enjoy  
 The ultimate effect : sooner or later,  
 You shall be all-revealed.  
*Par.* The old dull question  
 In a new form ; no more. Thus : I  
 possess  
 Two sorts of knowledge ; one,—vast,  
 shadowy,  
 Hints of the unbounded aim I once pur-  
 sued :  
 The other consists of many secrets,  
 caught  
 While bent on nobler prize,—perhaps  
 a few  
 Prime principles which may conduct to  
 much :  
 These last I offer to my followers here.  
 Now bid me chronicle the first of  
 these,  
 My ancient study, and in effect you bid  
 me  
 Revert to the wild courses just abjured :  
 I must go find them scattered through  
 the world.  
 Then, for the principles, they are so  
 simple  
 (Being chiefly of the overturning sort),  
 That one time is as proper to propound  
 them  
 As any other—to-morrow at my class,  
 Or half a century hence embalmed in  
 print.  
 For if mankind intend to learn at all,  
 They must begin by giving faith to them,  
 And acting on them ; and I do not see

But that my lectures serve indifferent  
 well :  
 No doubt these dogmas fall not to the  
 earth,  
 For all their novelty and rugged setting.  
 I think my class will not forget the day  
 I let them know the gods of Israel,  
 Aëtius, Oribasius, Galen, Rhasis,  
 Serapion, Avicenna, Averröes,—  
 Were blocks !  
*Fest.* And that reminds me, I  
 heard something  
 About your waywardness : you burned  
 their books,  
 It seems, instead of answering those  
 sages.  
*Par.* And who said that ?  
*Fest.* Some I met yesternight  
 With Æcolampadius. As you know,  
 the purpose  
 Of this short stay at Basil was to learn  
 His pleasure touching certain missives  
 sent  
 For our Zuinglius and himself. 'Twas  
 he  
 Apprised me that the famous teacher  
 here  
 Was my old friend.  
*Par.* Ah, I forgot : you went . . .  
*Fest.* From Zurich with advices for  
 the ear  
 Of Luther, now at Wittemburg—(you  
 know,  
 I make no doubt, the differences of late  
 With Carolostadius)—and returning  
 sought  
 Basil and . . .  
*Par.* I remember. Here's a case,  
 now,  
 Will teach you why I answer not, but  
 burn  
 The books you mention : pray, does  
 Luther dream  
 His arguments convince by their own  
 force  
 The crowds that own his doctrine ?  
 No, indeed :  
 His plain denial of established points  
 Ages had sanctified and men supposed  
 Could never be oppugned while earth  
 was under  
 And heaven above them—points which  
 chance or time

Affected not—did more than the array  
Of argument which followed. Boldly  
deny!

There is much breath-stopping, hair-  
stiffening

Awhile; then, amazed glances, mute  
awaiting

The thunderbolt which does not come;  
and next,

Reproachful wonder and inquiry: those  
Who else had never stirred, are able  
now

To find the rest out for themselves—  
perhaps

To outstrip him who set the whole at  
work,

—As never will my wise class its in-  
structor.

And you saw Luther?

*Fest.* 'Tis a wondrous soul!

*Par.* True: the so-heavy chain which  
galled mankind

Is shattered, and the noblest of us all  
Must bow to the deliverer—nay, the  
worker

Of our own project—we who long  
before

Had burst our trammels, but forgot the  
crowd,

We should have taught, still groaned  
beneath the load:

This he has done and nobly. Speed  
that may!

Whatever be my chance or my mis-  
chance,

What benefits mankind must glad me  
too:

And men seem made, though not as I  
believed,

For something better than the times  
produce.

Witness these gangs of peasants your  
new lights

From Suabia have possessed, whom  
Münzer leads,

And whom the duke, the landgrave, and  
the elector

Will calm in blood! Well, well—'tis not  
my world!

*Fest.* Hark!

*Par.* 'Tis the melancholy wind astir  
Within the trees; the embers too are  
grey:

Morn must be near.

*Fest.* Best ope the casement: see,  
The night, late strewn with clouds and  
flying stars,

Is blank and motionless: how peaceful  
sleep

The tree-tops all together! Like an  
asp,

The wind slips whispering from bough  
to bough.

*Par.* Ay; you would gaze on a wind-  
shaken tree

By the hour, nor count time lost.

*Fest.* So you shall gaze:  
Those happy times will come again.

*Par.* Gone, gone,  
Those pleasant times! Does not the  
moaning wind

Seem to bewail that we have gained  
such gains

And bartered sleep for them?

*Fest.* It is our trust  
That there is yet another world to mend  
All error and mischance.

*Par.* Another world!  
And why this world, this common world,  
to be

A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair so-  
ever,

To some fine life to come? Man must  
be fed

With angel's food, forsooth; and some  
few traces

Of a diviner nature which look out  
Through his corporeal baseness, warrant  
him

In a supreme contempt of all provision  
For his inferior tastes—some straggling  
marks

Which constitute his essence, just as  
truly

As here and there a gem would consti-  
tute

The rock, their barren bed, one diamond.  
But were it so—were man all mind—he  
gains

A station little enviable. From God  
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,  
Intelligence exists which casts our mind  
Into immeasurable shade. No, no:

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make  
humanity;

These are its sign and note and character,

And these I have lost :—gone, shut from  
me for ever,  
Like a dead friend, safe from unkindness  
more !  
See, morn at length. The heavy dark-  
ness seems  
Diluted ; grey and clear without the  
stars ;  
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves,  
as if  
Some snake, that weighed them down  
all night, let go  
His hold ; and from the East, fuller and  
fuller  
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in ;  
But clouded, wintry, desolate and  
cold.  
Yet see how that broad prickly star-  
shaped plant,  
Half down in the crevice, spreads its  
woolly leaves,  
All thick and glistening with diamond  
dew.  
And you depart for Einsiedeln this  
day :  
And we have spent all night in talk like  
this !  
If you would have me better for your  
love,  
Revert no more to these sad themes.  
*Fest.* One favour,  
And I have done. I leave you, deeply  
moved ;  
Unwilling to have fared so well, the  
while  
My friend has changed so sorely. If  
this mood  
Shall pass away, if light once more arise  
Where all is darkness now, if you see  
fit  
To hope, and trust again, and strive  
again,  
You will remember—not our love  
alone—  
But that my faith in God's desire that  
man  
Should trust on His support, (as I must  
think  
You trusted,) is obscured and dim  
through you ;  
For you are thus, and this is no reward.  
Will you not call me to your side, dear  
Aureole ?

## IV. PARACELSUS ASPIRES.

SCENE, *Colmar in Alsatia ; an Inn.*  
1528.

PARACELSUS, FESTUS.

*Par.* [To JOHANNES OPORINUS,  
his secretary.] *Sic itur ad*

*astra !* Dear Von Visenburg  
Is scandalized, and poor Torinus para-  
lysed,

And every honest soul that Basil holds  
Aghast ; and yet we live, as one may  
say,

Just as though Liechtenfels had never  
set

So true a value on his sorry carcass,  
And learned Pütter had not frowned us  
dumb.

We live ; and shall as surely start to-  
morrow

For Nuremburg, as we drink speedy  
scathe

To Basil in this mantling wine, suffused  
A delicate blush, no fainter tinge is born  
I' th' shut heart of a bud. Pledge me,  
good John—

' Basil ; a hot plague ravage it, and  
Pütter

Oppose the plague ! ' Even so ? Do you  
too share

Their panic, the reptiles ? Ha, ha ; faint  
through *them*,

Desist for *them* ! They managematters so  
At Basil 'tis like : but others may find  
means

To bring the stoutest braggart of the  
tribe

Once more to crouch in silence—means  
to breed

A stupid wonder in each fool again,  
Now big with admiration at the skill  
Which stript a vain pretender of his  
plumes ;

And, that done,—means to brand each  
slavish brow

So deeply, surely, ineffaceably,  
That thenceforth flattery shall not  
pucker it

Out of the furrow ; there that stamp  
shall stay

To show the next they fawn on, what  
they are,



This Basil with its magnates,—fill my cup,—

Whom I curse soul and limb. And now dispatch,

Dispatch, my trusty John; and what remains

To do, whate'er arrangements for our trip

Are yet to be completed, see you hasten This night; we'll weather the storm at

least: to-morrow

For Nuremberg! Now leave us; this grave clerk

Has divers weighty matters for my ear :  
[OPORINUS goes out.

And spare my lungs. At last, my gallant Festus,

I am rid of this arch-knave that dogs my heels

As a gaunt crow a gasping sheep; at last May give a loose to my delight. How

kind,

How very kind, my first, best, only friend!

Why, this looks like fidelity. Embrace me!

Not a hair silvered yet? Right! you shall live

Till I am worth your love; you shall be proud,

And I—but let time show. Did you not wonder?

I sent to you because our compact weighed

Upon my conscience—(you recall the night

At Basil, which the gods confound!)—because

Once more I aspire. I call you to my side;

You come. You thought my message strange?

*Fest.* So strange

That I must hope, indeed, your messenger

Has mingled his own fancies with the words

Purporting to be yours.

*Par.* He said no more,

'Tis probable, than the precious folks I leave

Said fiftyfold more roughly. Well-a-day,

'Tis true! poor Paracelsus is exposed At last; a most egregious quack he proves:

And those he overreached must spit their hate

On one who, utterly beneath contempt, Could yet deceive their topping wits.

You heard

Bare truth; and at my bidding you come here

To speed me on my enterprise, as once Your lavish wishes sped me, my own

friend!

*Fest.* What is your purpose, Aureole?

*Par.* Oh, for purpose,

There is no lack of precedents in a case

Like mine; at least, if not precisely

mine, The case of men cast off by those they

sought To benefit.

*Fest.* They really cast you off?

I only heard a vague tale of some priest, Cured by your skill, who wrangled at

your claim,

Knowing his life's worth best; and how the judge

The matter was referred to, saw no cause

To interfere, nor you to hide your full Contempt of him; nor he, again, to

smother

His wrath thereat, which raised so fierce a flame

That Basil soon was made no place for you.

*Par.* The affair of Liechtenfels? the shallowest fable,

The last and silliest outrage—mere pretence!

I knew it, I foretold it from the first, How soon the stupid wonder you mis-

took

For genuine loyalty—a cheering promise

Of better things to come—would pall and pass;

And every word comes true. Saul is among

The prophets! Just so long as I was pleased

To play off the mere antics of my art, Fantastic gambols leading to no end,

I got huge praise: but one can ne'er  
 keep down  
 Our foolish nature's weakness. There  
 they flocked,  
 Poor devils, jostling, swearing and  
 perspiring,  
 Till the walls rang again; and all for  
 me!  
 I had a kindness for them, which was  
 right;  
 But then I stopped not till I tacked to  
 that  
 A trust in them and a respect—a sort  
 Of sympathy for them: I must needs  
 begin  
 To teach them, not amaze them, 'to  
 impart  
 The spirit which should instigate the  
 search  
 Of truth,' just what you bade me! I  
 spoke out.  
 Forthwith a mighty squadron, in dis-  
 gust,  
 Filed off—'the sifted chaff of the sack,'  
 I said,  
 Redoubling my endeavours to secure  
 The rest. When lo! one man had  
 tarried so long  
 Only to ascertain if I supported  
 This tenet of his, or that; another  
 loved  
 To hear impartially before he judged,  
 And having heard, now judged; this  
 bland disciple  
 Passed for my dupe, but all along, it  
 seems,  
 Spied error where his neighbours mar-  
 velled most;  
 That fiery doctor who had hailed me  
 friend,  
 Did it because my by-paths, once  
 proved wrong  
 And beaconed properly, would com-  
 mend again  
 The good old ways our sires jogged  
 safely o'er,  
 Though not their squeamish sons; the  
 other worthy  
 Discovered divers verses of St. John,  
 Which, read successively, refreshed the  
 soul,  
 But, muttered backwards, cured the  
 gout, the stone,

The colic, and what not. *Quid multa?*  
 The end  
 Was a clear class-room, and a quiet  
 leer  
 From grave folk, and a sour reproachful  
 glance  
 From those in chief who, cap in hand,  
 installed  
 The new professor scarce a year before;  
 And a vast flourish about patient merit  
 Obscured awhile by flashy tricks, but  
 sure  
 Sooner or later to emerge in splendour—  
 Of which the example was some luckless  
 wight  
 Whom my arrival had discomfited,  
 But now, it seems, the general voice  
 recalled  
 To fill my chair and so efface the stain  
 Basil had long incurred. I sought no  
 better,  
 Only a quiet dismissal from my post,  
 And from my heart I wished them better  
 suited  
 And better served. Good night to  
 Basil, then!  
 But fast as I proposed to rid the tribe  
 Of my obnoxious back, I could not spare  
 them  
 The pleasure of a parting kick.  
*Fest.* You smile:  
 Despise them as they merit!  
*Par.* If I smile,  
 'Tis with as very contempt as ever  
 turned  
 Flesh into stone. This courteous  
 recompense!  
 This grateful . . . Festus, were your  
 nature fit  
 To be defiled, your eyes the eyes to ache  
 At gangrene-blotches, eating poison-  
 blains,  
 The ulcerous barks scurf of leprosy  
 Which finds—a man, and leaves—a  
 hideous thing  
 That cannot but be mended by hell fire,  
 —I would lay bare to you the human  
 heart  
 Which God cursed long ago, and devils  
 make since  
 Their pet nest and their never-tiring  
 home.  
 O, sages have discovered we are born

For various ends—to love, to know :  
has ever

One stumbled, in his search, on any  
signs

Of a nature in us formed to hate ? To  
hate ?

If that be our true object which evokes  
Our powers in fullest strength, be sure  
'tis hate !

Yet men have doubted if the best and  
bravest

Of spirits can nourish him with hate  
alone.

I had not the monopoly of fools,  
It seems at Basil.

*Fest.* But your plans, your plans !  
I have yet to learn your purpose,  
Aureole !

*Par.* Whether to sink beneath such  
ponderous shame,  
To shrink up like a crushed snail, under-  
go

In silence and desist from further toil  
And so subside into a monument  
Of one their censure blasted ? or to bow  
Cheerfully as submissively, to lower  
My old pretensions even as Basil dic-  
tates,

To drop into the rank her wits assign me  
And live as they prescribe and make that  
use

Of my poor knowledge which their rules  
allow,

Proud to be patted now and then, and  
careful

To practise the true posture for receiving  
The amplest benefit from their hoofs'  
appliance

When they shall condescend to tutor  
me ?

Then one may feel resentment like a  
flame

Within, and deck false systems in truth's  
garb,

And tangle and entwine mankind with  
error,

And give them darkness for a dower and  
falsehood

For a possession, ages : or one may  
mope

Into a shade through thinking, or else  
drowse

Into a dreamless sleep and so die off.

But I,—now Festus shall divine !—  
but I

Am merely setting out once more, em-  
bracing

My earliest aims again ! What thinks  
he now ?

*Fest.* Your aims ? the aims ?—to  
Know ? and where is found  
The early trust . . .

*Par.* Nay, not so fast ; I say,  
The aims—not the old means. You  
know they made me  
A laughing-stock ; I was a fool ; you  
know

The when and the how : hardly those  
means again !

Not but they had their beauty ; who  
should know

Their passing beauty, if not I ? But  
still

They were dreams, so let them vanish,  
yet in beauty,

If that may be. Stay : thus they pass  
in song ! [*He sings.*

Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes  
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,  
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes  
From out her hair : such balsam falls  
Down seaside mountain pedestals,  
From tree-tops where tired winds are  
fain,

Spent with the vast and howling main,  
To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some  
old

Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
Which breaks to dust when once un-  
rolled ;

Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
From closet long to quiet vowed,  
With moth and dropping arras hung,  
Mouldering her lute and books among,  
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

Mine, every word ! And on such pile  
shall die

My lovely fancies, with fair perished  
things,

Themselves fair and forgotten ; yes, for-  
gotten,

Or why abjure them ? So, I made this  
rhyme

That fitting dignity might be preserved ;

No little proud was I ; though the list  
of drugs  
Smacks of my old vocation, and the  
verse  
Halts like the best of Luther's psalms.  
*Fest.* But, Aureole,  
Talk not thus wildly and madly. I am  
here—  
Did you know all ! I have travelled far,  
indeed,  
To learn your wishes. Be yourself  
again !  
For in this mood I recognize you less  
Than in the horrible despondency  
I witnessed last. You may account  
this, joy ;  
But rather let me gaze on that despair  
Than hear these incoherent words and  
see  
This flushed cheek and intensely-  
sparkling eye.  
*Par.* Why, man, I was light-hearted  
in my prime,  
I am light-hearted now ; what would  
you have ?  
Aprile was a poet, I make songs—  
'Tis the very augury of success I want !  
Why should I not be joyous now as  
then ?  
*Fest.* Joyous ! and how ? and what  
remains for joy ?  
You have declared the ends (which I am  
sick  
Of naming) are impracticable.  
*Par.* Ay,  
Pursued as I pursued them—the arch-  
fool !  
Listen : my plan will please you not, 'tis  
like,  
But you are little versed in the world's  
ways.  
This is my plan—(first drinking its good  
luck)—  
I will accept all helps ; all I despised  
So rashly at the outset, equally  
With early impulses, late years have  
quenched :  
I have tried each way singly : now for  
both !  
All helps ! no one sort shall exclude the  
rest.  
I seek to know and to enjoy at once,  
Not one without the other as before.

Suppose my labour should seem God's  
own cause  
Once more, as first I dreamed,—it shall  
not baulk me  
Of the meanest, earthliest, sensualest  
delight  
That may be snatched ; for every joy is  
gain,  
And gain is gain, however small. My  
soul  
Can die then, nor be taunted—' what  
was gained ?'  
Nor, on the other hand, should pleasure  
follow  
As though I had not spurned her hitherto,  
Shall she o'ercloud my spirit's rapt  
communion  
With the tumultuous Past, the teeming  
Future,  
Glorious with visions of a full success !  
*Fest.* Success !  
*Par.* And wherefore not ?  
Why not prefer  
Results obtained in my best state of  
being,  
To those derived alone from seasons  
dark  
As the thoughts they bred ? When I  
was best, my youth  
Unwasted, seemed success not surest  
too ?  
It is the nature of darkness to obscure.  
I am a wanderer : I remember well  
One journey, how I feared the track was  
missed,  
So long the city I desired to reach  
Lay hid ; when suddenly its spires afar  
Flashed through the circling clouds ;  
you may conceive  
My transport. Soon the vapours closed  
again,  
But I had seen the city, and one such  
glance  
No darkness could obscure : nor shall  
the Present—  
A few dull hours, a passing shame or two,  
Destroy the vivid memories of the Past.  
I will fight the battle out !—a little  
spent  
Perhaps, but still an able combatant.  
You look at my grey hair and furrowed  
brow ?  
But I can turn even weakness to account :





From our bleak hills, suffices to affright  
A village in the vales—while foresters  
Sleep calm though all night long the  
famished troops  
Snuff round and scratch against their  
crazy huts.

These evil thoughts are monsters, and  
will flee.

*Par.* May you be happy, Festus, my  
own friend !

*Fest.* Nay, further ; the delights you  
fain would think

The superseders of your nobler aims,  
Though ordinary and harmless stimu-  
lants,

Will ne'er content you . . .

*Par.* Hush ! I once despised them,  
But that soon passes. We are high at  
first

In our demands, nor will abate a jot  
Of toil's strict value ; but time passes  
o'er,

And humbler spirits accept what we  
refuse :

In short, when some such comfort is  
doled out

As these delights, we cannot long retain  
The bitter contempt which urges us at  
first

To hurl it back, but hug it to our breast  
And thankfully retire. This life of mine  
Must be lived out and a grave thoroughly  
earned :

I am just fit for that and nought beside.  
I told you once, I cannot now enjoy,  
Unless I deem my knowledge gains  
through joy ;

Nor can I know, but straight warm tears  
reveal

My need of linking also joy to know-  
ledge :

So, on I drive, enjoying all I can,  
And knowing all I can. I speak, of  
course,

Confusedly ; this will better explain—  
feel here !

Quick beating, is it not ?—a fire of the  
heart

To work off some way, this as well as any.  
So, Festus sees me fairly launched ; his  
calm

Compassionate look might have dis-  
turbed me once,

But now, far from rejecting, I invite  
What bids me press the closer, lay my-  
self

Open before him, and be soothed with  
pity ;

I hope, if he command hope ; and  
believe

As he directs me—satiating myself  
With his enduring love. And Festus  
quits me

To give place to some credulous disciple  
Who holds that God is wise, but Para-  
celsus

Has his peculiar merits : I suck in  
That homage, chuckle o'er that ad-  
miration,

And then dismiss the fool ; for night is  
come.

And I betake myself to study again,  
Till patient searchings after hidden lore  
Half wring some bright truth from its  
prison ; my frame

Trembles, my forehead's veins swell out,  
my hair

Tingles for triumph ! Slow and sure the  
morn

Shall break on my pent room and  
dwindling lamp

And furnace dead, and scattered earths  
and ores ;

When, with a failing heart and throb-  
bing brow,

I must review my captured truth, sum  
up

Its value, trace what ends to what begins,  
Its present power with its eventual  
bearings,

Latent affinities, the views it opens,  
And its full length in perfecting my  
scheme.

I view it sternly circumscribed, cast  
down

From the high place my fond hopes  
yielded it,

Proved worthless—which, in getting,  
yet had cost

Another wrench to this fast-falling  
frame.

Then, quick, the cup to quaff, that  
chases sorrow !

I lapse back into youth, and take again  
My fluttering pulse, for evidence that  
God

Means good to me, will make my cause  
His own.

See! I have cast off this remorseless  
care

Which clogged a spirit born to soar  
so free,

And my dim chamber has become a tent,  
Festus is sitting by me, and his Michal...

Why do you start? I say, she listening  
here,

(For yonder's Würzburg through the  
orchard-boughs)

Motions as though such ardent words  
should find

No echo in a maiden's quiet soul,  
But her pure bosom heaves, her eyes fill  
fast

With tears, her sweet lips tremble all the  
while!

Ha, ha!

*Fest.* It seems, then, you expect to  
reap

No unreal joy from this your present  
course,

But rather...

*Par.* Death! To die! I owe  
that much

To what, at least, I was. I should be  
sad

To live contented after such a fall,  
To thrive and fatten after such reverse!

The whole plan is a makeshift, but will  
last

My time.

*Fest.* And you have never mused  
and said,

'I had a noble purpose, and the strength  
To compass it; but I have stopped half-

way,  
And wrongly given the firstfruits of my  
toil

To objects little worthy of the gift.  
Why linger round them still? why  
clench my fault?

Why seek for consolation in defeat,  
In vain endeavours to derive a beauty  
From ugliness? why seek to make the  
most

Of what no power can change, nor  
strive instead

With mighty effort to redeem the Past  
And, gathering up the treasures thus  
cast down,

To hold a steadfast course till I arrive  
At their fit destination and my own?'  
You have never pondered thus?

*Par.* Have I, you ask?

Often at midnight, when most fancies  
come,

Would some such airy project visit me:  
But ever at the end... or will you hear

The same thing in a tale, a parable?  
You and I, wandering over the world

wide,  
Chance to set foot upon a desert coast.

Just as we cry, 'No human voice before  
Broke the inveterate silence of these

rocks!'  
—Their querulous echo startles us; we  
turn:

What ravaged structure still looks o'er  
the sea?

Some characters remain, too! While we  
read,

The sharp salt wind, impatient for the  
last

Of even this record, wistfully comes and  
goes,

Or sings what we recover, mocking it.  
This is the record; and my voice, the  
wind's.

[*He sings.*  
Over the sea our galleys went,  
With cleaving prows in order brave,

To a speeding wind and a bounding  
wave,

A gallant armament:  
Each bark built out of a forest-tree,

Left leafy and rough as first it grew,  
And nailed all over the gaping sides,

Within and without, with black bull-  
hides,

Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,  
To bear the playful billows' game:

So, each good ship was rude to see,  
Rude and bare to the outward view,

But each upbore a stately tent  
Where cedar-pales in scented row

Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,  
And an awning drooped the mast below,

In fold on fold of the purple fine,  
That neither noontide nor star-shine

Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,  
Might pierce the regal tenement.

When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad  
We set the sail and plied the oar;

But when the night-wind blew like  
breath,

For joy of one day's voyage more,  
We sang together on the wide sea,  
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;  
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,  
Each helm made sure by the twilight  
star,

And in a sleep as calm as death,  
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew  
In a circle round its wondrous tent  
Whence gleamed soft light and curled  
rich scent,

And with light and perfume, music  
too :

So the stars wheeled round, and the  
darkness past,

And at morn we started beside the mast,  
And still each ship was sailing fast !

Now, one morn, land appeared !—a  
speck

Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky :  
' Avoid it,' cried our pilot, ' check

The shout, restrain the eager eye !'  
But the heaving sea was black behind  
For many a night and many a day,  
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;  
So, we broke the cedar pales away,  
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,  
And a statue bright was on every  
deck !

We shouted, every man of us,  
And steered right into the harbour thus,  
With pomp and paeon glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone !

All day we built its shrine for each,  
A shrine of rock for every one,  
Nor paused we till in the westering sun  
We sat together on the beach

To sing because our task was done.  
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !  
What laughter all the distance stirs !  
A loaded raft with happy throngs  
Of gentle islanders !

' Our isles are just at hand,' they cried,  
' Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping ;

Our temple-gates are opened wide,  
' Our olive-groves thick shade are  
keeping

For these majestic forms'—they cried.  
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start

From our deep dream, and knew, too  
late,

How bare the rock, how desolate,  
Which had received our precious freight:  
Yet we called out—' Depart !

Our gifts, once given, must here abide.  
Our work is done ; we have no heart  
To mar our work,'—we cried.

*Fest.* In truth ?

*Par.* Nay, wait : all this in  
tracings faint

May still be read on that deserted rock,  
On rugged stones strewn here and there,  
but piled

In order once : then follows—mark  
what follows :

' The sad rhyme of the men who proudly  
clung

To their first fault, and withered in  
their pride !'

*Fest.* Come back, then, Aureole ; as  
you fear God, come !

This is foul sin ; come back. Renounce  
the Past,

Forswear the Future ; look for joy no  
more

But wait death's summons amid holy  
sights,

And trust me for the event—peace, if  
not joy.

Return with me to Einsiedeln, dear  
Aureole !

*Par.* No way, no way ! it would not  
turn to good.

A spotless child sleeps on the flowering  
moss—

'Tis well for him ; but when a sinful  
man,

Envyng such slumber, may desire to  
put

His guilt away, shall he return at once  
To rest by lying there ? Our sires knew  
well

(Spite of the grave discoveries of their  
sons)

The fitting course for such ; dark cells,  
dim lamps,

A stone floor one may writhe on like a  
worm :

No mossy pillow blue with violets !

*Fest.* I see no symptom of these  
absolute

And tyrannous passions. You are calmer now.

This verse-making can purge you well enough

Without the terrible penance you describe.

You love me still: the lusts you fear, will never

Outrage your friend. To Einsiedeln, once more!

Say but the word!

*Par.* No, no; those lusts forbid: They crouch, I know, cowering with half-shut eye

Beside you; 'tis their nature. Thrust yourself

Between them and their prey; let some fool style me

Or king or quack, it matters not, and try Your wisdom, urge them to forego their treat!

No, no; learn better and look deeper, Festus!

If you knew how a devil sneers within me

While you are talking now of this, now that,

As though we differed scarcely save in trifles!

*Fest.* Do we so differ? True, change must proceed,

Whether for good or ill; keep from me, which!

Do not confide all secrets: I was born To hope, and you...

*Par.* To trust: you know the fruits!

*Fest.* Listen: I do believe, what you call trust

Was self-delusion at the best: for, see! So long as God would kindly pioneer

A path for you, and screen you from the world,

Procure you full exemption from man's lot,

Man's common hopes and fears, on the mere pretext

Of your engagement in His service—yield you

A limitless licence, make you God, in fact,

And turn your slave—you were content to say

Most courtly praises! What is it, at last, But selfishness without example? None Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours

Remained implied in it; but now you fail,

And we, who prate about that will, are fools!

In short, God's service is established here

As He determines fit, and not your way, And this you cannot brook. Such discontent

Is weak. Renounce all creatureship at once!

Affirm an absolute right to have and use Your energies; as though the rivers should say—

'We rush to the ocean; what have we to do

With feeding streamlets, lingering in the vales,

Sleeping in lazy pools?' Set up that plea,

That will be bold at least!

*Par.* 'Tis like enough! The serviceable spirits are those, no doubt,

The East produces: lo, the master nods,

And they raise terraces and garden-grounds

In one night's space; and, this done, straight begin

Another century's sleep, to the great praise

Of him that framed them wise and beautiful,

Till a lamp's rubbing, or some chance akin,

Wake them again. I am of different mould.

I would have soothed my lord, and slaved for him,

And done him service past my narrow bond,

And thus I get rewarded for my pains! Beside, 'tis vain to talk of forwarding

God's glory otherwise; this is alone The sphere of its increase, as far as men

Increase it; why, then, look beyond this sphere?

We are His glory; and if we be glorious,

Is not the thing achieved ?

*Fest.*

Shall one like me

Judge hearts like yours ? Though years  
have changed you much,

And you have left your first love, and  
retain

Its empty shade to veil your crooked  
ways,

Yet I still hold that you have honoured  
God.

And who shall call your course without  
reward ?

For, wherefore this repining at defeat,  
Had triumph ne'er inured you to high  
hopes ?

I urge you to forsake the life you curse,  
And what success attends me ?—simply  
talk

Of passion, weakness and remorse ; in  
short,

Anything but the naked truth—you  
choose

This so-despised career, and cheaply  
hold

My happiness, or rather other men's.

Once more, return !

*Par.*

And quickly. Oporinus

Has pilfered half my secrets by this  
time :

And we depart by daybreak. I am  
weary,

I know not how ; not even the wine-cup  
soothes

My brain to-night . . .

Do you not thoroughly despise me,  
*Festus ?*

No flattery ! One like you needs not be  
told

We live and breathe deceiving and  
deceived.

Do you not scorn me from your heart of  
hearts,

Me and my cant, my petty subterfuges,  
My rhymes and all this frothy shower  
of words,

My glozing self-deceit, my outward  
crust

Of lies which wrap, as tetter, morphew,  
furfair

Wrap the sound flesh ?—so, see you  
flatter not !

Even God flatters ! but my friend, at  
least,

Is true. I would depart, secure hence-  
forth

Against all further insult, hate and  
wrong

From puny foes ; my one friend's scorn  
shall brand me :

No fear of sinking deeper !

*Fest.*

No, dear Aureole !

No, no ; I came to counsel faithfully.

There are old rules, made long ere we  
were born,

By which I judge you. I, so fallible,

So infinitely low beside your mighty,

Majestic spirit !—even I can see

You own some higher law than ours  
which calls

Sin, what is no sin—weakness, what is  
strength.

But I have only these, such as they are,  
To guide me ; and I blame you where  
they bid,

Only so long as blaming promises

To win peace for your soul : the more,  
that sorrow

Has fallen on me of late, and they have  
helped me

So that I faint not under my distress.

But wherefore should I scruple to avow  
In spite of all, as brother judging brother,

Your fate to me is most inexplicable ?  
And should you perish without recom-  
pense

And satisfaction yet—too hastily

I have relied on love : you may have  
sinned,

But you have loved. As a mere human  
matter—

As I would have God deal with fragile  
men

In the end—I say that you will triumph  
yet !

*Par.* Have you felt sorrow, Festus ?—  
'tis because

You love me. Sorrow, and sweet  
Michal yours !

Well thought on ; never let her know  
this last

Dull winding-up of all : these mis-  
creants dared

Insult me—me she loved : so, grieve  
her not.

*Fest.* Your ill success can little grieve  
her now.



*Par.* Michal is dead ! pray Christ we do not craze !

*Fest.* Aureole, dear Aureole, look not on me thus !

Fool, fool ! this is the heart grown sorrow-proof—

I cannot bear those eyes.

*Par.* Nay, really dead ?

*Fest.* 'Tis scarce a month.

*Par.* Stone dead !

—then you have laid her

Among the flowers ere this. Now, do you know,

I can reveal a secret which shall comfort Even you. I have no julep, as men think,

To cheat the grave ; but a far better secret.

Know, then, you did not ill to trust your love

To the cold earth : I have thought much of it :

For I believe we do not wholly die.

*Fest.* Aureole !

*Par.* Nay, do not laugh ; there is a reason

For what I say : I think the soul can never

Taste death. I am, just now, as you may see,

Very unfit to put so strange a thought In an intelligible dress of words ;

But take it as my trust, she is not dead.

*Fest.* But not on this account alone ? you surely,

—Aureole, you have believed this all along ?

*Par.* And Michal sleeps among the roots and dews,

While I am moved at Basil, and full of schemes

For Nuremberg, and hoping and despairing,

As though it mattered how the farce plays out,

So it be quickly played. Away, away !

Have your will, rabble ! while we fight the prize,

Troop you in safety to the snug back-seats,

And leave a clear arena for the brave About to perish for your sport !—Behold !

## V. PARACELSUS ATTAINS.

SCENE, *Salzburg ; a cell in the Hospital of St. Sebastian, 1541.*

FESTUS, PARACELSUS.

*Fest.* No change ! The weary night is wellnigh spent,

The lamp burns low, and through the casement-bars

Grey morning glimmers feebly : yet no change !

Another night, and still no sigh has stirred

That fallen discoloured mouth, no pang relit

Those fixed eyes, quenched by the decaying body,

Like torch-flame choked in dust. While all beside

Was breaking, to the last they held out bright,

As a stronghold where life intrenched itself ;

But they are dead now—very blind and dead :

He will drowse into death without a groan !

My Aureole—my forgotten, ruined Aureole !

The days are gone, are gone ! How grand thou wast !

And now not one of those who struck thee down—

Poor, glorious spirit—concerns him even to stay

And satisfy himself his little hand Could turn God's image to a livid thing.

Another night, and yet no change ! 'Tis much

That I should sit by him, and bathe his brow,

And chafe his hands ; 'tis much : but he will sure

Know me, and look on me, and speak to me

Once more—but only once ! His hollow cheek

Looked all night long as though a creeping laugh

At his own state were just about to break From the dying man : my brain swam, my throat swelled,

And yet I could not turn away. In  
truth,  
They told me how, when first brought  
here, he seemed  
Resolved to live, to lose no faculty ;  
Thus striving to keep up his shattered  
strength,  
Until they bore him to this stifling cell :  
When straight his features fell, an hour  
made white  
The flushed face and relaxed the quiver-  
ing limb,  
Only the eye remained intense awhile  
As though it recognized the tomb-like  
place,  
And then he lay as here he lies.

Ay, here !

Here is earth's noblest, nobly gar-  
landed—  
Her bravest champion with his well-won  
meed—  
Her best achievement, her sublime  
amends  
For countless generations fleeting fast  
And followed by no trace ;—the creature  
god  
She instances when angels would dispute  
The title of her brood to rank with  
them.  
Angels, this is our angel ! Those bright  
forms  
We clothe with purple, crown and call  
to thrones,  
Are human ; but not his : those are  
but men  
Whom other men press round and  
kneel before ;  
Those palaces are dwelt in by mankind ;  
Higher provision is for him you seek  
Amid our pomps and glories : see it  
here !  
Behold earth's paragon ! Now, raise  
thee, clay !  
God ! Thou art Love ! I build my faith  
on that !  
Even as I watch beside Thy tortured  
child  
Unconscious whose hot tears fall fast by  
him,  
So doth Thy right hand guide us through  
the world  
Wherein we stumble. God ! what shall  
we say ?

How has he sinned ? How else should he  
have done ?  
Surely he sought Thy praise—Thy  
praise, for all  
He might be busied by the task so much  
As to forget awhile its proper end.  
Dost Thou well, Lord ? Thou canst not  
but prefer  
That I should range myself upon his  
side—  
How could he stop at every step to set  
Thy glory forth ? Hadst Thou but  
granted him  
Success, Thy honour would have  
crowned success,  
A halo round a star. Or, say he erred,—  
Save him, dear God ; it will be like  
Thee : bathe him  
In light and life ! Thou art not made  
like us ;  
We should be wroth in such a case ; but  
Thou  
Forgivest—so, forgive these passionate  
thoughts  
Which come unsought and will not pass  
away !  
I know Thee, who hast kept my path,  
and made  
Light for me in the darkness, tempering  
sorrow  
So that it reached me like a solemn joy ;  
It were too strange that I should doubt  
Thy love.  
But what am I ? Thou madest him and  
knowest  
How he was fashioned. I could never  
err  
That way : the quiet place beside Thy  
feet,  
Reserved for me, was ever in my  
thoughts :  
But he—Thou shouldst have favoured  
him as well !  
Ah ! he wakes ! Aureole, I am here !  
'tis Festus !  
I cast away all wishes save one wish—  
Let him but know me, only speak to me !  
He mutters ; louder and louder ; any  
other  
Than I, with brain less laden, could  
collect  
What he pours forth. Dear Aureole, do  
but look !

Is it talking or singing this he utters  
fast ?

Misery, that he should fix me with his  
eye,

Quick talking to some other all the  
while !

If he would husband this wild vehe-  
mence

Which frustrates its intent !—I heard,  
I know

I heard my name amid those rapid  
words.

Oh, he will know me yet ! Could I  
divert

This current, lead it somehow gently  
back

Into the channels of the Past !—His eye,  
Brighter than ever ! It must recognize  
me !

Let me speak to him in another's name.  
I am Erasmus : I am here to pray  
That Paracelsus use his skill for me.  
The schools of Paris and of Padua send  
These questions for your learning to  
resolve.

We are your students, noble master :  
leave

This wretched cell, what business have  
you here ?

Our class awaits you ; come to us once  
more !

(O agony ! the utmost I can do  
Touches him not ; how else arrest his  
ear ?)

I am commissioned . . . I shall craze like  
him !

Better be mute and see what God shall  
send.

*Par.* Stay, stay with me !

*Fest.* I will ; I am come here  
To stay with you—Festus, you loved of  
old ;

Festus, you know, you must know !

*Par.* Festus ! Where 's  
Aprile, then ? Has he not chanted softly  
The melodies I heard all night ? I could  
not

Get to him for a cold hand on my breast,  
But I made out his music well enough,  
O, well enough ! If they have filled him  
full

With magical music, as they freight a star

With light, and have remitted all his  
sin,

They will forgive me too, I too shall  
know !

*Fest.* Festus, your Festus !

*Par.* Ask him if Aprile

Knows as he Loves—if I shall Love and  
Know ?

I try ; but that cold hand, like lead—so  
cold !

*Fest.* My hand, see !

*Par.* Ah, the curse, Aprile, Aprile !

We get so near—so very, very near !

'Tis an old tale : Jove strikes the Titans  
down

Not when they set about their moun-  
tain-piling,

But when another rock would crown  
their work !

And Phaeton—doubtless his first ra-  
diant plunge

Astonished mortals ; though the gods  
were calm,

And Jove prepared his thunder : all old  
tales !

*Fest.* And what are these to you ?

*Par.* Ay, fiends must laugh

So cruelly, so well ; most like I never  
Could tread a single pleasure under-  
foot,

But they were grinning by my side, were  
chuckling

To see me toil and drop away by flakes !  
Hell-spawn ! I am glad, most glad, that  
thus I fail !

Your cunning has o'ershot its aim. One  
year,

One month, perhaps, and I had served  
your turn !

You should have curbed your spite  
awhile. But now,

Who will believe 'twas you that held me  
back ?

Listen : there 's shame, and hissing, and  
contempt,

And none but laughs who names me,  
none but spits

Measureless scorn upon me, me alone,  
The quack, the cheat, the liar,—all on  
me !

And thus your famous plan to sink  
mankind

In silence and despair, by teaching them

One of their race had probed the inmost truth,  
 Had done all man could do, yet failed no less—  
 Your wise plan proves abortive. Men despair ?  
 Ha, ha ! why, they are hooting the empiric,  
 The ignorant and incapable fool who rushed  
 Madly upon a work beyond his wits ;  
 Nor doubt they but the simplest of themselves  
 Could bring the matter to triumphant issue.  
 So pick and choose, among them all, accursed !  
 Try now, persuade some other to slave for you,  
 To ruin body and soul to work your ends !  
 No, no ; I am the first and last, I think.  
*Fest.* Dear friend, who are accursed ? who has done . . .  
*Par.* What have I done ? Fiends dare ask that ? or you,  
 Brave men ? Oh, you can chime in boldly, backed  
 By the others ! What had you to do, sage peers ?  
 Here stand my rivals ; Latin, Arab, Jew,  
 Greek, join dead hands against me : all I ask  
 Is, that the world enrol my name with theirs,  
 And even this poor privilege, it seems, They range themselves, prepared to disallow.  
 Only observe : why, fiends may learn from them !  
 How they talk calmly of my throes, my fierce  
 Aspirings, terrible watchings, each one claiming  
 Its price of blood and brain ; how they dissect  
 And sneeringly disparage the few truths Got at a life's cost ; they too hanging the while  
 About my neck, their lies misleading me And their dead names browbeating me !  
 Grey crew,

Yet steeped in fresh malevolence from hell,  
 Is there a reason for your hate ? My truths Have shaken a little the palm about each prince ?  
 Just think, Aprile, all these leering dotards  
 Were bent on nothing less than to be crowned  
 As we ! That yellow blear-eyed wretch in chief  
 To whom the rest cringe low with feigned respect,  
 Galen of Pergamos and hell—nay speak  
 The tale, old man ! We met there face to face :  
 I said the crown should fall from thee. Once more  
 We meet as in that ghastly vestibule :  
 Look to my brow ! Have I redeemed my pledge ?  
*Fest.* Peace, peace ; ah, see !  
*Par.* Oh, emptiness of fame !  
 Oh Persic Zoroaster, lord of stars !  
 —Who said these old renowns, dead long ago,  
 Could make me overlook the living world  
 To gaze through gloom at where they stood, indeed,  
 But stand no longer ? What a warm light life  
 After the shade ! In truth, my delicate witch,  
 My serpent-queen, you did but well to hide  
 The juggles I had else detected. Fire  
 May well run harmless o'er a breast like yours !  
 The cave was not so darkened by the smoke  
 But that your white limbs dazzled me : oh, white,  
 And panting as they twinkled, wildly dancing !  
 I cared not for your passionate gestures then,  
 But now I have forgotten the charm of charms,  
 The foolish knowledge which I came to seek,  
 While I remember that quaint dance ; and thus

I am come back, not for those mumeries,

But to love you, and to kiss your little feet

Soft as an ermine's winter coat !

*Fest.* A light

Will struggle through these thronging words at last,

As in the angry and tumultuous West  
A soft star trembles through the drifting clouds.

These are the strivings of a spirit which hates

So sad a vault should coop it, and calls up

The Past to stand between it and its fate.

Were he at Einsiedeln—or Michal here !

*Par.* Cruel ! I seek her now—I kneel—  
—I shriek—

I clasp her vesture—but she fades, still fades ;

And she is gone ; sweet human love is gone !

'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels

Reveal themselves to you ; they sit all day

Beside you, and lie down at night by you  
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,

And all at once they leave you and you know them !

We are so fooled, so cheated ! Why, even now

I am not too secure against foul play :  
The shadows deepen and the walls contract—

No doubt some treachery is going on !

'Tis very dusk. Where are we put, Aprile ?

Have they left us in the lurch ? This murky, loathsome

Death-trap, this slaughter-house, is not the hall

In the golden city ! Keep by me, Aprile !  
There is a hand groping amid the blackness

To catch us. Have the spider-fingers got you,

Poet ? Hold on me for your life ! if once  
They pull you !—Hold !

'Tis but a dream—no more !

I have you still ; the sun comes out again ;

Let us be happy : all will yet go well !

Let us confer : is it not like, Aprile,

That spite of trouble, this ordeal passed,

The value of my labours ascertained,

Just as some stream foams long among the rocks

But after glideth glassy to the sea,  
So, full content shall henceforth be my lot ?

What think you, poet ? Louder ! Your clear voice

Vibrates too like a harp-string. Do you ask

How could I still remain on earth, should God

Grant me the great approval which I seek ?

I, you, and God can comprehend each other,

But men would murmur, and with cause enough ;

For when they saw me, stainless of all sin,

Preserved and sanctified by inward light,  
They would complain that comfort, shut from them,

I drank thus unespied ; that they live on,

Nor taste the quiet of a constant joy,  
For ache and care and doubt and weariness,

While I am calm ; help being vouchsafed to me,

And hid from them !—'Twere best consider that !

You reason well, Aprile ; but at least  
Let me know this, and die ! Is this too much ?

I will learn this, if God so please, and die !

If Thou shalt please, dear God, if Thou shalt please !

We are so weak, we know our motives least

In their confused beginning. If at first  
I sought . . . but wherefore bear my heart to Thee ?

I know Thy mercy ; and already thoughts

Flock fast about my soul to comfort it



And intimate I cannot wholly fail,  
 For love and praise would clasp me  
     willingly  
 Could I resolve to seek them. Thou  
     art good,  
 And I should be content. Yet—yet  
     first show  
 I have done wrong in daring ! Rather  
     give  
 The supernatural consciousness of  
     strength  
 That fed my youth ! One only hour of  
     that  
 With Thee to help—O what should bar  
     me then !  
 Lost, lost ! Thus things are ordered  
     here ! God's creatures,  
 And yet He takes no pride in us !—none,  
     none !  
 Truly there needs another life to come !  
 If this be all—(I must tell Festus that)  
 And other life await us not—for one,  
 I say 'tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,  
 A wretched failure. I, for one, protest  
 Against it, and I hurl it back with scorn !  
 Well, onward though alone : small time  
     remains,  
 And much to do : I must have fruit,  
     must reap  
 Some profit from my toils. I doubt  
     my body  
 Will hardly serve me through ; while  
     I have laboured  
 It has decayed ; and now that I demand  
 Its best assistance, it will crumble fast :  
 A sad thought, a sad fate ! How very full  
 Of wormwood 'tis, that just at altar-  
     service,  
 The rapt hymn rising with the rolling  
     smoke,  
 Whenglorydawnsand all is at the best—  
 The sacred fire may flicker and grow  
     faint  
 And die for want of a wood-piler's help !  
 Thus fades the flagging body, and the  
     soul  
 Is pulled down in the overthrow. Well,  
     well—  
 Let men catch every word, let them lose  
     nought  
 Of what I say ; something may yet be  
     done.

They are ruins ! Trust me who am one  
     of you !  
 All ruins, glorious once, but lonely now.  
 It makes my heart sick to behold you  
     crouch  
 Beside your desolate fane : the arches  
     dim,  
 The crumbling columns grand against  
     the moon—  
 Could I but rear them up once more—  
     but that  
 May never be, so leave them ! Trust me,  
     friends,  
 Why should you linger here when I have  
     built  
 A far resplendent temple, all your own ?  
 Trust me, they are but ruins ! See,  
     Aprile,  
 Men will not heed ! Yet were I not pre-  
     pared  
 With better refuge for them, tongue of  
     mine  
 Should ne'er reveal how blank their  
     dwelling is :  
 I would sit down in silence with the rest.  
 Ha, what ? you spit at me, you grin and  
     shriek  
 Contempt into my ear—my ear which  
     drank  
 God's accents once ? you curse me ?  
     Why men, men,  
 I am not formed for it ! Those hideous  
     eyes  
 Will be before me sleeping, waking,  
     praying,  
 They will not let me even die. Spare,  
     spare me,  
 Sinning or no, forget that, only spare me  
 That horrible scorn ! You thought I  
     could support it,  
 But now you see what silly fragile  
     creature  
 Cowers thus. I am not good nor bad  
     enough,  
 Not Christ nor Cain, yet even Cain was  
     saved  
 From hate like this. Let me but totter  
     back !  
 Perhaps I shall elude those jeers which  
     creep  
 Into my very brain, and shut these  
     scorched

Eyelids, and keep those mocking faces  
out.

Listen, Aprile ! I am very calm :  
Be not deceived, there is no passion here  
Where the blood leaps like an imprisoned  
thing :

I am calm : I will exterminate the race !  
Enough of that : 'tis said and it shall  
be.

And now be merry : safe and sound  
am I

Who broke through their best ranks to  
get at you.

And such a havoc, such a rout, Aprile !

*Fest.* Have you no thought, no  
memory for me,

Aureole ? I am so wretched—my pure  
Michal

Is gone, and you alone are left to me,  
And even you forget me. Take my  
hand—

Lean on me, thus. Do you not know  
me, Aureole ?

*Par.* Festus, my own friend, you  
are come at last ?

As you say, 'tis an awful enterprise ;  
But you believe I shall go through with  
it :

'Tis like you, and I thank you. Thank  
him for me,

Dear Michal ! See how bright St.  
Saviour's spire

Flames in the sunset ; all its figures  
quaint

Gay in the glancing light : you might  
conceive them

A troop of yellow-vested white-haired  
Jews

Bound for their own land where redemp-  
tion dawns !

*Fest.* Not that blest time—not our  
youth's time, dear God !

*Par.* Ha—stay ! true, I forget—all  
is done since !

And he is come to judge me. How he  
speaks,

How calm, how well ! yes, it is true, all  
true ;

All quackery ; all deceit ! myself can  
laugh

The first at it, if you desire : but still  
You know the obstacles which taught  
me tricks

So foreign to my nature—envy and  
hate,

Blind opposition, brutal prejudice,  
Bald ignorance—what wonder if I sunk  
To humour men the way they most  
approved ?

My cheats were never palmed on such as  
you,

Dear Festus ! I will kneel if you require  
me,

Impart the meagre knowledge I possess,  
Explain its bounded nature, and avow

My insufficiency—whate'er you will :  
I give the fight up ! let there be an  
end,

A privacy, an obscure nook for me.  
I want to be forgotten even by God !

But if that cannot be, dear Festus, lay  
me,

When I shall die, within some narrow  
grave,

Not by itself—for that would be too  
proud—

But where such graves are thickest ; let  
it look

Nowise distinguished from the hillocks  
round,

So that the peasant at his brother's bed  
May tread upon my own and know it  
not ;

And we shall all be equal at the last,  
Or classed according to life's natural  
ranks,

Fathers, sons, brothers, friends—not  
rich, nor wise,

Nor gifted : lay me thus, then say, ' He  
lived

Too much advanced before his brother  
men ;

They kept him still in front : 'twas for  
their good

But yet a dangerous station. It were  
strange

That he should tell God he had never  
ranked

With men : so, here at least he is a  
man ! '

*Fest.* That God shall take thee to His  
breast, dear spirit,

Unto His breast, be sure ! and here on  
earth

Shall splendour sit upon thy name for  
ever !

Sun ! all the heaven is glad for thee :  
what care

If lower mountains light their snowy  
phares

At thine effulgence, yet acknowledge  
not

The source of day ? Their theft shall be  
their bale :

For after-ages shall retrack thy beams,  
And put aside the crowd of busy ones

And worship thee alone—the master-  
mind,

The thinker, the explorer, the creator !  
Then, who should sneer at the convul-

sive throes  
With which thy deeds were born, would

scorn as well  
The winding sheet of subterraneous fire

Which, pent and writhing, sends no less  
at last

Huge elements up amid the simmering  
sea !

Behold thy might in me ! thou hast  
infused

Thy soul in mine ; and I am grand as  
thou,

Seeing I comprehend thee—I so simple,  
Thou so august ! I recognize thee first ;

I saw thee rise, I watched thee early and  
late,

And though no glance reveal thou dost  
accept

My homage—thus no less I proffer it,  
And bid thee enter gloriously thy rest !

*Par.* Festus !

*Fest.* I am for noble Aureole, God !  
I am upon his side, come weal or woe !

His portion shall be mine ! He has done  
well !

I would have sinned, had I been strong  
enough,

As he has sinned ! Reward him or I  
waive

Reward ! If Thou canst find no place for  
him,

He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be  
His slave for ever ! There are two of us !

*Par.* Dear Festus !

*Fest.* Here, dear Aureole !  
ever by you !

*Par.* Nay, speak on, or I dream again.  
Speak on !

Some story, anything—only your voice.

I shall dream else. Speak on ! ay,  
leaning so !

*Fest.* Thus the Mayne glideth

Where my Love abideth.

Sleep 's no softer : it proceeds

On through lawns, on through meads,

On and on, whate'er befall,

Meandering and musical,

Though the niggard pasturage

Bears not on its shaven ledge

Aught but weeds and waving grasses

To view the river as it passes,

Save here and there a scanty patch

Of primroses, too faint to catch

A weary bee.

*Par.* More, more ; say on !

*Fest.* And scarce it pushes

Its gentle way through strangling rushes,

Where the glossy kingfisher

Flutters when noon-heats are near,

Glad the shelving banks to shun,

Red and steaming in the sun,

Where the shrew-mouse with pale  
throat

Burrows, and the speckled stoat ;

Where the quick sandpipers flit

In and out the marl and grit

That seems to breed them, brown as  
they :

Nought disturbs its quiet way,

Save some lazy stork that springs,

Trailing it with legs and wings,

Whom the shy fox from the hill

Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

*Par.* My heart ! they loose my heart,  
those simple words ;

Its darkness passes, which, nought else  
could touch :

Like some dark snake that force may  
not expel,

Which glideth out to music sweet and  
low.

What were you doing when your voice  
broke through

A chaos of ugly images ? You, indeed !

Are you alone here ?

*Fest.* All alone : you know me ?  
This cell ?

*Par.* An unexceptionable vault :  
Good brick and stone : the bats kept  
out, the rats

Kept in : a snug nook : how should  
I mistake it ?

*Fest.* But wherefore am I here ?

*Par.* Ah, well remembered !

Why, for a purpose—for a purpose,  
Festus !

'Tis like me : here I trifle while time  
fleets,

And this occasion, lost, will ne'er  
return !

You are here to be instructed. I will  
tell

God's message ; but I have so much to  
say,

I fear to leave half out. All is confused  
No doubt ; but doubtless you will learn  
in time.

He would not else have brought you  
here : no doubt

I shall see clearer soon.

*Fest.* Tell me but this—

You are not in despair ?

*Par.* I ? and for what ?

*Fest.* Alas, alas ! he knows not, as  
I feared !

*Par.* What is it you would ask me  
with that earnest,

Dear, searching face ?

*Fest.* How feel you, Aureole ?

*Par.* Well !

Well : 'tis a strange thing. I am dying,  
Festus,

And now that fast the storm of life sub-  
sides,

I first perceive how great the whirl has  
been.

I was calm then, who am so dizzy now—  
Calm in the thick of the tempest, but no  
less

A partner of its motion and mixed up  
With its career. The hurricane is spent,  
And the good boat speeds through the  
brightening weather ;

But is it earth or sea that heaves below ?  
The gulf rolls like a meadow-swell, o'er-  
strewn

With ravaged boughs and remnants of  
the shore ;

And now some islet, loosened from the  
land,

Swims past with all its trees, sailing to  
ocean ;

And now the air is full of upturn canes,  
Light strippings from the fan-trees,  
tamarisks

Unrooted, with their birds still clinging  
to them,

All high in the wind. Even so my  
varied life

Drifts by me ; I am young, old, happy,  
sad,

Hoping, desponding, acting, taking rest,  
And all at once : that is, those past  
conditions

Float back at once on me. If I select  
Some special epoch from the crowd, 'tis  
but

To will, and straight the rest dissolve  
away

And only that particular state is present  
With all its long-forgotten circumstance

Distinct and vivid as at first—myself  
A careless looker-on and nothing more !

Indifferent and amused but nothing  
more !

And this is death : I understand it all.  
New being waits me ; new perceptions  
must

Be born in me before I plunge therein ;  
Which last is Death's affair ; and while

I speak,  
Minute by minute he is filling me

With power ; and while my foot is on  
the threshold

Of boundless life—the doors unopened  
yet,

All preparations not complete within—  
I turn new knowledge upon old events,

And the effect is . . . but I must not tell ;  
It is not lawful. Your own turn will  
come

One day. Wait, Festus ! You will die  
like me !

*Fest.* 'Tis of that past life that I burn  
to hear !

*Par.* You wonder it engages me just  
now ?

In truth, I wonder too. What's life to  
me ?

Where'er I look is fire, where'er I listen  
Music, and where I tend bliss evermore.

Yet how can I refrain ? 'Tis a refined  
Delight to view those chances,—one  
last view.

I am so near the perils I escape,  
That I must play with them and turn  
them over,

To feel how fully they are past and gone.

Still it is like some further cause exists  
For this peculiar mood—some hidden  
purpose ;

Did I not tell you something of it,  
Festus ?

I had it fast, but it has somehow slipt  
Away from me ; it will return anon.

*Fest.* (Indeed his cheek seems young  
again, his voice

Complete with its old tones : that little  
laugh

Concluding every phrase, with upturned  
eye,

As though one stooped above his head  
to whom

He looked for confirmation and ap-  
proval,

Where was it gone so long, so well pre-  
served ?

Then, the fore-finger pointing as he  
speaks,

Like one who traces in an open book  
The matter he declares ; 'tis many a  
year

Since I remarked it last : and this in  
him,

But now a ghastly wreck !)

And can it be,

Dear Aureole, you have then found out  
at last

That worldly things are utter vanity ?

That man is made for weakness, and  
should wait

In patient ignorance till God appoint . . .

*Par.* Ha, the purpose, the true pur-  
pose : that is it

How could I fail to apprehend ! You  
here,

I thus ! But no more trifling ; I see all,  
I know all : my last mission shall be done

If strength suffice. No trifling ! Stay ;  
this posture

Hardly befits one thus about to speak :  
I will arise.

*Fest.* Nay, Aureole, are you wild ?  
You cannot leave your couch.

*Par.* No help ; no help ;  
Not even your hand. So ! there, I stand  
once more !

Speak from a couch ? I never lectured  
thus.

My gown—the scarlet lined with fur ;  
now put

The chain about my neck ; my signet-  
ring

Is still upon my hand, I think—even so ;  
Last, my good sword ; ha, trusty Azoth,  
leapest

Beneath thy master's grasp for the last  
time ?

This couch shall be my throne : I bid  
these walls

Be consecrate, this wretched cell  
become

A shrine, for here God speaks to men  
through me !

Now, Festus, I am ready to begin.

*Fest.* I am dumb with wonder.

*Par.* Listen, therefore, Festus !

There will be time enough, but none to  
spare.

I must content myself with telling only  
The most important points. You  
doubtless feel

That I am happy, Festus ; very happy.

*Fest.* 'Tis no delusion which uplifts  
him thus !

Then you are pardoned, Aureole, all  
your sin ?

*Par.* Ay, pardoned ! yet why par-  
doned ?

*Fest.* 'Tis God's praise

That man is bound to seek, and you . . .

*Par.* Have lived !

We have to live alone to set forth well  
God's praise. 'Tis true, I sinned much,  
as I thought,

And in effect need mercy, for I strove  
To do that very thing ; but, do your  
best

Or worst, praise rises, and will rise for  
ever.

Pardon from Him, because of praise  
denied—

Who calls me to Himself to exalt Him-  
self ?

He might laugh as I laugh !

*Fest.* But all comes

To the same thing. 'Tis fruitless for  
mankind

To fret themselves with what concerns  
them not ;

They are no use that way : they should  
lie down

Content as God has made them, nor go  
mad



In thriveless cares to better what is ill.

*Par.* No, no; mistake me not; let me not work

More harm than I have done! This is my case:

If I go joyous back to God, yet bring  
No offering, if I render up my soul  
Without the fruits it was ordained to bear,

If I appear the better to love God  
For sin, as one who has no claim on Him,—

Be not deceived! It may be surely thus  
With me, while higher prizes still await  
The mortal persevering to the end.  
Beside I am not all so valueless:

I have been something, though too soon  
I left

Following the instincts of that happy time!

*Fest.* What happy time? For God's sake, for man's sake,  
What time was happy? All I hope to know

That answer will decide. What happy time?

*Par.* When but the time I vowed myself to man?

*Fest.* Great God, Thy judgments are inscrutable!

*Par.* Yes, it was in me; I was born for it—

I, Paracelsus: it was mine by right.  
Doubtless a searching and impetuous soul

Might learn from its own motions that some task

Like this awaited it about the world;  
Might seek somewhere in this blank life of ours

For fit delights to stay its longings vast;  
And, grappling Nature, so prevail on her

To fill the creature full she dared to frame

Hungry for joy; and, bravely tyrannous,

Grow in demand, still craving more and more,

And make each joy conceded prove a pledge

Of other joy to follow—bating nought  
Of its desires, still seizing fresh pretence

To turn the knowledge and the rapture wrung

As an extreme, last boon, from destiny,  
Into occasion for new covetings,  
New strifes, new triumphs:—doubtless a strong soul

Alone, unaided might attain to this,  
So glorious is our nature, so august  
Man's inborn uninstructed impulses,  
His naked spirit so majestic!  
But this was born in me; I was made so;

Thus much time saved: the feverish appetites,

The tumult of unproved desire, the unaimed

Uncertain yearnings, aspirations blind,  
Distrust, mistake, and all that ends in tears

Were saved me; thus I entered on my course!

You may be sure I was not all exempt  
From human trouble; just so much of doubt

As bade me plant a surer foot upon  
The sun-road, kept my eye unruined 'mid

The fierce and flashing splendour, set my heart

Trembling so much as warned me I stood there

On sufferance—not to idly gaze, but cast

Light on a darkling race; save for that doubt,

I stood at first where all aspire at last  
To stand: the secret of the world was mine.

I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,  
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,  
But somehow felt and known in every shift

And change in the spirit,—nay, in every pore

Of the body, even,)—what God is, what we are,

What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy

In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,  
From whom all being emanates, all power

Proceeds; in whom is life for ever—more,

Yet whom existence in its lowest form  
Includes ; where dwells enjoyment  
there is He !

With still a flying point of bliss remote,  
A happiness in store afar, a sphere  
Of distant glory in full view ; thus climbs  
Pleasure its heights for ever and forever !  
The centre-fire heaves underneath the  
earth,

And the earth changes like a human  
face ;

The molten ore bursts up among the  
rocks,

Winds into the stone's heart, out-  
branches bright

In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,  
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams  
bask—

God joys therein ! The wroth sea's  
waves are edged

With foam, white as the bitten lip of  
hate,

When, in the solitary waste, strange  
groups

Of young volcanos come up, cyclops-  
like,

Staring together with their eyes on  
flame—

God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth  
pride !

Then all is still ; earth is a wintry clod :  
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress,  
passes

Over its breast to waken it, rare-verdure  
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, be-  
tween

The withered tree-roots and the cracks  
of frost,

Like a smile striving with a wrinkled  
face ;

The grass grows bright, the boughs are  
sworn with blooms

Like chrysalids impatient for the air,  
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run

Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;  
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark

Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;  
Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing-  
gulls

Flit where the strand is purple with its  
tribe

Of nested limpets ; savage creatures  
seek

Their loves in wood and plain—and  
God renews

His ancient rapture ! Thus He dwells in  
all,

From life's minute beginnings, up at last  
To man—the consummation of this  
scheme

Of being, the completion of this sphere  
Of life : whose attributes had here and  
there

Been scattered o'er the visible world  
before,

Asking to be combined, dim fragments  
meant

To be united in some wondrous whole,  
Imperfect qualities throughout creation,  
Suggesting some one creature yet to  
make,

Some point where all those scattered  
rays should meet

Convergent in the faculties of man.  
Power—neither put forth blindly, nor  
controlled

Calmly by perfect knowledge ; to be  
used

At risk, inspired or checked by hope and  
fear :

Knowledge—not intuition, but the slow  
Uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil,  
Strengthened by love : love—not  
serenely pure,

But strong from weakness, like a  
chance-sown plant

Which, cast on stubborn soil, puts forth  
changed buds

And softer stains, unknown in happier  
climes ;

Love which endures and doubts and is  
oppressed

And cherished, suffering much and much  
sustained,

A blind, oft-failing, yet believing love,  
A 'half-enlightened, often-chequered  
trust :—

Hints and previsions of which faculties,  
Are strewn confusedly everywhere about  
The inferior natures, and all lead up  
higher,

All shape out dimly the superior race,  
The heir of hopes too fair to turn out  
false,

And man appears at last. So far the  
seal

Is put on life ; one stage of being complete,  
 One scheme wound up : and from the grand result  
 A supplementary reflux of light,  
 Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains  
 Each back step in the circle. Not alone  
 For their possessor dawn those qualities,  
 But the new glory mixes with the heaven  
 And earth ; man, once descried, imprints for ever  
 His presence on all lifeless things : the winds  
 Are henceforth voices, in a wail or shout,  
 A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh,  
 Never a senseless gust now man is born !  
 The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,  
 A secret they assemble to discuss  
 When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare  
 Like grates of hell : the peerless cup afloat  
 Of the lake-lily is an urn, some nymph  
 Swims bearing high above her head : no bird  
 Whistles unseen, but through the gaps above  
 That let light in upon the gloomy woods,  
 Ashape peeps from the breezy forest-top,  
 Arch with small puckered mouth and mocking eye :  
 The morn has enterprise, deep quiet droops  
 With evening, triumph takes the sunset hour,  
 Voluptuous transport ripens with the corn  
 Beneath a warm moon like a happy face :  
 —And this to fill us with regard for man,  
 With apprehension of his passing worth,  
 Desire to work his proper nature out,  
 And ascertain his rank and final place,  
 For these things tend still upward, progress is  
 The law of life, man's self is not yet Man !  
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end  
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,

While only here and there a star dispels  
 The darkness, here and there a towering mind  
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows : when the host  
 Is out at once to the despair of night,  
 When all mankind alike is perfected,  
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,  
 I say, begins man's general infancy !  
 For wherefore make account of feverish starts  
 Of restless members of a dormant whole,  
 Impatient nerves which quiver while the body  
 Slumbers as in a grave ? O, long ago  
 The brow was twitched, the tremulous lids astir,  
 The peaceful mouth disturbed ; half-uttered speech  
 Ruffled the lip, and then the teeth were set,  
 The breath drawn sharp, the strong right-hand clenched stronger,  
 As it would pluck a lion by the jaw ;  
 The glorious creature laughed out even in sleep !  
 But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,  
 Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,  
 He shall start up and stand on his own earth,  
 Thence shall his long triumphant march begin,  
 Thence shall his being date,—thus wholly roused,  
 What he achieves shall be set down to him !  
 When all the race is perfected alike  
 As Man, that is ; all tended to mankind,  
 And, man produced, all has its end thus far :  
 But in completed man begins anew  
 A tendency to God. Prognostics told  
 Man's near approach ; so in man's self arise  
 August anticipations, symbols, types  
 Of a dim splendour ever on before  
 In that eternal circle run by life.  
 For men begin to pass their nature's bound,

And find new hopes and cares which fast  
 supplant  
 Their proper joys and griefs ; they out-  
 grow all  
 The narrow creeds of right and wrong,  
 which fade  
 Before the unmeasured thirst for good :  
 while peace  
 Rises within them ever more and more.  
 Such men are even now upon the earth,  
 Serene amid the half-formed creatures  
 round  
 Who should be saved by them and joined  
 with them.  
 Such was my task, and I was born to it—  
 Free, as I said but now, from much that  
 chains  
 Spirits, high-dowered but limited and  
 vexed  
 By a divided and delusive aim,  
 A shadow mocking a reality  
 Whose truth avails not wholly to dis-  
 perse  
 The fitting mimic called up by itself,  
 And so remains perplexed and nigh put  
 out  
 By its fantastic fellow's wavering gleam.  
 I, from the first, was never cheated  
 thus ;  
 I never fashioned out a fancied good  
 Distinct from man's ; a service to be  
 done,  
 A glory to be ministered unto,  
 With powers put forth at man's expense,  
 withdrawn  
 From labouring in his behalf ; a strength  
 Denied that might avail him. I cared  
 not  
 Lest his success ran counter to success  
 Elsewhere : for God is glorified in man,  
 And to man's glory, vowed I soul and  
 limb.  
 Yet, constituted thus, and thus en-  
 dowed,  
 I failed : I gazed on power till I grew  
 blind.  
 On power ; I could not take my eyes  
 from that :  
 That only, I thought, should be pre-  
 served, increased  
 At any risk, displayed, struck out at  
 once—  
 The sign and note and character of man.

I saw no use in the Past : only a scene  
 Of degradation, imbecility,  
 The record of disgraces best forgotten,  
 A sullen page in human chronicles  
 Fit to erase. I saw no cause why man  
 Should not be all-sufficient even now ;  
 Or why his annals should be forced to  
 tell  
 That once the tide of light, about to  
 break  
 Upon the world, was sealed within its  
 spring :  
 I would have had one day, one moment's  
 space,  
 Change man's condition, push each  
 slumbering claim  
 Of mastery o'er the elemental world  
 At once to full maturity, then roll  
 Oblivion o'er the tools, and hide from  
 man  
 What night had ushered morn. Not so,  
 dear child  
 Of after-days, wilt thou reject the Past,  
 Big with deep warnings of the proper  
 tenure  
 By which thou hast the earth : the  
 Present for thee  
 Shall have distinct and trembling  
 beauty, seen  
 Beside that Past's own shade whence,  
 in relief,  
 Its brightness shall stand out : nor on  
 thee yet  
 Shall burst the Future, as successive  
 zones  
 Of several wonder open on some spirit  
 Flying secure and glad from heaven to  
 heaven :  
 But thou shalt painfully attain to joy,  
 While hope and fear and love shall keep  
 thee man !  
 All this was hid from me : as one by one  
 My dreams grew dim, my wide aims  
 circumscribed,  
 As actual good within my reach de-  
 creased,  
 While obstacles sprung up this way and  
 that  
 To keep me from effecting half the sum,  
 Small as it proved ; as objects, mean  
 within  
 The primal aggregate, seemed, even the  
 least,

Itself a match for my concentrated strength—

What wonder if I saw no way to shun  
Despair ? The power I sought for man,  
seemed God's.

In this conjuncture, as I prayed to die,  
A strange adventure made me know,  
one sin

Had spotted my career from its uprise ;  
I saw Aprile—my Aprile there !

And as the poor melodious wretch dis-  
burthened

His heart, and moaned his weakness in  
my ear,

I learned my own deep error ; love's  
undoing

Taught me the worth of love in man's  
estate,

And what proportion love should hold  
with power

In his right constitution ; love preceding  
Power, and with much power, always  
much more love ;

Love still too straitened in its present  
means,

And earnest for new power to set it free.  
I learned this, and supposed the whole  
was learned :

And thus, when men received with  
stupid wonder

My first revealings, would have wor-  
shipped me,

And I despised and loathed their pro-  
ffered praise—

When, with awakened eyes, they took  
revenge

For past credulity in casting shame

On my real knowledge, and I hated  
them—

It was not strange I saw no good in  
man,

To overbalance all the wear and waste  
Of faculties, displayed in vain, but born  
To prosper in some better sphere : and  
why ?

In my own heart love had not been  
made wise

To trace love's faint beginnings in man-  
kind,

To know even hate is but a mask of  
love's,

To see a good in evil, and a hope

In ill-success ; to sympathize, be proud

Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim  
Struggles for truth, their poorest fal-  
lacies,

Their prejudice and fears and cares and  
doubts ;

Which all touch upon nobleness, despite  
Their error, all tend upwardly though  
weak,

Like plants in mines which never saw  
the sun,

But dream of him, and guess where he  
may be,

And do their best to climb and get to him.  
All this I knew not, and I failed. Let  
men

Regard me, and the poet dead long ago  
Who loved too rashly ; and shape forth  
a third

And better-tempered spirit, warned by  
both :

As from the over-radiant star too mad  
To drink the light-springs, beamless  
thence itself—

And the dark orb which borders the  
abyss,

Ingulfed in icy night,—might have its  
course

A temperate and equidistant world.

Meanwhile, I have done well, though  
not all well.

As yet men cannot do without contempt ;  
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit  
awhile

That they reject the weak, and scorn the  
false,

Rather than praise the strong and true,  
in me :

But after, they will know me. If I stoop  
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon  
or late,

Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge  
one day.

You understand me ? I have said  
enough ?

*Fest.* Now die, dear Aureole !

*Par.* Festus, let my hand—

This hand, lie in your own, my own true  
friend !

Aprile ! Hand in hand with you, Aprile !

*Fest.* And this was Paracelsus !



# CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY

FLORENCE, 1850

## CHRISTMAS-EVE

### I.

OUT of the little chapel I flung,  
Into the fresh night-air again.  
Five minutes I waited, held my tongue  
In the doorway, to escape the rain  
That drove in gusts down the common's  
centre,

At the edge of which the chapel stands,  
Before I plucked up heart to enter.  
Heaven knows how many sorts of hands  
Reached past me, groping for the latch  
Of the inner door that hung on catch,  
More obstinate the more they fumbled,  
Till, giving way at last with a scold  
Of the crazy hinge, in squeezed or tum-  
bled

One sheep more to the rest in fold,  
And left me irresolute, standing sentry  
In the sheepfold's lath-and-plaster entry,  
Four feet long by two feet wide,  
Partitioned off from the vast inside—  
I blocked up half of it at least.  
No remedy; the rain kept driving.  
They eyed me much as some wild beast,  
That congregation, still arriving,  
Some of them by the main road, white  
A long way past me into the night,  
Skirting the common, then diverging;  
Not a few suddenly emerging  
From the common's self thro' the paling-  
gaps,

—They house in the gravel-pits perhaps,  
Where the road stops short with its  
safeguard border

Of lamps, as tired of such disorder;—  
But the most turned in yet more  
abruptly

From a certain squalid knot of alleys,  
Where the town's bad blood once slept  
corruptly,

Which now the little chapel rallies  
And leads into day again,—its priestli-  
ness

Lending itself to hide their beastliness

So cleverly (thanks in part to the mason),  
And putting so cheery a whitewashed  
face on

Those neophytes too much in lack of it.  
That, where you cross the common as I  
did,

And meet the party thus presided,  
'Mount Zion' with Love-lane at the  
back of it,

They front you as little disconcerted  
As, bound for the hills, her fate averted,  
And her wicked people made to mind  
him,

Lot might have marched with Gomorrah  
behind him.

### II.

Well, from the road, the lanes or the  
common,

In came the flock: the fat weary  
woman,

Panting and bewildered, down-clapping  
Her umbrella with a mighty report,  
Grounded it by me, wry and flapping,  
A wreck of whalebones; then, with a  
snort,

Like a startled horse, at the interloper  
(Who humbly knew himself improper.  
But could not shrink up small enough)

—Round to the door, and in,—the  
gruff

Hinge's invariable scold  
Making my very blood run cold.

Prompt in the wake of her, up-pattered  
On broken clogs, the many-tattered  
Little old-faced, peaking, sister-turned-  
mother

Of the sickly babe she tried to smother  
Somehow up, with its spotted face,  
From the cold, on her breast, the one  
warm place;

She too must stop, wring the poor ends  
dry

Of a draggled shawl, and add thereby  
Her tribute to the door-mat, sopping  
Already from my own clothes' dropping,

Which yet she seemed to grudge I  
 should stand on ;  
 Then, stooping down to take off her  
 pattens,  
 She bore them defiantly, in each hand  
 one,  
 Planted together before her breast  
 And its babe, as good as a lance in rest.  
 Close on her heels, the dingy satins  
 Of a female something, past me flitted,  
 With lips as much too white, as a streak  
 Lay far too red on each hollow cheek ;  
 And it seemed the very door-hinge pitied  
 All that was left of a woman once,  
 Holding at least its tongue for the nonce.  
 Then a tall yellow man, like the Penitent  
 Thief,  
 With his jaw bound up in a handker-  
 chief,  
 And eyelids screwed together tight,  
 Led himself in by some inner light.  
 And, except from him, from each that  
 entered,  
 I got the same interrogation—  
 ‘ What, you, the alien, you have ven-  
 tured  
 To take with us, the elect, your station ?  
 A carer for none of it, a Gallio ? ’—  
 Thus, plain as print, I read the glance  
 At a common prey, in each countenance  
 As of huntsman giving his hounds the  
 tallyho.  
 And, when the door’s cry drowned their  
 wonder,  
 The draught, it always sent in shutting,  
 Made the flame of the single tallow  
 candle  
 In the cracked square lantern I stood  
 under,  
 Shoot its blue lip at me, rebutting,  
 As it were, the luckless cause of scandal :  
 I verily fancied the zealous light  
 (In the chapel’s secret, too !) for spite  
 Would shudder itself clean off the wick,  
 With the airs of a Saint John’s Candle-  
 stick.  
 There was no standing it much longer.  
 ‘ Good folks,’ thought I, as resolve grew  
 stronger,  
 ‘ This way you perform the Grand-  
 Inquisitor,  
 When the weather sends you a chance  
 visitor ?

You are the men, and wisdom shall die  
 with you,  
 And none of the old Seven Churches vie  
 with you !  
 But still, despite the pretty perfection  
 To which you carry your trick of ex-  
 clusiveness,  
 And, taking God’s word under wise  
 protection,  
 Correct its tendency to diffusiveness,  
 And bid one reach it over hot plough-  
 shares,—  
 Still, as I say, though you’ve found  
 salvation,  
 If I should choose to cry, as now,  
 “ Shares ! ”—  
 See if the best of you bars me my ration !  
 I prefer, if you please, for my expounder  
 Of the laws of the feast, the feast’s own  
 Founder ;  
 Mine’s the same right with your poorest  
 and sickliest,  
 Supposing I don the marriage-vesti-  
 ment :  
 So, shut your mouth and open your  
 Testament,  
 And carve me my portion at your  
 quickest ! ’  
 Accordingly, as a shoemaker’s lad  
 With wizened face in want of soap,  
 And wet apron wound round his waist  
 like a rope,  
 (After stopping outside, for his cough  
 was bad,  
 To get the fit over, poor gentle creature,  
 And so avoid disturbing the preacher)  
 —Passed in, I sent my elbow spike-  
 wise  
 At the shutting door, and entered like-  
 wise,  
 Received the hinge’s accustomed greet-  
 ing,  
 And crossed the threshold’s magic  
 pentacle,  
 And found myself in full conventicle,  
 —To wit, in Zion Chapel Meeting,  
 On the Christmas-Eve of ’Forty-nine,  
 Which, calling its flock to their special  
 clover,  
 Found all assembled and one sheep  
 over,  
 Whose lot, as the weather pleased, was  
 mine.

## III.

I very soon had enough of it.  
 The hot smell and the human noises,  
 And my neighbour's coat, the greasy  
 cuff of it,  
 Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand  
 poises,  
 Compared with the pig-of-lead-like  
 pressure  
 Of the preaching-man's immense stu-  
 pidity,  
 As he poured his doctrine forth, full  
 measure,  
 To meet his audience's avidity.  
 You needed not the wit of the Sibyl  
 To guess the cause of it all, in a twinkling:  
 No sooner got our friend an inkling  
 Of treasure hid in the Holy Bible,  
 (Whene'er 'twas that the thought first  
 struck him,  
 How death, at unawares, might duck him  
 Deeper than the grave, and quench  
 The gin-shop's light in Hell's grim  
 drench)  
 Than he handled it so, in fine irreverence,  
 As to hug the book of books to pieces:  
 And, a patchwork of chapters and texts  
 in severance,  
 Not improved by the private dog's-ears  
 and creases,  
 Having clothed his own soul with, he'd  
 fain see equipt yours,—  
 So, tossed you again your Holy Scrip-  
 tures.  
 And you picked them up, in a sense, no  
 doubt:  
 Nay, had but a single face of my neigh-  
 bours  
 Appeared to suspect that the preacher's  
 labours  
 Were help which the world could be  
 saved without,  
 'Tis odds but I might have borne in  
 quiet  
 A qualm or two at my spiritual diet,  
 Or (who can tell?) perchance even  
 mustered  
 Somewhat to urge in behalf of the  
 sermon:  
 But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,  
 Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon  
 With such content in every snuffle,  
 As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.

My old fat woman purred with pleasure,  
 And thumb round thumb went twirling  
 faster,  
 While she, to his periods keeping  
 measure,  
 Maternally devoured the pastor.  
 The man with the handkerchief, untied it,  
 Showed us a horrible wen inside it,  
 Gave his eyelids yet another screwing,  
 And rocked himself as the woman was  
 doing.  
 The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking,  
 Kept down his cough. 'Twas too  
 provoking!  
 My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff  
 of it,  
 So, saying, like Eve when she plucked  
 the apple,  
 'I wanted a taste, and now there's  
 enough of it,'  
 I flung out of the little chapel.

## IV.

There was a lull in the rain, a lull  
 In the wind too; the moon was risen,  
 And would have shone out pure and  
 full,  
 But for the ramparted cloud-prison,  
 Block on block built up in the West,  
 For what purpose the wind knows best,  
 Who changes his mind continually.  
 And the empty other half of the sky  
 Seemed in its silence as if it knew  
 What, any moment, might look through  
 A chance-gap in that fortress massy:—  
 Through its fissures you got hints  
 Of the flying moon, by the shifting tinta,  
 Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy  
 Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow,  
 Like furnace-smoke just ere the flames  
 bellow,  
 All a-simmer with intense strain  
 To let her through,—then blank again,  
 At the hope of her appearance failing.  
 Just by the chapel, a break in the railing  
 Shows a narrow path directly across;  
 'Tis ever dry walking there, on the  
 moss—  
 Besides, you go gently all the way up-  
 hill.  
 I stooped under and soon felt better;  
 My head grew light, my limbs more  
 supple,

As I walked on, glad to have slipt the fetter.  
 My mind was full of the scene I had left,  
 That placid flock, that pastor vociferant,  
 —How this outside was pure and different !  
 The sermon, now—what a mingled weft  
 Of good and ill ! were either less,  
 Its fellow had coloured the whole distinctly ;  
 But alas for the excellent earnestness,  
 And the truths, quite true if stated succinctly,  
 But as surely false, in their quaint presentment,  
 However to pastor and flock's contentment !  
 Say rather, such truths looked false to your eyes,  
 With his provings and parallels twisted and twined,  
 Till how could you know them, grown double their size  
 In the natural fog of the good man's mind,  
 Like yonder spots of our roadside lamps  
 Haloed about with the common's damps ?  
 Truth remains true, the fault's in the prover ;  
 The zeal was good, and the aspiration ;  
 And yet, and yet, yet, fifty times over,  
 Pharaoh received no demonstration  
 By his Baker's dream of Baskets Three,  
 Of the doctrine of the Trinity,—  
 Although, as our preacher thus embellished it,  
 Apparently his hearers relished it  
 With so unfeigned a gust—who knows if  
 They did not prefer our friend to Joseph ?  
 But so it is everywhere, one way with all of them !  
 These people have really felt, no doubt,  
 A something, the motion they style the Call of them ;  
 And this is their method of bringing about,  
 By a mechanism of words and tones,  
 (So many texts in so many groans)  
 A sort of reviving or reproducing,  
 More or less perfectly, (who can tell ?—)

Of the mood itself, that strengthens by using ;  
 And how it happens, I understand well.  
 A tune was born in my head last week,  
 Out of the thump-thump and shriek-shriek  
 Of the train, as I came by it, up from Manchester ;  
 And when, next week, I take it back again,  
 My head will sing to the engine's clack again,  
 While it only makes my neighbour's haunches stir,  
 —Finding no dormant musical sprout  
 In him, as in me, to be jolted out.  
 'Tis the taught already that profits by teaching ;  
 He gets no more from the railway's preaching  
 Than, from this preacher who does the rail's office, I ;  
 Whom therefore the flock cast a jealous eye on.  
 Still, why paint over their door ' Mount Zion,'  
 To which all flesh shall come, saith the prophecy ?

v.

But wherefore be harsh on a single case ?  
 After how many modes, this Christmas-Eve,  
 Does the selfsame weary thing take place ?  
 The same endeavour to make you believe,  
 And with much the same effect, no more :  
 Each method abundantly convincing,  
 As I say, to those convinced before,  
 But scarce to be swallowed without wincing,  
 By the not-as-yet-convinced. For me,  
 I have my own church equally :  
 And in *this* church my faith sprang first !  
 (I said, as I reached the rising ground,  
 And the wind began again, with a burst  
 Of rain in my face, and a glad rebound  
 From the heart beneath, as if, God speeding me,  
 I entered His church-door, Nature leading me)

—In youth I looked to these very skies,  
And probing their immensities,  
I found God there, His visible power ;  
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense  
Of that power, an equal evidence  
That His love, there too, was the nobler  
dower.

For the loving worm within its clod,  
Were diviner than a loveless god  
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.  
You know what I mean : God's all,  
man's nought :

But also, God, whose pleasure brought  
Man into being, stands away  
As it were, a handbreadth off, to give  
Room for the newly-made to live,  
And look at Him from a place apart,  
And use His gifts of brain and heart,  
Given, indeed, but to keep for ever.  
Who speaks of man, then, must not  
sever

Man's very elements from man,  
Saying, ' But all is God's '—whose plan  
Was to create man and then leave him  
Able, His own word saith, to grieve Him,  
But able to glorify Him too,  
As a mere machine could never do,  
That prayed or praised, all unaware  
Of its fitness for aught but praise and  
prayer,

Made perfect as a thing of course.  
Man, therefore, stands on his own stock  
Of love and power as a pin-point rock,  
And, looking to God who ordained  
divorce

Of the rock from His boundless con-  
tinent,

Sees, in His power made evident,  
Only excess by a million-fold  
O'er the power God gave man in the  
mould.

For, note : man's hand, first formed to  
carry

A few pounds' weight, when taught to  
marry

Its strength with an engine's, lifts a  
mountain,

—Advancing in power by one degree ;  
And why count steps through eternity ?  
But love is the ever-springing fountain :  
Man may enlarge or narrow his bed  
For the water's play, but the water-  
head—

How can he multiply or reduce it ?  
As easy create it, as cause it to cease ;  
He may profit by it, or abuse it,  
But 'tis not a thing to bear increase  
As power does : be love less or more  
In the heart of man, he keeps it shut  
Or opes it wide, as he pleases, but  
Love's sum remains what it was before.  
So, gazing up, in my youth, at love  
As seen through power, ever above  
All modes which make it manifest,  
My soul brought all to a single test—  
That He, the Eternal First and Last,  
Who, in His power, had so surpassed  
All man conceives of what is might,—  
Whose wisdom, too, showed infinite,  
—Would prove as infinitely good ;  
Would never, (my soul understood,)  
With power to work all love desires,  
Bestow e'en less than man requires :  
That He who endlessly was teaching,  
Above my spirit's utmost reaching,  
What love can do in the leaf or stone,  
(So that to master this alone,  
This done in the stone or leaf for me,  
I must go on learning endlessly)  
Would never need that I, in turn,  
Should point him out a defect unheeded,  
And show that God had yet to learn  
What the meanest human creature  
needed,—

—Not life, to wit, for a few short years,  
Tracking His way through doubts and  
fears,

While the stupid earth on which I stay  
Suffers no change, but passive adds  
Its myriad years to myriads,  
Though I, He gave it to, decay,  
Seeing death come and choose about me,  
And my dearest ones depart without me.  
No ! love which, on earth, amid all the  
shows of it,

Has ever been seen the sole good of life  
in it,

The love, ever growing there, spite of  
the strife in it,

Shall arise, made perfect, from death's  
repose of it !

And I shall behold Thee, face to face,  
O God, and in Thy light retrace  
How in all I loved here, still wast Thou !  
Whom pressing to, then, as I fain would  
now,



I shall find as able to satiate  
The love, Thy gift, as my spirit's wonder  
Thou art able to quicken and sublimiate,  
With this sky of Thine, that I now walk  
under,

And glory in Thee for, as I gaze  
Thus, thus ! oh, let men keep their ways  
Of seeking Thee in a narrow shrine—  
Be this my way ! And this is mine !

## VI.

For lo, what think you ? suddenly  
The rain and the wind ceased, and the  
sky

Received at once the full fruition  
Of the moon's consummate apparition.  
The black cloud-barricade was riven,  
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven  
Deep in the West ; while, bare and  
breathless,

North and South and East lay ready  
For a glorious Thing, that, dauntless,  
deathless,

Sprang across them, and stood steady.  
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,  
From heaven to heaven extending,  
perfect

As the mother-moon's self, full in face.  
It rose, distinctly at the base  
With its seven proper colours chorded,  
Which still, in the rising, were com-  
pressed,

Until at last they coalesced,  
And supreme the spectral creature  
lorded

In a triumph of whitest white,—  
Above which intervened the night.  
But above night too, like only the next,  
The second of a wondrous sequence,  
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,  
Till the heaven of heavens were circum-  
flexed,

Another rainbow rose, a mightier,  
Fainter, flushier, and flightier,—  
Rapture dying along its verge !  
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,  
WHOSE, from the straining topmost dark,  
On to the keystone of that arc ?

## VII.

This sight was shown me, there and  
then,—

Me, one out of a world of men,

Singled forth, as the chance might hap  
To another, if in a thunderclap  
Where I heard noise, and you saw flame,  
Someone man knew God called his name.  
For me, I think I said, 'Appear !  
Good were it to be ever here.

If Thou wilt, let me build to Thee  
Service tabernacles Three,  
Where, forever in Thy presence,  
In ecstatic acquiescence,  
Far alike from thriftless learning  
And ignorance's undiscerning,  
I may worship and remain !'  
Thus, at the show above me, gazing  
With upturned eyes, I felt my brain  
Glutted with the glory, blazing  
Throughout its whole mass, over and  
under,

Until at length it burst asunder,  
And out of it bodily there streamed  
The too-much glory, as it seemed,  
Passing from out me to the ground,  
Then palely serpentine round  
Into the dark with mazy error.

## VIII.

All at once I looked up with terror.  
He was there.  
He Himself with His human air,  
On the narrow pathway, just before.  
I saw the back of Him, no more—  
He had left the chapel, then, as I.  
I forgot all about the sky.  
No race : only the sight  
Of a sweepy garment, vast and white,  
With a hem that I could recognize.  
I felt terror, no surprise :  
My mind filled with the cataract,  
At one bound, of the mighty fact.  
I remembered, He did say  
Doubtless, that, to this world's end,  
Where two or three should meet and  
pray,

He would be in their midst, their friend :  
Certainly He was there with them.  
And my pulses leaped for joy  
Of the golden thought without alloy,  
That I saw His very vesture's hem.  
Then rushed the blood back, cold and  
clear

With a fresh enhancing shiver of fear,  
And I hastened, cried out while I pressed  
To the salvation of the vest,

' But not so, Lord ! It cannot be  
That Thou, indeed, art leaving me—  
Me, that have despised Thy friends.  
Did my heart make no amends ?  
Thou art the love of God—above  
His power, didst hear me place His  
love,

And that was leaving the world for Thee.  
Therefore Thou must not turn from me  
As if I had chosen the other part.  
Folly and pride o'ercame my heart.  
Our best is bad, nor bears Thy test ;  
Still, it should be our very best.  
I thought it best that Thou, the Spirit,  
Be worshipped in spirit and in truth,  
And in beauty, as even we require it—  
Not in the forms burlesque, uncouth,  
I left but now, as scarcely fitted  
For Thee : I knew not what I pitied.  
But, all I felt there, right or wrong,  
What is it to Thee, who curest sinning ?  
Am I not weak as Thou art strong ?  
I have looked to Thee from the beginning,  
Straight up to Thee through all the  
world

Which, like an idle scroll, lay furled  
To nothingness on either side :  
And since the time Thou wast descried,  
Spite of the weak heart, so have I  
Lived ever, and so fain would die,  
Living and dying, Thee before !  
But if Thou leavest me—'

## IX.

Less or more,

I suppose that I spoke thus.  
When,—have mercy, Lord, on us !  
The whole Face turned upon me full.  
And I spread myself beneath it,  
As when the bleacher spreads, to seethe  
it

In the cleansing sun, his wool,—  
Steeps in the flood of noontide whiteness  
Some defiled, discoloured web—  
So lay I, saturate with brightness.  
And when the flood appeared to ebb,  
Lo, I was walking, light and swift,  
With my senses settling fast and  
steadying,

But my body caught up in the whirl and  
drift

Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying  
On, just before me, still to be followed,

As it carried me after with its motion :  
What shall I say ?—as a path were  
hollowed

And a man went weltering through the  
ocean,

Sucked along in the flying wake  
Of the luminous water-snake.

Darkness and cold were cloven, as  
through

I passed, upborne yet walking too.  
And I turned to myself at intervals,—  
' So He said, and so it befalls.

God who registers the cup  
Of mere cold water, for His sake  
To a disciple rendered up,  
Disdains not His own thirst to slake  
At the poorest love was ever offered :  
And because it was my heart I proffered.  
With true love trembling at the brim,  
He suffers me to follow Him  
For ever, my own way,—dispensed  
From seeking to be influenced  
By all the less immediate ways  
That earth, in worships manifold,  
Adopts to reach, by prayer and praise,  
The garment's hem, which, lo, I hold !'

## X.

And so we crossed the world and  
stopped.

For where am I, in city or plain,  
Since I am 'ware of the world again ?  
And what is this that rises propped  
With pillars of prodigious girth ?  
Is it really on the earth,  
This miraculous Dome of God ?  
Has the angel's measuring-rod  
Which numbered cubits, gem from  
gem,

'Twixt the gates of the New Jerusalem,  
Meted it out,—and what he meted,  
Have the sons of men completed ?  
—Binding, ever as he bade,  
Columns in this colonnade  
With arms wide open to embrace  
The entry of the human race  
To the breast of . . . what is it, yon  
building,

Ablaze in front, all paint and gilding,  
With marble for brick, and stones of price  
For garniture of the edifice ?

Now I see ; it is no dream ;  
It stands there and it does not seem :

For ever, in pictures, thus it looks,  
 And thus I have read of it in books  
 Often in England, leagues away,  
 And wondered how these fountains play,  
 Growing up eternally  
 Each to a musical water-tree,  
 Whose blossoms drop, a glittering boon,  
 Before my eyes, in the light of the moon,  
 To the granite lavers underneath.  
 Liar and dreamer in your teeth !  
 I, the sinner that speak to you,  
 Was in Rome this night, and stood, and  
     knew

Both this and more. For see, for see,  
 The dark is rent, mine eye is free  
 To pierce the crust of the outer wall,  
 And I view inside, and all there, all,  
 As the swarming hollow of a hive,  
 The whole Basilica alive !  
 Men in 'the chancel, body, and nave,  
 Men on the pillars' architrave,  
 Men on the statues, men on the tombs  
 With popes and kings in their porphyry  
     wombs,

All famishing in expectation  
 Of the main-altar's consummation.  
 For see, for see, the rapturous moment  
 Approaches, and earth's best endowment  
 Blends with Heaven's ; the taper-fires  
 Pant up, the winding brazen spires  
 Heave loftier yet the baldachin ;  
 The incense-gaspings, long kept in,  
 Suspire in clouds ; the organ blatant  
 Holds his breath and grovels latent,  
 As if God's hushing finger grazed him,  
 (Like Behemoth when He praised him)  
 At the silver bell's shrill tinkling,  
 Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling  
 On the sudden pavement strewed  
 With faces of the multitude.  
 Earth breaks up, time drops away,  
 In flows Heaven, with its new day  
 Of endless life, when He who trod,  
 Very Man and very God,  
 This earth in weakness, shame and pain,  
 Dying the death whose signs remain  
 Up yonder on the accursed tree,—  
 Shall come again, no more to be  
 Of captivity the thrall,  
 But the one God, All in all,  
 King of kings, Lord of lords,  
 As His servant John received the words,  
 'I died, and live for evermore !'

## XI.

Yet I was left outside the door.  
 Why sat I there on the threshold-stone,  
 Left till He return, alone  
 Save for the garment's extreme fold  
 Abandoned still to bless my hold ?—  
 My reason, to my doubt, replied,  
 As if a book were opened wide,  
 And at a certain page I traced  
 Every record undefaced,  
 Added by successive years,—  
 The harvestings of truth's stray ears  
 Singly gleaned, and in one sheaf  
 Bound together for belief.  
 Yes, I said—that He will go  
 And sit with these in turn, I know.  
 Their faith's heart beats, though her  
     head swims  
 Too giddily to guide her limbs,  
 Disabled by their palsy-stroke  
 From propping me. Though Rome's  
     gross yoke  
 Drops off, no more to be endured,  
 Her teaching is not so obscured  
 By errors and perversities,  
 That no truth shines athwart the lies :  
 And He, whose eye detects a spark  
 Even where, to man's, the whole seems  
     dark,  
 May well see flame where each beholder  
 Acknowledges the embers smoulder.  
 But I, a mere man, fear to quit  
 The clue God gave me as most fit  
 To guide my footsteps through life's maze,  
 Because Himself discerns all ways  
 Open to reach Him : I, a man  
 Able to mark where faith began  
 To swerve aside, till from its summit  
 Judgment drops her damning plummet,  
 Pronouncing such a fatal space  
 Departed from the Founder's base :  
 He will not bid me enter too,  
 But rather sit, as now I do,  
 Awaiting His return outside.  
 —'Twas thus my reason straight replied,  
 And joyously I turned, and pressed  
 The garment's skirt upon my breast,  
 Until, afresh its light suffusing me,  
 My heart cried,—what has been abusing  
     me  
 That I should wait here lonely and  
     coldly,  
 Instead of rising, entering boldly,

Baring truth's face, and letting drift  
Her veils of lies as they choose to  
shift ?

Do these men praise Him ? I will raise  
My voice up to their point of praise !  
I see the error ; but above  
The scope of error, see the love.—  
Oh, love of those first Christian days !  
—Fanned so soon into a blaze,  
From the spark preserved by the tram-  
pled sect,

That the antique sovereign Intellect  
Which then sat ruling in the world,  
Like a change in dreams, was hurled  
From the throne he reigned upon :  
—You looked up, and he was gone !  
Gone, his glory of the pen !  
—Love, with Greece and Rome in ken,  
Bade her scribes abhor the trick  
Of poetry and rhetoric,  
And exult, with hearts set free,  
In blessed imbecility  
Scrawled, perchance, on some torn  
sheet,

Leaving Sallust incomplete.  
Gone, his pride of sculptor, painter !  
—Love, while able to acquaint her  
With the thousand statues yet  
Fresh from chisel, pictures wet  
From brush, she saw on every side,  
Chose rather with an infant's pride  
To frame those portents which impart  
Such unction to true Christian Art.  
Gone, music too ! The air was stirred  
By happy wings : Terpander's bird  
(That, when the cold came, fled away)  
Would tarry not the wintry day,—  
As more-enduring sculpture must,  
Till a filthy saint rebuked the gust  
With which he chanced to get a sight  
Of some dear naked Aphrodite  
He glanced a thought above the toes of,  
By breaking zealously her nose off.  
Love, surely, from that music's lin-  
gering,  
Might have filched her organ-fingering,  
Nor chosen rather to set prayings  
To hog-grunts, praises to horse-  
neighings.  
Love was the startling thing, the new ;  
Love was the all-sufficient too ;  
And seeing that, you see the rest :  
As a babe can find its mother's breast

As well in darkness as in light,  
Love shut our eyes, and all seemed  
right.

True, the world's eyes are open now :  
—Less need for me to disallow  
Some few that keep Love's zone un-  
buckled,

Peevish as ever to be suckled,  
Lulled by the same old baby-prattle  
With intermixture of the rattle,  
When she would have them creep,  
stand steady

Upon their feet, or walk already,  
Not to speak of trying to climb.  
I will be wise another time,  
And not desire a wall between us,  
When next I see a church-roof cover  
So many species of one genus,  
All with foreheads bearing *Lover*  
Written above the earnest eyes of them ;  
All with breasts that beat for beauty,  
Whether sublimed, to the surprise of  
them,

In noble daring, steadfast duty,  
The heroic in passion, or in action,—  
Or, lowered for the senses' satisfaction,  
To the mere outside of human creatures,  
Mere perfect form and faultless features  
What ? with all Rome here, whence to  
levy

Such contributions to their appetite,  
With women and men in a gorgeous  
bevy,

They take, as it were, a padlock, and it  
tight

On their southern eyes, restrained from  
feeding

On the glories of their ancient reading,  
On the beauties of their modern singing,  
On the wonders of the builder's bringing.  
On the majesties of Art around them,—  
And, all these loves, late struggling in-  
cessant,

When faith has at last united and  
bound them,

They offer up to God for a present ?  
Why, I will, on the whole, be rather  
proud of it,—

And, only taking the act in reference  
To the other recipients who might have  
allowed of it,

I will rejoice that God had the pre-  
ference.

## XII.

So I summed up my new resolves :  
 Too much love there can never be.  
 And where the intellect devolves  
 Its function on love exclusively,  
 I, a man who possesses both,  
 Will accept the provision, nothing loth,  
 —Will feast my love, then depart else-  
 where,  
 That my intellect may find its share.  
 And ponder, O soul, the while thou  
 departest,  
 And see thou applaud the great heart of  
 the artist,  
 Who, examining the capabilities  
 Of the block of marble he has to fashion  
 Into a type of thought or passion,—  
 Not always, using obvious facilities,  
 Shapes it, as any artist can,  
 Into a perfect symmetrical man,  
 Complete from head to foot of the life-  
 size,  
 Such as old Adam stood in his wife's  
 eyes,—  
 But, now and then, bravely aspires to  
 consummate  
 A Colossus by no means so easy to come  
 at,  
 And uses the whole of his block for the  
 bust,  
 Leaving the minds of the public to finish  
 it,  
 Since cut it ruefully short he must :  
 On the face alone he expends his devo-  
 tion,  
 He rather would mar than resolve to  
 diminish it,  
 —Saying, ' Applaud me for this grand  
 notion  
 Of what a face may be ! As for com-  
 pleting it  
 In breast and body and limbs, do *that*,  
*you !*  
 All hail ! I fancy how, happily meeting  
 it,  
 A trunk and legs would perfect the  
 statue,  
 Could man carve so as to answer volition.  
 And how much nobler than petty cavils,  
 Were a hope to find, in my spirit-travels,  
 Some artist of another ambition,  
 Who **having** a block to carve, no bigger,

Has spent his power on the opposite  
 quest,  
 And believed to begin at the feet was  
 best—  
 For so may I see, ere I die, the whole  
 figure !

## XIII.

No sooner said than out in the night !  
 My heart beat lighter and more light :  
 And still, as before, I was walking swift,  
 With my senses settling fast and  
 steadying,  
 But my body caught up in the whirl and  
 drift  
 Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying  
 On just before me, still to be followed,  
 As it carried me after with its motion,  
 —What shall I say ?—as a path were  
 hollowed,  
 And a man went weltering through the  
 ocean,  
 Sucked along in the flying wake  
 Of the luminous water-snake.

## XIV.

Alone ! I am left alone once more—  
 (Save for the garment's extreme fold  
 Abandoned still to bless my hold)  
 Alone, beside the entrance-door  
 Of a sort of temple,—perhaps a college,  
 —Like nothing I ever saw before  
 At home in England, to my knowledge.  
 The tall, old, quaint, irregular town !  
 It may be . . . though *which*, I can't  
 affirm . . . any  
 Of the famous middle-age towns of  
 Germany ;  
 And this flight of stairs where I sit down,  
 Is it Halle, Weimar, Cassel, or Frankfort,  
 Or Göttingen, that I have to thank  
 for 't ?  
 It may be Göttingen,—most likely.  
 Through the open door I catch obliquely  
 Glimpses of a lecture-hall ;  
 And not a bad assembly neither—  
 Ranged decent and symmetrical  
 On benches, waiting what's to see there ;  
 Which, holding still by the vesture's  
 hem,  
 I also resolve to see with them,  
 Cautious this time how I suffer to slip  
 The chance of joining in fellowship



With any that call themselves His  
 friends,  
 As these folks do, I have a notion.  
 But hist—a buzzing and emotion !  
 All settle themselves, the while ascends  
 By the creaking rail to the lecture-  
 desk,  
 Step by step, deliberate  
 Because of his cranium's over-freight,  
 Three parts sublime to one grotesque,  
 If I have proved an accurate guesser,  
 The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Pro-  
 fessor.  
 I felt at once as if there ran  
 A shoot of love from my heart to the  
 man—  
 That sallow, virgin-minded, studious  
 Martyr to mild enthusiasm,  
 As he uttered a kind of cough-preludious  
 That woke my sympathetic spasm,  
 (Beside some spitting that made me  
 sorry)  
 And stood, surveying his auditory  
 With a wan pure look, wellnigh  
 celestial,—  
 Those blue eyes had survived so much !  
 While, under the foot they could not  
 smutch,  
 Lay all the fleshly and the bestial.  
 Over he bowed, and arranged his notes,  
 Till the auditory's clearing of throats  
 Was done with, died into a silence ;  
 And, when each glance was upward sent,  
 Each bearded mouth composed intent,  
 And a pin might be heard drop half a  
 mile hence,—  
 He pushed back higher his spectacles,  
 Let the eyes stream out like lamps from  
 cells,  
 And giving his head of hair—a hake  
 Of undressed tow, for colour and quan-  
 tity—  
 One rapid and impatient shake,  
 (As our own young England adjusts  
 a jaunty tie  
 When about to impart, on mature di-  
 gestion,  
 Some thrilling view of the surplice-  
 question)  
 —The Professor's grave voice, sweet  
 though hoarse,  
 Broke into his Christmas-Eve's dis-  
 course.

## xv.

And he began it by observing  
 How reason dictated that men  
 Should rectify the natural swerving,  
 By a reversion, now and then,  
 To the well-heads of knowledge, few  
 And far away, whence rolling grew  
 The life-stream wide whereat we drink,  
 Commingled, as we needs must think,  
 With waters alien to the source ;  
 To do which, aimed this eve's discourse :  
 Since, where could be a fitter time  
 For tracing backward to its prime,  
 This Christianity, this lake,  
 This reservoir, whereat we slake,  
 From one or other bank, our thirst ?  
 So, he proposed inquiring first  
 Into the various sources whence  
 This Myth of Christ is derivable ;  
 Demanding from the evidence,  
 (Since plainly no such life was liveable)  
 How these phenomena should class ?  
 Whether 'twere best opine Christ was,  
 Or never was at all, or whether  
 He was and was not, both together—  
 It matters little for the name,  
 So the Idea be left the same.  
 Only, for practical purpose' sake,  
 'Twas obviously as well to take  
 The popular story,—understanding  
 How the ineptitude of the time,  
 And the penman's prejudice, expanding  
 Fact into fable fit for the clime,  
 Had, by slow and sure degrees, trans-  
 lated it  
 Into this myth, this Individuum,—  
 Which, when reason had strained and  
 abated it  
 Of foreign matter, gave, for residuum,  
 A Man !—a right true man, however,  
 Whose work was worthy a man's en-  
 deavour :  
 Work, that gave warrant almost suffi-  
 cient  
 To his disciples, for rather believing  
 He was just omnipotent and omniscient,  
 As it gives to us, for as frankly receiving  
 His word, their tradition,—which,  
 though it meant  
 Something entirely different  
 From all that those who only heard it,  
 In their simplicity thought and averred  
 it,

Had yet a meaning quite as respectable :  
 For, among other doctrines delectable,  
 Was he not surely the first to insist on  
 The natural sovereignty of our race ?—  
 Herethelecturer came to a pausing-place.  
 And while his cough, like a drouthy  
 piston,  
 Tried to dislodge the husk that grew to  
 him,  
 I seized the occasion of bidding adieu  
 to him,  
 The vesture still within my hand.

## XVI.

I could interpret its command.  
 This time He would not bid me enter  
 The exhausted air-bell of the Critic.  
 Truth's atmosphere may grow mephitic  
 When Papist struggles with Dissenter,  
 Impregnating its pristine clarity,  
 —One, by his daily fare's vulgarity,  
 Its gust of broken meat and garlic ;  
 —One, by his soul's too-much presuming  
 To turn the frankincense's fuming  
 And vapours of the candle starlike  
 Into the cloud her wings she buoys on.  
 Each, that thus sets the pure air seething,  
 May poison it for healthy breathing—  
 But the Critic leaves no air to poison ;  
 Pumps out by a ruthless ingenuity  
 Atom by atom, and leaves you—vacuity.  
 Thus much of Christ, does he reject ?  
 And what retain ? His intellect ?  
 What is it I must reverence duly ?  
 Poor intellect for worship, truly,  
 Which tells me simply what was told  
 (If mere morality, bereft  
 Of the God in Christ, be all that's left)  
 Elsewhere by voices manifold ;  
 With this advantage, that the stater  
 Made nowise the important stumble  
 Of adding, he, the sage and humble,  
 Was also one with the Creator.  
 You urge Christ's followers' simplicity :  
 But how does shifting blame, evade it ?  
 Have wisdom's words no more felicity ?  
 The stumbling-block, His speech—who  
 laid it ?  
 How comes it that for one found able  
 To sift the truth of it from fable,  
 Millions believe it to the letter ?  
 Christ's goodness, then—does that fare  
 better ?

Strange goodness, which upon the  
 score  
 Of being goodness, the mere due  
 Of man to fellow-man, much more  
 To God,—should take another view  
 Of its possessor's privilege,  
 And bid him rule his race ! You pledge  
 Your fealty to such rule ? What, all—  
 From Heavenly John and Attie Paul,  
 And that brave weather-battered Peter  
 Whose stout faith only stood completer  
 For buffets, sinning to be pardoned,  
 As the more his hands hauled nets, they  
 hardened,—  
 All, down to you, the man of men,  
 Professing here at Göttingen,  
 Compose Christ's flock ! They, you and I,  
 Are sheep of a good man ! and why ?  
 The goodness,—how did he acquire it ?  
 Was it self-gained, did God inspire it ?  
 Choose which ; then tell me, on what  
 ground  
 Should its possessor dare propound  
 His claim to rise o'er us an inch ?  
 Were goodness all some man's invention,  
 Who arbitrarily made mention  
 What we should follow, and where  
 flinch,—  
 What qualities might take the style  
 Of right and wrong,—and had such  
 guessing  
 Met with as general acquiescing  
 As graced the Alphabet erewhile,  
 When A got leave an Ox to be,  
 No Camel (quoth the Jews) like G,—  
 For thus inventing thing and title  
 Worship were that man's fit requital.  
 But if the common conscience must  
 Be ultimately judge, adjust  
 Its apt name to each quality  
 Already known,—I would decree  
 Worship for such mere demonstration  
 And simple work of nomenclature,  
 Only the day I praised, not Nature,  
 But Harvey, for the circulation.  
 I would praise such a Christ, with pride  
 And joy, that he, as none beside,  
 Had taught us how to keep the mind  
 God gave him, as God gave his kind,  
 Freer than they from fleshly taint :  
 I would call such a Christ our Saint,  
 As I declare our Poet, him  
 Whose insight makes all others dim :

A thousand poets pried at life,  
And only one amid the strife  
Rose to be Shakespeare: each shall  
take

His crown, I'd say, for the world's sake—  
Though some objected—'Had we seen  
The heart and head of each, what screen  
Was broken there to give them light,  
While in ourselves it shuts the sight,  
We should no more admire, perchance,  
That these found truth out at a glance,  
Than marvel how the bat discerns  
Some pitch-dark cavern's fifty turns,  
Led by a finer tact, a gift  
He boasts, which other birds must shift  
Without, and grope as best they can.'  
No, freely I would praise the man,—  
Nor one whit more, if he contended  
That gift of his, from God, descended.  
Ah, friend, what gift of man's does not ?  
No nearer Something, by a jot,  
Rise an infinity of Nothings  
Than one : take Euclid for your teacher :  
Distinguish kinds : do crownings,  
clothings,

Make that Creator which was creature ?  
Multiply gifts upon his head,  
And what, when all's done, shall be  
said

But—the more gifted he, I ween !  
That one's made Christ, this other,  
Pilate,

And This might be all That has been,—  
So what is there to frown or smile at ?  
What is left for us, save, in growth  
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,  
From the gift looking to the Giver,  
And from the cistern to the River,  
And from the finite to Infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity ?

## XVII.

Take all in a word : the truth in God's  
breast

Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed :  
Though He is so bright and we so dim,  
We are made in His image to witness  
Him ;

And were no eye in us to tell,  
Instructed by no inner sense,  
The light of Heaven from the dark of  
Hell,

That light would want its evidence,—

Though Justice, Good and Truth were  
still

Divine, if, by some demon's will,  
Hatred and wrong had been proclaimed  
Law through the worlds, and Right  
misnamed.

No mere exposition of morality  
Made or in part or in totality,  
Should win you to give it worship,  
therefore :

And, if no better proof you will care for,  
—Whom do you count the worst man  
upon earth ?

Be sure, he knows, in his conscience,  
more

Of what Right is, than arrives at  
birth

In the best man's acts that we bow  
before :

This last *knows* better—true, but my  
fact is,

'Tis one thing to know, and another to  
practise.

And thence I conclude that the real God-  
function

Is to furnish a motive and injunction  
For practising what we know already,  
And such an injunction and such a  
motive

As the God in Christ, do you waive, and  
'heady,

High-minded,' hang your tablet-votive  
Outside the fane on a finger-post ?

Morality to the uttermost,  
Supreme in Christ as we all confess,  
Why need *we* prove would avail no jot  
To make Him God, if God He were  
not ?

What is the point where Himself lays  
stress ?

Does the precept run 'Believe in Good,  
In Justice, Truth, now understood  
For the first time ?'—or, 'Believe in  
Me,

Who lived and died, yet essentially  
Am Lord of Life ?' Whoever can  
take

The same to his heart and for mere  
love's sake

Conceive of the love,—that man obtains  
A new truth ; no conviction gains  
Of an old one only, made intense  
By a fresh appeal to his faded sense.

## XVIII.

Can it be that He stays inside ?  
Is the vesture left me to commune with ?  
Could my soul find aught to sing in tune  
with

Even at this lecture, if she tried ?  
Oh, let me at lowest sympathize  
With the lurking drop of blood that lies  
In the desiccated brain's white roots  
Without a throb for Christ's attributes,  
As the Lecturer makes his special boast !  
If love 's dead there, it has left a ghost.  
Admire we, how from heart to brain  
(Though to say so strike the doctors  
dumb)

One instinct rises and falls again,  
Restoring the equilibrium.  
And how when the Critic had done his  
best,

And the Pearl of Price, at reason's test,  
Lay dust and ashes levigable  
On the Professor's lecture-table ;  
When we looked for the inference and  
monition

That our faith, reduced to such a con-  
dition,  
Be swept forthwith to its natural dust-  
hole,—

He bids us, when we least expect it,  
Take back our faith,—if it be not just  
whole,

Yet a pearl indeed, as his tests affect it,  
Which fact pays the damage done  
rewardingly,

So, prize we our dust and ashes accord-  
ingly !

' Go home and venerate the Myth  
I thus have experimented with—  
This Man, continue to adore him  
Rather than all who went before him,  
And all who ever followed after ! '—  
Surely for this I may praise you, my  
brother !

Will you take the praise in tears or  
laughter ?

That 's one point gained : can I com-  
pass another ?

Unlearned love was safe from spurning—  
Can't we respect your loveless learning ?  
Let us at least give Learning honour !  
What laurels had we showered upon  
her,

Girding her loins up to perturb  
Our theory of the Middle Verb ;  
Or Turk-like brandishing a scimitar  
O'er anapaests in comic-trimeter ;  
Or curing the halt and maimed Iketides,  
While we lounged on at our indebted  
ease :

Instead of which, a tricky demon  
Sets her at Titus or Philemon !  
When Ignorance wags his ears of leather  
And hates God's word, 'tis altogether ;  
Nor leaves he his congenial thistles  
To go and browse on Paul's Epistles.  
—And you, the audience, who might  
ravage

The world wide, enviably savage,  
Nor heed the cry of the retriever,  
More than Herr Heine (before his  
fever),—

I do not tell a lie so arrant  
As say my passion's wings are furled up,  
And, without the plainest Heavenly  
warrant,

I were ready and glad to give this  
world up—  
But still, when you rub the brow  
meticulous,

And ponder the profit of turning holy  
If not for God's, for your own sake solely,  
—God forbid I should find you ridicu-  
lous !

Deduce from this lecture all that eases  
you,

Nay, call yourselves, if the calling pleases  
you,

' Christians,' — abhor the Deist's  
pravity,—

Go on, you shall no more move my  
gravity,

Than, when I see boys ride a-cockhorse  
I find it in my heart to embarrass them  
By hinting that their stick's a mockhorse,  
And they really carry what they say  
carries them.

## XIX.

So sat I talking with my mind.  
I did not long to leave the door  
And find new church, as before,  
But rather was quiet and inclined  
To prolong and enjoy the gentle resting  
From further tracking and trying and  
testing.

This tolerance is a genial mood !  
 (Said I, and a little pause ensued).  
 One trims the bark 'twixt shoal and  
     shelf,

And sees, each side, the good effects of it,  
 A value for religion's self,  
 A carelessness about the sects of it.  
 Let me enjoy my own conviction,  
 Not watch my neighbour's faith with  
     fretfulness,

Still spying there some dereliction  
 Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness !  
 Better a mild indifferentism,  
 Teaching that all our faiths (though  
     duller

His shine through a dull spirit's prism)  
 Originally had one colour—  
 Sending me on a pilgrimage  
 Through ancient and through modern  
     times

To many peoples, various climes,  
 Where I may see Saint, Savage, Sage  
 Fuse their respective creeds in one  
 Before the general Father's throne !

## XX.

—'Twas the horrible storm began afresh !  
 The black night caught me in his mesh  
 Whirled me up, and flung me prone.  
 I was left on the college-step alone.  
 I looked, and far there, ever fleeting  
 Far, far away, the receding gesture,  
 And looming of the lessening vesture !—  
 Swept forward from my stupid hand,  
 While I watched my foolish heart ex-  
     pand

In the lazy glow of benevolence,  
 O'er the various modes of man's belief.  
 I sprang up with fear's vehemence.  
 —Needs must there be one way, our  
     chief

Best way of worship : let me strive  
 To find it, and when found, contrive  
 My fellows also take their share !  
 This constitutes my earthly care :  
 God's is above it and distinct.  
 For I, a man, with men am linked,  
 And not a brute with brutes ; no  
     gain

That I experience, must remain  
 Unshared : but should my best en-  
     deavour

To share it, fail—subsisteth ever

God's care above, and I exult  
 That God, by God's own ways occult,  
 May—doth, I will believe—bring back  
 All wanderers to a single track.

Meantime, I can but testify  
 God's care for me—no more, can I—  
 It is but for myself I *know* ;  
 The world rolls witnessing around me  
 Only to leave me as it found me ;  
 Men cry there, but my ear is slow :  
 Their races flourish or decay  
 —What boots it, while yon lucid way  
 Loaded with stars, divides the vault ?  
 But soon my soul repairs its fault  
 When, sharpening sense's hebetude,  
 She turns on my own life ! So viewed,  
 No mere mote's-breadth but teems  
     immense

With witnessings of Providence :  
 And woe to me if when I look  
 Upon that record, the sole book  
 Unsealed to me, I take no heed  
 Of any warning that I read !  
 Have I been sure, this Christmas-Eve,  
 God's own hand did the rainbow weave,  
 Whereby the truth from heaven slid  
 Into my soul ?—I cannot bid  
 The world admit He stooped to heal  
 My soul, as if in a thunder-peal  
 Where one heard noise, and one saw  
     flame,

I only knew He named my name :  
 But what is the world to me, for sorrow  
 Or joy in its censure, when to-morrow  
 It drops the remark, with just-turned  
     head

Then, on again—that man is dead ?  
 Yes, but for me—my name called,—  
     drawn

As a conscript's lot from the lap's black  
     yawn,

He has dipt into on a battle-dawn :  
 Bid out of life by a nod, a glance,—  
 Stumbling, mute-mazed, at nature's  
     chance,—

With a rapid finger circled round,  
 Fixed to the first poor inch of ground  
 To fight from, where his foot was  
     found ;

Whose ear but a minute since lay  
     free

To the wide camp's buzz and gossipry—  
 Summoned, a solitary man,



To end his life where his life began,  
From the safe glad rear, to the dreadful  
van !  
Soul of mine, hadst thou caught and held  
By the hem of the vesture !—

## XXI.

And I caught  
At the flying robe, and unrepelled  
Was lapped again in its folds full-  
fraught  
With warmth and wonder and delight,  
God's mercy being infinite.  
For scarce had the words escaped my  
tongue,  
When, at a passionate bound, I sprung  
Out of the wandering world of rain,  
Into the little chapel again.

## XXII.

How else was I found there, bolt up-  
right  
On my bench, as if I had never left it ?  
—Never flung out on the common at  
night  
Nor met the storm and wedge-like  
cleft it,  
Seen the raree-show of Peter's successor,  
Or the laboratory of the Professor !  
For the Vision, *that* was true, I wist,  
True as that heaven and earth exist.  
There sat my friend, the yellow and tall,  
With his neck and its wen in the self-  
same place ;  
Yet my nearest neighbour's cheek showed  
gall,  
She had slid away a contemptuous  
space :  
And the old fat woman, late so placable,  
Eyed me with symptoms, hardly mis-  
takable,  
Of her milk of kindness turning rancid.  
In short, a spectator might have fancied  
That I had nodded betrayed by slumber,  
Yet kept my seat, a warning ghastly,  
Through the heads of the sermon, nine  
in number,  
And woke up now at the tenth and  
lastly.  
But again, could such a disgrace have  
happened ?  
Each friend at my elbow had surely  
nudged it ;

And, as for the sermon, where did my  
nap end ?  
Unless I heard it, could I have judged  
it ?  
Could I report as I do at the close,  
First, the preacher speaks through his  
nose :  
Second, his gesture is too emphatic :  
Thirdly, to waive what's pedagogic,  
The subject-matter itself lacks logic :  
Fourthly, the English is ungrammatic.  
Great news ! the preacher is found no  
Pascal,  
Whom, if I pleased, I might to the task  
call  
Of making square to a finite eye  
The circle of infinity,  
And find so all-but-just-succeeding !  
Great news ! the sermon proves no  
reading  
Where bee-like in the flowers I may  
bury me,  
Like Taylor's, the immortal Jeremy !  
And now that I know the very worst of  
him,  
What was it I thought to obtain at first  
of him ?  
Ha ! Is God mocked, as He asks ?  
Shall I take on me to change His tasks,  
And dare, dispatched to a river-head  
For a simple draught of the element,  
Neglect the thing for which He sent,  
And return with another thing instead ?—  
Saying, ' Because the water found  
Welling up from underground,  
Is mingled with the taints of earth,  
While Thou, I know, dost laugh at  
dearth,  
And couldest, at a word, convulse  
The world with the leap of its river-  
pulse,—  
Therefore I turned from the ooings  
muddy,  
And bring thee a chalice I found,  
instead :  
See the brave veins in the breccia ruddy !  
One would suppose that the marble bled.  
What matters the water ? A hope I  
have nursed,  
That the waterless cup will quench my  
thirst.'  
—Better have knelt at the poorest  
stream

That trickles in pain from the straitest rift !  
 For the less or the more is all God's gift,  
 Who blocks up or breaks wide the granite-seam.  
 And here, is there water or not, to drink ?  
 I, then, in ignorance and weakness,  
 Taking God's help, have attained to think  
 My heart does best to receive in meekness  
 That mode of worship, as most to His mind,  
 Where earthly aids being cast behind,  
 His All in All appears serene  
 With the thinnest human veil between,  
 Letting the mystic Lamps, the Seven,  
 The many motions of His spirit,  
 Pass, as they list, to earth from Heaven.  
 For the preacher's merit or demerit,  
 It were to be wished the flaws were fewer  
 In the earthen vessel, holding treasure,  
 Which lies as safe in a golden ewer ;  
 But the main thing is, does it hold good measure ?  
 Heaven soon sets right all other matters !—  
 Ask, else, these ruins of humanity,  
 This flesh worn out to rags and tatters,  
 This soul at struggle with insanity,  
 Who thence take comfort, can I doubt,  
 Which an empire gained, were a loss without.  
 May it be mine ! And let us hope  
 That no worse blessing befall the Pope,  
 Turn'd sick at last of the day's buffoonery,  
 Of its posturings and its petticoatings,  
 Beside his Bourbon bully's gloatings  
 In the bloody orgies of drunk poltroonery !  
 Nor may the Professor forego its peace  
 At Göttingen, presently, when, in the dusk  
 Of his life, if his cough, as I fear, should increase,  
 Prophesied of by that horrible husk ;  
 When, thicker and thicker, the darkness fills  
 The world through his misty spectacles,  
 And he gropes for something more substantial  
 Than a fable, myth, or personification,—  
 May Christ do for him, what no mere man shall,  
 And stand confessed as the God of salvation !

Meantime, in the still recurring fear  
 Lest myself, at unawares, be found,  
 While attacking the choice of my neighbours round,  
 Without my own made—I choose here !  
 The giving out of the hymn reclaims me ;  
 I have done !—And if any blames me,  
 Thinking that merely to touch in brevity  
 The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—  
 Or, worse, that I trench, with undue levity,  
 On the bounds of the holy and the awful,—  
 I praise the heart, and pity the head of him,  
 And refer myself to THEE, instead of him,  
 Who head and heart alike discernest,  
 Looking below light speech we utter  
 When the frothy spume and frequent sputter  
 Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest !  
 May the truth shine out, stand ever before us !  
 I put up pencil and join chorus  
 To Hepzibah Tune, without further apology,  
 The last five verses of the third section  
 Of the seventeenth hymn in Whitfield's Collection,  
 To conclude with the doxology.

## EASTER-DAY

## I.

How very hard it is to be  
 A Christian ! Hard for you and me,  
 —Not the mere task of making real  
 That duty up to its ideal,  
 Effecting thus, complete and whole,  
 A purpose of the human soul—  
 For that is always hard to do ;  
 But hard, I mean, for me and you  
 To realize it, more or less,  
 With even the moderate success  
 Which commonly repays our strife  
 To carry out the aims of life.  
 'This aim is greater,' you will say,  
 'And so more arduous every way.'  
 —But the importance of their fruits  
 Still proves to man, in all pursuits,

Proportional encouragement.

'Then, what if it be God's intent  
That labour to this one result  
Should seem unduly difficult ?'  
Ah, that's a question in the dark—  
And the sole thing that I remark  
Upon the difficulty, this ;  
We do not see it where it *is*,  
At the beginning of the race :  
As we proceed, it shifts its place,  
And where we looked for crowns to fall,  
We find the tug's to come,—that's all.

## II.

At first you say, 'The whole, or chief  
Of difficulties, is Belief.  
Could I believe once thoroughly,  
The rest were simple. What ? Am I  
An idiot, do you think,—a beast ?  
Prove to me, only that the least  
Command of God is God's indeed,  
And what injunction shall I need  
To pay obedience ? Death so nigh,  
When time must end, eternity  
Begin,—and cannot I compute,  
Weigh loss and gain together, suit  
My actions to the balance drawn,  
And give my body to be sawn  
Asunder, hacked in pieces, tied  
To horses, stoned, burned, crucified,  
Like any martyr of the list ?  
How gladly !—if I made acquit,  
Through the brief minute's fierce annoy,  
Of God's eternity of joy.'

## III.

—And certainly you name the point  
Whereon all turns : for could you joint  
This flexile finite life once tight  
Into the fixed and infinite,  
You, safe inside, would spurn what's out,  
With carelessness enough, no doubt—  
Would spurn mere life : but when time  
brings

To their next stage your reasonings,  
Your eyes, late wide, begin to wink  
Nor see the path so well, I think.

## IV.

You say, 'Faith may be, one agrees,  
A touchstone for God's purposes,  
Even as ourselves conceive of them.  
Could He acquit us or condemn

For holding what no hand can loose,  
Rejecting when we can't but choose ?  
As well award the victor's wreath  
To whosoever should take breath  
Duly each minute while he lived—  
Grant Heaven, because a man contrived  
To see its sunlight every day  
He walked forth on the public way.  
You must mix some uncertainty  
With faith, if you would have faith *be*.  
Why, what but faith, do we abhor  
And idolize each other for—  
Faith in our evil, or our good,  
Which is or is not understood  
Aright by those we love or those  
We hate, thence called our friends or  
foes ?

Your mistress saw your spirit's grace,  
When, turning from the ugly face,  
I found belief in it too hard ;  
And she and I have our reward.  
—Yet here a doubt peeps : well for us  
Weak beings, to go using thus  
A touchstone for our little ends,  
Trying with faith the foes and friends ;  
—But God, bethink you ! I would fain  
Conceive of the Creator's reign  
As based upon exacter laws  
Than creatures build by with applause.  
In all God's acts—(as Plato cries  
He doth)—He *should* geometrize.  
Whence, I desiderate . . .'

## V.

I see !

You would grow as a natural tree,  
Stand as a rock, soar up like fire.  
The world's so perfect and entire,  
Quite above faith, so right and fit !  
Go there, walk up and down in it !  
No. The creation travails, groans—  
Contrive your music from its moans,  
Without or let or hindrance, friend !  
That's an old story, and its end  
As old—you come back (be sincere)  
With every question you put here  
(Here where there once was, and is  
still,

We think, a living oracle,  
Whose answers you stand carping at)  
This time flung back unanswered flat,—  
Besides, perhaps, as many more  
As those that drove you out before,

Now added, where was little need !  
 Questions impossible, indeed,  
 To us who sat still, all and each  
 Persuaded that our earth had speech  
 Of God's, writ down, no matter if  
 In cursive type or hieroglyph,—  
 Which one fact freed us from the yoke  
 Of guessing why He never spoke.  
 You come back in no better plight  
 Than when you left us,—am I right ?

## VI.

So, the old process, I conclude,  
 Goes on, the reasoning's pursued  
 Further. You own, 'Tis well averred,  
 A scientific faith's absurd,  
 —Frustrates the very end 'twas meant  
 To serve. So, I would rest content  
 With a mere probability,  
 But, probable ; the chance must lie  
 Clear on one side,—lie all in rough,  
 So long as there be just enough  
 To pin my faith to, though it hap  
 Only at points : from gap to gap  
 One hangs up a huge curtain so,  
 Grandly, nor seeks to have it go  
 Foldless and flat along the wall.  
 —What care I if some interval  
 Of life less plainly may depend  
 On God ? I'd hang there to the end ;  
 And thus I should not find it hard  
 To be a Christian and debarred  
 From trailing on the earth, till furl'd  
 Away by death.—Renounce the world !  
 Were that a mighty hardship ? Plan  
 A pleasant life, and straight some man  
 Beside you, with, if he thought fit,  
 Abundant means to compass it,  
 Shall turn deliberate aside  
 To try and live as, if you tried  
 You clearly might, yet most despise.  
 One friend of mine wears out his  
 eyes,

Slighting the stupid joys of sense,  
 In patient hope that, ten years hence,  
 "Somewhat completer," he may say,  
 "My list of *coleoptera* !"  
 While just the other who most laughs  
 At him, above all epitaphs  
 Aspires to have his tomb describe  
 Himself as Sole among the tribe  
 Of snuffbox-fanciers, who possessed  
 A Grignon with the Regent's crest.

So that, subduing, as you want,  
 Whatever stands predominant  
 Among my earthly appetites  
 For tastes, and smells, and sounds, and  
 sights,  
 I shall be doing that alone,  
 To gain a palm-branch and a throne,  
 Which fifty people undertake  
 To do, and gladly, for the sake  
 Of giving a Semitic guess,  
 Or playing pawns at blindfold chess.'

## VII.

Good ! and the next thing is,—look  
 round

For evidence enough. 'Tis found,  
 No doubt : as is your sort of mind,  
 So is your sort of search—you'll find  
 What you desire, and that's to be  
 A Christian. What says history ?  
 How comforting a point it were  
 To find some mummy-scrap declare  
 There lived a Moses ! Better still,  
 Prove Jonah's whale translatable  
 Into some quicksand of the seas,  
 Isle, cavern, rock, or what you please,  
 That faith might clap her wings and crow  
 From such an eminence ! Or, no—  
 The human heart's best ; you prefer  
 Making that prove the minister  
 Totruth ; you probe its wants and needs,  
 And hopes and fears, then try what  
 creeds

Meet these most aptly,—resolute  
 That faith plucks such substantial fruit  
 Wherever these two correspond  
 She little needs to look beyond,  
 And puzzle out who Orpheus was,  
 Or Dionysius Zagrias.  
 You'll find sufficient, as I say,  
 To satisfy you either way ;  
 You wanted to believe ; your pains  
 Are crowned—you do : and what re-  
 mains ?

'Renounce the world !'—Ah, were it  
 done

By merely cutting one by one  
 Your limbs off, with your wise head last,  
 How easy were it !—how soon past,  
 If once in the believing mood !  
 'Such is man's usual gratitude,  
 Such thanks to God do we return,  
 For not exacting that we spurn

A single gift of life, forego  
 One real gain,—only taste them so  
 With gravity and temperance,  
 That those mild virtues may enhance  
 Such pleasures, rather than abstract—  
 Last spice of which, will be the fact  
 Of love discerned in every gift ;  
 While, when the scene of life shall shift,  
 And the gay heart be taught to ache,  
 As sorrows and privations take  
 The place of joy,—the thing that seems  
 Mere misery, under human schemes,  
 Becomes, regarded by the light  
 Of love, as very near, or quite  
 As good a gift as joy before.  
 So plain is it that, all the more  
 God's dispensation's merciful,  
 More pettishly we try and cull  
 Briars, thistles, from our private plot,  
 To mar God's ground where thorns are  
 not !'

## VIII.

Do you say this, or I ?—Oh, you !  
 Then, what, my friend,—(thus I pursue  
 Our parley)—you indeed opine  
 That the Eternal and Divine  
 Did, eighteen centuries ago,  
 In very truth . . . Enough ! you know  
 The all-stupendous tale,—that Birth,  
 That Life, that Death ! And all, the  
 earth  
 Shuddered at,—all, the heavens grew  
 black  
 Rather than see ; all, Nature's rack  
 And throe at dissolution's brink  
 Attested,—all took place, you think,  
 Only to give our joys a zest,  
 And prove our sorrows for the best ?  
 We differ, then ! Were I, still pale  
 And heartstruck at the dreadful tale,  
 Waiting to hear God's voice declare  
 What horror followed for my share,  
 As implicated in the deed,  
 Apart from other sins,—concede  
 That if He blacked out in a blot  
 My brief life's pleasantness, 'twere not  
 So very disproportionate !  
 Or there might be another fate—  
 I certainly could understand  
 (If fancies were the thing in hand)  
 How God might save, at that Day's price,  
 The impure in their impurities,

Give formal licence and complete  
 To choose the fair and pick the sweet.  
 But there be certain words, broad,  
 plain,  
 Uttered again and yet again,  
 Hard to mistake, or overgloss—  
 Announcing this world's gain for loss,  
 And bidding us reject the same :  
 The whole world lieth (they proclaim)  
 In wickedness,—come out of it !  
 Turn a deaf ear, if you think fit,  
 But I who thrill through every nerve  
 At thought of what deaf ears deserve,—  
 How do you counsel in the case ?

## IX.

'I'd take, by all means, in your place,  
 The safe side, since it so appears :  
 Deny myself, a few brief years,  
 The natural pleasure, leave the fruit  
 Or cut the plant up by the root.  
 Remember what a martyr said  
 On the rude tablet overhead !  
 "I was born sickly, poor and mean,  
 A slave : no misery could screen  
 The holders of the pearl of price  
 From Caesar's envy ; therefore twice  
 I fought with beasts, and three times  
 saw

My children suffer by his law ;  
 At last my own release was earned :  
 I was some time in being burned,  
 But at the close a Hand came through  
 The fire above my head, and drew  
 My soul to Christ, whom now I see.  
 Sergius, a brother, writes for me  
 This testimony on the wall—  
 For me, I have forgot it all."  
 You say right ; this were not so hard !  
 And since one nowise is debarred  
 From this, why not escape some sins  
 By such a method ?'

## X.

Then begins  
 To the old point, revulsion new—  
 (For 'tis just this, I bring you to)  
 If after all we should mistake,  
 And so renounce life for the sake  
 Of death and nothing else ? You hear  
 Our friends we jeered at, send the jeer  
 Back to ourselves with good effect—  
 'There were my beetles to collect !'



‘ My box—a trifle, I confess,  
 But here I hold it, ne’ertheless ! ’  
 Poor idiots, (let us pluck up heart  
 And answer) we, the better part  
 Have chosen, though ’twere only  
     hope,—  
 Nor envy moles like you that grope  
 Amid your veritable muck,  
 More than the grasshoppers would  
     truck,  
 For yours, their passionate life away,  
 That spends itself in leaps all day  
 To reach the sun, you want the eyes  
 To see, as they the wings to rise  
 And match the noble hearts of them !  
 Thus the contemner we contemn,—  
 And, when doubt strikes us, thus we  
     ward  
 Its stroke off, caught upon our guard,  
 —Not struck enough to overturn  
 Our faith, but shake it—make us  
     learn  
 What I began with, and, I wis,  
 End, having proved,—how hard it is  
 To be a Christian !

## XI.

‘ Proved, or not,  
 Howe’er you wis, small thanks, I wot,  
 You get of mine, for taking pains  
 To make it hard to me. Who gains  
 By that, I wonder ? Here I live  
 In trusting ease ; and here you drive  
 At causing me to lose what most  
 Yourself would mourn for had you  
     lost ! ’

## XII.

But, do you see, my friend, that thus  
 You leave St. Paul for Aeschylus ?  
 —Who made his Titan’s arch-device  
 The giving men *blind hopes* to spice  
 The meal of life with, else devoured  
 In bitter haste, while lo ! death leured  
 Before them at the platter’s edge !  
 If faith should be, as I allege,  
 Quite other than a condiment  
 To heighten flavours with, or meant  
 (Like that brave curry of his Grace)  
 To take at need the victuals’ place ?  
 If, having dined, you would digest  
 Besides, and turning to your rest  
 Should find instead...

## XIII.

Now, you shall see

And judge if a mere foppery  
 Pricks on my speaking ! I resolve  
 To utter . . . yes, it shall devolve  
 On you to hear as solemn, strange  
 And dread a thing as in the range  
 Of facts,—or fancies, if God will—  
 E’er happened to our kind ! I still  
 Stand in the cloud, and while it wraps  
 My face, ought not to speak, perhaps ;  
 Seeing that if I carry through  
 My purpose, if my words in you  
 Find a live actual listener,  
 My story, reason must aver  
 False after all—the happy chance !  
 While, if each human countenance  
 I meet in London day by day,  
 Be what I fear,—my warnings fray  
 No one, and no one they convert,  
 And no one helps me to assert  
 How hard it is to really be  
 A Christian, and in vacancy  
 I pour this story !

## XIV.

I commence

By trying to inform you, whence  
 It comes that every Easter-night  
 As now, I sit up, watch, till light,  
 Upon those chimney-stacks and roofs,  
 Give, through my window-pane, grey  
     proofs  
 That Easter-day is breaking slow.  
 On such a night, three years ago,  
 It chanced that I had cause to cross  
 The common, where the chapel was,  
 Our friend spoke of, the other day—  
 You’ve not forgotten, I dare say.  
 I fell to musing of the time  
 So close, the blessed matin-prime  
 All hearts leap up at, in some guise—  
 One could not well do otherwise.  
 Insensibly my thoughts were bent  
 Toward the main point ; I overwent  
 Much the same ground of reasoning  
 As you and I just now. One thing  
 Remained, however—one that tasked  
 My soul to answer ; and I asked,  
 Fairly and frankly, what might be  
 That History, that Faith, to me  
 —Me there,—not me in some domain  
 Built up and peopled by my brain,

Weighing its merits as one weighs  
 Mere theories for blame or praise,  
 —The kingcraft of the Lucumons,  
 Or Fourier's scheme, its pros and  
 cons,—

But *my* faith *there*, or none at all.  
 'How were my case, now, did I fall  
 Dead here, this minute—should I lie  
 Faithful or faithless?'—Note that I  
 Inclined thus ever!—little prone  
 For instance, when I lay alone  
 In childhood, to go calm to sleep  
 And leave a closet where might keep  
 His watch perdue some murderer  
 Waiting till twelve o'clock to stir,  
 As good, authentic legends tell:  
 'He might: but how improbable!  
 How little likely to deserve  
 The pains and trial to the nerve  
 Of thrusting head into the dark!'—  
 Urged my old nurse, and bade me mark  
 Beside, that, should the dreadful scout  
 Really lie hid there, and leap out  
 At first turn of the rusty key,  
 Mine were small gain that she could see,  
 Killed not in bed but on the floor,  
 And losing one night's sleep the more.  
 I tell you, I would always burst  
 The door ope, know my fate at first.  
 This time, indeed, the closet penned  
 No such assassin: but a friend  
 Rather, peeped out to guard me, fit  
 For counsel, Common Sense, to wit,  
 Who said a good deal that might pass,—  
 Heartening, impartial too, it was,  
 Judge else: 'For, soberly now,—who  
 Should be a Christian if not you?'  
 (Hear how he smoothed me down.)

'One takes  
 A whole life, sees what course it makes  
 Mainly, and not by fits and starts—  
 In spite of stoppage which imparts  
 Fresh value to the general speed.  
 A life, with none, would fly indeed:  
 Your progressing is slower—right!  
 We deal with progress and not flight,  
 Through baffling senses passionate,  
 Fancies as restless,—with a freight  
 Of knowledge cumbersome enough  
 To sink your ship when waves grow  
 rough,

Though meant for ballast in the hold,—  
 I find, 'mid dangers manifold,

The good bark answers to the helm  
 Where faith sits, easier to o'erwhelm  
 Than some stout peasant's heavenly  
 guide,

Whose hard head could not, if it tried,  
 Conceive a doubt, nor understand  
 How senses hornier than his hand  
 Should 'tice the Christian off his guard.  
 More happy! But shall we award  
 Less honour to the hull which, dogged  
 By storms, a mere wreck, waterlogged,  
 Masts by the board, her bulwarks gone,  
 And stanchions going, yet bears on,—  
 Than to mere life-boats, built to save,  
 And triumph o'er the breaking wave?  
 Make perfect your good ship as these,  
 And what were her performances!'—  
 I added—'Would the ship reach home!  
 I wish indeed "God's kingdom come—"  
 The day when I shall see appear  
 His bidding, as my duty, clear  
 From doubt! And it shall dawn, that  
 day,

Some future season; Easter may  
 Prove, not impossibly, the time—  
 Yes, that were striking—fates would  
 chime

So aptly! Easter-morn, to bring  
 The Judgment!—deeper in the Spring  
 Than now, however, when there's snow  
 Capping the hills; for earth must show  
 All signs of meaning to pursue  
 Her tasks as she was wont to do  
 —The skylark, taken by surprise  
 As we ourselves, shall recognize  
 Sudden the end. For suddenly  
 It comes; the dreadful must be  
 In that; all warrants the belief—  
 "At night it cometh like a thief."  
 I fancy why the trumpet blows;  
 —Plainly, to wake one. From repose  
 We shall start up, at last awake  
 From life, that insane dream we take  
 For waking now, because it seems.  
 And as, when now we wake from dreams,  
 We laugh, while we recall them, "Fool,  
 To let the chance slip, linger cool  
 When such adventure offered! Just  
 A bridge to cross, a dwarf to thrust  
 Aside, a wicked mage to stab—  
 And, lo ye, I had kissed Queen Mab!"—  
 So shall we marvel why we grudged  
 Our labour here, and idly judged

Of Heaven, we might have gained, but  
lose !

Lose ? Talk of loss, and I refuse  
To plead at all ! You speak no worse  
Nor better than my ancient nurse  
When she would tell me in my youth  
I well deserved that shapes uncouth  
Frighted and teased me in my sleep—  
Why could I not in memory keep  
Her precept for the evil's cure ?  
"Pinch your own arm, boy, and be sure  
You'll wake forthwith !"

## XV.

And as I said  
This nonsense, throwing back my head  
With light complacent laugh, I found  
Suddenly all the midnight round  
One fire. The dome of heaven had  
stood

As made up of a multitude  
Of handbreadth cloudlets, one vast rack  
Of ripples infinite and black,  
From sky to sky. Sudden there went,  
Like horror and astonishment,  
A fierce vindictive scribble of red  
Quick flame across, as if one said  
(The angry scribe of Judgment)  
'There—

Burn it !' And straight I was aware  
That the whole ribwork round, minute  
Cloud touching cloud beyond compute,  
Was tinted, each with its own spot  
Of burning at the core, till clot  
Jammed against clot, and spilt its fire  
Over all heaven, which 'gan suspire  
As fanned to measure equable,—  
As when great conflagrations kill  
Night overheard, and rise and sink,  
Reflected. Now the fire would shrink  
And wither off the blasted face  
Of heaven, and I distinct might trace  
The sharp black ridgy outlines left  
Unburned like network—then, each  
cleft

The fire had been sucked back into,  
Regorged, and out it surging flew  
Furiously, and night writhed inflamed,  
Till, tolerating to be tamed  
No longer, certain rays world-wide  
Shot downwardly. On every side  
Caught past escape, the earth was lit ;  
As if a dragon's nostril split

And all his famished ire o'erflowed ;  
Then, as he winced at his lord's goad,  
Back he inhaled : whereat I found  
The clouds into vast pillars bound,  
Based on the corners of the earth,  
Propping the skies at top : a dearth  
Of fire i' the violet intervals,  
Leaving exposed the utmost walls  
Of time, about to tumble in  
And end the world.

## XVI.

I felt begin  
The Judgment-Day : to retrocede  
Was too late now. 'In very deed,'  
(I uttered to myself) 'that Day !'  
The intuition burned away  
All darkness from my spirit too :  
There, stood I, found and fixed, I knew,  
*Choosing the world.* The choice was  
made ;

And naked and disguiseless stayed,  
And unevadable, the fact.  
My brain held ne'ertheless compact  
Its senses, nor my heart declined  
Its office ; rather, both combined  
To help me in this juncture. I  
Lost not a second,—agony  
Gave boldness : since my life had end  
And my choice with it—best defend,  
Applaud both ! I resolved to say,  
'So was I framed by Thee, such way  
I put to use Thy senses here !  
It was so beautiful, so near,  
Thy world,—what could I then but  
choose

My part there ? Nor did I refuse  
To look above the transient boon  
Of time ; but it was hard so soon  
As in a short life, to give up  
Such beauty : I could put the cup  
Undrained of half its fulness, by ;  
But, to renounce it utterly,  
—That was too hard ! Nor did the cry  
Which bade renounce it, touch my  
brain

Authentically deep and plain  
Enough to make my lips let go.  
But Thou, who knowest all, dost know  
Whether I was not, life's brief while,  
Endeavouring to reconcile  
Those lips (too tardily, alas !)  
To letting the dear remnant pass.

One day,—some drops of earthly good  
Untasted ! Is it for this mood,  
That Thou, whose earth delights so well,  
Hast made its complement a hell ? ’

## XVII.

A final belch of fire like blood,  
Overbroke all heaven in one flood  
Of doom. Then fire was sky, and sky  
Fire, and both, one brief ecstasy,  
Then ashes. But I heard no noise  
(Whatever was) because a Voice  
Beside me spoke thus, ‘ Life is done,  
Time ends, Eternity ’s begun,  
And thou art judged for evermore.’

## XVIII.

I looked up ; all seemed as before ;  
Of that cloud-Tophet overhead,  
No trace was left : I saw instead  
The common round me, and the sky  
Above, stretched drear and empty  
Of life. ’Twas the last watch of night,  
Except what brings the morning quite ;  
When the armed angel, conscience-clear,  
His task nigh done, leans o’er his spear  
And gazes on the earth he guards,  
Safe one night more through all its  
wards,  
Till God relieve him at his post.  
‘ A dream—a waking dream at most ! ’  
(I spoke out quick, that I might shake  
The horrid nightmare off, and wake.)  
‘ The world gone, yet the world is here ?  
Are not all things as they appear ?  
Is Judgment past for me alone ?  
—And where had place the great white  
throne ?

The rising of the quick and dead ?  
Where stood they, small and great ?  
Who read

The sentence from the opened book ? ’  
So, by degrees, the blood forsook  
My heart, and let it beat afresh ;  
I knew I should break through the mesh  
Of horror, and breathe presently :  
When, lo, again, the Voice by me !

## XIX.

I saw . . . Oh, brother, ’mid far sands  
The palm-tree-cinctured city stands,  
Bright-white beneath, as heaven, bright-  
blue,  
Leans o’er it, while the years pursue

Their course, unable to abate  
Its paradisal laugh at fate !  
One morn,—the Arab staggers blind  
O’er a new tract of death, calcined  
To ashes, silence, nothingness,—  
And strives, with dizzy wits, to guess  
Whence fell the blow. What if, ’twixt  
skies

And prostrate earth, he should surprise  
The imaged vapour, head to foot,  
Surveying, motionless and mute,  
Its work, ere, in a whirlwind rapt,  
It vanish up again ? So hapt  
My chance. He stood there. Like the  
smoke

Pillared o’er Sodom, when day broke,—  
I saw Him. One magnific pall  
Mantled in massive fold and fall  
His dread, and coiled in snaky swathes  
About His feet : night’s black that  
bathes

All else, broke, grizzled with despair,  
Against the soul of blackness there.  
A gesture told the mood within—  
That wrapped right hand which based  
the chin,

That intense meditation fixed  
On His procedure,—pity mixed  
With the fulfilment of decree.  
Motionless, thus, He spoke to me,  
Who fell before His feet, a mass,  
No man now.

## XX.

‘ All is come to pass.  
Such shows are over for each soul  
They had respect to. In the roll  
Of Judgment which convinced mankind  
Of sin, stood many, bold and blind,  
Terror must burn the truth into :  
Their fate for them !—thou hadst to do  
With absolute omnipotence,  
Able its judgments to dispense  
To the whole race, as every one  
Were its sole object. Judgment done,  
God is, thou art,—the rest is hurled  
To nothingness for thee. This world,  
This finite life, thou hast preferred,  
In disbelief of God’s own word,  
To Heaven and to Infinity.  
Here the probation was for thee,  
To show thy soul the earthly mixed  
With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.



The earthly joys lay palpable,—  
 A taint, in each, distinct as well ;  
 The heavenly flitted, faint and rare,  
 Above them, but as truly were  
 Taintless, so, in their nature, best.  
 Thy choice was earth : thou didst attest  
 'Twas fitter spirit should subserve  
 The flesh, than flesh refine to nerve  
 Beneath the spirit's play. Advance  
 No claim to their inheritance  
 Who chose the spirit's fugitive  
 Brief gleams, and yearned, "This were  
 to live  
 Indeed, if rays, completely pure  
 From flesh that dulls them, could endure,—

Not shoot in meteor-light athwart  
 Our earth, to show how cold and swart  
 It lies beneath their fire, but stand  
 As stars do, destined to expand,  
 Prove veritable worlds, our home !"  
 Thou saidst,—“Let spirit star the dome  
 Of sky, that flesh may miss no peak,  
 No nook of earth,—I shall not seek  
 Its service further !” Thou art shut  
 Out of the heaven of spirit ; glut  
 Thy sense upon the world : 'tis thine  
 For ever—take it !’

## XXI.

‘How ? Is mine,  
 The world ?’ (I cried, while my soul  
 broke  
 Out in a transport,) ‘Hast Thou spoke  
 Plainly in that ? Earth's exquisite  
 Treasures of wonder and delight,  
 For me ?’

## XXII.

The austere Voice returned,—  
 ‘So soon made happy ? Hadst thou  
 learned  
 What God accounteth happiness,  
 Thou wouldest not find it hard to guess  
 What hell may be His punishment  
 For those who doubt if God invent  
 Better than they. Let such men rest  
 Content with what they judged the  
 best.  
 Let the unjust usurp at will :  
 The filthy shall be filthy still :  
 Miser, there waits the gold for thee !  
 Hater, indulge thine enmity !

And thou, whose heaven self-ordained  
 Was, to enjoy earth unrestrained,  
 Do it ! Take all the ancient show !  
 The woods shall wave, the rivers flow,  
 And men apparently pursue  
 Their works, as they were wont to do,  
 While living in probation yet.  
 I promise not thou shalt forget  
 The Past, now gone to its account ;  
 But leave thee with the old amount  
 Of faculties, nor less nor more,  
 Unvisited, as heretofore,  
 By God's free spirit, that makes an end.  
 So, once more, take thy world ! expend  
 Eternity upon its shows,—  
 Flung thee as freely as one rose  
 Out of a summer's opulence,  
 Over the Eden-barrier whence  
 Thou art excluded. Knock in vain !’

## XXIII.

I sat up. All was still again.  
 I breathed free : to my heart, back fled  
 The warmth. ‘But, all the world !’  
 (I said)

I stooped and picked a leaf of fern,  
 And recollected I might learn  
 From books, how many myriad sorts  
 Of fern exist, to trust reports,  
 Each as distinct and beautiful  
 As this, the very first I cull.  
 Think, from the first leaf to the last !  
 Conceive, then, earth's resources ! Vast  
 Exhaustless beauty, endless change  
 Of wonder ! and this foot shall range  
 Alps, Andes,—and this eye devour  
 The bee-bird and the aloe-flower ?

## XXIV.

Then the Voice, ‘Welcome so to rate  
 The arras-folds that variegated  
 The earth, God's antechamber, well !  
 The wise, who waited there, could tell  
 By these, what royalties in store  
 Lay one step past the entrance-door.  
 For whom, was reckoned, not too much,  
 This life's munificence ? For such  
 As thou,—a race, whereof scarce one  
 Was able, in a million,  
 To feel that any marvel lay  
 In objects round his feet all day ;  
 Scarce one, in many millions more,  
 Willing, if able, to explore



The secreter, minuter charm !  
 —Brave souls, a fern-leaf could disarm  
 Of power to cope with God's intent,—  
 Or scared if the south firmament  
 With north-fire did its wings reflexed !  
 All partial beauty was a pledge  
 Of beauty in its plenitude :  
 But since the pledge sufficed thy mood,  
 Retain it ! plenitude be theirs  
 Who looked above !'

## XXV.

Though sharp despairs  
 Shot through me, I held up, bore on.  
 'What matter though my trust were  
 gone  
 From natural things ? Henceforth my  
 part  
 Be less with Nature than with Art !  
 For Art supplants, gives mainly worth  
 To Nature ; 'tis Man stamps the earth—  
 And I will seek his impress, seek  
 The statuary of the Greek,  
 Italy's painting—there my choice  
 Shall fix !'

## XXVI.

'Obtain it !' said the Voice.  
 —'The one form with its single act,  
 Which sculptors laboured to abstract,  
 The one face, painters tried to draw,  
 With its one look, from throngs they saw.  
 And that perfection in their soul,  
 These only hinted at ? The whole,  
 They were but parts of ? What each laid  
 His claim to glory on ?—afraid  
 His fellow-men should give him rank  
 By the poor tentatives he shrank  
 Smitten at heart from, all the more,  
 That gazers pressed in to adore !  
 "Shall I be judged by only these ?"  
 If such his soul's capacities,  
 Even while he trod the earth,—think,  
 now  
 What pomp in Buonarroti's brow,  
 With its new palace-brain where dwells  
 Superb the soul, unvexed by cells  
 That crumbled with the transient clay !  
 What visions will his right hand's sway  
 Still turn to form, as still they burst  
 Upon him ? How will he quench thirst,  
 Titanically infantine,  
 Laid at the breast of the Divine ?

Does it confound thee,—this first page  
 Emblazoning man's heritage ?—  
 Can this alone absorb thy sight,  
 As pages were not infinite,—  
 Like the omnipotence which tasks  
 Itself, to furnish all that asks  
 The soul it means to satiate ?  
 What was the world, the starry state  
 Of the broad skies,—what, all displays  
 Of power and beauty intermixed,  
 Which now thy soul is chained betwixt,—  
 What else than needful furniture  
 For life's first stage ? God's work, be  
 sure,

No more spreads wasted, than falls scant :  
 He filled, did not exceed, Man's want  
 Of beauty in this life. But through  
 Life pierce,—and what has earth to do,  
 Its utmost beauty's appanage,  
 With the requirement of next stage ?  
 Did God pronounce earth "very good" ?  
 Needs must it be, while understood  
 For man's preparatory state ;  
 Nothing to heighten nor abate :  
 Transfer the same completeness here,  
 To serve a new state's use,—and drear  
 Deficiency gapes every side !  
 The good, tried once, were bad, retrieved,  
 See the enwrapping rocky niche,  
 Sufficient for the sleep, in which  
 The lizard breathes for ages safe :  
 Split the mould—and as this would chafe  
 The creature's new world-widened sense,  
 One minute after day dispense  
 The thousand sounds and sights that  
 broke  
 In, on him, at the chisel's stroke,—  
 So, in God's eye, the earth's first stuff  
 Was, neither more nor less, enough  
 To house man's soul, man's need fulfil.  
 Man reckoned it immeasurable ?  
 So thinks the lizard of his vault !  
 Could God be taken in default,  
 Short of contrivances, by you,—  
 Or reached, ere ready to pursue  
 His progress through eternity ?  
 That chambered rock, the lizard's world,  
 Your easy mallet's blow has hurled  
 To nothingness for ever ; so,  
 Has God abolished at a blow  
 This world, wherein his saints were  
 pent,—  
 Who, though found grateful and content,

With the provision there, as thou,  
Yet knew He would not disallow  
Their spirit's hunger, felt as well,—  
Unsated,—not unsatable,  
As Paradise gives proof. Deride  
Their choice now, thou who sit'st out-  
side !'

## XXVII.

I cried in anguish, ' Mind, the mind,  
So miserably cast behind,  
To gain what had been wisely lost !  
Oh, let me strive to make the most  
Of the poor stunted soul, I nipped  
Of budding wings, else now equip  
For voyage from summer isle to isle !  
And though she needs must reconcile  
Ambition to the life on ground,  
Still, I can profit by late found  
But precious knowledge. Mind is best—  
I will seize mind, forego the rest,  
And try how far my tethered strength  
May crawl in this poor breadth and  
length.

Let me, since I can fly no more,  
At least spin dervish-like about  
(Till giddy rapture almost doubt  
I fly) through circling sciences,  
Philosophies and histories !  
Should the whirl slacken there, then  
verse,

Fining to music, shall asperse  
Fresh and fresh fire-dew, till I strain  
Intoxicate, half-break my chain !  
Not joyless, though more favoured feet  
Stand calm, where I want wings to beat  
The floor. At least earth's bond is  
broke !'

## XXVIII.

Then, (sickening even while I spoke)  
' Let me alone ! No answer, pray,  
To this ! I know what Thou wilt say !  
All still is earth's,—to Know, as much  
As Feel its truths, which if we touch  
With sense, or apprehend in soul,  
What matter ? I have reached the  
goal—

"Where to does Knowledge serve !"  
will burn

My eyes, too sure, at every turn !  
I cannot look back now, nor stake  
Bliss on the race, for running's sake.

The goal 's a ruin like the rest !'—  
—' And so much worse thy latter quest,  
(Added the Voice) ' that even on earth—  
Whenever, in man's soul, had birth  
Those intuitions, grasps of guess,  
That pull the more into the less,  
Making the finite comprehend  
Infinity,—the bard would spend  
Such praise alone, upon his craft,  
As, when wind-lyres obey the waft,  
Goes to the craftsman who arranged  
The seven strings, changed them and  
rechanged—

Knowing it was the South that harped.  
He felt his song, in singing, warped ;  
Distinguished his and God's part :  
whence

A world of spirit as of sense  
Was plain to him, yet not too plain,  
Which he could traverse, not remain  
A guest in :—else were permanent  
Heaven on earth, which its gleams were  
meant

To sting with hunger for full light,—  
Made visible in verse, despite  
The veiling weakness,—truth by means  
Of fable, showing while it screens,—  
Since highest truth, man e'er supplied,  
Was ever fable on outside.  
Such gleams made bright the earth an age ;  
Now, the whole sun 's his heritage !  
Take up thy world, it is allowed,  
Thou who hast entered in the cloud !'

## XXIX.

Then I—' Behold, my spirit bleeds,  
Catches no more at broken reeds,—  
But lilies flower those reeds above :  
I let the world go, and take love !  
Love survives in me, albeit those  
I love be henceforth masks and shows,  
Not loving men and women : still  
I mind how love repaired all ill,  
Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth  
amends  
With parents, brothers, children,  
friends !

Some semblance of a woman yet  
With eyes to help me to forget,  
Shall live with me ; and I will match  
Departed love with love, attach  
Its fragments to my whole, nor scorn  
The poorest of the grains of corn

I save from shipwreck on this isle,  
Trusting its barrenness may smile  
With happy foodful green one day,  
More precious for the pains. I pray,  
For love, then, only !

xxx.

At the word,  
The Form, I looked to have been stirred  
With pity and approval, rose  
O'er me, as when the headsman throws  
Axe over shoulder to make end—  
I fell prone, letting Him expend  
His wrath, while, thus, the inflicting Voice  
Smote me. 'Is this thy final choice ?  
Love is the best ? 'Tis somewhat late !  
And all thou dost enumerate  
Of power and beauty in the world,  
The mightiness of love was curled  
Inextricably round about.  
Love lay within it and without,  
To clasp thee,—but in vain ! Thy soul  
Still shrank from Him who made the  
whole,

Still set deliberate aside  
His love !—Now take love ! Well betide  
Thy tardy conscience ! Haste to take  
The show of love for the name's sake,  
Remembering every moment Who  
Beside creating thee unto  
These ends, and these for thee, was said  
To undergo death in thy stead  
In flesh like thine : so ran the tale.  
What doubt in thee could countervail  
Belief in it ? Upon the ground  
"That in the story had been found  
Too much love ! How could God love so ?"  
He who in all His works below  
Adapted to the needs of man,—  
Made love the basis of the plan,—  
Did love, as was demonstrated :  
While man, who was so fit instead  
To hate, as every day gave proof,—  
Man thought man, for his kind's behoof,  
Both could and did invent that scheme  
Of perfect love—'twould well beseem  
Cain's nature thou wast wont to praise,  
Not tally with God's usual ways !

xxx.

And I cowered deprecatingly—  
'Thou Love of God ! Or let me die,  
Or grant what shall seem Heaven almost !  
Let me not know that all is lost,

Though lost it be—leave me not tied  
To this despair, this corpse-like bride !  
Let that old life seem mine—no more—  
With limitation as before,  
With darkness, hunger, toil, distress :  
Be all the earth a wilderness !  
Only let me go on, go on,  
Still hoping ever and anon  
To reach one eve the Better Land !

xxxii.

Then did the Form expand, expand—  
I knew Him through the dread disguise,  
As the whole God within his eyes  
Embraced me.

xxxiii.

When I lived again,  
The day was breaking,—the grey plain  
I rose from, silvered thick with dew.  
Was this a vision ? False or true ?  
Since then, three varied years are spent,  
And commonly my mind is bent  
To think it was a dream—be sure  
A mere dream and distemperature—  
The last day's watching: then thenight,—  
The shock of that strange Northern  
Light

Set my head swimming, bred in me  
A dream. And so I live, you see,  
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,  
Prefer, still struggling to effect  
My warfare ; happy that I can  
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,  
Not left in God's contempt apart,  
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,  
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.  
Thank God, she still each method tries  
To catch me, who may yet escape,  
She knows, the fiend in angel's shape !  
Thank God, no paradise stands barred  
To entry, and I find it hard  
To be a Christian, as I said !  
Still every now and then my head  
Raised glad, sinks mournful—all grows  
drear

Spite of the sunshine, while I fear  
And think, 'How dreadful to be grudged  
No ease henceforth, as one that's judged,  
Condemned to earth for ever, shut  
From Heaven !'

But Easter-Day breaks ! But  
Christ rises ! Mercy every way  
Is infinite,—and who can say ?

## SORDELLO

1840

TO J. MILSAND, OF DIJON.

*Dear Friend,—Let the next poem be introduced by your name, and so repay all trouble it ever cost me. I wrote it twenty-five years ago for only a few, counting even in these on somewhat more care about its subject than they really had. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either? I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might,—instead of what the few must,—like: but after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave as I find it. The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires; and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so—you, with many known and unknown to me, think so—others may one day think so: and whether my attempt remain for them or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours, R. B.*

LONDON, June 9, 1863.

## BOOK THE FIRST

WHO will, may hear Sordello's story  
told:

His story? Who believes meshall behold  
The man, pursue his fortunes to the  
end,

Like me: for as the friendless-people's  
friend

Spied from his hill-top once, despite the  
din

And dust of multitudes, Pentapolin  
Named o' the Naked Arm, I single out  
Sordello, compassed murkily about  
With ravage of six long sad hundred  
years.

Only believe me. Ye believe?

Appears

Verona . . . Never, I should warn you  
first,

Of my own choice had this, if not the  
worst

Yet not the best expedient, served to  
tell

A story I could body forth so well

By making speak, myself kept out of  
view,

The very man as he was wont to do,

And leaving you to say the rest for him.  
Since, though I might be proud to see  
the dim

Abysmal Past divide its hateful surge,  
Letting of all men this one man emerge  
Because it pleased me, yet, that moment  
past,

I should delight in watching first to last  
His progress as you watch it, not a whit  
More in the secret than yourselves who  
sit

Fresh-chapleted to listen. But it seems  
Your setters-forth of unexampl'd  
themes,

Makers of quite new men, producing  
them,

Would best chalk broadly on each  
vesture's hem,

The wearer's quality; or take their  
stand,

Motley on back and pointing-pole in hand,  
Beside him. So, for once I face ye,  
friends,

Summoned together from the world's  
four ends,

Dropped down from heaven or cast up  
from hell,

To hear the story I propose to tell.

Confess now, poets know the dragnet's  
 trick,  
 Catching the dead, if fate denies the  
 quick,  
 And shaming her; 'tis not for fate to  
 choose  
 Silence or song because she can refuse  
 Real eyes to glisten more, real hearts to  
 ache  
 Less oft, real brows turn smoother for  
 our sake:  
 I have experienced something of her  
 spite;  
 But there's a realm wherein she has no  
 right  
 And I have many lovers. Say, but few  
 Friends fate accords me? Here they are:  
 now view  
 The host I muster! Many a lighted face  
 Foul with no vestige of the grave's dis-  
 grace;  
 What else should tempt them back to  
 taste our air  
 Except to see how their successors fare?  
 My audience! and they sit, each ghostly  
 man  
 Striving to look as living as he can,  
 Brother by breathing brother; thou art  
 set,  
 Clear-witted critic, by . . . but I'll not  
 fret  
 A wondrous soul of them, nor move  
 death's spleen  
 Who loves not to unlock them. Friends!  
 I mean  
 The living in good earnest—ye elect  
 Chiefly for love—suppose not I reject  
 Judicious praise, who contrary shall  
 peep,  
 Some fit occasion, forth, for fear ye  
 sleep,  
 To glean your bland approvals. Then,  
 appear,  
 Verona! stay—thou, spirit, come not  
 near  
 Now—not this time desert thy cloudy  
 place  
 To scare me, thus employed, with that  
 pure face!  
 I need not fear this audience, I make  
 free  
 With them, but then this is no place for  
 thee!

The thunder-phrasé of the Athenian,  
 grown  
 Up out of memories of Marathon,  
 Would echo like his own sword's griding  
 screech  
 Braying a Persian shield,—the silver  
 speech  
 Of Sidney's self, the starry paladin,  
 Turn intense as a trumpet sounding in  
 The knights to tilt,—wert thou to hear!  
 What heart  
 Have I to play my puppets, bear my  
 part  
 Before these worthies?  
 Lo, the Past is hurled  
 In twain: up-thrust, out-staggering on  
 the world,  
 Subsiding into shape, a darkness rears  
 Its outline, kindles at the core, appears  
 Verona. 'Tis six hundred years and  
 more  
 Since an event. The Second Friedrich  
 wore  
 The purple, and the Third Honorius filled  
 The holy chair. That autumn eve was  
 stilled:  
 A last remains of sunset dimly burned  
 O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame  
 turned  
 By the wind back upon its bearer's hand  
 In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,  
 The woods beneath lay black. A single  
 eye  
 From all Verona cared for the soft sky.  
 But, gathering in its ancient market-  
 place,  
 Talked group with restless group; and  
 not a face  
 But wrath made livid, for among them  
 were  
 Death's staunch purveyors, such as  
 have in care  
 To feast him. Fear had long since  
 taken root  
 In every breast, and now these crushed  
 its fruit,  
 The ripe hate, like a wine: to note the  
 way  
 It worked while each grew drunk! men  
 grave and grey  
 Stood, with shut eyelids, rocking to and  
 fro,  
 Letting the silent luxury trickle slow



About the hollows where a heart should  
 be;  
 But the young gulped with a delirious  
 glee  
 Some foretaste of their first debauch in  
 blood  
 At the fierce news: for, be it under-  
 stood,  
 Envoys apprised Verona that her prince  
 Count Richard of Saint Boniface, joined  
 since  
 A year with Azzo, Este's Lord, to thrust  
 Taurello Salinguerra, prime in trust  
 With Ecelin Romano, from his seat  
 Ferrara,—over zealous in the feat  
 And stumbling on a peril unaware,  
 Was captive, trammelled in his proper  
 snare,  
 They phrase it, taken by his own in-  
 trigue.  
 Immediate succour from the Lombard  
 League  
 Of fifteen cities that affect the Pope,  
 For Azzo, therefore, and his fellow-hope  
 Of the Guelf cause, a glory overcast!  
 Men's faces, late agape, are now aghast.  
 'Prone is the purple pavis; Este makes  
 Mirth for the devil when he undertakes  
 To play the Ecelin; as if it cost  
 Merely your pushing-by to gain a post  
 Like his! The patron tells ye, once for  
 all,  
 There be sound reasons that preferment  
 fall  
 On our beloved' . . .  
 'Duke o' the Rood, why not?'  
 Shouted an Estian, 'grudge ye such a  
 lot?  
 The hill-cat boasts some cunning of her  
 own,  
 Some stealthy trick to better beasts un-  
 known,  
 That quick with prey enough her hunger  
 blunts,  
 And feeds her fat while gaunt the lion  
 hunts.'  
 'Taurello,' quoth an envoy, 'as in  
 wane  
 Dwelt at Ferrara. Like an osprey fain  
 To fly but forced the earth his couch to  
 make  
 Far inland, till his friend the tempest  
 wake,  
 Waits he the Kaiser's coming; and as  
 yet  
 That fastfriend sleeps, and hetoo sleeps:  
 but let  
 Only the billow freshen, and he snuffs  
 The aroused hurricane ere it enrougths  
 The sea it means to cross because of  
 him.  
 Sinketh the breeze? His hope-sick eye  
 grows dim;  
 Creep closer on the creature! Every day  
 Strengthens the Pontiff; Ecelin, they  
 say,  
 Dozes now at Oliero, with dry lips  
 Telling upon his perished finger-tips  
 How many ancestors are to depose  
 Ere he be Satan's Viceroy when the  
 doze  
 Deposits him in hell. So, Guelfs rebuilt  
 Their houses; not a drop of blood was  
 spilt  
 When Cino Bocchimpane chanced to  
 meet  
 Buccio Virtù—God's wafer, and the  
 street  
 Is narrow! Tutti Santi, think, a-swarm  
 With Ghibellins, and yet he took no  
 harm!  
 This could not last. Off Salinguerra  
 went  
 To Padua, Podestà, "with pure intent,"  
 Said he, "my presence, judged the single  
 bar  
 To permanent tranquillity, may jar  
 No longer"—so! his back is fairly  
 turned?  
 The pair of goodly palaces are burned,  
 The gardens ravaged, and our Guelfs  
 laugh, drunk  
 A week with joy. The next, their  
 laughter sunk  
 In sobs of blood, for they found, some  
 strange way,  
 Old Salinguerra back again—I say,  
 Old Salinguerra in the town once more  
 Uprooting, overturning, flame before,  
 Blood fetlock-high beneath him. Azzo  
 fled;  
 Who scaped the carnage followed; then  
 the dead  
 Were pushed aside from Salinguerra's  
 throne,  
 He ruled once more Ferrara, all alone.

Till Azzo, stunned awhile, revived,  
 would pounce  
 Coupled with Boniface, like lynx and  
 ounce,  
 On the gorged bird. The burghers  
 ground their teeth  
 To see troop after troop encamp beneath  
 I' the standing corn thick o'er the scanty  
 patch  
 It took so many patient months to  
 snatch  
 Out of the marsh; while just within  
 their walls  
 Men fed on men. At length Taurello  
 calls  
 A parley: "let the Count wind up the  
 war!"  
 Richard, light-hearted as a plunging star,  
 Agrees to enter for the kindest ends  
 Ferrara, flanked with fifty chosen  
 friends,  
 No horse-boy more, for fear your timid  
 sort  
 Should fly Ferrara at the bare report.  
 Quietly through the town they rode,  
 jog-jog;  
 "Ten, twenty, thirty,—curse the cata-  
 logue  
 Of burnt Guelf houses! Strange,  
 Taurello shows  
 Not the least sign of life!"—whereat  
 arose  
 A general growl: "How? With his  
 victors by?  
 I and my Veronese? My troops and I?  
 Receive us, was your word?" So jogged  
 they on,  
 Nor laughed their host too openly: once  
 gone  
 Into the trap!—'  
 Six hundred years ago!  
 Such the time's aspect and peculiar woe  
 Yourselves may spell it yet in chronicles,  
 Albeit the worm, our busy brother,  
 drills  
 His sprawling path through letters  
 anciently  
 Made fine and large to suit some abbot's  
 eye)  
 When the new Hohenstauffen dropped  
 the mask,  
 Flung John of Brienne's favour from  
 his casque,

Forswore crusading, had no mind to  
 leave  
 Saint Peter's proxy leisure to retrieve  
 Losses to Otho and to Barbaross,  
 Or make the Alps less easy to recross;  
 And, thus confirming Pope Honorius'  
 fear,  
 Was excommunicate that very year.  
 'The triple-bearded Teuton come to  
 life!'  
 Groaned the Great League; and,  
 arming for the strife,  
 Wide Lombardy, on tip-toe to begin,  
 Took up, as it was Guelf or Ghibellin,  
 Its cry; what cry?  
 'The Emperor to come!'  
 His crowd of feudatories, all and some,  
 That leapt down with a crash of swords,  
 spears, shields,  
 One fighter on his fellow, to our fields,  
 Scattered anon, took station here and  
 there,  
 And carried it, till now, with little care—  
 Cannot but cry for him; how else rebut  
 Us longer? Cliffs, an earthquake  
 suffered jut  
 In the mid-sea, each domineering crest,  
 Nothing save such another throe can  
 wrest  
 From out (conceive) a certain choke-  
 weed grown  
 Since o'er the waters, twine and tangle  
 thrown  
 Too thick, too fast accumulating round,  
 Too sure to over-riot and confound  
 Ere long each brilliant islet with itself  
 Unless a second shock save shoal and  
 shelf,  
 Whirling the sea-drift wide: alas, the  
 bruised  
 And sullen wreck! Sunlight to be  
 diffused  
 For that! Sunlight, 'neath which, a  
 scum at first,  
 The million fibres of our chokeweed  
 nurst  
 Dispread themselves, mantling the  
 troubled main,  
 And, shattered by those rocks, took  
 hold again,  
 So kindly blazed it—that same blaze to  
 brood  
 O'er every cluster of the multitude

Still hazarding new clasps, ties, filaments,

An emulous exchange of pulses, vents  
Of nature into nature; till some growth  
Unfancied yet, exuberantly clothe  
A surface solid now, continuous, one :  
'The Pope, for us the People, who  
begun

The People, carries on the People thus,  
To keep that Kaiser off and dwell with  
us !'

See you ?

Or say, Two Principles that live  
Each fitly by its Representative.  
'Hill-cat'—who called him so?—the  
gracefullest

Adventurer, the ambiguous stranger-  
guest

Of Lombardy (sleek but that ruffling fur,  
Those talons to their sheath !) whose  
velvet purr

Soothes jealous neighbours when a  
Saxon scout

—Arpo or Yoland, is it ? —one without  
A country or a name, presumes to  
couch

Beside their noblest; until men avouch  
That, of all Houses in the Trevisan,  
Conrad describes no fitter, rear or van,  
Than Ecelo ! They laughed as they  
enrolled

That name at Milan on the page of gold,  
Godego's lord,—Ramon, Marostica,  
Cartiglian, Bassano, Loria,  
And every sheep-cote on the Suabian's  
fief !

No laughter when his son, 'the Lom-  
bard Chief'

Forsooth, as Barbarossa's path was bent  
To Italy along the Vale of Trent,  
Welcomed him at Roncaglia ! Sadness  
now—

The hamlets nested on the Tyrol's brow,  
The Asolan and Euganean hills,  
The Rhetian and the Julian, sadness  
fills

Them all, for Ecelin vouchsafes to stay  
Among and care about them; day by  
day

Choosing this pinnacle, the other spot,  
A castle building to defend a cot,  
A cot built for a castle to defend,  
Nothing but castles, castles, nor an end

To boasts how mountain ridge may join  
with ridge

By sunken gallery and soaring bridge.  
He takes, in brief, a figure that besseems  
The grisliest nightmare of the Church's  
dreams,

—A Signory firm-rooted, unestranged  
From its old interests, and nowise  
changed

By its new neighbourhood; perchance  
the vaunt

Of Otho, 'my own Este shall supplant  
Your Este,' come to pass. The sire led  
in

A son as cruel; and this Ecelin  
Had sons, in turn, and daughters sly and  
tall,

And curling and compliant; but for all  
Romano (so they styled him) throve,  
that neck

Of his so pinched and white, that hungry  
cheek

Proved 'twas some fiend, not him, the  
man's-flesh went

To feed: whereas Romano's instru-  
ment,

Famous Taurello Salinguerra, sole  
I' the world, a tree whose boughs were  
slipt the bole

Successively, why should not he shed  
blood

To further a design ? Men understood  
Living was pleasant to him as he wore  
His careless surcoat, glanced some  
missive o'er,

Propped on his truncheon in the public  
way,

While his lord lifted writen hands to  
pray,

Lost at Oliero's convent.

Hill-cats, face  
With Azzo, our Guef Lion !—nor dis-  
grace

A worthiness conspicuous near and far  
(Atii at Rome while free and consular,  
Este at Padua who repulsed the Hun)  
By trumpeting the Church's princely son  
Styled Patron of Rovigo's Polesine,  
Ancona's March, Ferrara's . . . ask, in  
fine,

Our chronicles, commenced when some  
old monk

Found it intolerable to be sunk

(Vexed to the quick by his revolting cell)  
Quite out of summer while alive and well:  
Ended when by his mat the Prior stood,  
'Mid busy promptings of the brother-  
hood,

Striving to coax from his decrepit brains  
The reason Father Porphyry took pains  
To blot those ten lines out which used  
to stand

First on their charter drawn by Hilde-  
brand.

The same night wears. Verona's rule  
of yore

Was vested in a certain Twenty-four;  
And while within his palace these debate  
Concerning Richard and Ferrara's fate,  
Glide we by clapping doors, with sudden  
glare

Of cressets vented on the dark, nor care  
For aught that's seen or heard until we  
shut

The smother in, the lights, all noises but  
The carroch's booming: safe at last!

Why strange

Such a recess should lurk behind a range  
Of banquet-rooms? Your finger—thus  
—you push

A spring, and the wall opens, would you  
rush

Upon the banqueters, select your prey,  
Waiting, the slaughter-weapons in the  
way

Strewing this very bench, with sharp-  
ened ear

A preconcerted signal to appear;  
Or if you simply crouch with beating  
heart.

Bearing in some voluptuous pageant part  
To startle them. Nor mutes nor  
masquers now;

Nor any . . . does that one man sleep  
whose brow

The dying lamp-flame sinks and rises  
o'er?

What woman stood beside him? not  
the more

Is he unfastened from the earnest eyes  
Because that arras fell between! Her  
wise

And lulling words are yet about the  
room,

Her presence wholly poured upon the  
gloom

Down even to her vesture's creeping stir.  
And so reclines he, saturate with her,  
Until an outcry from the square beneath  
Pierces the charm: he springs up, glad  
to breathe

Above the cunning element, and shakes  
The stupor off as (look you) morning  
breaks

On the gay dress, and, near concealed  
by it,

The lean frame like a half-burnt taper, lit  
Erst at some marriage-feast, then laid  
away

Till the Armenian bridegroom's dying-  
day,

In his wool wedding-robe. For he—  
for he,

Gate-vein of this hearts' blood of Lom-  
bardy,

(If I should falter now)—for he is Thine!  
Sordello, thy forerunner, Florentine!

A herald-star I know thou didst absorb  
Relentless into the consummate orb

That scared it from its right to roll along  
A sempiternal path with dance and song

Fulfilling its allotted period,  
Serenest of the progeny of God!

Who yet resigns it not; His darling  
stoops

With no quenched lights, desponds with  
no blank troops

Of disenfranchised brilliances, for, blent  
Utterly with thee, its shy element

Like thine upburneth prosperous and  
clear.

Still, what if I approach the august  
sphere

Named now with only one name, disen-  
twine

That under-current soft and argentine  
From its fierce mate in the majestic mass  
Leavened as the sea whose fire was mixt  
with glass

In John's transcendent vision,—launch  
once more

That lustre? Dante, pacer of the shore  
Where glutted hell disgorgeth filthiest  
gloom,

Unbitten by its whirring sulphur-  
spume—

Or whence the grieved and obscure  
waters slope

Into a darkness quieted by hope;

Plucker of amaranths grown beneath  
 God's eye  
 In gracious twilights where His chosen  
 lie,  
 I would do this ! if I should falter now !  
 In Mantua-territory half is slough,  
 Half pine-tree forest ; maples, scarlet-  
 oaks  
 Breed o'er the river-beds ; even Mincio  
 chokes  
 With sand the summer through ; but  
 'tis morass  
 In winter up to Mantua walls. There  
 was,  
 Some thirty years before this evening's  
 coil,  
 One spot reclaimed from the surrounding  
 spoil,  
 Goito ; just a castle built amid  
 A few low mountains ; firs and larches  
 hid  
 Their main defiles, and rings of vineyard  
 bound  
 The rest. Some captured creature in  
 a pound,  
 Whose artless wonder quite precludes  
 distress,  
 Secure beside in its own loveliness,  
 So peered with airy head, below, above,  
 The castle at its toils, the lapwings  
 love  
 To glean among at grape-time. Pass  
 within.  
 A maze of corridors contrived for sin,  
 Dusk winding-stairs, dim galleries got  
 past,  
 You gain the inmost chambers, gain at  
 last  
 A maple-panelled room : that haze  
 which seems  
 Floating about the panel, if there gleams  
 A sunbeam over it, will turn to gold  
 And in light-graven characters unfold  
 The Arab's wisdom everywhere ; what  
 shade  
 Marred them a moment, those slim  
 pillars made,  
 Cut like a company of palms to prop  
 The roof, each kissing top entwined  
 with top,  
 Leaning together ; in the carver's mind  
 Some knot of bacchanals, flushed cheek  
 combined  
 With straining forehead, shoulders  
 purpled, hair  
 Diffused between, who in a goat-skin  
 bear  
 A vintage ; graceful sister-palms ! But  
 quick  
 To the main wonder, now. A vault  
 see ; thick  
 Black shade about the ceiling, though  
 fine slits  
 Across the buttress suffer light by fits  
 Upon a marvel in the midst. Nay,  
 stoop—  
 A dullish grey-streaked cumbrous font,  
 a group  
 Round it, each side of it, where'er one  
 sees,  
 Upholds it—shrinking Caryatides  
 Of just-tinged marble like Eve's liliated  
 flesh  
 Beneath her Maker's finger when the  
 fresh  
 First pulse of life shot brightening the  
 snow.  
 The font's edge burthens every shoulder,  
 so  
 They muse upon the ground, eyelids  
 half closed ;  
 Some, with meek arms behind their  
 backs disposed,  
 Some, crossed above their bosoms, some,  
 to veil  
 Their eyes, some, propping chin and  
 cheek so pale,  
 Some, hanging slack an utter helpless  
 length  
 Dead as a buried vestal whose whole  
 strength  
 Goes when the grate above shuts heavily.  
 So dwell these noiseless girls, patient to  
 see,  
 Like priestesses because of sin impure  
 Penanced for ever, who resigned endure,  
 Having that once drunk sweetness to  
 the dregs.  
 And every eve, Sordello's visit begs  
 Pardon for them : constant as eve he  
 came  
 To sit beside each in her turn, the  
 same  
 As one of them, a certain space : and  
 awe  
 Made a great indistinctness till he saw



Sunset slant cheerful through the  
 buttress-chinks,  
 Gold seven times globed; surely our  
 maiden shrinks  
 And a smile stirs her as if one faint grain  
 Her load were lightened, one shade less  
 the stain  
 Obscured her forehead, yet one more  
 bead slipt  
 From off the rosary whereby the crypt  
 Keeps count of the contritions of its  
 charge?  
 Then with a step more light, a heart  
 more large,  
 He may depart, leave her and every one  
 To linger out the penance in mute stone.  
 Ah, but Sordello? 'Tis the tale I mean  
 To tell you. In this castle may be seen,  
 On the hill tops, or underneath the vines,  
 Or eastward by the mound of firs and  
 pines  
 That shuts out Mantua, still in loneliness,  
 A slender boy in a loose page's dress,  
 Sordello: do but look on him awhile  
 Watching ('tis autumn) with an earnest  
 smile  
 The noisy flock of thievish birds at work  
 Among the yellowing vineyards; see  
 him lurk  
 ('Tis winter with its sullenest of storms)  
 Beside that arras-length of brodered  
 forms,  
 On tiptoe, lifting in both hands a light  
 Which makes yon warrior's visage flutter  
 bright  
 —Ecelo, dismal father of the brood,  
 And Ecelin, close to the girl he wooed,  
 Auria, and their Child, with all his wives  
 From Agnes to the Tuscan that survives,  
 Lady of the castle, Adelaide. His face  
 —Look, now he turns away! Your-  
 selves shall trace  
 (The delicate nostril swerving wide and  
 fine,  
 A sharp and restless lip, so well combine  
 With that calm brow) a soul fit to receive  
 Delight at every sense; you can believe  
 Sordello foremost in the regal class  
 Nature has broadly severed from her mass  
 Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she  
 frames  
 Some happy lands, that have luxurious  
 names,

For loose fertility; a footfall there  
 Suffices to upturn to the warm air  
 Half-germinating spices; mere decay  
 Produces richer life; and day by day  
 New pollen on the lily-petal grows,  
 And still more labyrinthine buds the  
 rose.  
 You recognize at once the finer dress  
 Of flesh that amply lets in loveliness  
 At eye and ear, while round the rest is  
 furled  
 (As though she would not trust them  
 with her world)  
 A veil that shows a sky not near so blue,  
 And lets but half the sun look fervid  
 through.  
 How can such love?—like souls on each  
 full-fraught  
 Discovery brooding, blind at first to  
 aught  
 Beyond its beauty, till exceeding love  
 Becomes an aching weight; and, to  
 remove  
 A curse that haunts such natures—to  
 preclude  
 Their finding out themselves can work  
 no good  
 To what they love nor make it very blest  
 By their endeavour,—they are fain to invest  
 The lifeless thing with life from their  
 own soul,  
 Availing it to purpose, to control,  
 To dwell distinct and have peculiar joy  
 And separate interests that may employ  
 That beauty fitly, for its proper sake.  
 Nor rest they here; fresh births of  
 beauty wake  
 Fresh homage, every grade of love is past,  
 With every mode of loveliness: then  
 cast  
 Inferior idols off their borrowed crown  
 Before a coming glory. Up and down  
 Runs arrowy-fire, while earthly forms  
 combine  
 To throb the secret forth; a touch  
 divine—  
 And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic  
 rod:  
 Visibly through His garden walketh God.  
 So fare they. Now revert. One  
 character  
 Denotes them through the progress and  
 the stir,—

A need to blend with each external  
 charm,  
 Bury themselves, the whole heart wide  
 and warm,  
 In something not themselves; they  
 would belong  
 To what they worship—stronger and  
 more strong  
 Thus prodigally fed—which gathers  
 shape  
 And feature, soon imprisons past escape  
 The votary framed to love and to submit  
 Nor ask, as passionately he kneels to it,  
 Whence grew the idol's empery. So  
 runs  
 A legend; light had birth ere moons and  
 suns,  
 Flowing through space a river and  
 alone,  
 Till chaos burst and blank the spheres  
 were strown  
 Hither and thither, foundering and  
 blind,  
 When into each of them rushed light—  
 to find  
 Itself no place, foiled of its radiant  
 chance.  
 Let such forego their just inheritance!  
 For there's a class that eagerly looks,  
 too,  
 On beauty, but, unlike the gentler crew,  
 Proclaims each new revealment born a  
 twin  
 With a distinctest consciousness within  
 Referring still the quality, now first  
 Revealed, to their own soul—its instinct  
 nursed  
 In silence, now remembered better,  
 shown  
 More thoroughly, but not the less their  
 own;  
 A dream come true; the special exercise  
 Of any special function that implies  
 The being fair, or good, or wise, or  
 strong,  
 Dormant within their nature all along—  
 Whose fault? So, homage, other souls  
 direct  
 Without, turns inward; 'How should  
 this deject  
 Thee, soul?' they murmur; 'where-  
 fore strength be quelled  
 Because, its trivial accidents withheld,

Organs are missed that clog the world,  
 inert,  
 Wanting a will, to quicken and exert,  
 Like thine—existence cannot satiate,  
 Cannot surprise? laugh thou at envious  
 fate,  
 Who, from earth's simplest combination  
 stamp  
 With individuality—uncrampt  
 By living its faint elemental life,  
 Dost soar to heaven's complexest  
 essence, rife  
 With grandeurs, unaffronted to the last,  
 Equal to being all!'  
 In truth? Thou hast  
 Life, then—wilt challenge life for us:  
 our race  
 Is vindicated so, obtains its place  
 In thy ascent, the first of us; whom we  
 May follow, to the meanest, finally,  
 With our more bounded wills?  
 Ah, but to find  
 A certain mood enervate such a mind,  
 Counsel it slumber in the solitude  
 Thus reached nor, stooping, task for  
 mankind's good  
 Its nature just as life and time accord  
 '—Too narrow an arena to reward  
 Emprise—the world's occasion worth-  
 less since  
 Not absolutely fitted to evince  
 Its mastery!' Or if yet worse befall,  
 And a desire possess it to put all  
 That nature forth, forcing our straitened  
 sphere  
 Contain it,—to display completely here  
 The mastery another life should learn,  
 Thrusting in time eternity's concern,—  
 So that Sordello . . . Fool, who spied the  
 mark  
 Of leprosy upon him, violet-dark  
 Already as he loiters? Born just now,  
 With the new century, beside the glow  
 And efflorescence out of barbarism;  
 Witness a Greek or two from the abysm  
 That stray through Florence-town with  
 studious air,  
 Calming the chisel of that Pisan pair:  
 If Nicolo should carve a Christus yet!  
 While at Siena is Guidone set,  
 Forehead on hand; a painful birth  
 must be  
 Matured ere Saint Eufemia's sacristy

Or transept gather fruits of one great  
gaze  
At the moon: look you! The same  
orange haze,—  
The same blue stripe round that—and,  
i' the midst,  
Thy spectral whiteness, Mother-maid,  
who didst  
Pursue the dizzy painter!

Woe, then, worth  
Any officious babble letting forth  
The leprosy confirmed and ruinous  
To spirit lodged in a contracted house!  
Go back to the beginning, rather; blend  
It gently with Sordello's life; the end  
Is piteous, you may see, but much  
between  
Pleasant enough. Meantime, some pyx  
to screen  
The full-grown pest, some lid to shut  
upon  
The goblin! So they found at Babylon,  
(Colleagues, mad Lucius and sage  
(Antonine)

Sacking the city, by Apollo's shrine,  
In rummaging among the rarities,  
A certain coffer; he who made the prize  
Opened it greedily; and out there curled  
Just such another plague, for half the  
world  
Was stung. Crawl in then, hag, and  
couch asquat,  
Keeping that blotchy bosom thick in  
spot  
Until your time is ripe! The coffer-lid  
Is fastened, and the coffer safely hid  
Under the Loxian's choicest gifts of  
gold.

Who will may hear Sordello's story  
told,  
And how he never could remember  
when  
He dwelt not at Goito. Calmly, then,  
About this secret lodge of Adelaide's  
Glided his youth away; beyond the  
glades  
On the fir-forest's border, and the rim  
Of the low range of mountain, was for  
him  
No other world: but this appeared his  
own  
To wander through at pleasure and  
alone.

The castle too seemed empty; far and  
wide  
Might he disport; only the northern  
side

Lay under a mysterious interdict—  
Slight, just enough remembered to  
restrict

His roaming to the corridors, the vault  
Where those font-bearers expiate their  
fault,

The maple-chamber, and the little nooks  
And nests, and breezy parapet that  
looks

Over the woods to Mantua: there he  
strolled.

Some foreign women-servants, very old,  
Tended and crept about him—all his  
clue

To the world's business and embroiled  
ado

Distant a dozen hill-tops at the most.

And first a simple sense of life en-  
grossed

Sordello in his drowsy Paradise;  
The day's adventures for the days suffice—  
Its constant tribute of perceptions  
strange,

With sleep and stir in healthy inter-  
change,

Suffice, and leave him for the next at  
ease

Like the great palmer-worm that strips  
the trees,

Eats the life out of every luscious plant,  
And, when September finds them sere  
or scant,

Puts forth two wondrous winglets, alters  
quite,

And hies him after unforeseen delight.  
So fed Sordello, not a shard disheathed;  
As ever, round each new discovery,  
wreathed

Luxuriantly the fancies infantine  
His admiration, bent on making fine  
Its novel friend at any risk, would fling  
In gay profusion forth: a ficklest king,  
Confessed those minions! Eager to  
dispense

So much from his own stock of thought  
and sense

As might enable each to stand alone  
And serve him for a fellow; with his  
own,

Joining the qualities that just before  
 Had graced some older favourite. Thus  
     they were  
 A fluctuating halo, yesterday  
 Set flicker and to-morrow filched  
     away,—  
 Those upland objects each of separate  
     name,  
 Each with an aspect never twice the  
     same,  
 Waxing and waning as the new-born  
     host  
 Of fancies, like a single night's hoar-  
     frost,  
 Gave to familiar things a face grotesque;  
 Only, preserving through the mad bur-  
     lesque  
 A grave regard. Conceive! the orpine-  
     patch  
 Blossoming earliest on the log-house-  
     thatch  
 The day those archers wound along the  
     vines—  
 Related to the Chief that left their lines  
 To climb with clinking step the northern  
     stair  
 Up to the solitary chambers where  
 Sordello never came. Thus thrall  
     reached thrall;  
 He o'er-festooning every interval,  
 As the adventurous spider, making light  
 Of distance, shoots her threads from  
     depth to height,  
 From barbican to battlement; so flung  
 Fantasies forth and in their centre  
     swung  
 Our architect,—the breezy morning  
     fresh  
 Above, and merry,—all his waving mesh  
 Laughing with lucid dew-drops rainbow-  
     edged.  
 This world of ours by tacit pact is  
     pledged  
 To laying such a spangled fabric low  
 Whether by gradual brush or gallant  
     blow.  
 But its abundant will was baulked here:  
     doubt  
 Rose tardily in one so fenced about  
 From most that nurtures judgment,  
     care and pain:  
 Judgment, that dull expedient we are  
     fain,

Less favoured, to adopt betimes and force  
 Stead us, diverted from our natural  
     course  
 Of joys,—contrive some yet amid the  
     dearth,  
 Vary and render them, it may be, worth  
 Most we forego. Suppose Sordello hence  
 Selfish enough, without a moral sense  
 However feeble; what informed the boy  
 Others desired a portion in his joy?  
 Or say a ruthless chance broke woof and  
     warp—  
 A heron's nest beat down by March  
     winds sharp,  
 A fawn breathless beneath the precipice,  
 A bird with unsoiled breast and filmless  
     eyes  
 Warm in the brake—could these undo  
     the trance  
 Lapping Sordello? Not a circumstance  
 That makes for you, friend Naddo! Eat  
     fern-seed  
 And peer beside us and report indeed  
 If (your word) 'genius' dawned with  
     throes and stings  
 And the whole fiery catalogue, while  
     springs  
 Summers and winters quietly came and  
     went.  
     Time put at length that period to  
     content,  
 Byright the world should have imposed:  
     bereft  
 Of its good offices, Sordello, left  
 To study his companions, managed rip  
 Their fringe off, learn the true relation-  
     ship,  
 Core with its crust, their natures with his  
     own:  
 Amid his wild-wood sights belived alone.  
 As if the poppy felt with him! Though  
     he  
 Partook the poppy's red effrontery  
 Till Autumn spoiled their fleering quite  
     with rain,  
 And, turbanless, a coarse brown rattling  
     crane  
 Lay bare. That's gone! yet why  
     renounce, for that,  
 His disenchanting tributaries—flat  
 Perhaps, but scarce so utterly forlorn,  
 Their simple presence might not well be  
     borne

Whose parley was a transport once :  
recall

The poppy's gifts, it flaunts you, after  
all,

A poppy : why distrust the evidence  
Of each soon satisfied and healthy sense ?  
The new-born judgment answered :

' little boots

Beholding other creatures' attributes  
And having none !' or, say that it  
sufficed,

' Yet, could one but possess, oneself,'  
(enticed

Judgment) ' some special office !'  
Nought beside

Serves you ? ' Well then, be somehow  
justified

For this ignoble wish to circumscribe  
And concentrate, rather than swell, the  
tribe

Of actual pleasures : what, now, from  
without

Effects it ?—proves, despite a lurking  
doubt,

Mere sympathy sufficient, trouble  
spared ?

That tasting joys by proxy thus, you  
fared

The better for them ?' Thus much  
craved his soul.

Alas, from the beginning love is whole  
And true ; if sure of nought beside,  
most sure

Of its own truth at least ; nor may  
endure

A crowd to see its face, that cannot  
know

How hot the pulses throb its heart  
below.

While its own helplessness and utter  
want

Of means to worthily be ministrant  
To what it worships, do but fan the  
more

Its flame, exalt the idol far before  
Itself as it would have it ever be.

Souls like Sordello, on the contrary,  
Coerced and put to shame, retaining  
will,

Care little, take mysterious comfort still,  
But look forth tremblingly to ascertain  
If others judge their claims not urged in  
vain,

And say for them their stifled thoughts  
aloud.

So, they must ever live before a crowd :  
—' Vanity,' Naddo tells you.

Whence contrive

A crowd, now ? From these women just  
alive,

That archer-troop ? Forth glided—not  
alone

Each painted warrior, every girl of stone,  
Nor Adelaide (bent double o'er a scroll,  
One maiden at her knees, that eve, his  
soul

Shook as he stumbled through the  
arras'd glooms

On them, for, 'mid quaint robes and  
weird perfumes,

Started the meagre Tuscan up,—her  
eyes,

The maiden's, also, bluer with surprise)  
—But the entire out-world : whatever,  
scraps

And snatches, song and story, dreams  
perhaps,

Conceited the world's offices, and he  
Had hitherto transferred to flower or tree,  
Nor counted a befitting heritage  
Each, of its own right, singly to engage  
Some man, no other,—such now dared  
to stand

Alone. Strength, wisdom, grace on  
every hand

Soon disengaged themselves, and he  
discerned

A sort of human life : at least, was  
turned

A stream of lifelike figures through his  
brain.

Lord, liegeman, valvassor and suzerain,  
Ere he could choose, surrounded him ;  
a stuff

To work his pleasure on ; there, sure  
enough :

But as for gazing, what shall fix that  
gaze ?

Are they to simply testify the ways  
He who convoked them sends his soul  
along

With the cloud's thunder or a dove's  
brood-song ?

—While they live each his life, boast  
each his own

Peculiar dower of bliss, stand each alone



In some one point where something  
 dearest loved  
 Is easiest gained—far worthier to be  
 proved  
 Than aught he envies in the forest-  
 wights!  
 No simple and self-evident delights,  
 But mixed desires of unimagined range,  
 Contrasts or combinations, new and  
 strange,  
 Irsome perhaps, yet plainly recognized  
 By this, the sudden company—loves  
 prized  
 By those who are to prize his own  
 amount  
 Of loves. Once care because such make  
 account,  
 Allow a foreign recognition stamp  
 The current value, and his crowd shall  
 vamp  
 Him counterfeits enough; and so their  
 print  
 Be on the piece, 'tis gold, attests the  
 mint,  
 And 'good,' pronounce they whom his  
 new appeal  
 Is made to: if their casual print con-  
 ceal—  
 This arbitrary good of theirs o'ergloss  
 What he have lived without, nor felt  
 the loss—  
 Qualities strange, ungainly, wearisome,  
 —What matter? so must speech ex-  
 pand the dumb  
 Part-sigh, part-smile with which Sor-  
 dello, late  
 No foolish woodland-sights could satiate,  
 Betakes himself to study hungrily  
 Just what the puppets his crude fantasy  
 Supposes notablest, popes, kings, priests,  
 knights,  
 May please to promulgate for appetites;  
 Accepting all their artificial joys  
 Not as he views them, but as he employs  
 Each shape to estimate the other's stock  
 Of attributes, that on a marshalled flock  
 Of authorized enjoyments he may spend  
 Himself, be men, now, as he used to  
 blend  
 With tree and flower—nay more en-  
 tirely, else  
 'Twere mockery: for instance, 'how  
 excels  
 My life that chieftain's?' (who apprised  
 the youth  
 Ecelin, here, becomes this month, in  
 truth,  
 Imperial Vicar?) 'Turns he in his tent  
 Remissly? Be it so—my head is bent  
 Deliciously amid my girls to sleep.  
 What if he stalks the Trentine-pass?  
 Yon steep  
 I climbed an hour ago with little toil—  
 We are alike there. But can I, too, foil  
 The Guefs' paid stabber, carelessly  
 afford  
 Saint Mark's a spectacle, the sleight o'  
 the sword  
 Baffling their project in a moment?'  
 Here  
 No rescue! Poppy he is none, but peer  
 To Ecelin, assuredly: his hand,  
 Fashioned no otherwise, should wield  
 a brand  
 With Ecelin's success—try, now! He  
 soon  
 Was satisfied, returned as to the moon  
 From earth; left each abortive boy's-  
 attempt  
 For feats, from failure happily exempt,  
 In fancy at his beck. 'One day I will  
 Accomplish it! Are they not older still  
 —Not grown up men and women?' 'Tis  
 beside  
 Only a dream; and though I must  
 abide  
 With dreams now, I may find a thorough  
 vent  
 For all myself, acquire an instrument  
 For acting what these people act; my  
 soul  
 Hunting a body out, may gain its whole  
 Desire some day!' How else express  
 chagrin  
 And resignation, show the hope steal in  
 With which he let sink from an aching  
 wrist  
 The rough-hewn ash bow? straight,  
 a gold shaft hissed  
 Into the Syrian air, struck Malek down  
 Superbly! 'Crosses to the breach!  
 God's Town  
 Is gained Him back!' Why bend rough  
 ash-bows more?  
 Thus lives he: if not careless as  
 before,

Comforted : for one may anticipate,  
Rehearse the Future, be prepared when  
fate

Shall have prepared in turn real men  
whose names

Startle, real places of enormous fames,

Este abroad and Ecelin at home

To worship him,—Mantua, Verona,  
Rome

To witness it. Who grudges time so  
spent ?

Rather test qualities to heart's content—

Summon them, thrice selected, near and  
far—

Compress the starriest into one star,  
And grasp the whole at once !

The pageant thinned  
Accordingly ; from rank to rank, like  
wind

His spirit passed to winnow and divide ;  
Back fell the simpler phantasms ;

every side

The strong clave to the wise ; with  
either classed

The beauteous ; so, till two or three  
amassed

Mankind's beseechingnesses, and re-  
duced

Themselves eventually, graces loosed,  
And lavished strengths, to heighten up

One Shape

Whose potency no creature should  
escape.

Can it be Friedrich of the bowmen's talk ?  
Surely that grape-juice, bubbling at the  
stalk,

Is some grey scorching Saracenic wine  
The Kaiser quaffs with the Miramoline—

Those swarthy hazel-clusters, seamed  
and chapped,

Or filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-  
capped,

Are dates plucked from the bough John  
Brienne sent,

To keep in mind his sluggish armament  
Of Canaan.—Friedrich's, all the pomp

and fierce

Demeanour ! But harsh sounds and  
sights transpierce

So rarely the serene cloud where he  
dwells,

Whose looks enjoin, whose lightest  
words are spells

On the obdurate ! That right arm  
indeed

Has thunder for its slave ; but where 's  
the need

Of thunder if the stricken multitude

Hearkens, arrested in its angriest mood,

While songs go up exulting, then dis-  
pread,

Dispart, disperse, lingering overhead  
Like an escape of angels ? 'Tis the tune,

Nor much unlike the words the women  
croon

Smilingly, colourless and faint-designed  
Each, as a worn-out queen's face some

remind

Of her extreme youth's love-tales.  
'Eglamor

Made that !' Half minstrel and half  
emperor,

What but ill objects vexed him ? Such  
he slew.

The kinder sort were easy to subdue  
By those ambrosial glances, dulcet

tones ;

And these a gracious hand advanced to  
thrones

Beneath him. Wherefore twist and  
torture this,

Striving to name afresh the antique bliss,  
Instead of saying, neither less nor more,

He had discovered, as our world before,  
Apollo ? That shall be the name ; nor

bid

Me rag by rag expose how patchwork hid  
The youth—what thefts of every clime

and day

Contributed to purfle the array  
He climbed with (June at deep) some

close ravine

'Mid clatter of its million pebbles sheen,  
Over which, singing soft, the runnel

slipt

Elate with rains : into whose streamlet  
dipt

He foot, yet trod, you thought, with  
unwet sock—

Though really on the stubs of living rock  
Ages ago it crenneled ; vines for roof,

Lindens for wall ; before him, aye aloof,  
Flittered in the cool some azure damsel-

fly,

Born of the simmering quiet, there to  
die.

Emerging whence, Apollo still, he spied  
Mighty descents of forest ; multiplied  
Tuft on tuft, here, the frolic myrtle-trees,  
There gendered the grave maple-stocks  
at ease.

And, proud of its observer, strait the  
wood

Tried old surprises on him ; black it  
stood

A sudden barrier ('twas a cloud passed  
o'er)

So dead and dense, the tiniest brute no  
more

Must pass ; yet presently (the cloud  
dispatched)

Each clump, behold, was glistening  
detached

A shrub, oak-boles shrunk into ilex-  
stems !

Yet could not he denounce the strata-  
gems

He saw thro', till, hours thence, aloft  
would hang

White summer-lightnings ; as it sank  
and sprang

To measure, that whole palpitating  
breast

Of heaven, 'twas Apollo, nature prest  
At eve to worship.

Time stole : by degrees

The Pythons perish off ; his votaries  
Sink to respectful distance ; songs

redeem

Their pains, but briefer ; their dismissals  
seem

Emphatic ; only girls are very slow

To disappear—his Delians ! Some that  
glow

O' the instant, more with earlier loves  
to wrench

Away, reserves to quell, disdains to  
quench ;

Alike in one material circumstance—

All soon or late adore Apollo ! Glance  
The bevy through, divine Apollo's

choice,

His Daphne ! 'We secure Count  
Richard's voice

In Este's counsels, good for Este's ends  
As our Taurello,' say his faded friends,

'By granting him our Palma !'—The  
sole child,

They mean, of Agnes Este who beguiled

Ecelin, years before this Adelaide  
Wedded and turned him wicked : ' but  
the maid

Rejects his suit,' those sleepy women  
boast.

She, scorning all beside, deserves the  
most

Sordello : so, conspicuous in his world  
Of dreams sat Palma. How the tresses

curled

Into a sumptuous swell of gold and  
wound

About her like a glory ! even the  
ground

Was bright as with spilt sunbeams ;  
breathe not, breathe

Not !—poised, see, one leg doubled  
underneath,

Its small foot buried in the dimpling  
snow,

Rests, but the other, listlessly below,  
O'er the couch-side swings feeling for

cool air,

The vein-streaks swoln a richer violet  
where

The languid blood lies heavily ; yet  
calm

On her slight prop, each flat and out-  
spread palm,

As but suspended in the act to rise

By consciousness of beauty, whence her  
eyes

Turn with so frank a triumph, for she  
meets

Apollo's gaze in the pine-glooms.

Time fleets :

That's worst ! Because the pre-ap-  
pointed age

Approaches. Fate is tardy with the  
stage

And crowd she promised. Lean he  
grows and pale,

Though restlessly at rest. Hardly avail  
Fancies to soothe him. Time steals, yet

alone

He tarries here ! The earnest smile is  
gone.

How long this might continue, matters  
not ;

—For ever, possibly ; since to the spot  
None come : our lingering Taurello

quits

Mantua at last, and light our lady flits

Back to her place disburthened of a care.  
Strange—to be constant here if he is  
there !

Is it distrust ? Oh, never ! for they both  
Goad Ecelin alike—Romano's growth  
So daily manifest, that Azzo's dumb  
And Richard wavers : let but Friedrich  
come !

—Find matter for the minstrelsy's  
report,  
Lured from the Isle and its young  
Kaiser's court

To sing us a Messina morning up,  
And, double rillet of a drinking cup,  
Sparkle along to ease the land of drouth,  
Northward to Provence that, and thus  
far south

The other. What a method to apprise  
Neighbours of births, espousals, obse-  
quies !

Which in their very tongue the Trouba-  
dour

Records ; and his performance makes  
a tour,

For Trouveres bear the miracle about,  
Explain its cunning to the vulgar rout,  
Until the Formidable House is famed  
Over the country—as Taurello aimed,  
Who introduced, although the rest  
adopt,

The novelty. Such games, her absence  
stopped,

Begin afresh now Adelaide, recluse  
No longer, in the light of day pursues  
Her plans at Mantua : whence an  
accident

Which, breaking on Sordello's mixed  
content,

Opened, like any flash that cures the  
blind,

The veritable business of mankind.

### BOOK THE SECOND

THE woods were long austere with  
snow : at last  
Pink leaflets budded on the beech, and  
fast  
Larches, scattered through pine-tree  
solitudes,  
Brightened, ' as in the slumbrous heart  
o' the woods

Our buried year, a witch, grew young  
again

To placid incantations, and that stain  
About were from her cauldron, green  
smoke blent

With those black pines '—so Eglamor  
gave vent

To a chance fancy. Whence a just  
rebuke

From his companion ; brother Naddo  
shook

The solemnest of brows ; ' Beware,' he  
said,

' Of setting up conceits in nature's  
stead !'

Forth wandered our Sordello. Nought  
so sure

As that to-day's adventure will secure  
Palma, the visioned lady—only pass  
O'er yon damp mound and its ex-  
hausted grass,

Under that brake where sundawn feeds  
the stalks

Of withered fern with gold, into those  
walks

Of pine, and take her ! Buoyantly he  
went.

Again his stooping forehead was be-  
sprent

With dew-drops from the skirting ferns.  
Then wide

Opened the great morass, shot every side  
With flashing water through and  
through ; a-shine,

Thick-steaming, all alive. Whose shape  
divine

Quivered i' the farthest rainbow-vapour,  
glanced

Athwart the flying herons ? He ad-  
vanced,

But warily ; though Mincio leaped no  
more.

Each foot-fall burst up in the marish-  
floor

A diamond jet : and if he stopped to pick  
Rose-lichen, or molest the leeches quick,  
And circling blood-worms, minnow,  
newt or loach,

A sudden pond would silently encroach  
This way and that. On Palma passed.

The verge  
Of a new wood was gained. She will  
emerge

Flushed, now, and panting,—crowds to  
 see,—will own  
 She loves him—Boniface to hear, to  
 groan,  
 To leave his suit ! One screen of pine-  
 trees still  
 Opposes : but—the startling spectacle—  
 Mantua, this time ! Under the walls—  
 a crowd  
 Indeed, real men and women, gay and  
 loud  
 Round a pavilion. How he stood !

In truth

No prophecy had come to pass : his  
 youth  
 In its prime now—and where was  
 homage poured  
 Upon Sordello ?—born to be adored,  
 And suddenly discovered weak, scarce  
 made  
 To cope with any, cast into the shade  
 By this and this. Yet something seemed  
 to prick  
 And tingle in his blood ; a sleight—a  
 trick—  
 And much would be explained. It  
 went for nought—  
 The best of their endowments were ill  
 bought  
 With his identity : nay, the conceit,  
 That this day's roving led to Palma's  
 feet  
 Was not so vain—list ! The word,  
 ' Palma ! ' Steal  
 Aside, and die, Sordello ; this is real,  
 And this—abjure !

What next ? The curtains, see,  
 Dividing ! She is there ; and presently  
 He will be there—the proper You, at  
 length—  
 In your own cherished dress of grace and  
 strength :  
 Most like, the very Boniface !

Not so.

It was a showy man advanced ; but  
 though  
 A glad cry welcomed him, then every  
 sound  
 Sank and the crowd disposed themselves  
 around,  
 —' This is not he,' Sordello felt ; while,  
 ' Place  
 For the best Troubadour of Boniface ! '

Hollaed the Jongleurs,—' Eglamor,  
 whose lay  
 Concludes his patron's Court of Love  
 to-day ! '  
 Obsequious Naddo strung the master's  
 lute  
 With the new lute-string, ' Elys,'  
 named to suit  
 The song : he stealthily at watch, the  
 while,  
 Biting his lip to keep down a great smile  
 Of pride : then up he struck. Sordello's  
 brain  
 Swam ; for he knew a sometime deed  
 again ;  
 So, could supply each foolish gap and  
 chasm  
 The minstrel left in his enthusiasm,  
 Mistaking its true version—was the tale  
 Not of Apollo ? Only, what avail  
 Luring her down, that Elys an he  
 pleased,  
 If the man dared no further ? Has he  
 ceased ?  
 And, lo, the people's frank applause half  
 done,  
 Sordello was beside him, had begun  
 (Spite of indignant twitchings from his  
 friend  
 The Trouvere) the true lay with the true  
 end,  
 Taking the other's names and time and  
 place  
 For his. On flew the song, a giddy race,  
 After the flying story ; word made leap  
 Out word, rhyme—rhyme ; the lay  
 could barely keep  
 Pace with the action visibly rushing  
 past :  
 Both ended. Back fell Naddo more  
 aghast  
 Than some Egyptian from the harassed  
 bull  
 That wheeled abrupt and, bellowing,  
 fronted full  
 His plague, who spied a scarab 'neath his  
 tongue,  
 And found 'twas Apis' flank his hasty  
 prong  
 Insulted. But the people—but the  
 cries,  
 The crowding round, and proffering the  
 prize !



(For he had gained some prize)—He  
 seemed to shrink  
 Into a sleepy cloud, just at whose brink  
 One sight withheld him. There sat  
 Adelaide,  
 Silent ; but at her knees the very maid  
 Of the North Chamber, her red lips as  
 rich,  
 The same pure fleecy hair ; one weft of  
 which,  
 Golden and great, quite touched his  
 cheek as o'er  
 She leant, speaking some six words and  
 no more.  
 He answered something, anything ; and  
 she  
 Unbound a scarf and laid it heavily  
 Upon him, her neck's warmth and all.  
 Again  
 Moved the arrested magic ; in his brain  
 Noises grew, and a light that turned to  
 glare,  
 And greater glare, until the intense flare  
 Engulfed him, shut the whole scene  
 from his sense.  
 And when he woke 'twas many a furlong  
 thence,  
 At home ; the sun shining his ruddy  
 wont ;  
 The customary birds'-chirp ; but his  
 front  
 Was crowned—was crowned ! Her  
 scented scarf around  
 His neck ! Whose gorgeous vesture  
 heaps the ground ?  
 A prize ? He turned, and peeringly on  
 him  
 Brooded the women-faces, kind and  
 dim,  
 Ready to talk.—'The Jongleurs in a  
 troop  
 Had brought him back, Naddo and  
 Squarcialupe  
 And Tagliafer ; how strange ! a child-  
 hood spent  
 In taking, well for him, so brave a bent !  
 Since Eglamor,' they heard, ' was dead  
 with spite,  
 And Palma chose him for her minstrel.'  
 Light  
 Sordello rose—to think, now ; hitherto  
 He had perceived. Sure, a discovery  
 grew

Out of it all ! Best live from first to last  
 The transport o'er again. A week he  
 passed,  
 Sucking the sweet out of each circum-  
 stance,  
 From the bard's outbreak to the luscious  
 trance  
 Bounding his own achievement. Strange !  
 A man  
 Recounted an adventure, but began  
 Imperfectly ; his own task was to fill  
 The frame-work up, sing well what he  
 sang ill,  
 Supply the necessary points, set loose  
 As many incidents of little use  
 —More imbecile the other, not to see  
 Their relative importance clear as he !  
 But, for a special pleasure in the act  
 Of singing—had he ever turned, in fact,  
 From Elys, to sing Elys ?—from each fit  
 Of rapture, to contrive a song of it ?  
 True, this snatch or the other seemed to  
 wind  
 Into a treasure, helped himself to find  
 A beauty in himself ; for, see, he soared  
 By means of that mere snatch to many  
 a hoard  
 Of fancies ; as some falling cone bears  
 soft  
 The eye, along the fir-tree-spire, aloft  
 To a dove's nest. Then, how divine the  
 cause  
 Such a performance might exact ap-  
 plause  
 From men, if they had fancies too ?  
 Could fate  
 Decree they found a beauty separate  
 In the poor snatch itself ?—'Take Elys,  
 there,  
 —Her head that's sharp and perfect  
 like a pear,  
 So close and smooth are laid the few  
 fine locks  
 Coloured like honey oozed from top-  
 most rocks  
 Sun-blached the livelong summer '—if  
 they heard  
 Just those two rhymes, assented at my  
 word,  
 And loved them as I love them who have  
 run  
 These fingers through those pale locks,  
 let the sun

Into the white cool skin—who first could  
 clutch,  
 Then praise—I needs must be a God to  
 such.  
 Or if some few, above themselves, and  
 yet  
 Beneath me, like their Eglamor, have  
 set  
 An impress on our gift? So, men believe  
 And worship what they know not, nor  
 receive  
 Delight from. Have they fancies—  
 slow, perchance,  
 Not at their beck, which indistinctly  
 glance  
 Until, by song, each floating part be  
 linked  
 To each, and all grow palpable, dis-  
 tinct? '  
 He pondered this.  
 Meanwhile, sounds low and drear  
 Stole on him, and a noise of footsteps,  
 near  
 And nearer, and the underwood was  
 pushed  
 Aside, the larches grazed, the dead  
 leaves crushed  
 At the approach of men. The wind  
 seemed laid;  
 Only, the trees shrunk slightly and a  
 shade  
 Came o'er the sky although 'twas mid-  
 day yet:  
 You saw each half-shut downcast  
 floweret  
 Flutter—'a Roman bride, when they'd  
 dispart  
 Her unbound tresses with the Sabine  
 dart,  
 Holding that famous rape in memory  
 still,  
 Felt creep into her curls the iron chill,  
 And looked thus,' Eglamor would say—  
 indeed  
 'Tis Eglamor, no other, these precede  
 Home hither in the woods. "Twere  
 surely sweet  
 Far from the scene of one's forlorn  
 defeat  
 To sleep!' judged Naddo, who in  
 person led  
 Jongleurs and Trouveres, chanting at  
 their head,

A scanty company; for, sooth to  
 say,  
 Our beaten Troubadour had seen his  
 day.  
 Old worshippers were something shamed,  
 old friends  
 Nigh weary; still the death proposed  
 amends.  
 'Let us but get them safely through my  
 song  
 And home again!' quoth Naddo.  
 All along,  
 This man (they rest the bier upon the  
 sand)  
 —This calm corpse with the loose flowers  
 in his hand,  
 Eglamor, lived Sordello's opposite.  
 For him indeed was Naddo's notion  
 right,  
 And verse a temple-worship vague and  
 vast,  
 A ceremony that withdrew the last  
 Opposing bolt, looped back the lingering  
 veil  
 Which hid the holy place—should one so  
 frail  
 Stand there without such effort? or  
 repine  
 That much was blank, uncertain at the  
 shrine  
 He knelt before, till, soothed by many  
 a rite,  
 The Power responded, and some sound  
 or sight  
 Grew up, his own forever, to be fixed  
 In rhyme, the beautiful, forever! mixed  
 With his own life, unloosed when he  
 should please,  
 Having it safe at hand, ready to ease  
 All pain, remove all trouble; every  
 time  
 He loosed that fancy from its bonds of  
 rhyme,  
 Like Perseus when he loosed his naked  
 love,  
 Faltering; so distinct and far above  
 Himself, these fancies! He, no genius  
 rare.  
 Transfiguring in fire or wave or air  
 At will, but a poor gnome that, cloistered  
 up  
 In some rock-chamber with his agate  
 cup,

His topaz rod, his seed-pearl, in these  
     few  
 And their arrangement finds enough to  
     do  
 For his best art. Then, how he loved  
     that art !  
 The calling marking him a man apart  
 From men—one not to care, take  
     counsel for  
 Cold hearts, comfortless faces—(Eg-  
     lamor  
 Was neediest of his tribe)—since verse,  
     the gift,  
 Was his, and men, the whole of them,  
     must shift  
 Without it, e'en content themselves  
     with wealth  
 And pomp and power, snatching a life  
     by stealth.  
 So, Eglamor was not without his pride !  
 The sorriest bat which cowers through  
     noontide  
 While other birds are jocund, has one  
     time  
 When moon and stars are blinded, and  
     the prime  
 Of earth is his to claim, nor find a peer ;  
 And Eglamor was noblest poet here  
 He knew that, 'mid the April woods, he  
     cast  
 Conceits upon in plenty as he past,  
 That Naddo might suppose him not to  
     think  
 Entirely on the coming triumph : wink  
 At the one weakness ! 'Twas a fervid  
     child,  
 That song of his—no brother of the guild  
 Had e'er conceived its like. The rest  
     you know,  
 The exaltation and the overthrow :  
 Our poet lost his purpose, lost his rank,  
 His life—to that it came. Yet envy  
     sank  
 Within him, as he heard Sordello out,  
 And, for the first time, shouted—tried  
     to shout  
 Like others, not from any zeal to show  
 Pleasure that way : the common sort  
     did so,  
 And what was Eglamor ? who, bending  
     down  
 The same, placed his beneath Sordello's  
     crown,

Printed a kiss on his successor's hand,  
 Left one great tear on it, then joined his  
     band  
 —In time ; for some were watching at  
     the door :  
 Who knows what envy may effect ?  
     ' Give o'er,  
 Nor charm his lips, nor craze him !'  
     (here one spied  
 And disengaged the withered crown)—  
     ' Beside  
 His crown ! How prompt and clear  
     those verses rung  
 To answer yours ! nay, sing them !'  
     And he sung  
 Them calmly. Home he went ; friends  
     used to wait  
 His coming, zealous to congratulate,  
 But, to a man, so quickly runs report,  
 Could do no less than leave him, and  
     escort  
 His rival. That eve, then, bred many  
     a thought :  
 What must his future life be ? was he  
     brought  
 So low, who was so lofty this Spring  
     morn ?  
 At length he said, ' Best sleep now with  
     my scorn,  
 And by to-morrow I devise some plain  
 Expedient !' So, he slept, nor woke  
     again.  
 They found as much, those friends,  
     when they returned  
 O'erflowing with the marvels they had  
     learned  
 About Sordello's paradise, his roves  
 Among the hills and valleys, plains and  
     groves,  
 Wherein, no doubt, this lay was  
     roughly cast,  
 Polished by slow degrees, completed last  
 To Eglamor's discomfiture and death.  
     Such form the chanter's now, and, out  
     of breath,  
 They lay the beaten man in his abode,  
 Naddo reciting that same luckless ode,  
 Doleful to hear. Sordello could explore  
 By means of it, however, one step more  
 In joy ; and, mastering the round at  
     length,  
 Learnt how to live in weakness as in  
     strength,

When from his covert forth he stood,  
 addressed  
 Eglamor, bade the tender ferns invest,  
 Primaeval pines o'er canopy his couch,  
 And, most of all, his fame—(shall I  
 avouch  
 Eglamor heard it, dead though he might  
 look,  
 And laughed as from his brow Sordello  
 took  
 The crown, and laid it on his breast, and  
 said  
 It was a crown, now, fit for poet's head ?  
 —Continue. Nor the prayer quite  
 fruitless fell.  
 A plant they have yielding a three-  
 leaved bell  
 Which whitens at the heart ere noon,  
 and ails  
 Till evening; evening gives it to her  
 gales  
 To clear away with such forgotten things  
 As are an eyesore to the morn: this  
 brings  
 Him to their mind, and bears his very  
 name.  
 So much for Eglamor. My own  
 month came;  
 'Twas a sunrise of blossoming and May.  
 Beneath a flowering laurel thicket lay  
 Sordello; each new sprinkle of white  
 stars  
 That smell fainter of wine than Massic  
 jars  
 Dug up at Baiae, when the south wind  
 shed  
 The ripest, made him happier; filleted  
 And robed the same, only a lute beside  
 Lay on the turf. Before him far and  
 wide  
 The country stretched: Goito slept  
 behind  
 —The castle and its covert, which con-  
 fined  
 Him with his hopes and fears; so fain  
 of old  
 To leave the story of his birth untold.  
 At intervals, ' spite the fantastic glow  
 Of his Apollo-life, a certain low  
 And wretched whisper, winding through  
 the bliss,  
 Admonished, no such fortune could be  
 his,

All was quite false and sure to fade one  
 day:  
 The closelier drew he round him his  
 array  
 Of brilliance to expel the truth. But  
 when  
 A reason for his difference from men  
 Surprised him at the grave, he took no  
 rest  
 While aught of that old life, superbly  
 drest  
 Down to its meanest incident, remained  
 A mystery—alas, they soon explained  
 Away Apollo! and the tale amounts  
 To this: when at Vicenza both her  
 Counts  
 Banished the Vivaresi kith and kin,  
 Those Maltraversi hung on Ecelin,  
 Reviled him as he followed; he for spite  
 Must fire their quarter, though that self-  
 same night  
 Among the flames young Ecelin was  
 born  
 Of Adelaide, there too, and barely torn  
 From the roused populace hard on the  
 rear,  
 By a poor archer when his chieftain's fear  
 Grew high; into the thick Elcorte leapt,  
 Saved her, and died; no creature left  
 except  
 His child to thank. And when the full  
 escape  
 Was known—how men impaled from  
 chine to nape  
 Unlucky Prata, all to pieces spurned  
 Bishop Pistore's concubines, and burned  
 Taurello's entire household, flesh and  
 fell,  
 Missing the sweeter prey—such courage  
 well  
 Might claim reward. The orphan, ever  
 since,  
 Sordello, had been nurtured by his  
 prince  
 Within a blind retreat where Adelaide—  
 (For, once this notable discovery made,  
 The Past at every point was understood)  
 —Might harbour easily when times were  
 rude,  
 When Azzo schemed for Palma, to re-  
 trieve  
 That pledge of Agnes Este—loath to  
 leave

Mantua unguarded with a vigilant  
 eye,  
 Taurello biding there ambiguously—  
 He who could have no motive now to  
 moil  
 For his own fortunes since their utter  
 spoil—  
 As it were worth while yet (went the  
 report)  
 To disengage himself from her. In  
 short,  
 Apollo vanished; a mean youth, just  
 named  
 His lady's minstrel, was to be pro-  
 claimed  
 —How shall I phrase it? —Monarch of  
 the World!  
 For, on the morning that array was  
 furled  
 For ever, and in place of one a slave  
 To longings, wild indeed, but longings  
 save  
 In dreams as wild, suppressed—one  
 daring not  
 Assume the mastery such dreams allot,  
 Until a magical equipment, strength  
 Grace, wisdom, decked him too,—he  
 chose at length,  
 Content with unproved wits and failing  
 frame,  
 In virtue of his simple will, to claim  
 That mastery, no less—to do his best  
 With means so limited, and let the  
 rest  
 Go by,—the seal was set: never again  
 Sordello could in his own sight remain  
 One of the many, one with hopes and  
 cares  
 And interests nowisedistinct from theirs,  
 Only peculiar in a thriveless store  
 Of fancies, which were fancies and no  
 more;  
 Never again for him and for the crowd  
 A common law was challenged and  
 allowed  
 If calmly reasoned of, how'er denied  
 By a mad impulse nothing justified  
 Short of Apollo's presence. The divorce  
 Is clear: why needs Sordello square his  
 course  
 By any known example? Men no more  
 Compete with him than tree and flower  
 before;

Himself, inactive, yet is greater far  
 Than such as act, each stooping to his  
 star,  
 Acquiring thence his function; he has  
 gained  
 The same result with meaner mortals  
 trained  
 To strength or beauty, moulded to ex-  
 press  
 Each the idea that rules him; since no  
 less  
 He comprehends that function, but can  
 still  
 Embrace the others, take of might his fill  
 With Richard as of grace with Palma,  
 mix  
 Their qualities, or for a moment fix  
 On one; abiding free meantime, un-  
 cramped  
 By any partial organ, never stamped  
 Strong, and to strength turning all  
 energies—  
 Wise, and restricted to becoming wise—  
 That is, he loves not, nor possesses One  
 Idea that, star-like over, lures him on  
 To its exclusive purpose. 'Fortunate!  
 This flesh of mine ne'er strove to emulate  
 A soul so various—took no casual mould  
 Of the first fancy and, contracted, cold,  
 Lay clogged forever thence, averse to  
 change  
 As that: whereas it left her free to range,  
 Remains itself a blank, cast into shade,  
 Encumbers little, if it cannot aid.  
 So, range, my soul!—who, by self-con-  
 sciousness,  
 The last drop of all beauty dost ex-  
 press—  
 The grace of seeing grace, a quintessence  
 For thee: but for the world, that can  
 dispense  
 Wonder on men who, themselves, won-  
 der—make  
 A shift to love at second-hand, and take  
 Those for its idols who but idolize,  
 Themselves,—world that loves souls as  
 strong or wise,  
 Who, themselves, love strength, wisdom,  
 —it shall bow  
 Surely in unexampled worship now,  
 Discerning me!—  
 (Dear monarch, I beseech,  
 Notice how lamentably wide a breach



Is here ! discovering this, discover too  
What our poor world has possibly to do  
With it ! As pigmy natures as you  
please—

So much the better for you ; take your  
ease ;

Look on, and laugh ; style yourself God  
alone ;

Strangle some day with a cross olive-  
stone :

All that is right enough : but why want  
us

To know that you yourself know thus  
and thus ?)

‘ The world shall bow to me conceiving  
all

Man’s life, who see its blisses, great and  
small,

Afar—not tasting any ; no machine  
To exercise my utmost will is mine :

Be mine mere consciousness ! Let them  
perceive

What I could do, a mastery believe,  
Asserted and established to the throng

By their selected evidence of song  
Which now shall prove, whate’er they

are, or seek  
To be, I am—who take no pains to  
speak,

Change no old standards of perfection,  
vex

With no strange forms created to per-  
plex,

But will perform their bidding and no  
more,

At their own satiating-point give o’er,  
While each shall love in me the love that

leads  
His soul to its perfection.’ Song, not  
deeds,

(For we get tired) was chosen. Fate  
would brook

Mankind no other organ ; he would look  
For not another channel to dispense

His own volition, and receive their  
sense

Of its existing ; but would be content,  
Obstructed else, with merely verse for

vent.  
Nor should, for instance, strength an  
outlet seek

And, striving, be admired, nor grace  
bespeak

Wonder, displayed in gracious attitudes ;  
Nor wisdom, poured forth, change un-  
seemly moods :

But he would give and take on song’s one  
point.

Like some huge throbbing-stone that,  
poised a-joint,

Sounds, to affect on its basaltic bed,  
Must sue in just one accent ; tempests

shed  
Thunder, and raves the landstorm : only  
let

That key by any little noise be set—  
The far benighted hunter’s halloo

pitch  
On that, the hungry curlew chance to  
scritch

Or serpent hiss it, rustling through the  
rift,

However loud, however low—all lift  
The groaning monster, stricken to the

heart.  
Lo ye, the world’s concernment, for its  
part,

And this, for his, will hardly interfere !  
Its businesses in blood and blaze this

year  
But wile the hour away—a pastime  
slight

Till he shall step upon the platform :  
right !

And, now thus much is settled, cast in  
rough,

Proved feasible, be counselled ! thought  
enough,—

Slumber, Sordello ! any day will serve :  
Were it a less digested plan ! how

swerve  
To-morrow ? Meanwhile eat these sun-  
dried grapes,

And watch the soaring hawk there !  
Life escapes

Merrily thus.  
He thoroughly read o’er

His truchman Naddo’s missive six times  
more,

Praying him visit Mantua and supply  
A famished world.

The evening star was high  
When he reached Mantua, but his fame

arrived  
Before him : friends applauded, foes  
connived,

And Naddo looked an angel, and the rest  
Angels, and all these angels would be  
blest

Supremely by a song — the thrice-  
renowned

Goito manufacture. Then he found  
(Casting about to satisfy the crowd)  
That happy vehicle, so late allowed,  
A sore annoyance; 'twas the song's  
effect

He cared for, scarce the song itself:  
reflect!

In the past life, what might be singing's  
use?

Just to delight his Delians, whose pro-  
fuse

Praise, not the toilsome process which  
procured

That praise, enticed Apollo: dreams  
abjured,

No over-leaping means for ends—take  
both

For granted or take neither! I am loth  
To say the rhymes at last were Eglamor's;  
But Naddo, chuckling, bade com-  
petitors

Go pine; 'the master certes meant to  
waste

No effort, cautiously had probed the  
taste

He'd please anon: true bard, in short,  
disturb

His title if they could; nor spur nor  
curb,

Fancy nor reason, wanting in him;  
whence

The staple of his verses, common sense:  
He built on man's broad nature—gift

of gifts,

That power to build! The world con-  
tented shifts

With counterfeits enough, a dreary sort  
Of warriors, statesmen, ere it can extort  
Its poet-soul—that's, after all, a freak  
(The having eyes to see and tongue to  
speak)

With our herd's stupid sterling happi-  
ness

So plainly incompatible that—yes—  
Yes—should a son of his improve the

breed

And turn out poet, he were cursed  
indeed!

'Well, there's Goito and its woods anon,  
If the worst happen; best go stoutly on  
Now!' thought Sordello.

Ay, and goes on yet!

You pother with your glossaries to get  
A notion of the Troubadour's intent  
In rondel, tenzon, virlai or sirvent—  
Much as you study arras how to twirl  
His angelot, plaything of page and girl,  
Once; but you surely reach, at last,—  
or, no!

Never quite reach what struck the people  
so,

As from the welter of their time he drew  
Its elements successively to view,  
Followed all actions backward on their  
course,

And catching up, unmingled at the source,  
Such a strength, such a weakness, added  
then

A touch or two, and turned them into  
men.

Virtue took form, nor vice refused a  
shape;

Here heaven opened, there was hell  
agape,

As Saint this simpered past in sanctity,  
Sinner the other flared portentous by  
A greedy people. Then why stop,  
surprised

At his success? The scheme was realized  
Too suddenly in one respect: a crowd  
Praising, eyes quick to see, and lips as  
loud

To speak, delicious homage to receive,  
The woman's breath to feel upon his  
sleeve,

Who said, 'But Anafest—why asks he  
less

Than Lucio, in your verses? how con-  
fess,

It seemed too much but yestereve!'—  
the youth,

Who bade him earnestly, 'Avow the  
truth!

You love Bianca, surely, from your  
song;

I knew I was unworthy!'—soft or  
strong,

In poured such tributes ere he had ar-  
ranged

Ethereal ways to take them, sorted,  
changed,

Digested. Courted thus at unawares,  
In spite of his pretensions and his cares,  
He caught himself shamefully hankering  
After the obvious petty joys that spring  
From real life, fain relinquish pedestal  
And condescend with pleasures—one  
and all

To be renounced, no doubt; for, thus to  
chain

Himself to single joys and so refrain  
From tasting their quintessence, frus-  
trated, sure,

His prime design; each joy must he  
abjure

Even for love of it.

He laughed: what sage  
But perishes if from his magic page  
He look because, at the first line, a proof  
'Twas heard salutes him from the  
cavern-roof?

'On! Give yourself, excluding aught  
beside,

To the day's task; compel your slave  
provide

Its utmost at the soonest; turn the leaf  
Thoroughly conned. These lays of yours,  
in brief—

Cannot men bear, now, something  
better?—fly

A pitch beyond this unreal pageantry  
Of essences? the period sure has ceased

For such: present us with ourselves, at  
least,

Not portions of ourselves, mere loves  
and hates

Made flesh: wait not!'

Awhile the poet waits  
However. The first trial was enough:

He left imagining, to try the stuff  
That held the imaged thing, and, let it  
writhe

Never so fiercely, scarce allowed a tithe  
To reach the light—his Language.

How he sought  
The cause, conceived a cure, and slow  
re-wrought

That Language,—welding words into  
the crude

Mass from the new speech round him, till  
a rude

Armour was hammered out, in time to  
be

Approved beyond the Roman panoply

Melted to make it,—boots not. This  
obtained

With some ado, no obstacle remained  
To using it; accordingly he took  
An action with its actors, quite forsook  
Himself to live in each, returned anon  
With the result—a creature, and, by one  
And one, proceeded leisurely to equip  
Its limbs in harness of his workmanship.  
'Accomplished! Listen, Mantuans!'

Fond essay!  
Piece after piece that armour broke away,  
Because perceptions whole, like that  
he sought

To clothe, reject so pure a work of  
thought

As language: thought may take per-  
ception's place

But hardly co-exist in any case,  
Being its mere presentment—of the  
whole

By parts, the simultaneous and the sole  
By the successive and the many. Lacks  
The crowd perception? painfully it  
tacks

Thought to thought, which Sordello,  
needing such,

Has rent perception into: it's to clutch  
And reconstruct—his office to diffuse,  
Destroy: as hard, then, to obtain a  
Muse

As to become Apollo. 'For the rest,  
E'en if some wondrous vehicle exprest  
The whole dream, what impertinence in  
me

So to express it, who myself can be  
The dream! nor, on the other hand, are  
those

I sing to, over-likely to suppose  
A higher than the highest I present  
Now, which they praise already: be  
content

Both parties, rather—they with the old  
verse,

And I with the old praise—far go, fare  
worse!'

A few adhering rivets loosed, up-  
springs

The angel, sparkles off his mail, and  
rings

Whirled from each delicatest limb it  
warps,

As might Apollo from the sudden corps

Of Hyacinth have cast his luckless  
quoits.

He set to celebrating the exploits  
Of Montfort o'er the Mountaineers.

Then came  
The world's revenge: their pleasure,  
now his aim

Merely,—what was it? 'Not to play  
the fool

So much as learn our lesson in your  
school!'

Replied the world. He found that,  
every time

He gained applause by any ballad-  
rhyme,

His auditory recognized no jot  
As he intended, and, mistaking not  
Him for his meanest hero, ne'er was  
dunce

Sufficient to believe him—all, at once.  
His will . . . conceive it caring for his  
will!

—Mantuan, the main of them, ad-  
miring still

How a mere singer, ugly, stunted, weak,  
Had Montfort at completely (so to  
speak)

His fingers' ends; while past the praise-  
tide swept

To Montfort, either's share distinctly  
kept:

The true meed for true merit!—his  
abates

Into a sort he most repudiates,  
And on them angrily he turns. Who  
were

The Mantuans, after all, that he should  
care

About their recognition, ay or no?  
In spite of the convention months ago,  
(Why blink the truth?) was not he  
forced to help

This same ungrateful audience, every  
whelp

Of Naddo's litter, make them pass for  
peers

With the bright band of old Goito years,  
As erst he toiled for flower or tree?

Why, there  
Sat Palma! Adelaide's funereal hair  
Ennobled the next corner. Ay, he  
strewed

A fairy dust upon that multitude,

Although he feigned to take them by  
themselves;

His giants dignified those puny elves,  
Sublimed their faint applause. In  
short, he found

Himself still footing a delusive round,  
Remote as ever from the self-display

He meant to compass, hampered every  
way

By what he hoped assistance. Where-  
fore then

Continue, make believe to find in men  
A use he found not?

Weeks, months, years went by;  
And, lo, Sordello vanished utterly,  
Sundered in twain; each spectral part  
at strife

With each; one jarred against another  
life;

The Poet thwarting hopelessly the Man  
Who, fooled no longer, free in fancy ran  
Here, there; let slip no opportunities  
As pitiful, forsooth, beside the prize  
To drop on him some no-time and acquit  
His constant faith (the Poet-half's to  
wit—

That waiving any compromise between  
No joy and all joy kept the hunger keen  
Beyond most methods)—of incurring  
scoff

From the Man-portion not to be put off  
With self-reflectings by the Poet's  
scheme,

Though ne'er so bright; that sauntered  
forth in dream.

Drest any how, nor waited mystic  
frames,

Immeasurable gifts, astounding claims,  
But just his sorry self—who yet might be  
Sorrier for aught he in reality

Achieved, so opinioned That the Poet-part,  
Fondling, in turn of fancy, verse; the Art  
Developing his soul a thousand ways—  
Potent, by its assistance, to amaze

The multitude with majesties, convince  
Each sort of nature, that same nature's  
prince

Accosted it. Language; the makeshift,  
grew

Into a bravest of expedients, too;  
Apollo, seemed it now, perverse had  
thrown

Quiver and bow away, the lyre alone

Sufficed. While, out of dream, his day's  
work went

To tune a crazy tenzon or sirvent—  
So hampered him the Man-part, thrust  
to judge

Between the bard and the bard's  
audience, grudge

A minute's toil that missed its due  
reward!

But the complete Sordello, Man and  
Bard,

John's cloud-girt angel, this foot on the  
land,

That on the sea, with open in his hand  
A bitter-sweetling of a book—was gone.

And if internal struggles to be one  
That frittered him incessantly piecemeal,  
Referred, ne'er so obliquely, to the real  
Mantuan! intruding ever with some  
call

To action while he pondered, once for  
all,

Which looked the easier effort—to  
pursue

This course, still leap o'er paltry joys,  
yearn through

The present ill-appreciated stage  
Of self-revelment, and compel the age  
Know him; or else, forswearing bard-  
craft, wake

From out his lethargy and nobly shake  
Off timid habits of denial, mix  
With men, enjoy like men. Ere he  
could fix

On aught, in rushed the Mantuans;  
much they cared

For his perplexity! Thus unprepared,  
The obvious if not only shelter lay

In deeds, the dull conventions of his day  
Prescribed the like of him: why not be  
glad

'Tis settled Palma's minstrel, good or  
bad,

Submits to this and that established  
rule?

Let Vidal change, or any other fool,  
His murrey-coloured robe for philamot,  
And crop his hair; too skin-deep, is it  
not,

Such vigour? Then, a sorrow to the  
heart,

His talk! Whatever topics they might  
start,

Had to be groped for in his consciousness  
Straight, and as straight delivered them  
by guess.

Only obliged to ask himself, 'What was,'  
A speedy answer followed; but, alas,  
One of God's large ones, tardy to con-  
dense

Itself into a period; answers whence  
A tangle of conclusions must be stripped  
At any risk ere, trim to pattern clipped,  
They matched rare specimens the  
Mantuan flock

Regaled him with, each talker from his  
stock

Of sorted-o'er opinions, every stage,  
Juicy in youth or desiccate with age,  
Fruits like the fig-tree's, rathe-ripe,  
rotten-rich,

Sweet-sour, all tastes to take: a prac-  
tice which

He too had not impossibly attained,  
Once either of those fancy-flights  
restrained;

For, at conjecture how might words  
appear

To others, playing there what happened  
here,

And occupied abroad by what he  
spurned

At home, 'twas slipt, the occasion he  
returned

To seize: he'd strike that lyre adroitly  
—speech,

Would but a twenty-cubit plectre  
reach;

A clever hand, consummate instrument,  
Were both brought close; each excel-  
lency went

For nothing else. The question Naddo  
asked,

Had just a lifetime moderately tasked  
To answer, Naddo's fashion. More  
disgust

And more! why move his soul, since  
move it must

At a minute's notice or as good it failed  
To move at all? The end was, he retailed  
Some ready-made opinion, put to use  
This quip, that maxim, ventured re-  
produce

Gestures and tones—at any folly caught  
Serving to finish with, nor too much  
sought



If false or true 'twas spoken ; praise and  
 blame  
 Of what he said grew pretty well the  
 same  
 —Meantime awards to meantime acts :  
 his soul,  
 Unequal to the compassing a whole,  
 Saw, in a tenth part, less and less to  
 strive  
 About. And as for men in turn . . .  
 contrive  
 Who could to take eternal interest  
 In them, so hate the worst, so love the  
 best !  
 Though, in pursuance of his passive plan,  
 He hailed, decried the proper way.  
As Man
 So figured he ; and how as Poet ? Verse  
 Came only not to a stand-still. The  
 worse,  
 That his poor piece of daily work to do  
 Was, not sink under any rivals ; who  
 Loudly and long enough, without these  
 qualms,  
 Tuned, from Bocafoli's stark-naked  
 psalms,  
 To Plara's sonnets spoilt by toying with,  
 ' As knops that stud some almug to the  
 pith  
 Pricked for gum, wry thence, and  
 crinkled worse  
 Than pursed eyelids of a river-horse  
 Sunning himself o' the slime when whirrs  
 the breeze '—  
*Gad-fly*, that is. He might compete  
 with these !  
 But—but—  
 ' Observe a pompion-twine afloat ;  
 Pluck me one cup from off the castle-  
 moat !  
 Along with cup you raise leaf, stalk and  
 root,  
 The entire surface of the pool to boot.  
 So could I pluck a cup, put in one song  
 A single sight, did not my hand, too  
 strong,  
 Twitch in the least the root-strings of  
 the whole.  
 How should externals satisfy my soul ? '  
 ' Why that 's precise the error Squar-  
 cialupe '  
 (Hazarded Naddo) ' finds ; " the man  
 can't stoop

To sing us out," quoth he, " a mere  
 romance ;  
 He'd fain do better than the best, en-  
 hance  
 The subjects' rarity, work problems out  
 Therewith ;" now, you're a bard, a  
 bard past doubt,  
 And no philosopher ; why introduce  
 Crotchets like these ? fine, surely, but  
 no use  
 In poetry—which still must be, to strike,  
 Based upon common sense ; there 's  
 nothing like  
 Appealing to our nature ! what beside  
 Was your first poetry ? No tricks were  
 tried  
 In that, no hollow thrills, affected  
 throes !  
 " The man," said we, " tells his own  
 joys and woes—  
 We'll trust him." Would you have  
 your songs endure ?  
 Build on the human heart !—Why, to be  
 sure  
 Yours is one sort of heart—but I mean  
 theirs,  
 Ours, every one's, the healthy heart one  
 cares  
 To build on ! Central peace, mother of  
 strength,  
 That 's father of . . . nay, go yourself  
 that length,  
 Ask those calm-hearted doers what they  
 do  
 When they have got their calm ! And  
 is it true.  
 Fire rankles at the heart of every globe ?  
 Perhaps ! But these are matters one  
 may probe  
 Too deeply for poetic purposes :  
 Rather select a theory that . . . yes,  
 Laugh ! what does that prove ?—  
 stations you midway  
 And saves some little o'er-refining. Nay,  
 That 's rank injustice done me ! I  
 restrict  
 The poet ? Don't I hold the poet picked  
 Out of a host of warriors, statesmen . . .  
 did  
 I tell you ? Very like ! As well you hid  
 That sense of power, you have ! True  
 bards believe  
 All able to achieve what they achieve—

That is, just nothing—in one point abide  
 Profounder simpletons than all beside.  
 Oh, ay! The knowledge that you are  
     a bard  
 Must constitute your prime, nay sole,  
     reward!’  
 So prattled Naddo, busiest of the tribe  
 Of genius-haunters—how shall I describe  
 What grubs or nips, or rubs, or rips—  
     your louse  
 For love, your flea for hate, magnanimous,  
 Malignant, Pappacoda, Tagliafer,  
 Picking a sustenance from wear and  
     tear  
 By implements it sedulous employs  
 To undertake, lay down, mete out, o’er-  
     troise  
 Sordello? Fifty creepers to elude  
 At once! They settled stanchly;  
     shame ensued:  
 Behold the monarch of mankind suc-  
     cumb  
 To the last fool who turned him round  
     his thumb,  
 As Naddo styled it! ’Twas not worth  
     oppose  
 The matter of a moment, gainsay those  
 He aimed at getting rid of; better  
     think  
 Their thoughts and speak their speech,  
     secure to slink  
 Back expeditiously to his safe place,  
 And chew the cud—what he and what  
     his race  
 Were really, each of them. Yet even  
     this  
 Conformity was partial. He would  
     miss  
 Some point, brought into contact with  
     them ere  
 Assured in what small segment of the  
     sphere  
 Of his existence they attended him;  
 Whence blunders—falsehoods rectify—  
     a grim  
 List—slur it over! How? If dreams  
     were tried,  
 His will swayed sicklily from side to  
     side,  
 Nor merely neutralized his waking act  
 But tended e’en in fancy to distract

The intermediate will, the choice of  
     means.  
 He lost the art of dreaming: Mantuan  
     scenes  
 Supplied a baron, say, he sung before,  
 Handsomely reckless, full to running o’er  
 Of gallantries; ‘abjure the soul, con-  
     tent  
 With body, therefore!’ Scarcely had  
     he bent  
 Himself in dream thus low, when matter  
     fast  
 Cried out, he found, for spirit to con-  
     trast  
 And task it duly; by advances slight,  
 The simple stuff becoming composite,  
 Count Lori grew Apollo—best recall  
 His fancy! Then would some rough  
     peasant-Paul,  
 Like those old Ecelin confers with,  
     glance  
 His gay apparel o’er; that countenance  
 Gathered his shattered fancy into one,  
 And, body clean abolished, soul alone  
 Sufficed the grey Paulician: by and by,  
 To balance the ethereality,  
 Passions were needed; foiled he sunk  
     again.  
 Meanwhile the world rejoiced (’tis  
     time explain)  
 Because a sudden sickness set it free  
 From Adelaide. Missing the mother-  
     bee,  
 Her mountain-hive Romano swarmed;  
     at once  
 A rustle-forth of daughters and of sons  
 Blackened the valley. ‘I am sick too,  
     old,  
 Half crazed I think; what good’s the  
     Kaiser’s gold  
 To such an one? God help me! for I  
     catch  
 My children’s greedy sparkling eyes at  
     watch—  
 He bears that double breastplate on,  
     they say,  
 So many minutes less than yesterday!  
 Beside, Monk Hilary is on his knees  
 Now, sworn to kneel and pray till God  
     shall please  
 Exact a punishment for many things  
 You know, and some you never knew;  
     • which brings

To memory, Azzo's sister Beatrix  
 And Richard's Giglia are my Alberic's  
 And Ecelin's betrothed; the Count  
     himself  
 Must get my Palma: Ghibellin and  
     Guelf  
 Mean to embrace each other.' So began  
 Romano's missive to his fighting-man  
 Taurello—on the Tuscan's death, away  
 With Friedrich sworn to sail from  
     Naples' bay  
 Next month for Syria. Never thunder-  
     clap  
 Out of Vesuvius' throat, like this mishap  
 Startled him. 'That accursed Vicenza! I  
 Absent, and she selects this time to die!  
 Ho, fellows, for Vicenza!' Half a score  
 Of horses ridden dead, he stood before  
 Romano in his reeking spurs: too late—  
 'Boniface urged me, Este could not  
     wait,'  
 The chieftain stammered; 'let me die  
     in peace—  
 Forget me! Was it I e'er craved increase  
 Of rule? Do you and Friedrich plot  
     your worst  
 Against the Father: as you found me  
     first  
 So leave me now. Forgive me! Palma,  
     sure,  
 Is at Goito still. Retain that lure—  
 Only be pacified!'  
     The country rung  
 With such a piece of news: on every  
     tongue,  
 How Ecelin's great servant, congeed off,  
 Had done a long day's service, so, might  
     doff  
 The green and yellow, and recover  
     breath  
 At Mantua, whither,—since Retrude's  
     death,  
 (The girlish slip of a Sicilian bride  
 From Otho's House, he carried to reside  
 At Mantua till the Ferrarese should pile  
 A structure worthy her imperial style,  
 The gardens raise, the statues there en-  
     shrine,  
 She never lived to see)—although his  
     line  
 Was ancient in her archives and she  
     took  
 A pride in him, that city, nor forsook,

Her child when he forsook himself and  
     spent  
 A prowess on Romano surely meant  
 For his own growth—whither he ne'er  
     resorts  
 If wholly satisfied (to trust reports)  
 With Ecelin. So, forward in a trice  
 Were shows to greet him. 'Take a  
     friend's advice,'  
 Quoth Naddo to Sordello, 'nor be  
     rash  
 Because your rivals (nothing can abash  
 Some folks) demur that we pronounced  
     you best  
 To sound the great man's welcome; 'tis  
     a test,  
 Remember! Strojavacca looks askint,  
 The rough fat sloven; and there's  
     plenty hint  
 Your pinions have received of late a  
     shock—  
 Out-soar them, cobsman of the silver  
     flock!  
 Sing well!' A signal wonder, song's  
     no whit  
 Facilitated.  
     Fast the minutes flit;  
 Another day, Sordello finds, will bring  
 The soldier, and he cannot choose but  
     sing;  
 So, a last shift, quits Mantua—slow,  
     alone:  
 Out of that aching brain, a very stone,  
 Song must be struck. What occupies  
     that front?  
 Just how he was more awkward than  
     his wont  
 The night before, when Naddo, who had  
     seen  
 Taurello on his progress, praised the  
     mien  
 For dignity no crosses could affect—  
 Such was a joy, and might not he detect  
 A satisfaction if established joys  
 Were proved imposture? Poetry annoys  
 Its utmost: wherefore fret? Verses  
     may come  
 Or keep away! And thus he wandered,  
     dumb  
 Till evening, when he paused, thoroughly  
     spent,  
 On a blind hill-top: down the gorge he  
     went,

Yielding himself up as to an embrace.  
 The moon came out ; like features of a  
     face  
 A querulous fraternity of pines,  
 Sad blackthorn clumps, leafless and  
     grovelling vines  
 Also came out, made gradually up  
 The picture; 'twas Goito's mountain-cup  
 And castle. He had dropped through  
     one defile  
 He never dared explore, the Chief ere-  
     while  
 Had vanished by. Back rushed the  
 dream, enwrapped  
 Him wholly. 'Twas Apollo now they  
     lapped,  
 Those mountains, not a pettish minstrel  
     meant  
 To wear his soul away in discontent,  
 Brooding on fortune's malice. Heart  
     and brain  
 Swelled ; he expanded to himself again,  
 As some thin seedling spice-tree starved  
     and frail,  
 Pushing between cat's head and ibis' tail  
 Crusted into the porphyry pavement  
     smooth,  
 —Suffered remain just as it sprung, to  
     soothe  
 The Soldan's pining daughter, never yet  
 Well in her chilly green-glazed minaret,—  
 When rooted up, the sunny day she died,  
 And flung into the common court beside  
 Its parent tree. Come home, Sordello !  
     Soon  
 Was he low muttering, beneath the  
     moon,  
 Of sorrow saved, of quiet evermore,—  
 Since from the purpose, he maintained  
     before,  
 Only resulted wailing and hot tears.  
 Ah, the slim castle ! dwindled of late  
     years,  
 But more mysterious ; gone to ruin—  
     trails  
 Of vine through every loop-hole.  
     Nought avails  
 The night as, torch in hand, he must  
     explore  
 The maple chamber—did I say, its floor  
 Was made of intersecting cedar beams ?  
 Worn now with gaps so large, there  
     blew cold streams

Of air quite from the dungeon ; lay your  
     ear  
 Close and 'tis like, one after one, you hear  
 In the blind darkness water drop. The  
     nests  
 And nooks retained their long ranged  
     vesture-chests  
 Empty and smelling of the iris-root  
 The Tuscan grated o'er them to recruit  
 Her wasted wits. Palma was gone that  
     day,  
 Said the remaining women. Last, he lay  
 Beside the Cariatid group preserved and still.  
     The Body, the Machine for Acting  
     Will,  
 Had been at the commencement proved  
     unfit ;  
 That for Reflecting, Demonstrating it,  
 Mankind—no fitter : was the Will itself  
 In fault ?  
     His forehead pressed the  
     moonlit shelf  
 Beside the youngest marble maid awhile ;  
 Then, raising it, he thought, with a long  
     smile,  
 'I shall be king again !' as he with-  
     drew  
 The envied scarf ; into the font he threw  
 His crown.  
     Next day, no poet ! 'Where-  
     fore ?' asked  
 Taurello, when the dance of Jongleurs,  
     masked  
 As devils, ended ; 'don't a song come  
     next ?'  
 The master of the pageant looked per-  
     plexed  
 Till Naddo's whisper came to his relief.  
 'His Highness knew what poets were :  
     in brief,  
 Had not the tetchy race prescriptive right  
 To peevishness, caprice ? or, call it spite,  
 One must receive their nature in its  
     length  
 And breadth, expect the weakness with  
     the strength !'  
 —So phrasing, till, his stock of phrases  
     spent,  
 The easy-natured soldier smiled assent,  
 Settled his portly person, smoothed his  
     chin,  
 And nodded that the bull-bait might  
     begin.

## BOOK THE THIRD

AND the font took them : let our laurels  
lie !

Braid moonfern now with mystic trifoly  
Because once more Goito gets, once more,  
Sordello to itself ! A dream is o'er,  
And the suspended life begins anew ;  
Quiet those throbbing temples, then,  
subdue

That cheek's distortion ! Nature's strict  
embrace,

Putting aside the Past, shall soon efface  
Its print as well—factitious humours  
grown

Over the true—loves, hatreds not his  
own—

And turn him pure as some forgotten  
vest

Woven of painted byssus, silkiest  
Tufting the Tyrrhene wheelk's pearl-  
sheeted lip,

Left welter where a trireme let it slip  
I' the sea, and vexed a satrap ; so the  
stain

O' the world forsakes Sordello, with its  
pain,

Its pleasure : how the tinct loosening  
escapes,

Cloud after cloud ! Mantua's familiar  
shapes

Die, fair and foul die, fading as they  
flit,

Men, women, and the pathos and the  
wit,

Wise speech and foolish, deeds to smile  
or sigh

For, good, bad, seemly or ignoble, die.  
The last face glances through the  
eglantines,

The last voice murmurs 'twixt the  
blossomed vines

Of Men, of that machine supplied by  
thought

To compass self-perception with, he  
sought

By forcing half himself—an insane pulse  
Of a god's blood, on clay it could con-  
vulse.

Never transmute—on human sights and  
sounds,

To watch the other half with ; irksome  
bounds

It ebbs from to its source, a fountain  
sealed

Forever. Better sure be unrevealed  
Than part-revealed : Sordello well or ill  
Is finished : then what further use of  
Will,

A point in the prime idea not realized,  
An oversight ? inordinately prized,  
No less, and pampered with enough of  
each

Delight to prove the whole above its  
reach.

' To need become all natures, yet retain  
The law of my own nature—to re-  
main

Myself, yet yearn . . . as if that chestnut,  
think,

Should yearn for this first larch-bloom  
crisp and pink,

Or those pale fragrant tears where  
zephyrs stanch

March wounds along the fretted pine-  
tree branch !

Will and the means to show will, great  
and small.

Material, spiritual,—abjure them all  
Save any so distinct, they may be left  
To amuse, not tempt become ! and,  
thus bereft,

Just as I first was fashioned would I be !  
Nor, Moon, is it Apollo now, but me  
Thou visitest to comfort and befriend !  
Swim thou into my heart, and there an  
end,

Since I possess thee !—nay, thus shut  
mine eyes

And know, quite know, by this heart's  
fall and rise,

When thou dost bury thee in clouds, and  
when

Out-standest : wherefore practise upon  
men

To make that plainer to myself ? '  
Slide here

Over a sweet and solitary year  
Wasted : or simply notice change in  
him—

How eyes, bright with exploring once,  
grew dim

And satiate with receiving. Some dis-  
tress

Was caused, too, by a sort of conscious-  
ness



Under the imbecility,—nought kept  
 That down ; he slept, but was aware he  
 slept,  
 So, frustrated : as who brainsick made  
 pact  
 Erst with the overhanging cataract  
 To deafen him, yet still distinguished  
 slow  
 His own blood's measured clicking at  
 his brow.  
 To finish. One declining Autumn  
 day—  
 Few birds about the heaven chill and  
 grey,  
 No wind that cared trouble the tacit  
 woods—  
 He sauntered home complacently, their  
 moods  
 According, his and Nature's. Every  
 spark  
 Of Mantua life was trodden out ; so  
 dark  
 The embers, that the Troubadour, who  
 sung  
 Hundreds of songs, forgot, its trick his  
 tongue,  
 Its craft his brain, how either brought  
 to pass  
 Singing at all ; that faculty might  
 class  
 With any of Apollo's now. The year  
 Began to find its early promise sere  
 As well. Thus beauty vanishes ; thus  
 stone  
 Outlingers flesh : Nature's and his youth  
 gone,  
 They left the world to you, and wished  
 you joy.  
 When, stopping his benevolent employ,  
 A presage shuddered through the welkin ;  
 harsh  
 The earth's remonstrance followed.  
 'Twas the marsh  
 Gone of a sudden. Mincio, in its place,  
 Laughed, a broad water, in next  
 morning's face,  
 And, where the mists broke up immense  
 and white  
 I' the steady wind, burned like a spilth  
 of light  
 Out of the crashing of a myriad stars.  
 And here was Nature, bound by the  
 same bars

Of fate with him !  
 ' No ! youth once gone is gone :  
 Deeds let escape are never to be done.  
 Leaf-fall and grass-spring for the year ;  
 for us—  
 Oh forfeit I unalterably thus  
 My chance ? nor two lives wait me,  
 this to spend  
 Learning save that ? Nature has time  
 to mend  
 Mistake, she knows occasion will recur—  
 Landslip or seabreach, how affects it her  
 With her magnificent resources ?—I  
 Must perish once and perish utterly !  
 Not any strollings now at even-close  
 Down the field-path, Sordello ! by  
 thorn-rows  
 Alive with lamp-flies, swimming spots  
 of fire  
 And dew, outlining the black cypress'  
 spire  
 She waits you at, Elys, who heard you  
 first  
 Woo her, the snow-month through, but  
 ere she durst  
 Answer 'twas April ! Linden-flower-  
 time-long  
 Her eyes were on the ground ; 'tis July,  
 strong  
 Now ; and because white dust-clouds  
 overwhelm  
 The woodside, here or by the village elm  
 That holds the moon, she meets you,  
 somewhat pale,  
 But letting you lift up her coarse flax  
 veil  
 And whisper (the damp little hand in  
 yours)  
 Of love, heart's love, your heart's love  
 that endures  
 Till death. Tush ! No mad mixing  
 with the rout  
 Of haggard ribalds wandering about  
 The hot torchlit wine-scented island-  
 house  
 Where Friedrich holds his wickedest  
 carouse,  
 Parading,—to the gay Palermitans,  
 Soft Messinese, dusk Saracenic clans  
 Nuocera holds,—those tall grave  
 dazzling Norse,  
 High-checked, lank-haired, toothed  
 whiter than the morse,

Queens of the caves of jet stalactites,  
 He sent his barks to fetch through icy  
     seas,  
 The blind night seas without a saving  
     star,  
 And here in snowy birdskin robes they  
     are,  
 Sordello !—here, mollitious alcoves gilt  
 Superb as Byzant domes that devils  
     built !  
 —Ah, Byzant, there again ! no chance  
     to go  
 Ever like august pleasant Dandolo,  
 Worshipping hearts about him for a  
     wall,  
 Conducted, blind eyes, hundred years  
     and all,  
 Through vanquished Byzant where  
 friends note for him  
 What pillar, marble massive, sardius  
     slim,  
 'Twere fittest he transport to Venice'  
     Square—  
 Flattered and promised life to touch  
     them there  
 Soon, by his fervid sons of senators !  
 No more lifes, deaths, loves, hatreds,  
     peaces, wars—  
 Ah, fragments of a whole ordained to be !  
 Points in the life I waited ! what are ye  
 But roundels of a ladder which appeared  
 Awhile the very platform it was reared  
 To lift me on ?—that happiness I find  
 Proofs of my faith in, even in the blind  
 Instinct which bade forego you all unless  
 Ye led me past yourselves. Ay, happi-  
     ness  
 Awaited me ; the way life should be  
     used  
 Was to acquire, and deeds like you con-  
     duced  
 To teach it by a self-revelment, deemed  
 The very use, so long ! Whatever seemed  
 Progress to that, was pleasure ; aught  
     that stayed  
 My reaching it—no pleasure. I have  
     laid  
 The ladder down ; I climb not ; still,  
     aloft  
 The platform stretches ! Bliss strong  
     and soft,  
 I dared not entertain, elude me ; yet  
 Never of what they promised could I get

A glimpse till now ! The common sort,  
     the crowd  
 Exist, perceive ; with Being are en-  
     dowed,  
 However slight, distinct from what they  
     See,  
 However bounded: Happiness must be,  
 To feed the first by gleanings from the  
     last,  
 Attain its qualities, and slow or fast  
 Become what they behold ; such peace-  
     in-strife  
 By transmutation, is the Use of Life,  
 The Alien turning Native to the soul  
 Or body—which instructs me ; I am  
     whole  
 There and demand a Palma ; had the  
     world  
 Been from my soul to a like distance  
     hurled,  
 'Twere Happiness to make it one with  
     me—  
 Whereas I must, ere I begin to Be,  
 Include a world, in flesh, I comprehend  
 In spirit now ; and this done, what 's to  
     blend  
 With ? Nought is Alien in the world—  
     my Will  
 Owns all already ; yet can turn it still  
 Less Native, since my Means to corre-  
     spond  
 With Will are so unworthy, 'twas my  
     bond  
 To tread the very joys that tantalize  
 Most now, into a grave, never to rise.  
 I die then ! Will the rest agree to die ?  
 Next Age or no ? Shall its Sordello try  
 Clue after clue, and catch at last the  
     clue  
 I miss ?—that 's underneath my finger  
     too,  
 Twice, thrice a day, perhaps,—some  
     yearning traced  
 Deeper, some petty consequence em-  
     braced  
 Closer ! Why fled I Mantua, then ?—  
     complained  
 So much my Will was fettered, yet  
     remained  
 Content within a tether half the range  
 I could assign it ?—able to exchange  
 My ignorance (I felt) for knowledge, and  
 Idle because I could thus understand—

Could e'en have penetrated to its core  
Our mortal mystery, and yet forbore,  
Preferred elaborating in the dark  
My casual stuff, by any wretched spark  
Born of my predecessors, though one  
stroke

Of mine had brought the flame forth!

Mantua's yoke,

My minstrel's-trade, was to behold  
mankind,—

My own concernment—just to bring my  
mind

Behold, just extricate, for my acquit,  
Each object suffered stifle in the mist  
Which hazard, use and blindness could  
impose

In their relation to myself.'

He rose.

The level wind carried above the firs  
Clouds, the irrevocable travellers,  
Onward.

'Pushed thus into a drowsy copse,  
Arms twine about my neck, each eyelid  
drops

Under a humid finger; while there  
fleets,

Outside the screen, a pageant time  
repeats

Never again! To be deposed—immured  
Clandestinely—still petted, still assured  
To govern were fatiguing work—the

Sight

Fleeting meanwhile! 'Tis noontide:  
wreak ere night

Somehow my will upon it, rather!  
Slake

This thirst somehow, the poorest im-  
press take

That serves! A blasted bud displays  
you, torn,

Faint rudiments of the full flower un-  
born;

But who divines what glory coats o'er-  
clasp

Of the bulb dormant in the mummy's  
grasp

Taurello sent '...

'Taurello? Palma sent

Your Trouvere,' (Naddo interposing  
leant

Over the lost bard's shoulder)—'and,  
believe,

You cannot more reluctantly receive

Than I pronounce her message: we  
depart

Together. What avail a poet's heart  
Verona's pomps and gauds? five blades  
of grass

Suffice him. News? Why, where your  
marish was,

On its mud-banks smoke fast rises after  
smoke

I' the valley, like a spout of hell new-  
broke.

Oh, the world's tidings! small your  
thanks, I guess,

For them. The father of our Patroness,  
Has played Taurello an astounding  
trick,

Parts between Ecelin and Alberic

His wealth and goes into a convent:  
both

Wed Guelfs: the Count and Palma  
plighted troth

A week since at Verona: and they  
want

You doubtless to contrive the marriage-  
chant

Ere Richard storms Ferrara.' Here  
was told

The tale from the beginning—how,  
made bold

By Salinguerra's absence, Guelfs had  
burned

And pillaged till he unawares returned  
To take revenge: how Azzo and his  
friend

Were doing their endeavour, how the  
end

Of the siege was nigh, and how the  
Count, released

From further care, would with his  
marriage-feast

Inaugurate a new and better rule,  
Absorbing thus Romano.

'Shall I school

My master,' added Naddo, 'and suggest

How you may clothe in a poetic vest

These doings, at Verona? Your re-  
sponse

To Palma! Wherefore jest? "Depart  
at once?"

A good resolve! In truth, I hardly  
hoped

So prompt an acquiescence. Have you  
groped

Out wisdom in the wilds here?—  
 Thoughts may be  
 Over-poetical for poetry.  
 Pearl-white, you poets liken Palma's  
 neck;  
 And yet what spoils an orient like some  
 speck  
 Of genuine white, turning its own white  
 grey?  
 You take me? Curse the cicale!'  
 One more day.  
 One eve—appears Verona! Many a  
 group,  
 (You mind) instructed of the osprey's  
 swoop  
 On lynx and ounce, was gathering—  
 Christendom  
 Sure to receive, whate'er the end was,  
 from  
 The evening's purpose cheer or detri-  
 ment,  
 Since Friedrich only waited some event  
 Like this, of Ghibellins establishing  
 Themselves within Ferrara, ere, as King  
 Of Lombardy, he'd glad descend there,  
 wage  
 Old warfare with the Pontiff, disengage  
 His barons from the burghers, and  
 restore  
 The rule of Charlemagne, broken of yore  
 By Hildebrand.  
 In the palace, each by each,  
 Sordello sat and Palma: little speech  
 At first in that dim closet, face with face  
 (Despite the tumult in the market-  
 place)  
 Exchanging quick low laughs: now  
 would rush  
 Word upon word to meet a sudden flush,  
 A look left off, a shifting lips' surmise—  
 But for the most part their two histories  
 Ran best thro' the locked fingers and  
 linked arms.  
 And so the night flew on with its alarms  
 Till in burst one of Palma's retinue;  
 'Now, Lady!' gasped he. Then arose  
 the two  
 And leaned into Verona's air, dead-still.  
 A balcony lay black beneath until  
 Out, 'mid a gush of torchfire, grey-  
 haired men  
 Came on it and harangued the people:  
 then

Sea-like that people surging to and fro  
 Shouted, 'Hale forth the Carroch—  
 trumpets, ho,  
 A flourish! run it in the ancient grooves—  
 Back from the bell! Hammer! that  
 whom behoves  
 May hear the League is up! Peal!  
 learn who list,  
 Verona means not be the first break  
 tryst  
 To-morrow with the League!'  
 Enough. Now turn—  
 Over the eastern cypresses: discern—  
 Is any beacon set a-glimmer?  
 Rang  
 The air with shouts that overpowered  
 the clang  
 Of the incessant carroch, even:  
 'Haste—  
 The Candle's at the gateway! ere it  
 waste,  
 Each soldier stand beside it, armed to  
 march  
 With Tiso Sampier through the eastern  
 arch!'  
 Ferrara's succoured, Palma!  
 Once again  
 They sat together; some strange thing  
 in train  
 To say, so difficult was Palma's place  
 In taking, with a coy fastidious grace  
 Like the bird's flutter ere it fix and  
 feed.  
 But when she felt she held her friend  
 indeed  
 Safe, she threw back her curls, began  
 implant  
 Her lessons; telling of another want  
 Goito's quiet nourished than his own;  
 Palma—to serve, as him—be served,  
 alone  
 Importing; Agnes' milk so neutralized  
 The blood of Ecelin. Nor be surprised  
 If, while Sordello fain had captive led  
 Nature, in dream was Palma wholly  
 subjected  
 To some out-soul, which dawned not  
 though she pined  
 Delaying till its advent, heart and mind,  
 Their life. 'How dared I let expand  
 the force  
 Within me, till some out-soul, whose  
 resource

It grew for, should direct it? Every  
     law  
 Of life, its every fitness, every flaw,  
 Must One determine whose corporeal  
     shape  
 Would be no other than the prime  
     escape  
 And revelation to me of a Will  
 Orb-like o'ershrouded and inscrutable  
 Above, save at the point which, I should  
     know,  
 Shone that myself, my powers, might  
     overflow  
 So far, so much; as now it signified  
 Which earthly shape it henceforth chose  
     my guide,  
 Whose mortal lip selected to declare  
 Its oracles, what fleshly garb would  
     wear;  
 —The first of intimations, whom to love;  
 The next, how love him. Seemed that  
     orb, above  
 The castle-covert and the mountain-  
     close,  
 Slow in appearing,—if beneath it rose  
 Cravings, aversions,—did our green  
     precinct  
 Take pride in me, at unawares distinct  
 With this or that endowment,—how,  
     represt  
 At once, such jetting power shrunk to  
     the rest!  
 Was I to have a chance touch spoil me,  
     leave  
 My spirit thence unfitted to receive  
 The consummating spell?—that spell  
     so near  
 Moreover! "Waits he not the waking  
     year?  
 His almond-blossoms must be honey-  
     ripe  
 By this; to welcome him, fresh runnels  
     stripe  
 The thawed ravines; because of him,  
     the wind  
 Walks like a herald. I shall surely find  
 Him now!"  
 And chief, that earnest April morn  
 Of Richard's Love-court, was it time, so  
     worn  
 And white my cheek, so idly my blood  
     beat,  
 Sitting that morn beside the Lady's feet

And saying as she prompted; till out-  
     burst  
 One face from all the faces—not then  
     first  
 I knew it; where in maple chamber  
     glooms,  
 Crowned with what sanguine-heart  
     pomegranate blooms  
 Advanced it ever? Men's acknow-  
     ledgment  
 Sanctioned my own: 'twas taken,  
     Palma's bent,—  
 Sordello, accepted.  
     And the Tuscan dumb  
 Sat scheming, scheming. Ecelin would  
     come  
 Gaunt, scared, "Cesano baffles me,"  
     he'd say:  
 "Better I fought it out, my father's way!  
 Strangle Ferrara in its drowning flats,  
 And you and your Taurello yonder—  
     what's  
 Romano's business there?" An hour's  
     concern  
 To cure the froward Chief!—induced  
     return  
 Much heartened from those overmeaning  
     eyes,  
 Wound up to persevere,—his enterprise  
 Marked out anew, its exigent of wit  
 Apportioned,—she at liberty to sit  
 And scheme against the next emergence,  
     I—  
 To covet her Taurello-sprite, made fly  
 Or fold the wing—to con your horoscope  
 For leave command those steely shafts  
     shoot ope,  
 Or straight assuage their blinding eager-  
     ness  
 To blank smooth snow. What sem-  
     blance of success  
 To any of my plans for making you  
 Mine and Romano's? Break the first  
     wall through,  
 Tread o'er the ruins of the Chief, supplant  
 His sons beside, still, vainest were the  
     vaunt:  
 There, Salinguerra would obstruct me  
     sheer,  
 And the insuperable Tuscan, here,  
 Stayed me! But one wild eve that Lady  
     died  
 In her lone chamber: only I beside:



Taurello far at Naples, and my sire  
 At Padua, Ecelin away in ire  
 With Alberic. She held me thus—a  
     clutch  
 To make our spirits as our bodies  
     touch—  
 And so began flinging the Past up, heaps  
 Of uncouth treasure from their sunless  
     sleeps  
 Within her soul; deeds rose along with  
     dreams,  
 Fragments of many miserable schemes,  
 Secrets, more secrets, then—no, not the  
     last—  
 'Mongst others, like a casual trick o' the  
     Past,  
 How . . . ay, she told me, gathering up  
     her face  
 —All left of it, into one arch-grimace  
 To die with . . .  
     Friend, 'tis gone! but not the fear  
 Of that fell laughing, heard as now I  
     hear.  
 Nor faltered voice, nor seemed her heart  
     grow weak,  
 When i' the midst abrupt she ceased to  
     speak  
 —Dead, as to serve a purpose, mark!—  
     for in  
 Rushed o' the very instant Ecelin  
 (How summoned, who divines?)—  
     looking as if  
 He understood why Adelaide lay stiff  
 Already in my arms; for, "Girl, how  
     must  
 I manage Este in the matter thrust  
 Upon me, how unravel your bad coil?—  
 Since" (he declared) "'tis on your brow  
     —a soil  
 Like hers, there!" then in the same  
     breath, "he lacked  
 No counsel after all, had signed no pact  
 With devils, nor was treason here or  
     thero.  
 Goito or Vicenza, his affair:  
 He buried it in Adelaide's deep grave,  
 Would begin life afresh, now,—would  
     not slave  
 For any Friedrich's nor Taurello's sake!  
 What bootied him to meddle or to  
     make  
 In Lombardy?" And afterward I knew  
 The meaning of his promise to undo

All she had done—why marriages were  
     made,  
 New friendships entered on, old followers  
     paid  
 With curses for their pains,—new  
     friends' amaze  
 At height, when, passing out by Gate  
     St. Blaise,  
 He stopped short in Vicenza, bent his  
     head  
 Over a friar's neck,—“had vowed,” he  
     said,  
 “Long since, nigh thirty years, because  
     his wife  
 And child were saved there, to bestow  
     his life  
 On God, his gettings on the Church.”  
                                     Exiled  
 Within Goito, still one dream beguiled  
 My days and nights; 'twas found, the  
     orb I sought  
 To serve, those glimpses came of Fomal-  
     haut,  
 No other: but how serve it?—  
     authorize  
 You and Romano mingle destinies?  
 And straight Romano's angel stood  
     beside  
 Me who had else been Boniface's  
     bride,  
 For Salinguerra 'twas, with neck low  
     bent,  
 And voice lightened to music, (as he  
     meant  
 To learn not teach me,) who withdrew  
     the pall  
 From the dead Past and straight revived  
     it all,  
 Making me see how first Romano waxed,  
 Wherefore he waned now, why, if I  
     relaxed  
 My grasp (even I!) would drop a thing  
     effete,  
 Frayed by itself, unequal to complete  
 Its course, and counting every step  
     astray  
 A gain so much. Romano, every way  
 Stable, a Lombard House now—why  
     start back  
 Into the very outset of its track?  
 This patching-principle which late allied  
 Our House with other Houses—what  
     beside

Concerned the apparition, the first  
 Knight  
 Who followed Conrad hither in such  
 plight  
 His utmost wealth was summed in his  
 one steed ?  
 For Ecelo, that prowler, was decreed  
 A task, in the beginning hazardous  
 To him as ever task can be to us ;  
 But did the weather-beaten thief despair  
 When first our crystal cincture of warm  
 air,—  
 That binds the Trevisan,—as its spice-  
 belt  
 (Crusaders say) the tract where Jesus  
 dwelt,—  
 Furtive he pierced, and Este was to  
 face—  
 Despaired Saponian strength of Lom-  
 bard grace ?  
 Tried he at making surer aught made  
 sure,  
 Maturing what already was mature ?  
 No ; his heart prompted Ecelo, “ Con-  
 front  
 Este, inspect yourself. What ’s nature ?  
 Wont.  
 Discard three-parts your nature, and  
 adopt  
 The rest as an advantage !” Old strength  
 propped  
 The man who first grew Podestà among  
 The Vincentines, no less than, while  
 there sprung  
 His palace up in Padua like a threat,  
 Their noblest spied a grace, unnoticed  
 yet  
 In Conrad’s crew. Thus far the object  
 gained,  
 Romano was established—has re-  
 mained—  
 For are you not Italian, truly peers  
 With Este ? “ Azzo ” better soothes our  
 ears  
 Than “ Alberic ? ” or is this lion’s-crine  
 From over-mounts ” (this yellow hair of  
 mine)  
 “ So weak a graft on Agnes Este’s stock ? ”  
 (Thus went he on with something of a  
 mock)  
 “ Wherefore recoil, then, from the very  
 fate  
 Conceded you, refuse to imitate

Your model farther ? Este long since  
 left  
 Being mere Este : as a blade its heft,  
 Este required the Pope to further him :  
 And you, the Kaiser—whom your  
 father’s whim  
 Foregoes or, better, never shall forego  
 If Palma dare pursue what Ecelo  
 Commenced, but Ecelin desists from :  
 just  
 As Adelaide of Susa could intrust  
 Her donative,—her Piedmont given the  
 Pope,  
 Her Alpine-pass for him to shut or ope  
 ’Twixt France and Italy,—to the  
 superb  
 Matilda’s perfecting,—so, lest aught  
 curb  
 Our Adelaide’s great counter-project for  
 Giving her Trentine to the Emperor  
 With passage here from Germany,—  
 shall you  
 Take it,—my slender plodding talent,  
 too ! ”  
 —Urged me Taurello with his half-smile.  
 He  
 As Patron of the scattered family  
 Conveyed me to his Mantua, kept in  
 bruit  
 Azzo’s alliances and Richard’s suit  
 Until, the Kaiser excommunicate,  
 “ Nothing remains,” Taurello said, “ but  
 wait  
 Some rash procedure : Palma was the  
 link,  
 As Agnes’ child, between us, and they  
 shrink  
 From losing Palma : judge if we ad-  
 vance,  
 Your father’s method, your inheritance ! ”  
 That day I was betrothed to Boniface  
 At Padua by Taurello’s self, took place  
 The outrage of the Ferrarese : again,  
 That day I sought Verona with the  
 train  
 Agreed for,—by Taurello’s policy  
 Convicting Richard of the fault, since we  
 Were present to annul or to confirm,—  
 Richard, whose patience had outstayed  
 its term,  
 Quitted Verona for the siege.  
 And now  
 What glory may engird Sordello’s brow

A head like the first clamberer's that  
peered

A-top the Capitol, his face on flame  
With triumph, triumphing till Manlius  
came.

Nor slight too much my rhymes—that  
spring, dispread,

Dispart, disperse, lingering overhead  
Like an escape of angels! Rather say,  
My transcendental platan! mounting  
gay

(An archimage so courts a novice-queen)  
With tremulous silvered trunk, whence  
branches sheen

Laugh out, thick-foliaged next, a-shiver  
soon

With coloured buds, then glowing like  
the moon

One mild flame,—last a pause, a burst,  
and all

Her ivory limbs are smothered by a fall,  
Bloom-flinders and fruit-sparkles and  
leaf-dust,

Ending the weird work prosecuted just  
For her amusement; he decrepit, stark,  
Dozes; her uncontrolled delight may  
mark

Apart—

Yet not so, surely never so!

Only, as good my soul were suffered go  
O'er the lagune: forth fare thee, put  
aside

Entrance thy synod, as a god may glide  
Out of the world he fills, and leave it  
mute

For myriad ages as we men compute,  
Returning into it without a break  
O' the consciousness! They sleep, and

I awake

O'er the lagune.

Sordello said once, 'Note,  
In just such songs as Eglamor (say)  
wrote

With heart and soul and strength, for  
he believed

Himself achieving all to be achieved  
By singer—in such songs you find alone  
Completeness, judge the song and singer  
one,

And either's purpose answered, his in it  
Or its in him: while from true works  
(to wit

Sordello's dream-performances that will  
Be never more than dreamed) escapes  
there still!

Some proof, the singer's proper life was  
'neath

The life his song exhibits, this a sheath  
To that; a passion and a knowledge far  
Transcending these, majestic as they  
are,

Smouldered; his lay was but an episode  
In the bard's life: which evidence you  
owed

To some slight weariness, some looking-  
off

Or start-away. The childish skit or  
scoff

In "Charlemagne," (his poem, dreamed  
divine

In every point except one silly line  
About the restiff daughters!—what  
may lurk

In that? "My life commenced before  
that work,"

(Thus I interpret the significance  
Of the bard's start aside and look  
askance)

"My life continues after: on I fare  
With no more stopping, possibly, no  
care

To note the undercurrent, the why and  
how,

Where, when, of the deeper life, as  
thus just now.

But, silent, shall I cease to live? Alas  
For you! who sigh, 'When shall it  
come to pass

We read that story? How will he com-  
press

The future gains, his life's true business,  
Into the better lay which—that one  
flout,

Howe'er inopportune it be, lets out—  
Engrosses him already, though pro-  
fessed

To meditate with us eternal rest,  
And partnership in all his life has  
found?'

'Tis but a sailor's promise, weather-  
bound:

'Strike sail, slip cable, here the bark  
be moored

For once, the awning stretched, the  
poles assured!

Noontide above; except the wave's  
crisp dash,

Or buzz of colibri, or tortoise' splash,

The margin's silent: out with every  
 spoil  
 Made in our tracking, coil by mighty  
 coil,  
 This serpent of a river to his head  
 I' the midst! Admire each treasure, as  
 we spread  
 The bank, to help us tell our history  
 Aright: give ear, endeavour to descry  
 The groves of giant rushes, how they  
 grew  
 Like demons' endlong tresses we sailed  
 through,  
 What mountains yawned, forests to  
 give us vent  
 Opened, each doleful side, yet on we  
 went  
 Till... may that beetle (shake your cap)  
 attest  
 The springing of a land-wind from the  
 West!  
 —'Wherefore? Ah yes, you frolic it  
 to-day!  
 To-morrow, and the pageant's moved  
 away  
 Down to the poorest tent-pole: we and  
 you  
 Part company: no other may pursue  
 Eastward your voyage, be informed what  
 fate  
 Intends, if triumph or decline await  
 The tempter of the everlasting steppe.'"  
 I muse this on a ruined palace-step  
 At Venice: why should I break off, nor  
 sit  
 Longer upon my step, exhaust the fit  
 England gave birth to? Who's ador-  
 able  
 Enough reclaim a —— no Sordello's Will  
 Alack!—be queen to me? That Bas-  
 sanese  
 Busied among her smoking fruit-boats?  
 These  
 Perhaps from our delicious Asolo  
 Who twinkle, pigeons o'er the portico  
 Not prettier, bind June lilies into  
 sheaves  
 To deck the bridge-side chapel, dropping  
 leaves  
 Soiled by their own loose gold-meal?  
 Ah, beneath  
 The cool arch stoops she, brownest-  
 cheek! Her wreath

Endures a month—a half month—if I  
 make  
 A queen of her, continue for her sake  
 Sordello's story? Nay, that Paduan  
 girl  
 Splashes with barer legs where a live  
 whirl  
 In the dead black Giudecca proves sea-  
 weed  
 Drifting has sucked down three, four,  
 all indeed  
 Save one pale-red striped, pale-blue  
 turbaned post  
 For gondolas.  
 You sad disheveled ghost  
 That pluck at me and point, are you  
 advised  
 I breathe? Let stay those girls (e'en her  
 disguised  
 —Jewels in the locks that love no  
 crownnet like  
 Their native field-buds and the green  
 wheat spike,  
 So fair!—who left this end of June's  
 turmoil,  
 Shook off, as might a lily its gold soil,  
 Pomp, save a foolish gem or two, and  
 free  
 In dream, came join the peasants o'er  
 the sea.)  
 Look they too happy, too tricked out?  
 Confess  
 There is such niggard stock of happiness  
 To share, that, do one's uttermost, dear  
 wretch,  
 One labours ineffectually to stretch  
 It o'er you so that mother and children,  
 both  
 May equitably flaunt the sumpter-cloth!  
 Divide the robe yet farther: be con-  
 tent  
 With seeing just a score pre-eminent  
 Through shreds of it, acknowledged  
 happy wights,  
 Engrossing what should furnish all, by  
 rights—  
 For, these in evidence, you clearer claim  
 A like garb for the rest,—grace all, the  
 same  
 As these my peasants. I ask youth  
 and strength  
 And health for each of you, not more—  
 at length



Grown wise, who asked at home that  
 the whole race  
 Might add the spirit's to the body's  
 grace,  
 And all be dizened out as chiefs and  
 bards.  
 But in this magic weather one discards  
 Much old requirement—Venice seems  
 a type  
 Of Life,—'twixt blue and blue extends,  
 a stripe,  
 As Life, the somewhat, hangs 'twixt  
 nought and nought  
 'Tis Venice, and 'tis Life—as good you  
 sought  
 To spare me the Piazza's slippery stone,  
 Or keep me to the unchoked canals alone,  
 As hinder Life the evil with the good  
 Which make up Living, rightly under-  
 stood.  
 Only, do finish something! Peasants  
 or queens,  
 Take them, made happy by whatever  
 means,  
 Parade them for the common credit,  
 vouch  
 That a luckless residue, we send to  
 crouch  
 In corners out of sight, was just as  
 framed  
 For happiness, its portion might have  
 claimed  
 As well, and so, obtaining it, had  
 stalked  
 Fatuous as any!—such my project,  
 baulked  
 Already; I hardly venture to adjust  
 The first rags, when you find me. To  
 mistrust  
 Me!—nor unreasonably. You, no  
 doubt,  
 Have the true knack of tiring suitors  
 out  
 With those thin lips on tremble, lashless  
 eyes  
 Inveterately tear-shot—there, be wise  
 Mistress of mine, there, there, as if I  
 meant  
 You insult! Shall your friend (not slave)  
 be shent  
 For speaking home? Beside, care-bit,  
 erased,  
 Broken-up beauties ever took my taste

Supremely, and I love you more, far  
 more  
 Than her I looked should foot Life's  
 temple-floor.  
 Years ago, leagues at distance, when and  
 where  
 A whisper came, 'Let others seek!—  
 thy care  
 Is found, thy life's provision; if thy  
 race  
 Should be thy mistress, and into one  
 face  
 The many faces crowd?' Ah, had I,  
 judge,  
 Or no, your secret? Rough apparel—  
 grudge  
 All ornaments save tag or tassel worn  
 To hint we are not thoroughly forlorn—  
 Slouch bonnet, unloop mantle, careless go  
 Alone (that 's saddest but it must be so)  
 Through Venice, sing now and now  
 glance aside,  
 Aught desultory or undignified,—  
 Then, ravishingest lady, will you pass  
 Or not each formidable group, the mass  
 Before the Basilic (that feast gone by,  
 God's great day of the Corpus Domini)  
 And, wistfully foregoing proper men,  
 Come timid up to me for alms? And  
 then  
 The luxury to hesitate, feign do  
 Some unexampled grace!—when, whom  
 but you  
 Dare I bestow your own upon? And hear  
 Further before you say, it is to sneer  
 I call you ravishing; for I regret  
 Little that she, whose early foot was set  
 Forth as she'd plant it on a pedestal,  
 Now, i' the silent city, seems to fall  
 Toward me—no wreath, only a lip's  
 unrest  
 To quiet, surcharged eyelids to be pressed  
 Dry of their tears upon my bosom.  
 Strange  
 Such sad chance should produce in thee  
 such change,  
 My love! warped souls and bodies! yet  
 God spoke  
 Of right-hand, foot and eye—selects  
 our yoke,  
 Sordello, as your poetship may find!  
 So, sleep upon my shoulder, child, nor  
 mind

Their foolish talk; we'll manage re-  
 instate  
 Your old worth; ask moreover, when  
 they prate  
 Of evil men past hope, 'don't each  
 contrive,  
 Despite the evil you abuse, to live?—  
 Keeping, each losel, through a maze of  
 lies,  
 His own conceit of truth? to which he  
 hies  
 By obscure windings, tortuous, if you  
 will,  
 But to himself not inaccessible;  
 He sees truth, and his lies are for the  
 crowd  
 Who cannot see; some fancied right  
 allowed  
 His vilest wrong, empowered the  
 fellow clutch  
 One pleasure from a multitude of such  
 Denied him.' Then assert, 'all men  
 appear  
 To think all better than themselves, by  
 here  
 Trusting a crowd they wrong; but  
 really,' say,  
 'All men think all men stupider than  
 they,  
 Since, save themselves, no other com-  
 prehends  
 The complicated scheme to make amends  
 —Evil, the scheme by which, thro'  
 Ignorance,  
 Good labours to exist.' A slight ad-  
 vance,—  
 Merely to find the sickness you die  
 through,  
 And nought beside! but if one can't  
 eschew  
 One's portion in the common lot, at  
 least  
 One can avoid an ignorance increased  
 Tenfold by dealing out hint after hint  
 How nought were like dispensing with-  
 out stint  
 The water of life—so easy to dispense  
 Beside, when one has probed the centre  
 whence  
 Commotion's born—could tell you of it  
 all!  
 '—Meantime, just meditate my  
 madrigal

O' the mugwort that conceals a dew-  
 drop safe!  
 What, dullard? we and you in smothery  
 chafe,  
 Babes, baldheads, stumbled thus far  
 into Zin  
 The Horrid, getting neither out nor in,  
 A hungry sun above us, sands that bung  
 Our throats,—each dromedary lolls  
 a tongue,  
 Each camel churns a sick and frothy  
 chap,  
 And you, 'twixt tales of Potiphar's  
 mishap,  
 And sonnets on the earliest ass that  
 spoke,  
 —Remark, you wonder any one needs  
 choke  
 With founts about! Potsherd him,  
 Gibeonites!  
 While awkwardly enough your Moses  
 smites  
 The rock, though he forego his Promised  
 Land,  
 Thereby, have Satan claim his carcass,  
 and  
 Figure as Metaphysic Poet . . . ah  
 Mark ye the dim first oozings? Meribah!  
 Then, quaffing at the fount my courage  
 gained,  
 Recall—not that I prompt ye—who  
 explained . . .  
 'Presumptuous!' interrupts one. You,  
 not I  
 'Tis, brother, marvel at and magnify  
 Such office: 'office,' quotha? can we get  
 To the beginning of the office yet?  
 What do we here? simply experiment  
 Each on the other's power and its intent  
 When elsewhere tasked,—if this of mine  
 were trucked  
 For yours to either's good,—we watch  
 construct,  
 In short, an engine: with a finished one,  
 What it can do, is all,—nought, how 'tis  
 done.  
 But this of ours yet in probation, dusk  
 A kernel of strange wheelwork through  
 its husk  
 Grows into shape by quarters and by  
 halves;  
 Remark this tooth's spring, wonder  
 what that valve's

Fall bodes, presume each faculty's device,  
Make out each other more or less pre-  
cise—

The scope of the whole engine's to be  
proved ;

We die: which means to say, the whole's  
removed,

Dismounted wheel by wheel, this com-  
plex gin,—

To be set up again elsewhere, begin

A task indeed, but with a clearer clime  
Than the murk lodgment of our building-  
time.

And then, I grant you, it behoves forget  
How 'tis done—all that must amuse us  
yet

So long : and, while you turn upon your  
heel,

Pray that I be not busy slitting steel  
Or shredding brass, camped on some  
virgin shore

Under a cluster of fresh stars, before  
I name a tithe o' the wheels I trust to do!

So occupied, then, are we : hitherto,  
At present, and a weary while to come,

The office of ourselves,—nor blind nor  
dumb,

And seeing somewhat of man's state,—  
has been,

For the worst of us, to say they so have  
seen ;

For the better, what it was they saw ;  
the best

Impart the gift of seeing to the rest :  
'So that I glance,' says such an one,  
'around,

And there's no face but I can read  
profound

Disclosures in ; this stands for hope,  
that—fear,

And for a speech, a deed in proof, look  
here !

"Stoop, else the strings of blossom,  
where the nuts

O'erarch, will blind thee ! said I not ?  
she shuts

Both eyes this time, so close the hazels  
meet !

Thus, prisoned in the Piombi, I repeat  
Events one rove occasioned, o'er and  
o'er,

Putting 'twixt me and madness ever-  
more

Thy sweet shape, Zanze ! therefore  
stoop ! "

"That's truth ! "

(Adjudge you) "the incarcerated youth  
Would say that ! "

"Youth? Plara the bard ?

Set down

That Plara spent his youth in a grim  
town

Whose cramped ill-featured streets  
huddled about

The minster for protection, never out  
Of its black belfry's shade and its bells'  
roar.

The brighter shone the suburb,—all the  
more

Ugly and absolute that shade's reproof  
Of any chance escape of joy,—some  
roof,

Taller than they, allowed the rest detect  
Before the sole permitted laugh (suspect

Who could. 'twas meant for laughter,  
that ploughed cheek's

Repulsive gleam ! ) when the sun stopped  
both peaks

Of the cleft belfry like a fiery wedge,  
Then sunk, a huge flame on its socket's  
edge,

With leavings on the grey glass oriel-pane  
Ghastly some minutes more. No fear  
of rain—

The minster minded that ! in heaps the  
dust

Lay everywhere. This town, the  
minster's trust,

Held Plara ; who, its denizen, bade hail  
In twice twelve sonnets, Tempe's dewy  
vale."

"Exact the town, the minster and  
the street ! "

"As all mirth triumphs, sadness  
means defeat :

Lust triumphs and is gay, Love's  
triumphed o'er

And sad : but Lucio's sad. I said  
before,

Love's sad, not Lucio ; one who loves  
may be

As gay his love has leave to hope, as he  
Downcast that lusts' desire escapes the  
springe :

'Tis of the mood itself I speak, what  
tinge

Determines it, else colourless,—or mirth,  
Or melancholy, as from heaven or  
earth."

"Ay, that's the variation's gist!"

Indeed?

Thus far advanced in safety then, proceed!

And having seen too what I saw, be bold  
And next encounter what I do behold  
(That's sure) but bid you take on trust!

Attack

The use and purpose of such sights?

Alack,

Not so unwisely does the crowd dispense  
On Salinguerras praise in preference  
To the Sordellos: men of action, these!  
Who, seeing just as little as you please,  
Yet turn that little to account,—engage  
With, do not gaze at,—carry on, a stage,  
The work o' the world, not merely make  
report

The work existed ere their day! In  
short,

When at some future no-time a brave  
band

Sees, using what it sees, then shake my  
hand

In heaven, my brother! Meanwhile  
where's the hurt

Of keeping the Makers-see on the alert,  
At whose defection mortals stare aghast  
As though heaven's bounteous windows  
were slammed fast

Incontinent? whereas all you, beneath,  
Should scowl at, curse them, bruise lips,  
break their teeth

Who ply the pullies, for neglecting you:  
And therefore have I moulded, made  
anew

A Man, and give him to be turned and  
tried,

Be angry with or pleased at. On your  
side,

Have ye times, places, actors of your  
own?

Try them upon Sordello when full-  
grown,

And then—ah then! If Hercules first  
parched

His foot in Egypt only to be marched  
A sacrifice for Jove with pomp to suit,  
What chance have I? The demigod was  
mute

Till, at the altar, where time out of mind  
Such guests became oblations, chaplets  
twined

His forehead long enough, and he began  
Slaying the slayers, nor escaped a man.  
Take not affront, my gentle audience!  
whom

No Hercules shall make his hecatomb.  
Believe, nor from his brows your chaplet  
rend—

That's your kind suffrage, yours, my  
patron-friend,

Whose great verse blares unintermittent  
on

Like your own trumpeter at Marathon,—  
You who, Plataeas and Salamis being  
scant,

Put up with Aetna for a stimulant—  
And did well, I acknowledged, as he  
loomed

Over the midland sea last month,  
presumed

Long, lay demolished in the blazing  
West

At eve, while towards him tilting  
cloudlets prest

Like Persian ships at Salamis. Friend,  
wear

A crest proud as desert while I declare  
Had I a flawless ruby fit to wring  
Tears of its colour from that painted king  
Who lost it, I would, for that smile  
which went

To my heart, fling it in the sea, content,  
Wearing your verse in place, an amulet  
Sovereign against all passion, wear and  
fret!

My English Eyebright, if you are not  
glad

That, as I stopped my task awhile, the  
sad

Disheveled form, wherein I put man-  
kind

To come at times and keep my pact in  
mind,

Renewed me,—hear no crickets in the  
hedge,

Nor let a glowworm spot the river's  
edge

At home, and may the summer showers  
gush

Without a warning from the misse!  
thrush!

So, to our business, now—the fate of such  
 As find our common nature—overmuch  
 Despised because restricted and unfit  
 To bear the burthen they impose on it—  
 Cling when they would discard it;  
 craving strength

To leap from the allotted world, at  
 length

They do leap,—flounder on without a  
 term,

Each a god's germ, doomed to remain  
 a germ

In unexpanded infancy, unless . . .

But that's the story—dull enough,  
 confess !

There might be fitter subjects to allure ;  
 Still, neither misconceive my portraiture  
 Nor undervalue its adornments quaint :  
 What seems a fiend perchance may prove  
 a saint.

Ponder a story ancient pens transmit,  
 Then say if you condemn me or acquit.  
 John the Beloved, banished Antioch  
 For Patmos, bade collectively his flock  
 Farewell, but set apart the closing eve  
 To comfort those his exile most would  
 grieve,

He knew : a touching spectacle, that  
 house

In motion to receive him ! Xanthus'  
 spouse

You missed, made panther's meat a  
 month since ; but

Xanthus himself (his nephew 'twas, they  
 shut

'Twixt boards and sawed asunder) Poly-  
 carp,

Soft Charicle, next year no wheel could  
 warp

To swear by Caesar's fortune, with the rest  
 Were ranged ; thro' whom the grey  
 disciple prest,

Busily blessing right and left, just stopt  
 To pat one infant's curls, the hangman  
 cropt

Soon after, reached the portal—on its  
 hinge

The door turns and he enters—what  
 quick twinge

Ruins the smiling mouth, those wide  
 eyes fix

Whereon, why like some spectral can-  
 dlestick's

Branch the disciple's arms ? Dead  
 swooned he, woke

Anon, heaved sigh, made shift to gasp,  
 heart-broke,

'Get thee behind me, Satan ! have I  
 toiled

To no more purpose ? is the gospel  
 foiled

Here too, and o'er my son's, my Xan-  
 thus' hearth,

Portrayed with sooty garb and features  
 swarth—

Ah Xanthus, am I to thy roof be-  
 guiled

To see the—the—the Devil domiciled ?  
 Whereto sobbed Xanthus, 'Father, 'tis  
 yourself

Installed, a limning which our utmost  
 pelf

Went to procure against to-morrow's  
 loss ;

And that's no twy-prong, but a pas-  
 toral cross,

You're painted with !' His puckered  
 brows unfold—

And you shall hear Sordello's story  
 told.

#### BOOK THE FOURTH

MEANTIME Ferrara lay in rueful case ;  
 The lady-city, for whose sole embrace  
 Her pair of suitors struggled, felt their  
 arms

A brawny mischief to the fragile charms  
 They tugged for—one discovering that  
 to twist

Her tresses twice or thrice about his  
 wrist

Secured a point of vantage—one, how  
 best

He'd parry that by planting in her  
 breast

His elbow-spike—each party too intent  
 For noticing, howe'er the battle went,  
 The conqueror would but have a corpse  
 to kiss.

'May Boniface be duly damned for  
 this !'

—Howled some old Ghibellin, as up he  
 turned,

From the wet heap of rubbish where  
 they burned



His house, a little skull with dazzling  
teeth :  
' A boon, sweet Christ—let Salinguerra  
seethe  
In hell for ever, Christ, and let myself  
Be there to laugh at him ! '—moaned  
some young Guelf  
Stumbling upon a shrivelled hand nailed  
fast  
To the charred lintel of the doorway,  
last  
His father stood within to bid him  
speed.  
The thoroughfares were overrun with  
weed  
—Docks, quitchgrass, loathly mallows  
no man plants.  
The stranger, none of its inhabitants  
Crept out of doors to taste fresh air  
again,  
And ask the purpose of a sumptuous train  
Admitted on a morning ; every town  
Of the East League was come by envoy  
down  
To treat for Richard's ransom : here  
you saw  
The Vicentine, here snowy oxen draw  
The Paduan carroch, its vermilion cross  
On its white field. A-tiptoe o'er the  
fosse  
Looked Legate Montelungo wistfully  
After the flock of steeples he might spy  
In Este's time, gone (doubts he) long  
ago  
To mend the ramparts—sure the lag-  
gards know  
The Pope's as good as here ! They  
paced the streets  
More soberly. At last, ' Taurello greets  
The League,' announced a pursuivant,—  
' will match  
Its courtesy, and labours to dispatch  
At earliest Tito, Friedrich's Pretor,  
sent  
On pressing matters from his post at  
Trent.  
With Mainard Count of Tyrol,—simply  
waits  
Their going to receive the delegates.'  
' Tito ! ' Our delegates exchanged a  
glance,  
And, keeping the main way, admired  
askance

The lazy engines of outlandish birth,  
Couched like a king each on its bank of  
earth—  
Arbalist, manganel, and catapult ;  
While stationed by, as waiting a result,  
Lean silent gangs of mercenaries ceased  
Working to watch the strangers. ' This,  
at least,  
Were better spared ; he scarce presumes  
gainsay  
The League's decision ! Get our friend  
away  
And profit for the future : how else  
teach  
Fools 'tis not safe to stray within claw's  
reach  
Ere Salinguerra's final gasp be blown ?  
Those mere convulsive scratches find  
the bone.  
Who bade him bloody the spent osprey's  
nare ? '  
The carrochs halted in the public  
square.  
Pennons of every blazon once a-flaunt,  
Men prattled, freelier that the crested  
gaunt  
White ostrich with a horse-shoe in her  
beak  
Was missing, and whoever chose might  
speak  
*Ecelin* boldly out : so,— ' *Ecelin*  
Needed his wife to swallow half the sin  
And sickens by himself : the devil's  
whelp,  
He styles his son, dwindles away, no help  
From conserves, your fine triple-curved  
froth  
Of virgin's blood, your Venice viper-  
broth—  
Eh ? Jubilate ! Peace ! no little word  
You utter here that's not distinctly  
heard  
Up at Oliero : he was absent sick  
When we besieged Bassano—who, i' the  
thick  
O' the work, perceived the progress Azzo  
made,  
Like *Ecelin*, through his witch Ade-  
laide ?  
She managed it so well that, night by  
night,  
At their bed-foot stood up a soldier-  
sprite

First fresh, pale by-and-by without a wound,  
 And, when it came with eyes filmed as in swound,  
 They knew the place was taken.  
 Ominous  
 That Ghibellins should get what cautious  
 Old Redbeard sought from Azzo's sire to wrench  
 Vainly; Saint George contrived his town a trench  
 O' the marshes, an impermeable bar.  
 Young Ecelin is meant the tutelar  
 Of Padua, rather; veins embrace upon  
 His hand like Brenta and Bacchiglion.  
 What now? The founts! God's bread,  
 touch not a plank!  
 A crawling hell of carrion — every tank  
 Choke full! — found out just now to Cino's cost —  
 The same who gave Taurello up for lost,  
 And, making no account of fortune's freaks,  
 Refused to budge from Padua then, but sneaks  
 Back now with Concorezzi — 'faith! they drag  
 Their carrocho to San Vital, plant the flag  
 On his own palace so adroitly razed  
 He knew it not; a sort of Guelf folk gazed  
 And laughed apart; Cino disliked their air —  
 Must pluck up spirit, show he does not care —  
 Seats himself on the tank's edge — will begin  
 To hum, *za, za, Cavalier Ecelin* —  
 A silence; he gets warmer, clinks to chime,  
 Now both feet plough the ground, deeper each time,  
 At last, *za, za*, and up with a fierce kick  
 Comes his own mother's face caught by the thick  
 Grey hair about his spur! —  
 Which means, they lift  
 The covering, Salinguerra made a shift

To stretch upon the truth; as well avoid  
 Further disclosures; leave them thus employed.  
 Our dropping Autumn morning clears apace,  
 And poor Ferrara puts a softened face  
 On her misfortunes. Let us scale this tall  
 Huge foursquare line of red brick garden-wall  
 Bastioned within by trees of every sort  
 On three sides, slender, spreading, long and short,  
 — Each grew as it contrived, the poplar ramped,  
 The fig-tree reared itself, — but stark and cramped,  
 Made fools of, like tamed lions; whence, on the edge,  
 Running 'twixt trunk and trunk to smooth one ledge  
 Of shade, were shrubs inserted, warp and woof,  
 Which smothered up that variance.  
 Scale the roof  
 Of solid tops, and o'er the slope you slide  
 Down to a grassy space level and wide,  
 Here and there dotted with a tree, but trees  
 Of rarer leaf, each foreigner at ease,  
 Set by itself: and in the centre spreads,  
 Born upon three uneasy leopards' heads,  
 A laver, broad and shallow, one bright spirt  
 Of water bubbles in. The walls begirt  
 With trees leave off on either hand; pursue  
 Your path along a wondrous avenue  
 Those walls abut on, heaped of gleamy stone,  
 With aloes leering everywhere, grey-grown  
 From many a Moorish summer: how they wind  
 Out of the fissures! likelier to bind  
 The building than those rusted cramps which drop  
 Already in the eating sunshine. Stop,  
 You fleeting shapes above there! Ah, the pride  
 Or else despair of the whole country-side —

A range of statues, swarming o'er with  
     wasps,  
 God, goddess, woman, man, the Greek  
     rough-rasps  
 In crumbling Naples marble ! meant to  
     look  
 Like those Messina marbles Constance  
     took  
 Delight in, or Taurello's self conveyed  
 To Mantua for his mistress, Adelaide,  
 A certain font with caryatides  
 Since cloistered at Goito ; only, these  
 Are up and doing, not abashed, a  
     troop  
 Able to right themselves—who see you,  
     stoop  
 O' the instant after you their arms !  
     Unplucked  
 By this or that, you pass, for they con-  
     duct  
 To terrace raised on terrace, and, be-  
     tween,  
 Creatures of brighter mould and braver  
     mien  
 Than any yet, the choicest of the Isle  
 No doubt. Here, left a sullen breathing-  
     while,  
 Up-gathered on himself the Fighter  
     stood  
 For his last fight, and, wiping treacherous  
     blood  
 Out of the eyelids just held ope beneath  
 Those shading fingers in their iron  
     sheath,  
 Steadied his strengths amid the buz and  
     stir  
 Of the dusk hideous amphitheatre  
 At the announcement of his over-match  
 To wind the day's diversion up, dis-  
     patch  
 The pertinacious Gaul : while, limbs  
     one heap,  
 The Slave, no breath in her round  
     mouth, watched leap  
 Dart after dart forth, as her hero's car  
 Clove dizzily the solid of the war  
 —Let coil about his knees for pride in  
     him.  
 We reach the farthest terrace, and the  
     grim  
 San Pietro Palace stops us.  
         Such the state  
 Of Salinguerra's plan to emulate

Sicilian marvels, that his girlish wife  
 Retrude still might lead her ancient life  
 In her new home—whereat enlarged so  
     much  
 Neighbours upon the novel princely  
     touch  
 He took,—who here imprisons Boniface.  
 Here must the Envoys come to sue for  
     grace ;  
 And here, emerging from the labyrinth  
 Below, Sordello paused beside the plinth  
 Of the door-pillar.  
         He had really left  
 Verona for the cornfields (a poor theft  
 From the morass) where Este's camp  
     was made ;  
 The Envoys' march, the Legate's caval-  
     cade—  
 All had been seen by him, but scarce as  
     when,  
 Eager for cause to stand aloof from men  
 At every point save the fantastic tie  
 Acknowledged in his boyish sophistry,  
 He made account of such. A crowd,—  
     he meant  
 To task the whole of it ; each part's  
     intent  
 Concerned him therefore : and, the  
     more he pried,  
 The less became Sordello satisfied  
 With his own figure at the moment.  
     Sought  
 He respite from his task ? descried he  
     aught  
 Novel in the anticipated sight  
 Of all these livers upon all delight ?  
 This phalanx, as of myriad points com-  
     bined,  
 Whereby he still had imaged that man-  
     kind  
 His youth was passed in dreams of  
     rivalling,  
 His age—in plans to prove at least such  
     thing  
 Had been so dreamed,—which now he  
     must impress  
 With his own will, effect a happiness  
 By theirs,—supply a body to his soul  
 Thence, and become eventually whole  
 With them as he had hoped to be with-  
     out—  
 Made these the mankind he once raved  
     about ?

Because a few of them were notable,  
Should all be figured worthy note? As  
well

Expect to find Taurello's triple line  
Of trees a single and prodigious pine.  
Real pines rose here and there; but,  
close among,

Thrust into and mixed up with pines, a  
throng

Of shrubs, he saw,—a nameless common  
sort

O'erpast in dreams, left out of the  
report

And hurried into corners, or at best  
Admitted to be fancied like the rest.

Reckon that morning's proper chiefs—  
how few!

And yet the people grew, the people  
grew,

Grew ever, as if the many there indeed,  
More left behind and most who should  
succeed,—

Simply in virtue of their mouths and  
eyes,

Petty enjoyments and huge miseries,—  
Mingled with, and made veritably great

Those chiefs: he overlooked not  
Mainard's state

Nor Concorezzi's station, but instead  
Of stopping there, each dwindled to be  
head

Of infinite and absent Tyrolese  
Or Paduans; startling all the more,  
that these

Seemed passive and disposed of, uncared  
for,

'Yet doubtless on the whole' (quoth  
Eglamor)

'Smiling—for if a wealthy man decays  
And out of store of robes must wear, all  
days,

One tattered suit, alike in sun and  
shade,

'Tis commonly some tarnished gay  
brocade

Fit for a feast-night's flourish and no  
more:

Nor otherwise poor Misery from her  
store

Of looks is fain to upgather, keep  
unfurled

For common wear as she goes through  
the world,

The faint remainder of some worn-out  
smile

Meant for a feast-night's service merely.'  
While

Crowd upon crowd rose on Sordello  
thus,—

(Crowds no way interfering to discuss,  
Much less dispute, life's joys with one  
employed

In envying them,—or, if they aught  
enjoyed,

Where lingered something indefinable  
In every look and tone, the mirth as well

As woe, that fixed at once his estimate  
Of the result, their good or bad estate)—

Old memories returned with new effect:  
And the new body, ere he could suspect,

Cohered, mankind and he were really  
fused,

The new self seemed impatient to be used  
By him, but utterly another way

To that anticipated: strange to say,  
They were too much below him, more  
in thrall

Than he, the adjunct than the principal.  
What bootied scattered units?—here a  
mind

And there, which might repay his own  
to find,

And stamp, and use?—a few, howe'er  
august,

If all the rest were groveling in the dust?  
No: first a mighty equilibrium, sure,

Should he establish, privilege procure  
For all, the few had long possessed! he  
felt

An error, an exceeding error melt—  
While he was occupied with Mantuan  
chants,

Behoved him think of men, and take  
their wants,

Such as he now distinguished every side,  
As his own want which might be satis-  
fied,—

And, after that, think of rare qualities  
Of his own soul demanding exercise.

It followed naturally, through no claim  
On their part, which made virtue of the  
aim

At serving them, on his,—that, past  
retrieve,

He felt now in their toils, theirs—nor  
could leave

Wonder how, in the eagerness to rule,  
Impress his will on mankind, he (the  
fool !)

Had never even entertained the thought  
That this his last arrangement might be  
fraught

With incidental good to them as well,  
And that mankind's delight would help  
to swell

His own. So, if he sighed, as formerly  
Because the merry time of life must fleet,  
'Twas deeper now,—for could the  
crowds repeat

Their poor experiences ? His hand that  
shook

Was twice to be deplored. 'The  
Legate, look !

With eyes, like fresh-blown thrush-eggs  
on a thread,

Faint-blue and loosely floating in his  
head,

Large tongue, moist open mouth ; and  
this long while

That owner of the idiotic smile  
Serves them !' He fortunately saw in  
time

His fault however, and since the office  
prime

Includes the secondary—best accept  
Both offices ; Taurello, its adept,  
Could teach him the preparatory one,  
And how to do what he had fancied done  
Long previously, ere take the greater  
task.

How render first these people happy ?  
ask

The people's friends : for there must be  
one good,

One way to it—the Cause !—he under-  
stood

The meaning now of Palma ; why the jar  
Else, the ado, the trouble wide and far  
Of Guelfs and Ghibellins, the Lombard's  
hope

And Rome's despair ?—'twixt Emperor  
and Pope

The confused shifting sort of Eden tale—  
Still hardihood recurring, still to fail—  
That foreign interloping fiend, this free  
And native overbrooding deity—  
Yet a dire fascination o'er the palms  
The Kaiser ruined, troubling even the  
calms

Of Paradise—or, on the other hand,  
The Pontiff, as the Kaisers understand,  
One snake-like cursed of God to love the  
ground,

Whose heavy length breaks in the noon  
profound

Some saving tree—which needs the  
Kaiser, drest

As the dislodging angel of that pest,  
Then—yet that pest bedropt, flat head,  
full fold,

With coruscating dower of dyes.  
'Behold

The secret, so to speak, and master-  
spring

Of the contest ! which of the two  
Powers shall bring

Men good—perchance the most good—  
ay, it may

Be that ! the question, which best  
knows the way.'

And hereupon Count Mainard strutted  
past

Out of San Pietro ; never seemed the  
last

Of archers, slingers : and our friend  
began

To recollect strange modes of serving  
man—

Arbalist, catapult, brake, manganel,  
And more. 'This way of theirs may,—  
who can tell ?—

Need perfecting,' said he : 'let all be  
solved

At once ! Taurello 'tis, the task devolved  
On late—confront Taurello !'

And at last  
He did confront him. Scarcely an hour  
past

When forth Sordello came, older by  
years

Than at his entry. Unexampled fears  
Oppressed him, and he staggered off,  
blind, mute

And deaf, like some fresh-mutilated  
brute,

Into Ferrara—not the empty town  
That morning witnessed : he went up  
and down

Streets whence the veil had been stripped  
shred by shred,

So that, in place of huddling with their  
dead



Indoors, to answer Salinguerra's ends,  
 Its folk made shift to crawl forth, sit  
     like friends  
 With any one. A woman gave him  
     choice  
 Of her two daughters, the infantile  
     voice  
 Or the dimpled knee, for half a chain,  
     his throat  
 Was clasped with ; but an archer knew  
     the coat—  
 Its blue cross and eight lilies,—bade  
     beware  
 One dogging him in concert with the  
     pair  
 Though thrumming on the sleeve that  
     hid his knife.  
 Night set in early, autumn dews were  
     rife,  
 They kindled great fires while the  
     Leaguer's mass  
 Began at every carroch—he must pass  
 Between the kneeling people. Presently  
 The carroch of Verona caught his eye  
 With purple trappings ; silently he  
     bent  
 Over its fire, when voices violent  
 Began, ' Affirm not whom the youth  
     was like  
 That, striking from the porch, I did not  
     strike  
 Again ; I too have chestnut hair ; my  
     kin  
 Hate Azzo and stand up for Ecelin.  
 Here, minstrel, drive bad thoughts  
     away ! sing ! take  
 My glove for guerdon ! ' and for that  
     man's sake  
 He turned : ' A song of Eglamor's ! '—  
     scarce named,  
 When, ' Our Sordello's, rather ! ' all  
     exclaimed ;  
 ' Is not Sordello famousest for rhyme ? '  
 He had been happy to deny, this time,—  
 Profess as heretofore the aching head  
 And failing heart,—suspect that in his  
     stead  
 Some true Apollo had the charge of  
     them,  
 Was champion to reward or to condemn,  
 So his intolerable risk might shift  
 Or share itself ; but Naddo's precious  
     gift

Of gifts, he owned, be certain ! At the  
     close—  
 ' I made that, ' said he to a youth who  
     rose  
 As if to hear : 'twas Palma through the  
     band  
 Conducted him in silence by her hand.  
     Back now for Salinguerra. Tito of  
     Trent  
 Gave place to Palma and her friend ;  
     who went  
 In turn at Montelungo's visit—one  
 After the other were they come and  
     gone,—  
 These spokesmen for the Kaiser and the  
     Pope,  
 This incarnation of the People's hope,  
 Sordello,—all the say of each was said,  
 And Salinguerra sat, himself instead  
 Of these to talk with, lingered musing yet.  
 'Twas a drear vast presence-chamber  
     roughly set  
 In order for the morning's use ; full  
     face,  
 The Kaiser's ominous sign-mark had  
     first place,  
 The crowned grim twy-necked eagle,  
     coarsely blacked  
 With ochre on the naked wall ; nor  
     lacked  
 Romano's green and yellow either side ;  
 But the new token Tito brought had  
     tried  
 The Legate's patience—nay, if Palma  
     knew  
 What Salinguerra almost meant to do  
 Until the sight of her restored his lip  
 A certain half-smile, three months' chief-  
     tainship  
 Had banished ! Afterward, the Legate  
     found  
 No change in him, nor asked what badge  
     he wound  
 And unwound carelessly. Now sat the  
     Chief  
 Silent as when our couple left, whose  
     brief  
 Encounter wrought so opportune effect  
 In thoughts he summoned not, nor would  
     reject.  
 Though time 'twas now if ever, to pause  
     —fix  
 On any sort of ending : wiles and tricks

Exhausted, judge! his charge, the crazy  
 town,  
 Just managed to be hindered crashing  
 down—  
 His last sound troops ranged—care  
 observed to post  
 His best of the maimed soldiers inner-  
 most—  
 So much was plain enough, but some-  
 how struck  
 Him not before. And now with this  
 strange luck  
 Of Tito's news, rewarding his address  
 So well, what thought he of?—how the  
 success  
 With Friedrich's rescript there, would  
 either hush  
 Old Ecelin's scruples, bring the manly  
 flush  
 To his young son's white cheek, or, last,  
 exempt  
 Himself from telling what there was to  
 tempt?  
 No: that this minstrel was Romano's  
 last  
 Servant—himself the first! Could he  
 contrast  
 The whole! that minstrel's thirty years  
 just spent  
 In doing nought, their notablest event  
 This morning's journey hither, as I told—  
 Who yet was lean, outworn and really  
 old,  
 A stammering awkward man that scarce  
 dared raise  
 His eye before the magisterial gaze—  
 And Salinguerra with his fears and  
 hopes  
 Of sixty years, his Emperors and Popes,  
 Cares and contrivances, yet, you would  
 say,  
 'Twas a youth nonchalantly looked  
 away  
 Through the embrasure northward o'er  
 the sick  
 Expostulating trees—so agile, quick  
 And graceful turned the head on the  
 broad chest  
 Encased in pliant steel, his constant  
 vest,  
 Whence split the sun off in a spray of fire  
 Across the room; and, loosened of its  
 tire

Of steel, that head let breathe the  
 comely brown  
 Large massive locks discoloured as if  
 a crown  
 Encircled them, so frayed the basnet  
 where  
 A sharp white line divided clean the  
 hair;  
 Glossy above, glossy below, it swept  
 Curling and fine about a brow thus kept  
 Calm, laid coat upon coat, marble and  
 sound:  
 This was the mystic mark the Tuscan  
 found,  
 Mused of, turned over books about.  
 Square-faced,  
 No lion more; two vivid eyes, enchased  
 In hollows filled with many a shade and  
 streak  
 Settling from the bold nose and bearded  
 cheek;  
 Nor might the half-smile reach them  
 that deformed  
 A lip supremely perfect else—un-  
 warmed,  
 Unwidened, less or more; indifferent  
 Whether on trees or men his thoughts  
 were bent,  
 Thoughts rarely, after all, in trim and  
 train  
 As now a period was fulfilled again;  
 Of such, a series made his life, com-  
 pressed  
 In each, one story serving for the rest—  
 How his life-streams rolling arrived at  
 last  
 At the barrier, whence, were it once  
 overpast,  
 They would emerge, a river to the end,—  
 Gathered themselves up, paused, bade  
 fate befriend,  
 Took the leap, hung a minute at the  
 height,  
 Then fell back to oblivion infinite:  
 Therefore he smiled. Beyond stretched  
 garden-grounds  
 Where late the adversary, breaking  
 bounds,  
 Had gained him an occasion, That  
 above,  
 That eagle, testified he could improve  
 Effectually. The Kaiser's symbol lay  
 Beside his rescript, a new badge by way

Of baldric ; while,—another thing that  
 marred  
 Alike emprise, achievement and re-  
 ward,—  
 Ecelin's missive was conspicuous too.  
 What past life did those flying  
 thoughts pursue ?  
 As his, few names in Mantua half so old ;  
 But at Ferrara, where his sires enrolled  
 It latterly, the Adelardi spared  
 No pains to rival them : both factions  
 shared  
 Ferrara, so that, counted out, 'twould  
 yield  
 A product very like the city's shield,  
 Half black and white, or Ghibellin and  
 Guelf,  
 As after Salinguerra styled himseh  
 And Este who, till Marchesalla died,  
 (Last of the Adelardi)—never tried  
 His fortune there : with Marchesalla's  
 child  
 Would pass,—could Blacks and Whites  
 be reconciled  
 And young Taurello wed Linguetta,—  
 wealth  
 And sway to a sole grasp. Each treats  
 by stealth  
 Already : when the Guelfs, the Raven-  
 nese  
 Arrive, assault the Pietro quarter, seize  
 Linguetta, and are gone ! Men's first  
 dismay  
 Abated somewhat, hurries down, to lay  
 The after indignation, Boniface,  
 This Richard's father. ' Learn the full  
 disgrace  
 Averted, ere you blame us Guelfs, who  
 rate  
 Your Salinguerra, your sole potentate  
 That might have been, 'mongst Este's  
 valvassors—  
 Ay, Azzo's—who, not privy to, abhors  
 Our step—but we were zealous.' Azzo's  
 then  
 To do with ! Straight a meeting of old  
 men :  
 Old Salinguerra dead, his heir a boy,  
 What if we change our ruler and decoy  
 The Lombard Eagle of the azure sphere,  
 With Italy to build in, fix him here,  
 Settle the city's troubles in a trice ?  
 For private wrong, let public goods suffice !'

In fine, young Salinguerra's stanchest  
 friends  
 Talked of the townsmen making him  
 amends,  
 Gave him a goshawk, and affirmed  
 there was  
 Rare sport, one morning, over the green  
 grass  
 A mile or so. He sauntered through  
 the plain,  
 Was restless, fell to thinking, turned  
 again  
 In time for Azzo's entry with the bride ;  
 Count Boniface rode smirking at their  
 side :  
 ' She brings him half Ferrara,' whispers  
 flew,  
 ' And all Ancona ! If the stripling knew !'  
 Anon the stripling was in Sicily  
 Where Heinrich ruled in right of Con-  
 stance ; he  
 Was gracious nor his guest incapable ;  
 Each understood the other. So it fell,  
 One Spring, when Azzo, thoroughly at  
 ease,  
 Had near forgotten by what precise  
 degrees  
 He crept at first to such a downy seat,  
 The Count trudged over in a special heat  
 To bid him of God's love dislodge from  
 each  
 Of Salinguerra's palaces,—a breach  
 Might yawn else, not so readily to  
 shut,  
 For who was just arrived at Mantua but  
 The youngster, sword on thigh, and tuft  
 on chin,  
 With tokens for Celano, Ecelin,  
 Pistore and the like ! Next news,—no  
 whit  
 Do any of Ferrara's domes befit  
 His wife of Heinrich's very blood : a  
 band  
 Of foreigners assemble, understand  
 Garden-constructing, level and surround,  
 Build up and bury in. A last news  
 crowned  
 The consternation : since his infant's  
 birth,  
 He only waits they end his wondrous  
 girth  
 Of trees that link San Pietro with Tomà,  
 To visit Mantua. When the Podestà

Ecelin, at Vicenza, called his friend  
 Taurello thither, what could be their end  
 But to restore the Ghibellins' late Head,  
 The Kaiser helping? He with most to  
     dread  
 From vengeance and reprisal, Azzo, there  
 With Boniface beforehand, as aware  
 Of plots in progress, gave alarm, ex-  
     pelled  
 Both plotters: but the Guelfs in  
 triumph yelled  
 Too hastily. The burning and the  
     flight,  
 And how Taurello, occupied that night  
 With Ecelin, lost wife and son, I told:  
 —Not how he bore the blow, retained  
     his hold,  
 Got friends safe through, left enemies the  
     worst  
 O' the fray, and hardly seemed to care  
     at first—  
 But afterward men heard not constantly  
 Of Salinguerra's House so sure to be!  
 Though Azzo simply gained by the event  
 A shifting of his plagues—the first, content  
 To fall behind the second and estrange  
 So far his nature, suffer such a change  
 That in Romano sought he wife and  
     child,  
 And for Romano's sake seemed recon-  
     ciled  
 To losing individual life, which shrunk  
 As the other prospered—mortised in his  
     trunk;  
 Like a dwarf palm which wanton Arabs  
     foil  
 Of bearing its own proper wine and oil,  
 By grafting into it the stranger-vine,  
 Which sucks its heart out, sly and ser-  
     pentine,  
 Till forth one vine-palm feathers to the  
     root,  
 And red drops moisten the insipid fruit.  
 Once Adelaide set on,—the subtle mate  
 Of the weak soldier, urged to emulate  
 The Church's valiant women deed for  
     deed,  
 And paragon her namesake, win the  
     meed  
 Of the great Matilda,—soon they over-  
     bore  
 The rest of Lombardy,—not as before

By an instinctive truculence, but patched  
 The Kaiser's strategy until it matched  
 The Pontiff's, sought old ends by novel  
     means.  
 'Only, why is it Salinguerra screens  
 Himself behind Romano?—him we bade  
 Enjoy our shine i' the front, not seek  
     the shade!'—  
 —Asked Heinrich, somewhat of the  
     tardiest  
 To comprehend. Nor Philip acquiesced  
 At once in the arrangement; reasoned,  
     plied  
 His friend with offers of another bride,  
 A statelier function—fruitlessly: 'twas  
     plain  
 Taurello through some weakness must  
     remain  
 Obscure. And Otho, free to judge of  
     both,  
 —Ecelin the unready, harsh and loth,  
 And this more plausible and facile wight  
 With every point a-sparkle—chose the  
     right,  
 Admiring how his predecessors harped  
 On the wrong man: 'thus,' quoth he,  
     'wits are warped  
 By outsides!' Carelessly, meanwhile,  
     his life  
 Suffered its many turns of peace and  
     strife  
 In many lands—you hardly could sur-  
     prise  
 The man;—who shamed Sordello  
     (recognize!)  
 In this as much beside, that, uncon-  
     cerned  
 What qualities were natural or earned,  
 With no ideal of graces, as they came  
 He took them, singularly well the  
     same—  
 Speaking the Greek's own language, just  
     because  
 Your Greek eludes you, leave the least  
     of flaws  
 In contracts with him; while, since  
     Arab lore  
 Holds the stars' secret—take one trouble  
     more  
 And master it! 'Tis done, and now  
     deter  
 Who may the Tuscan, once Jove trined  
     for her,

From Friedrich's path!—Friedrich,  
 whose pilgrimage  
 The same man puts aside, whom he'll  
 engage  
 To leave next year John Brienne in the  
 lurch,  
 Come to Bassano, see Saint Francis'  
 church  
 And judge of Guido the Bolognian's piece  
 Which, lend Taurello credit, rivals  
 Greece—  
 Angels, with aureoles like golden quoits  
 Pitched home, applauding Ecelin's  
 exploits.  
 For elegance, he strung the angelot,  
 Made rhymes thereto, for prowess,  
 clove he not  
 Tiso, last siege, from crest to crupper?  
 Why  
 Detail you thus a varied mastery  
 But to show how Taurello, on the watch  
 For men, to read their hearts and thereby  
 catch  
 Their capabilities and purposes,  
 Displayed himself so far as displayed  
 these :  
 While our Sordello only cared to know  
 About men as a means whereby he'd  
 show  
 Himself, and men had much or little  
 worth  
 According as they kept in or drew forth  
 That self; Taurello's choicest instru-  
 ments  
 Surmised him shallow.  
 Meantime, malcontents  
 Dropped off, town after town grew wiser.  
 'How  
 Change the world's face?' asked people;  
 'as 'tis now  
 It has been, will be ever: very fine  
 Subjecting things profane to things  
 divine,  
 In talk! this contumacy will fatigue  
 The vigilance of Este and the League!  
 The Ghibellins gain on us!'—as it  
 happened.  
 Old Azzo and old Boniface, entrapped  
 By Ponte Alto, both in one month's space  
 Slept at Verona: either left a brace  
 Of sons—but, three years after, either's  
 pair  
 Lost Guglielm and Aldobrand its heir:

Azzo remained and Richard—all the  
 stay  
 Of Este and Saint Boniface, at bay  
 As 'twere. Then, either Ecelin grew  
 old  
 Or his brain altered—not of the proper  
 mould  
 For new appliances—his old palm-stock  
 Endured no influx of strange strengths.  
 He'd rock  
 As in a drunkenness, or chuckle low  
 As proud of the completeness of his woe,  
 Then weep real tears;—now make some  
 mad onslaught  
 On Este, heedless of the lesson taught  
 So painfully,—now cringe for peace, sue  
 peace  
 At price of past gain,—much more, fresh  
 increase  
 To the fortunes of Romano. Up at  
 last  
 Rose Este, down Romano sank as fast.  
 And men remarked these freaks of peace  
 and war  
 Happened while Salinguerra was afar:  
 Whence every friend besought him, all  
 in vain,  
 To use his old adherent's wits again.  
 Not he!—'who had advisers in his  
 sons,  
 Could plot himself, nor needed any one's  
 Advice.' 'Twas Adelaide's remaining  
 stanch  
 Prevented his destruction root and  
 branch  
 Forthwith; but when she died, doom  
 fell, for gay  
 He made alliances, gave lands away  
 To whom it pleased accept them, and  
 withdrew  
 For ever from the world. Taurello, who  
 Was summoned to the convent, then  
 refused  
 A word at the wicket, patience thus  
 abused,  
 Promptly threw off alike his imbecile  
 Ally's yoke, and his own frank, foolish  
 smile.  
 Soon a few movements of the happier sort  
 Changed matters, put himself in men's  
 report  
 As heretofore; he had to fight, beside,  
 And that became him ever. So, in pride



And flushing of this kind of second youth,  
 He dealt a good-will blow. Este in truth  
 Lay prone—and men remembered, somewhat late,  
 A laughing old outrageous stifled hate  
 He bore to Este—how it would out-break  
 At times spite of disguise, like an earthquake  
 In sunny weather—as that noted day  
 When with his hundred friends he tried to slay  
 Azzo before the Kaiser's face : and how,  
 On Azzo's calm refusal to allow  
 A liegeman's challenge, straight he too  
 was calmed :  
 As if his hate could bear to lie embalmed,  
 Bricked up, the moody Pharaoh, and survive  
 All intermediate crumbings, and arrive  
 At earth's catastrophe—'twas Este's crash  
 Not Azzo's he demanded, so, no rash  
 Procedure ! Este's true antagonist  
 Rose out of Ecelin : all voices whist,  
 All eyes were sharpened, wits predicted.  
 He  
 'Twas, leaned in the embrasure absently,  
 Amused with his own efforts, now, to trace  
 With his steel-sheathed forefinger  
 Friedrich's face  
 I' the dust : but as the trees waved sere,  
 his smile  
 Deepened, and words expressed its  
 thought erewhile.  
 'Ay, fairly housed at last, my old  
 compeer ?  
 That we should stick together, all the  
 year,  
 I kept Verona !—How old Boniface,  
 Old Azzo caught us in its market-place,  
 He by that pillar, I at this,—caught each  
 In mid swing, more than fury of his  
 speech,  
 Egging the rabble on to disavow  
 Allegiance to their Marquis—Bacchus,  
 how  
 They boasted ! Ecelin must turn their  
 drudge,  
 Nor, if released, will Salinguerra grudge

Paying arrears of tribute due long  
 since—  
 Bacchus ! My man, could promise then,  
 nor wince,  
 The bones-and-muscles ! sound of wind  
 and limb,  
 Spoke he the set excuse I framed for him :  
 And now he sits me, slaving and mute,  
 Intent on chafing each starved purple  
 foot  
 Benumbed past aching with the altar  
 slab—  
 Will no vein throb there when some  
 monk shall blab  
 Spitefully to the circle of bald scalps,  
 "Friedrich's affirmed to be our side the  
 Alps"  
 —Eh, brother Lactance, brother  
 Anaclet ?  
 Sworn to abjure the world, its fume and  
 fret,  
 God's own now ? Dropt the dormitory bar,  
 Enfold the scanty grey serge scapular  
 Twice o'er the cowl to muffle memories  
 out—  
 So ! but the midnight whisper turns a  
 shout,  
 Eyes wink, mouths open, pulses circu-  
 late  
 In the stone walls : the Past, the world  
 you hate  
 Is with you, ambush, open field—or see  
 The surging flame—we fire Vicenza—  
 glee !  
 Follow, let Pilio and Bernardo chafe—  
 Bring up the Mantuans—through San  
 Biagio—safe !  
 Ah, the mad people waken ? Ah, they  
 writhe  
 And reach us ? if they block the gate—  
 no tithe  
 Can pass—keep back, you Bassanese !  
 the edge,  
 Use the edge—shear, thrust, hew, melt  
 down the wedge,  
 Let out the black of those black up-  
 turned eyes !  
 Hell—are they sprinkling fire too ? the  
 blood fries  
 And hisses on your brass gloves as they  
 tear  
 Those upturned faces choking with  
 despair.

Brave! Slidder through the reeking  
gate—"how now?"  
You six had charge of her?" And then  
the vow  
Comes, and the foam spirts, hair's  
plucked, till one shriek  
(I hear it) and you fling—you cannot  
speak—  
Your gold-flowered basnet to a man who  
haled  
The Adelaide he dared scarce view un-  
veiled  
This morn, naked across the fire: how  
crown  
The archer that exhausted lays you  
down  
Your infant, smiling at the flame, and  
dies?  
While one, while mine . . .  
Bacchus! I think there lies  
More than one corpse there' (and he  
paced the room)  
'—Another cinder somewhere—'twas  
my doom  
Beside, my doom! If Adelaide is dead  
I am the same, this Azzo lives instead  
Of that to me, and we pull, any how,  
Este into a heap—the matter's now  
At the true juncture slipping us so oft.  
Ay, Heinrich died and Otho, please you,  
doffed  
His crown at such a juncture! still, if hold  
Our Friedrich's purpose, if this chain  
enfold  
The neck of . . . who but this same  
Ecelin  
That must recoil when the best days  
begin!  
Recoil? that's nought; if the recoiler  
leaves  
His name for me to fight with, no one  
grieves!  
But he must interfere, forsooth, unlock  
His cloister to become my stumbling-  
block  
Just as of old! Ay, ay, there 'tis again—  
The land's inevitable Head—explain  
The reverences that subject us! Count  
These Ecelins now! not to say as fount,  
Originating power of thought,—from  
twelve  
That drop i' the trenches they joined  
hands to delve,

Six shall surpass him, but . . . why, men  
must twine  
Somehow with something! *Ecelin's* a  
fine  
Clear name! 'Twere simpler, doubtless,  
twine with me  
At once: our cloistered friend's capacity  
Was of a sort! I had to share myself  
In fifty portions, like an o'ertasked elf  
That's forced illume in fifty points the  
vast  
Rare vapour he's environed by. At  
last  
My strengths, though sorely frittered,  
e'en converge  
And crown . . . no, Bacchus, they have  
yet to urge  
The man be crowned!  
That aloe, an he durst,  
Would climb! just such a bloated  
sprawler first  
I noted in Messina's castle-court  
The day I came, when Heinrich asked in  
sport  
If I would pledge my faith to win him  
back  
His right in Lombardy: "for, once bid  
pack  
Marauders," he continued, "in my  
stead  
You rule, Taurello!" and upon this  
head  
Laid the silk glove of Constance—I see  
her  
Too, mantled head to foot in miniver,  
Retrude following!  
I am absolved  
From further toil: the empery devolved  
On me, 'twas Tito's word: I have to  
lay  
For once my plan, pursue my plan my  
way,  
Prompt nobody, and render an account  
Taurello to Taurello! nay, I mount  
To Friedrich—he conceives the post I  
kept,  
Who did true service, able or inept,  
Who's worthy guerdon, Ecelin or I.  
Me guerdoned, counsel follows; would  
he vie  
With the Pope really? Azzo, Boniface  
Compose a right-arm Hohenstauffen's  
race

Must break ere govern Lombardy.  
 I point  
 How easy 'twere to twist, once out of  
 joint,  
 The socket from the bone :—my Azzo's  
 stare  
 Meanwhile ! for I, this idle strap to  
 wear,  
 Shall—fret myself abundantly, what end  
 To serve ? There 's left me twenty years  
 to spend  
 —How better than my old way ? Had  
 I one  
 Who laboured overthrow my work—a  
 son  
 Hatching with Azzo superb treachery,  
 To root my pines up and then poison me,  
 Suppose—'twere worth while frustrate  
 that ! Beside,  
 Another life 's ordained me : the world's  
 tide  
 Rolls, and what hope of parting from the  
 press  
 Of waves, a single wave through weariness  
 Gently lifted aside, laid upon shore ?  
 My life must be lived out in foam and  
 roar,  
 No question. Fifty years the province  
 held  
 Taurello ; troubles raised, and troubles  
 quelled,  
 He in the midst—who leaves this quaint  
 stone place,  
 These trees a year or two, then, not a  
 trace  
 Of him ! How obtain hold, fetter men's  
 tongues  
 Like this poor minstrel with the foolish  
 songs—  
 To which, despite our bustle, he is  
 linked ?  
 —Flowers one may tease, that never  
 grow extinct.  
 Ay, that patch, surely, green as ever,  
 where  
 I set Her Moorish lentisk, by the stair,  
 To overawe the aloes ; and we trod  
 Those flowers, how call you such ?—  
 into the sod ;  
 A stately foreigner—a world of pain  
 To make it thrive, arrest rough winds—  
 all vain !

It would decline ; these would not be  
 destroyed :  
 And now, where is it ? where can you  
 avoid  
 The flowers ? I frighten children twenty  
 years  
 Longer !—which way, too, Ecelin ap-  
 pears  
 To thwart me, for his son's besotted  
 youth  
 Gives promise of the proper tiger-tooth :  
 They feel it at Vicenza ! Fate, fate,  
 fate,  
 My fine Taurello ! go you, promulgate  
 Friedrich's decree, and here's shall  
 aggrandize  
 Young Ecelin—your Prefect's badge !  
 a prize  
 Too precious, certainly.  
 How now ? Compete  
 With my old comrade ? shuffle from  
 their seat  
 His children ? Paltry dealing ! Don't  
 I know  
 Ecelin ? now, I think, and years ago !  
 What's changed—the weakness ? did  
 not I compound  
 For that, and undertake to keep him  
 sound  
 Despite it ? Here 's Taurello hankering  
 After a boy's preferment—this play-  
 thing  
 To carry, Bacchus ! ' And he laughed.  
 Remark  
 Why schemes wherein cold-blooded men  
 embark  
 Prosper, when your enthusiastic sort  
 Fail : while these last are ever stopping  
 short—  
 (So much they should—so little they can  
 do !)  
 The careless tribe see nothing to pursue  
 If they desist ; meantime their scheme  
 succeeds.  
 Thoughts were caprices in the course  
 of deeds  
 Methodic with Taurello ; so, he turned,  
 Enough amused by fancies fairly earned  
 Of Este's horror-struck submitted neck,  
 And Richard, the cowed braggart, at  
 his beck,—  
 To his own petty but immediate doubt  
 If he could pacify the League without

Conceding Richard; just to this was  
 brought  
 That interval of vain discursive thought!  
 As, shall I say, some Ethiop, past  
 pursuit  
 Of all enslavers, dips a shackled foot  
 Burnt to the blood, into the drowsy  
 black  
 Enormous watercourse which guides  
 him back  
 To his own tribe again, where he is king;  
 And laughs because he guesses, num-  
 bering  
 The yellower poison-wattles on the  
 pouch  
 Of the first lizard wrested from its couch  
 Under the slime (whose skin, the while,  
 he strips  
 To cure his nostril with, and festered lips,  
 And eyeballs bloodshot through the  
 desert blast)  
 That he has reached its boundary, at last  
 May breathe;—thinkso'erenchantments  
 of the South  
 Sovereign to plague his enemies, their  
 mouth,  
 Eyes, nails, and hair; but, these en-  
 chantments tried  
 In fancy, puts them soberly aside  
 For truth, projects a cool return with  
 friends,  
 The likelihood of winning mere amends  
 Ere long; thinks that, takes comfort  
 silently,  
 Then, from the river's brink, his wrongs  
 and he,  
 Hugging revenge close to their hearts,  
 are soon  
 Off-striding for the Mountains of the  
 Moon.  
 Midnight: the watcher nodded on  
 his spear,  
 Since clouds dispersing left a passage  
 clear,  
 For any meagre and discoloured moon  
 To venture forth; and such was peering  
 soon  
 Above the harassed city—her close lanes  
 Closer, not half so tapering her fanes,  
 As though she shrunk into herself to  
 keep  
 What little life was saved, more safely.  
 Heap

By heap the watch-fires mouldered, and  
 beside  
 The blackest spoke Sordello and replied  
 Palma with none to listen. 'Tis your  
 Cause:  
 What makes a Ghibellin? There should  
 be laws—  
 (Remember how my youth escaped!  
 I trust  
 To you for manhood, Palma; tell me just  
 As any child)—there must be laws at  
 work  
 Explaining this. Assure me, good may  
 lurk  
 Under the bad,—my multitude has part  
 In your designs, their welfare is at heart  
 With Salinguerra, to their interest  
 Refer the deeds he dwelt on,—so divest  
 Our conference of much that scared me.  
 Why  
 Affect that heartless tone to Tito? I  
 Esteemed myself, yes, in my inmost  
 mind  
 This morn, a recreant to my race—man-  
 kind  
 O'erlooked till now: why boast my  
 spirit's force,  
 —Such force denied its object? why  
 divorce  
 These, then admire my spirit's flight the  
 same  
 As though it bore up, helped some half-  
 orb'd flame  
 Else quenched in the dead void, to  
 living space?  
 —That orb cast off to chaos and disgrace,  
 Why vaunt so much my unincumbered  
 dance,  
 Making a feat's facilities enhance  
 Its marvel? But I front Taurello, one  
 Of happier fate, and all I should have  
 done,  
 He does; the people's good being para-  
 mount  
 With him, their progress may perhaps  
 account  
 For his abiding still: whereas you heard  
 The talk with Tito—the excuse pre-  
 ferred  
 For burning those five hostages,—and  
 broached  
 By way of blind, as you and I ap-  
 proached,

I do believe.'

She spoke : then he, ' My thought Plainlier expressed ! All to your profit—nought

Meantime of these, of conquests to achieve

For them, of wretchedness he might relieve

While profiting your party. Azzo, too, Supports a cause : what cause ? Do Guelfs pursue

Their ends by means like yours, or better ?'

When  
The Guelfs were proved alike, men weighed with men,

And deed with deed, blaze, blood, with blood and blaze,

Morn broke : ' Once more, Sordello, meet its gaze

Proudly—the people's charge against thee fails

In every point, while either party quails ! These are the busy ones—be silent thou !

Two parties take the world up, and allow No third, yet have one principle, subsist

By the same injustice ; whoso shall enlist

With either, ranks with man's inveterate foes.

So there is one less quarrel to compose : The Guelf, the Ghibellin may be to curse—

I have done nothing, but both sides do worse

Than nothing. Nay, to me, forgotten, reft

Of insight, lapped by trees and flowers, was left

The notion of a service—ha ? What lured

Me here, what mighty aim was I assured

Must move Taurello ? What if there remained

A Cause, intact, distinct from these, ordained,

For me, its true discoverer ?'

Some one pressed Before them here, a watcher, to suggest

The subject for a ballad : ' They must know

The tale of the dead worthy, long ago

Consul of Rome—that 's long ago for us, Minstrels and bowmen, idly squabbling thus

In the world's corner—but too late, no doubt,

For the brave time he sought to bring about.

—Not know Crescentius Nomentanus ?' Then

He cast about for terms to tell him, when

Sordello disavowed it, how they used Whenever their Superior introduced

A novice to the Brotherhood—(' for I Was just a brown-sleeve brother,

merrily Appointed too,' quoth he, ' till Innocent

Bade me relinquish, to my small content, My wife or my brown sleeves')—some

brother spoke Ere nocturns of Crescentius, to revoke

The edict issued, after his demise, Which blotted fame alike and effigies,

All out except a floating power, a name Including, tending to produce the same

Great act. Rome, dead, forgotten, lived at least

Within that brain, though to a vulgar priest

And a vile stranger,—two not worth a slave

Of Rome's, Pope John, King Otho,—fortune gave

The rule there : so, Crescentius, haply drest

In white, called Roman Consul for a jest, Taking the people at their word, forth

stept

As upon Brutus' heel, nor ever kept Rome waiting,—stood erect, and from

his brain Gave Rome out on its ancient place

again, Ay, bade proceed with Brutus' Rome,

kings styled Themselves mere citizens of, and, be-

guiled Into great thoughts thereby, would choose the gem

Out of a lapfull, spoil their diadem —The Senate's cypher was so hard to

scratch ! He flashes like a phanal, all men catch



The flame, Rome's just accomplished !  
 when returned  
 Otho, with John, the Consul's step had  
 spurned,  
 And Hugo Lord of Este, to redress  
 The wrongs of each. Crescentius in the  
 stress  
 Of adverse fortune bent. 'They crucified  
 Their Consul in the Forum, and abide  
 E'er since such slaves at Rome, that I—  
 (for I  
 Was once a brown-sleeve brother,  
 merrily  
 Appointed)—I had option to keep wife  
 Or keep brown sleeves, and managed in  
 the strife  
 Lose both. A song of Rome !'  
 And Rome, indeed,  
 Robed at Goito in fantastic weed,  
 The Mother-City of his Mantuan days,  
 Looked an established point of light  
 whence rays  
 Traversed the world; for, all the  
 clustered homes  
 Beside of men, seemed bent on being  
 Romes  
 In their degree; the question was, how  
 each  
 Should most resemble Rome, clean out  
 of reach.  
 Nor, of the great Two, either principle,  
 Struggled to change—but to possess—  
 Rome, still,  
 Guelf Rome or Ghibellin Rome.  
 Let Rome advance !  
 Rome, as she struck Sordello's ignor-  
 ance—  
 How could he doubt one moment ?  
 Rome's the Cause !  
 Rome of the Pandects, all the world's  
 new laws—  
 Of the Capitol, of Castle Angelo ;  
 New structures, that inordinately glow,  
 Subdued, brought back to harmony,  
 made ripe  
 By many a relic of the archetype  
 Extant for wonder; every upstart  
 church  
 That hoped to leave old temples in the  
 lurch,  
 Corrected by the Theatre forlorn  
 That,—as a mundane shell, its world  
 late born,—

Lay and o'ershadowed it. These hints  
 combined,  
 Rome typifies the scheme to put man-  
 kind  
 Once more in full possession of their  
 rights.  
 'Let us have Rome again ! On me it  
 lights  
 To build up Rome—on me, the first and  
 last :  
 For such a Future was endured the  
 Past !'  
 And thus, in the grey twilight, forth he  
 sprung  
 To give his thought consistency among  
 The very People—let their facts avail  
 Finish the dream grown from the  
 archer's tale.

## BOOK THE FIFTH

Is it the same Sordello in the dusk  
 As at the dawn?—merely a perished  
 husk  
 Now, that arose a power fit to build  
 Up Rome again? The proud conception  
 chilled  
 So soon? Ay, watch that latest dream  
 of thine  
 —A Rome indebted to no Palatine,  
 Drop arch by arch, Sordello ! Art  
 possess  
 Of thy wish now—rewarded for thy  
 quest  
 To-day among Ferrara's squalid sons—  
 Are this and this and this the shining  
 ones  
 Meet for the Shining City? Sooth to  
 say,  
 Your favoured tenantry pursue their  
 way  
 After a fashion ! This companion slips  
 On the smooth causey, t'other blinkard  
 trips  
 At his mooned sandal. 'Leave to lead  
 the brawls  
 Here i' the atria?' No, friend ! He  
 that sprawls  
 On ought but a stibadium . . . what his  
 dues  
 Who puts the lustral vase to such an  
 use ?

Oh, huddle up the day's disasters!  
 March,  
 Ye runagates, and drop thou, arch by  
 arch,  
 Rome!  
 Yet before they quite disband—  
 a whim—  
 Study mere shelter, now, for him, and  
 him,  
 Nay, even the worst,—just house them!  
 Any cave  
 Suffices: throw out earth! A loophole?  
 Brave!  
 They ask to feel the sun shine, see the  
 grass  
 Grow, hear the larks sing? Dead art  
 thou, alas,  
 And I am dead! But here's our son  
 excels  
 At hurdle-weaving any Scythian, fells  
 Oak and devises rafters, dreams and  
 shapes  
 His dream into a door-post, just escapes  
 The mystery of hinges. Lie we both  
 Perdue another age. The goodly growth  
 Of brick and stone! Our building-pelt  
 was rough,  
 But that descendant's garb suits well  
 enough  
 A portico-contriver. Speed the years—  
 What's time to us? at last, a city rears  
 Itself! nay, enter—what's the grave  
 to us?  
 Lo, our forlorn acquaintance carry thus  
 The head! Successively sewer, forum,  
 cirque—  
 Last age, an aqueduct was counted work,  
 But now they tire the artificer upon  
 Blank alabaster, black obsidian,  
 —Careful, Jove's face be duly fulgorant,  
 And mother Venus' kiss-creased nipples  
 pant  
 Back into pristine pulpiness, ere fixed  
 Above the baths. What difference be-  
 twixt  
 This Rome and ours—resemblance what,  
 between  
 That scurvy dumb-show and this  
 pageant sheen—  
 These Romans and our rabble? Use thy  
 wit!  
 The work marched: step by step,—a  
 workman fit

Took each, nor too fit,—to one task,  
 one time,—  
 No leaping o'er the petty to the prime,  
 When just the substituting osier lithe  
 For brittle bulrush, sound wood for soft  
 withe,  
 To further loam-and-roughcast-work a  
 stage,—  
 Exacts an architect, exacts an age:  
 No tables of the Mauritanian tree  
 For men whose maple-log's their  
 luxury!  
 That way was Rome built. 'Better'  
 (say you) 'merge  
 At once all workmen in the demiurge,  
 All epochs in a lifetime, every task  
 In one!' So should the sudden city bask  
 I' the day—while those we'd feast there,  
 want the knack  
 Of keeping fresh-chalked gowns from  
 speck and brack,  
 Distinguish not rare peacock from vile  
 swan,  
 Nor Mareotic juice from Coecuban.  
 'Enough of Rome!' 'Twas happy to  
 conceive  
 Rome on a sudden, nor shall fate bereave  
 Me of that credit: for the rest, her  
 spite  
 Is an old story—serves my folly right  
 By adding yet another to the dull  
 List of abortions—things proved beauti-  
 ful  
 Could they be done, Sordello cannot do.'  
 He sat upon the terrace, plucked and  
 threw  
 The powdery aloe-cusps away, saw shift  
 Rome's walls, and drop arch after arch,  
 and drift  
 Mist-like afar those pillars of all stripe,  
 Mounds of all majesty. 'Thou arche-  
 type,  
 Last of my dreams and loveliest, depart!'  
 And then a low voice wound into his  
 heart:  
 'Sordello!' (low as some old Pythoness  
 Conceding to a Lydian King's distress  
 The cause of his long error—one mis-  
 take  
 Of her past oracle) 'Sordello, wake!  
 God has conceded two sights to a man—  
 One, of men's whole work, time's com-  
 pleted plan,

The other, of the minute's work, man's  
 first  
 Step to the plan's completeness :  
 what's dispersed  
 Save hope of that supreme step which,  
 descried  
 Earliest, was meant still to remain  
 untried  
 Only to give you heart to take your own  
 Step, and there stay—leaving the rest  
 alone?  
 Where is the vanity? Why count as one  
 The first step, with the last step?  
 What is gone  
 Except Rome's æry magnificence,  
 That last step you'd take first?—an  
 evidence  
 You were God: be man now! Let  
 those glances fall!  
 The basis, the beginning step of all,  
 Which proves you just a man—is that  
 gone too?  
 Pity to disconcert one versed as you  
 In fate's ill-nature! but its full extent  
 Eludes Sordello, even: the veil rent,  
 Read the black writing—that collective  
 man  
 Outstrips the individual! Who began  
 The acknowledged greatnesses? Ay,  
 your own art  
 Shall serve us: put the poet's mimes  
 apart—  
 Close with the poet's self, and lo, a dim  
 Yet too plain form divides itself from  
 him!  
 Alcamo's song enmeshes the lulled Isle,  
 Woven into the echoes left erewhile  
 By Nina, one soft web of song: no  
 more  
 Turning his name, then, flower-like o'er  
 and o'er!  
 An elder poet in the younger's place—  
 Nina's the strength—but Alcamo's the  
 grace:  
 Each neutralizes each then! Search  
 your fill;  
 You get no whole and perfect Poet—still  
 New Ninas, Alcamos, till time's mid-  
 night  
 Shrouds all—or better say, the shutting  
 light  
 Of a forgotten yesterday. Dissect  
 Every ideal workman—(to reject

In favour of your fearful ignorance  
 The thousand phantasms eager to  
 advance,  
 And point you but to those within your  
 reach)—  
 Were you the first who brought—(in  
 modern speech)  
 The Multitude to be materialized?  
 That loose eternal unrest—who devised  
 An apparition i' the midst? The rout  
 Was checked, a breathless ring was  
 formed about  
 That sudden flower: get round at any  
 risk  
 The gold-rough pointel, silver-blazing  
 disk  
 O' the lily! Swords across it! Reign  
 thy reign  
 And serve thy frolic service, Charle-  
 magne!  
 —The very child of over-joyousness,  
 Unfeeling thence, strong therefore:  
 Strength by stress  
 Of Strength comes of that forehead  
 confident,  
 Those widened eyes expecting heart's  
 content,  
 A calm as out of just-quelled noise;  
 nor swerves  
 For doubt, the ample cheek in gracious  
 curves  
 Abutting on the upthrust nether lip:  
 He wills, how should he doubt then?  
 Ages slip:  
 Was it Sordello pried into the work  
 So far accomplished, and discovered lurk  
 A company amid the other clans,  
 Only distinct in priests for castellans  
 And popes for suzerains (their rule con-  
 fessed  
 Its rule, their interest its interest,  
 Living for sake of living—there an  
 end,—  
 Wrapt in itself, no energy to spend  
 In making adversaries or allies),—  
 Dived you into its capabilities  
 And dared create, out of that sect, a soul  
 Should turn the multitude, already  
 whole,  
 Into its body? Speak plainer! Is 't so  
 sure  
 God's church lives by a King's investi-  
 ture?

Look to last step! a staggering—a shock—

What's mere sand is demolished, while the rock

Endures: a column of black fiery dust  
Blots heaven—that help was prematurely thrust

Aside, perchance!—but the air clears, nought's erased

Of the true outline! Thus much being firm based,

The other was a scaffold. See him stand  
Buttressed upon his mattock, Hildebrand

Of the huge brain-mask welded ply o'er ply

As in a forge; it buries either eye  
White and extinct, that stupid brow; teeth clenched,

The neck tight-corded, too, the chin deep-trenched,

As if a cloud enveloped him while fought  
Under its shade, grim prizers, thought with thought

At dead-lock, agonizing he, until  
The victor thought leapt radiant up, and Will,

The slave with folded arms and drooping lids

They fought for, lean forth flame-like as it bids.

Call him no flower—a mandrake of the earth,

Thwarted and dwarfed and blasted in its birth,

Rather, a fruit of suffering's excess,  
Thence feeling, therefore stronger: still by stress

Of Strength, work Knowledge! Full three hundred years

Have men to wear away in smiles and tears

Between the two that nearly seem to touch,

Observe you! quit one workman and you clutch

Another, letting both their trains go by—  
The actors-out of either's policy,  
Heinrich, on this hand, Otho, Barbaross,  
Carry the three Imperial crowns across,  
Aix' Iron, Milan's Silver, and Rome's Gold—

While Alexander, Innocent uphold

On that, each Papal key—but, link on link,

Why is it neither chain betrays a chink?  
How coalesce the small and great? Alack,

For one thrust forward, fifty such fall back!

Do the popes coupled there help Gregory

Alone? Hark—from the hermit Peter's cry

At Claremont, down to the first serf that says

Friedrich's no liege of his while he delays

Getting the Pope's curse off him! The Crusade—

Ortrick of breeding strength by other aid  
Than strength, is safe. Hark—from the wild harangue

Of Vimmercato, to the carroch's clang  
Yonder! The League—or trick of turning strength

Against pernicious strength, is safe at length.

Yet hark—from Mantuan Albert making cease

The fierce ones, to Saint Francis preaching peace

Yonder! God's Truce—or trick to supersede

The very use of strength, is safe. Indeed  
We trench upon the Future! Who is found

To take next step, next age—trail o'er the ground—

Shall I say, gourd-like?—not the flower's display

Nor the root's prowess, but the plenteous way

O' the plant—produced by joy and sorrow, whence

Unfeeling and yet feeling, strongest thence?

Knowledge by stress of merely Knowledge? No—

E'en were Sordello ready to forego  
His life for this, 'twere overleaping work  
Some one has first to do, howe'er it irk,  
Nor stray a foot's breadth from the beaten road.

Who means to help must still support the load

Hildebrand lifted—"why hast Thou,"  
     he groaned,  
 "Imposed on me a burthen, Paul had  
     moaned,  
 And Moses dropped beneath?" Much  
     done—and yet  
 Doubtless, that grandest task God ever  
     set  
 On man, left much to do: at his arm's  
     wrench,  
 Charlemagne's scaffold fell; but pillars  
     blench  
 Merely, start back again—perchance  
     have been  
 Taken for buttresses: crash every  
     screen,  
 Hammer the tenons better, and engage  
 A gang about your work, for the next  
     age  
 Or two, of Knowledge, part by Strength  
     and part  
 By Knowledge! Then, indeed, perchance  
     may start  
 Sordello on his race—would time divulge  
 Such secrets! If one step's awry, one  
     bulge  
 Calls for correction by a step we thought  
 Got over long since, why, till that is  
     wrought,  
 No progress! and the scaffold in its  
     turn  
 Becomes, its service o'er, a thing to  
     spurn.  
 Meanwhile, if your half-dozen years of  
     life  
 In store, dispose you to forego the strife,  
 Who takes exception? Only bear in  
     mind,  
 Ferrara's reached, Goito's left behind:  
 As you then were, as half yourself,  
     desist!  
 —The warrior-part of you may, an it  
     list,  
 Finding real faulchions difficult to poise,  
 Fling them afar and taste the cream of  
     joys  
 By wielding such in fancy,—what is  
     bard  
 Of you, may spurn the vehicle that  
     marred  
 Elys so much, and in free fancy glut  
 His sense, yet write no verses—you have  
     but

To please yourself for law, and once  
     could please  
 What once appeared yourself, by  
     dreaming these  
 Rather than doing these, in days gone  
     by.  
 But all is changed the moment you  
     descry  
 Mankind as half yourself,—then, fancy's  
     trade  
 Ends once and always: how may half  
     evade  
 The other half? men are found half of  
     you.  
 Out of a thousand helps, just one or two  
 Can be accomplished presently: but  
     flinch  
 From these (as from the faulchion,  
     raised an inch,  
 Elys, described a couplet) and make  
     proof  
 Of fancy,—then, while one half lolls  
     aloof  
 I' the vines, completing Rome to the  
     tip-top—  
 See if, for that, your other half will  
     stop  
 A tear, begin a smile! The rabble's  
     woes,  
 Ludicrous in their patience as they  
     chose  
 To sit about their town and quietly  
 Be slaughtered,—the poor reckless  
     soldiery,  
 With their ignoble rhymes on Richard,  
     how  
 "Pol-foot," sang they, "was in a pit-  
     fall now,"  
 Cheering each other from the engine-  
     mounts,—  
 That crippled spawling idiot who re-  
     counts  
 How, lopt of limbs, he lay, stupid as  
     stone,  
 Till the pains crept from out him one by  
     one,  
 And wriggles round the archers on his  
     head  
 To earn a morsel of their chestnut  
     bread,—  
 And Cino, always in the self-same place  
 Weeping; beside that other wretch's  
     case,



Eyepits to ear, one gangrene since he  
     plied  
 The engine in his coat of raw sheep's  
     hide  
 A double watch in the noon sun; and  
     see  
 Lucchino, beauty, with the favours free,  
 Trim hacqueton, spruce beard and  
     scented hair,  
 Campaigning it for the first time—cut  
     there  
 In two already, boy enough to crawl  
 For latter orpine round the southern  
     wall,  
 Tomà, where Richard's kept, because  
     that whore  
 Marfisa, the fool never saw before,  
 Sickened for flowers this wearisomest  
     siege:  
 And Tiso's wife—men liked their pretty  
     liege,  
 Cared for her least of whims once,—  
     Berta, wed  
 A twelvemonth gone, and, now poor  
     Tiso's dead,  
 Delivering herself of his first child  
 On that chance heap of wet filth, recon-  
     ciled  
 To fifty gazers!—(Here a wind below  
 Made moody music augural of woe  
 From the pine barrier)—'What if, now  
     the scene  
 Draws to a close, yourself have really  
     been  
 —You, plucking purples in Goito's  
     moss  
 Like edges of a trabea (not to cross  
 Your consul-humour) or dry aloë-shafts  
 For fasces, at Ferrara—he, fate wafts,  
 This very age, her whole inheritance  
 Of opportunities? Yet you advance  
 Upon the last! Since talking is your  
     trade,  
 There's Salinguerra left you to per-  
     suade:  
 Fail! then'—  
     'No—no—which latest  
     chance secure!'  
 Leapt up and cried Sordello: 'this  
     made sure,  
 The Past were yet redeemable; its work  
 Was—help the Guelfs, whom I, howe'er  
     it irk,

Thus help!' (He shook the foolish aloë-  
     haulm  
 Out of his doublet, paused, proceeded  
     calm  
 To the appointed presence. The large  
     head  
 Turned on its socket; 'And your  
     spokesman,' said  
 The large voice, 'is Elcorte's happy  
     sprout?  
 Few such'—(so finishing a speech no  
     doubt  
 Addressed to Palma, silent at his side)  
 —'My sober councils have diversified.  
 Elcorte's son! good: forward as you  
     may,  
 Our lady's minstrel with so much to  
     say!'  
 The hesitating sunset floated back,  
 Rosily traversed in the wonted track  
 The chamber, from the lattice o'er the  
     girth  
 Of pines, to the huge eagle blacked in  
     earth  
 Opposite,—outlined sudden, spur to  
     crest,  
 That solid Salinguerra, and caressed  
 Palma's contour; 'twas Day looped  
     back Night's pall;  
 Sordello had a chance left spite of all.  
     And much he made of the convincing  
     speech  
 He meant should compensate the Past  
     and reach  
 Through his youth's daybreak of un-  
     profit, quite  
 To his noon's labour, so proceed till  
     night  
 Leisurely! The great argument to  
     bind  
 Taurello with the Guelf Cause, body and  
     mind,  
 —Came the consummate rhetoric to  
     that?  
 Yet most Sordello's argument dropped  
     flat  
 Through his accustomed fault of break-  
     ing yoke,  
 Disjoining him who felt from him who  
     spoke.  
 Was't not a touching incident—so  
     prompt  
 A rendering the world its just accompt,

Once proved its debtor ? Who'd suppose, before

This proof, that he, Goito's god of yore,  
At duty's instance could demean himself  
So memorably, dwindle to a Guelf ?

Be sure, in such delicious flattery steeped,  
His inmost self at the out-portion  
peeped

Thus occupied ; then stole a glance at those

Appealed to, curious if her colour rose  
Or his lip moved, while he discreetly  
urged

The need of Lombardy's becoming  
purged

At soonest of her barons ; the poor part  
Abandoned thus, missing the blood at  
heart

And spirit in brain, unseasonably off  
Elsewhere ! But, though his speech was  
worthy scoff,

Good-humoured Salinguerra, famed for  
tact

And tongue, who, careless of his phrase,  
ne'er lacked

The right phrase, and harangued  
Honorius dumb

At his accession,—looked as all fell  
plumb

To purpose and himself found interest  
In every point his new instructor  
pressed

—Left playing with the rescript's white  
wax seal

To scrutinize Sordello head and heel.  
Then means he yield assent sure ? No,  
alas !

All he replied was, ' What, it comes to  
pass

That poesy, sooner than politics,  
Makes fade young hair ? ' To think such  
speech could fix

Taurello !

Then a flash of bitter truth :

So fantasies could break and fritter  
youth

That he had long ago lost earnestness,  
Lest will to work, lost power to even  
express

The need of working ! Earth was turned  
a grave :

No more occasions now, though he  
should crave

Just one, in right of superhuman toil,  
To do what was undone, repair such spoil,  
Alter the Past—nothing would give the  
chance !

Not that he was to die : he saw askance  
Protract the ignominious years beyond  
To dream in—time to hope and time  
despond,

Remember and forget, be sad, rejoice  
As saved a trouble ; he might, at his  
choice,

One way or other, idle life out, drop  
No few smooth verses by the way—for  
prop,

A thyrsus, these sad people, all the same,  
Should pick up, and set store by,—far  
from blame,

Plant o'er his hearse, convinced his  
better part

Survived him. ' Rather tear men out  
the heart

Of the truth ! '—Sordello muttered, and  
renewed

His propositions for the Multitude.

But Salinguerra, who at this attack  
Had thrown great breast and ruffling  
corslet back

To hear the better, smilingly resumed  
His task ; beneath, the carroch's  
warning boomed ;

He must decide with Tito ; courteously  
He turned then, even seeming to agree  
With his admonisher—' Assist the Pope,  
Extend Guelf domination, fill the scope  
Of the Church, thus based on All, by All,  
for All—

Change Secular to Evangelical '—  
Echoing his very sentence : all seemed  
lost,

When sudden he looked up, laughingly  
almost,

To Palma : ' This opinion of your  
friend's—

For instance, would it answer Palma's  
ends ?

Best, were it not, turn Guelf, submit our  
Strength '—

(Here he drew out his baldric to its  
length)

—' To the Pope's Knowledge—let our  
captive slip,

Wide to the walls throw ope our gates,  
equip

Azzo with . . . what I hold here? Who'll  
subscribe

To a trite censure of the minstrel tribe  
Henceforward? or pronounce, as Hein-  
rich used,

"Spear-heads for battle, burr-heads for  
the joust!"

—When Constance, for his couplets,  
would promote

Alcamo, from a parti-coloured coat,  
To holding her lord's stirrup in the wars.  
Not that I see where couplet-making  
jars

With common sense: at Mantua I had  
borne

This chanted, better than their most  
forlorn

Of bull-baits,—that 's indisputable!'  
Brave!

Whom vanity nigh slew, contempt shall  
save!

All 's at an end: a Troubadour suppose  
Mankind will class him with their  
friends or foes?

A puny uncouth ailing vassal think  
The world and him bound in some  
special link?

Abrupt the visionary tether burst—  
What were rewarded here, or what  
amerced

If a poor drudge, solicitous to dream  
Deservingly, got tangled by his theme  
So far as to conceit the knack or gift  
Or whatsoe'er it be, of verse, might lift  
The globe, a lever like the hand and  
head

Of—'Men of Action,' as the Jongleurs  
said,

—'The Great Men,' in the people's  
dialect?

And not a moment did this scorn  
affect

Sordello: scorn the poet? They, for once,  
Asking 'what was,' obtained a full  
response.

Bid Naddo think at Mantua, he had but  
To look into his promptuary, put  
Finger on a set thought in a set speech:  
But was Sordello fitted thus for each  
Conjecture? Nowise; since, within his  
soul,

Perception brooded unexpressed and  
whole.

A healthy spirit like a healthy frame  
Craves aliment in plenty—all the same,  
Changes, assimilates its aliment.

Perceived Sordello, on a truth intent?  
Next day no formularies more you saw  
Than figs or olives in a sated maw.

'Tis Knowledge, whither such percep-  
tions tend;

They lose themselves in that, means to  
an end,

The many old producing some one new,  
A last unlike the first. If lies are true,  
The Caliph's wheel-work man of brass  
receives

A meal, munched millet grains and  
lettuce leaves

Together in his stomach rattle loose—  
You find them perfect next day to  
produce;

But ne'er expect the man, on strength of  
that,

Can roll an iron camel-collar flat  
Like Haroun's self! I tell you, what  
was stored

Bit by bit through Sordello's life, out-  
poured

That eve, was, for that age, a novel thing:  
And round those three the people formed  
a ring,

Of visionary judges whose award  
He recognized in full—faces that barred  
Henceforth return to the old careless  
life,

In whose great presence, therefore, his  
first strife

For theirsake must not be ignobly fought.  
All these, for once, approved of him, he  
thought,

Suspended their own vengeance, chose  
await

The issue of this strife to reinstate  
Them in the right of taking it—in fact  
He must be proved king ere they could  
exact

Vengeance for such king's defalcation.  
Last,

A reason why the phrases flowed so fast  
Was in his quite forgetting for a time  
Himself in his amazement that the  
rhyme

Disguised the royalty so much: he  
there—

And Salinguerra—and yet unaware

Who was the lord, who liegeman !

' Thus I lay

On thine my spirit and compel obey

His lord,—my liegeman,—impotent to  
build

Another Rome, but hardly so unskilled  
In what such builder should have been,  
as brook

One shame beyond the charge that I  
forsook

His function ! Free me from that shame,  
I bend

A brow before, suppose new years to  
spend,

Allow each chance, nor fruitlessly,  
recur—

Measure thee with the Minstrel, then,  
demur

At any crown he claims ! That I must  
cede

Shamed now, my right to my especial  
need—

Confess thee fitter help the world than I  
Ordained its champion from eternity,

Is much : but to behold thee scorn the  
post

I quit in thy behalf—to hear thee boast  
What makes my own despair !' And

while he rung

The changes on this theme, the roof up-  
sprung,

The sad walls of the presence-chamber  
died

Into the distance, or embowering vied  
With far-away Goito's vine-frontier ;

And crowds of faces—(only keeping  
clear

The rose-light in the midst, his vantage-  
ground

To fight their battle from)—deep clus-  
tered round

Sordello, with good wishes no mere  
breath,

Kind prayers for him no vapour, since,  
come death,

Come life, he was fresh-sinewed every  
joint,

Each bone new-marrowed as whom  
Gods anoint

Though mortal to their rescue : now let  
sprawl

The snaky volumes hither ! Is Typhon  
all

For Hercules to trample—good report  
From Salinguerra only to extort ?

' So was I ' (closed he his inculcating,  
A poet must be earth's essential king)

' So was I, royal so, and if I fail,  
'Tis not the royalty, ye witness quail,

But one deposed who, caring not exert  
Its proper essence, trifled malapert

With accidents instead—good things  
assigned

As heralds of a better thing behind—

And, worthy through display of these,  
put forth

Never the inmost all-surpassing worth  
That constitutes him King precisely  
since

As yet no other spirit may evince

Its like : the power he took most pride  
to test,

Whereby all forms of life had been pro-  
fessed

At pleasure, forms already on the  
earth,

Was but a means to power beyond,  
whose birth

Should, in its novelty, be kingship's  
proof.

Now, whether he came near or kept  
aloof

The several forms he longed to imitate,  
Not there the kingship lay, he sees too  
late.

Those forms, unalterable first as last,  
Proved him her copier, not the proto-  
plast

Of nature : what could come of being  
free

By action to exhibit tree for tree,

Bird, beast, for beast and bird, or prove  
earth bore

One veritable man or woman more ?

Means to an end, such proofs are : what  
the end ?

Let essence, whatsoe'er it be, extend—  
Never contract ! Already you include

The multitude ; then let the multitude  
Include yourself ; and the result were

new :  
Themselves before, the multitude turn

you.  
This were to live and move and have, in

them,  
Your being, and secure a diadem

You should transmit (because no cycle  
     yearns  
 Beyond itself, but on itself returns)  
 When, the full sphere in wane, the  
     world o'erlaid  
 Long since with you, shall have in turn  
     obeyed  
 Some orb still prouder, some displayer,  
     still  
 More potent than the last, of human will,  
 And some new King depose the old. Of  
     such  
 Am I—whom pride of this elates too  
     much?  
 Safe, rather say, 'mid troops of peers  
     again;  
 I, with my words, hailed brother of the  
     train  
 Deeds once sufficed: for, let the world  
     roll back,  
 Who fails, through deeds howe'er  
     diverse, re-track  
 My purpose still, my task? A teeming  
     crust—  
 Air, flame, earth, wave at conflict!  
     Then, needs must  
 Emerge some Calm embodied, these  
     refer  
 The brawl to;—yellow-bearded Jupiter?  
 No! Saturn; some existence like a  
     pact  
 And protest against Chaos, some first  
     fact  
 I' the faint of time. My deep of life,  
     I know,  
 Is unavailing e'en to poorly show' . . .  
 (For here the Chief immeasurably  
     yawned)  
 . . . 'Deeds in their due gradation till  
     Song dawned—  
 The fullest effluence of the finest mind,  
 All in degree, no way diverse in kind  
 From minds about it, minds which,  
     more or less  
 Lofty or low, move seeking to impress  
 Themselves on somewhat; but one  
     mind has climbed  
 Step after step, by just ascent sublimed.  
 Thought is the soul of act, and, stage by  
     stage,  
 Is soul from body still to disengage  
 As tending to a freedom which rejects  
 Such help and incorporeally affects

The world, producing deeds but not by  
     deeds,  
 Swaying, in others, frames itself exceeds,  
 Assigning them the simpler tasks it used  
 To patiently perform till Song produced  
 Acts, by thoughts only, for the mind:  
     divest  
 Mind of e'en Thought, and, lo, God's  
     unexpressed  
 Will dawns above us! All then is to win  
 Save that! How much for me, then?  
     where begin  
 My work? About me, faces! and they  
     flock,  
 The earnest faces! What shall I unlock  
 By song? behold me prompt, whate'er  
     it be,  
 To minister: how much can mortals see  
 Of Life? No more than so? I take the  
     task  
 And marshal you Life's elemental  
     masque,  
 Show Men, on evil or on good lay stress,  
 This light, this shade make prominent,  
     suppress  
 All ordinary hues that softening blend  
 Such natures with the level. Appre-  
     hend  
 Which sinner is, which saint, if I allot  
 Hell, Purgatory, Heaven, a blaze or blot,  
 To those you doubt concerning! I en-  
     womb  
 Some wretched Friedrich with his red-  
     hot tomb;  
 Some dubious spirit, Lombard Agilulph  
 With the black chastening river I en-  
     gulph;  
 Some unapproached Matilda I enshrine  
 With languors of the planet of decline—  
 These, fail to recognize, to arbitrate  
 Between henceforth, to rightly estimate  
 Thus marshalled in the masque! My-  
     self, the while,  
 As one of you, am witness, shrink or  
     smile  
 At my own showing! Next age—what's  
     to do?  
 The men and women stationed hitherto  
 Will I unstation, good and bad, conduct  
 Each nature to its farthest, or obstruct  
 At soonest, in the world: light,  
     thwarted, breaks  
 A limpid purity to rainbow flakes,



Of your possessions to permit the rest

Go peaceably—to Ecelin, a stripe  
Of soil the cursed Vicentines will gripe,  
—To Alberic, a patch the Trevisan  
Clutches already; extricate, who can,  
Treville, Villarazzi, Puissolo,  
Cartiglione, Loria!—all go,  
And with them go my hopes. 'Tis lost,  
then! Lost

This eve, our crisis, and some pains it cost  
Procuring; thirty years—as good I'd  
spent

Like our admonisher! But each his bent  
Pursues: no question, one might live  
absurd

Oneself this while, by deed as he by  
word,

Persisting to obtrude an influence where  
'Tis made account of, much as . . . nay,  
you fare

With twice the fortune, youngster!—I  
submit,

Happy to parallel my waste of wit  
With the renowned Sordello's: you  
decide

A course for me. Romano may abide  
Romano,—Bacchus! After all, what  
dearth

Of Ecelin and Alberics on earth?  
Say there's a prize in prospect, must  
disgrace

Betide competitors, unless they style  
Themselves Romano? were it worth my  
while

To try my own luck! But an obscure  
place

Suits me—there wants a youth to bustle,  
stalk

And attitudinize—some fight, more talk,  
Most flaunting badges—how, I might  
make clear,

Since Friedrich's very purposes lie here  
—Here, pity they are like to lie! For me,  
With station fixed unceremoniously  
Long since, small use contesting; I am  
but

The liegeman, you are born the lieges—  
shut

That gentle mouth now! or resume  
your kin

In your sweet self; were Palma Ecelin  
For me to work with! Could that neck  
endure

This bauble for a cumbrous garniture,

She should . . . or might one bear it for  
her? Stay—

I have not been so flattered many a  
day

As by your pale friend—Bacchus! The  
least help

Would lick the hind's fawn to a lion's  
whelp—

His neck is broad enough—a ready  
tongue

Beside—too writhled—but, the main  
thing, young—

I could . . . why, look ye!

And the badge was thrown  
Across Sordello's neck: 'This badge  
alone

Makes you Romano's Head—becomes  
superb

On your bare neck, which would, on  
mine, disturb

The pauldron,' said Taurello. A mad  
act,

Not even dreamed about before—in  
fact,

Not when his sportive arm rose for the  
nonce—

But he had dallied overmuch, this  
once,

With power: the thing was done, and  
he, aware

The thing was done, proceeded to  
declare—

(So like a nature made to serve, excel  
In serving, only feel by service well!)

—That he would make Sordello that  
and more.

'As good a scheme as any! What's to  
pore

At in my face?' he asked—ponder  
instead

This piece of news; you are Romano's  
Head!

One cannot slacken pace so near the  
goal,

Suffer my Azzo to escape heart-whole  
This time! For you there's Palma to

espouse—

For me, one crowning trouble ere I  
house

Like my compeer.'

On which ensued a strange  
And solemn visitation; there came  
change

O'er every one of them ; each looked on  
 each :  
 Up in the midst a truth grew, without  
 speech.  
 And when the giddiness sank and the  
 haze  
 Subsided, they were sitting, no amaze,  
 Sordello with the baldric on, his sire  
 Silent, though his proportions seemed  
 aspire  
 Momently ; and, interpreting the thrill  
 Nigh at its ebb, Palma was found there  
 still  
 Relating somewhat Adelaide confessed  
 A year ago, while dying on her breast,—  
 Of a contrivance that Vicenza night,  
 When Ecelin had birth. ' Their con-  
 voy's flight,  
 Cut off a moment, coiled inside the  
 flame  
 That wallowed like a dragon at his game  
 The toppling city through—San Biagio  
 rocks !  
 And wounded lies in her delicious locks  
 Retrude, the frail mother, on her face,  
 None of her wasted, just in one embrace  
 Covering her child : when, as they lifted  
 her,  
 Cleaving the tumult, mighty, mightier  
 And mightiest Taurello's cry outbroke,  
 Leapt like a tongue of fire that cleaves  
 the smoke,  
 Midmost to cheer his Mantuans onward  
 —drown  
 His colleague Ecelin's clamour, up and  
 down  
 The disarray : failed Adelaide see then  
 Who was the natural chief, the man of  
 men ?  
 Outstripping time, her infant there  
 burst swathe,  
 Stood up with eyes haggard beyond the  
 scathe  
 From wandering after his heritage  
 Lost once and lost for aye—and why  
 that rage,  
 That deprecating glance ? A new shape  
 leant  
 On a familiar shape—gloatingly bent  
 O'er his discomfiture ; 'mid wreaths it  
 wore,  
 Still one outflamed the rest—her child's  
 before

'Twas Salinguerra's for his child : scorn,  
 hate  
 Rage, startled her from Ecelin—too late !  
 Then was the moment! rival's foot had  
 spurned  
 Never that brow to earth ! Ere sense  
 returned—  
 The act conceived, adventured, and  
 complete,  
 They bore away to an obscure retreat  
 Mother and child—Retrude's self not  
 slain '  
 (Nor even here Taurello moved) ' though  
 pain  
 Was fled ; and what assured them most  
 'twas fled,  
 All pain, was, if they raised the pale  
 hushed head  
 'Twould turn this way and that, waver  
 awhile,  
 And only settle into its old smile—  
 (Graceful as the disquieted water-flag  
 Steadying itself, remarked they, in the  
 quag  
 Oneither side their path)—when suffered  
 look  
 Down on her child. They marched : no  
 sign once shook  
 The company's close litter of crossed  
 spears  
 Till, as they reached Goito, a few tears  
 Slipt in the sunset from her long black  
 lash,  
 And she was gone. So far the action  
 rash—  
 No crime. They laid Retrude in the  
 font,  
 Taurello's very gift, her child was wont  
 To sit beneath—constant as eve he came  
 To sit by its attendant girls the same  
 As one of them. For Palma, she would  
 blend  
 With this magnific spirit to the end,  
 That ruled her first—but scarcely had  
 she dared  
 To disobey the Adelaide who scared  
 Her into vowing never to disclose  
 A secret to her husband, which so froze  
 His blood at half recital, she contrived  
 To hide from him Taurello's infant lived,  
 Lest, by revealing that, himself should  
 mar  
 Romano's fortunes. And, a crime so far,

Palma received that action: she was told  
Of Salinguerra's nature, of his cold  
Calm acquiescence in his lot ! But free  
To impart the secret to Romano, she  
Engaged to repossess Sordello of  
His heritage, and hers, and that way  
doff

The mask, but after years, long years !—  
while now,  
Was not Romano's sign-mark on that  
brow ? '

Across Taurello's heart his arms were  
locked :  
And when he did speak 'twas as if he  
mocked

The minstrel, ' who had not to move,'  
he said,

' Not stir—should Fate defraud him of  
a shred

Of his son's infancy ? much less of his  
youth ! '

(Laughingly all this)—' which to aid, in  
truth,

Himself, reserved on purpose, had not  
grown

Old, not too old—'twas best they kept  
alone

Till now, and never idly met till now ; '  
—Then, in the same breath, told Sordello  
how

All intimations of this eve's event  
Were lies, for Friedrich must advance to

Trent,  
Thence to Verona, then to Rome, there  
stop,

Tumble the Church down, institute a-top  
The Alps a Prefecture of Lombardy :

—' That 's now !—no prophesying what  
may be

Anon, with a new monarch of the clime,  
Native of Gesi, passing his youth's  
prime

At Naples. Tito bids my choice decide  
On whom . . . '

' Embrace him, madman ! '

Palma cried,  
Who through the laugh saw sweatdrops  
burst apace,

And his lips' blanching: he did not  
embrace

Sordello, but he laid Sordello's hand  
On his own eyes, mouth, forehead.

Understand,

Understand,

This while Sordello was becoming flushed  
Out of his whiteness ; thoughts rushed,  
fancies rushed ;

He pressed his hand upon his head and  
signed

Both should forbear him. ' Nay, the  
best 's behind ! '

Taurello laughed—not quite with the  
same laugh :

' The truth is, thus we scatter, ay, like  
chaff

These Guelfs, a despicable monk recoils  
From : nor expect a fickle Kaiser spoils

Our triumph !—Friedrich ? Think you,  
I intend

Friedrich shall reap the fruits of blood  
I spend

And brain I waste ? Think you, the  
people clap

Their hands at my out-hewing this wild  
gap

For any Friedrich to fill up ? 'Tis mine—  
That 's yours : I tell you, towards some  
such design

Have I worked blindly, yes, and idly,  
yes,

And for another, yes—but worked no  
less

With instinct at my heart ; I else had  
swerved,

While now—look round ! My cunning  
has preserved

Samminiato—that 's a central place  
Secures us Florence, boy,—in Pisa's  
case,

By land as she by sea ; with Pisa ours,  
And Florence, and Pistoia, one devours

The land at leisure ! Gloriously dis-  
persed—

Brescia, observe, Milan, Piacenza first  
That flanked us (ah, you know not !) in  
the March ;

On these we pile, as keystone of our arch,  
Romagna and Bologna, whose first span

Covered the Trentine and the Valsugan ;  
Sofia's Egna by Bolgiano 's sure ! ' . . .

So he proceeded : half of all this, pure  
Delusion, doubtless, nor the rest too  
true,

But what was undone he felt sure to do,  
As ring by ring he wrung off, flung away

The pauldron-rings to give his sword-  
arm play—

Need of the sword now ! That would  
soon adjust

Aught wrong at present ; to the sword  
intrust

Sordello's whiteness, undersize : 'twas  
plain

He hardly rendered right to his own  
brain—

Like a brave hound, men educate to  
pride

Himself on speed or scent nor aught  
beside,

As though he could not, gift by gift,  
match men !

Palma had listened patiently : but  
when

'Twas time expostulate, attempt with-  
draw

Taurello from his child, she, without  
awe

Took off his iron arms from, one by one,  
Sordello's shrinking shoulders, and, that  
done,

Made him avert his visage and relieve  
Sordello (you might see his corselet  
heave

The while) who, loose, rose—tried to  
speak, then sank :

They left him in the chamber. All was  
blank.

And even reeling down the narrow  
stair

Taurello kept up, as though unaware  
Palma was by to guide him, the old

device

—Something of Milan—' how we muster  
thrice

The Torriani's strength there—all along  
Our own Visconti cowed them '—thus

the song

Continued even while she bade him  
stoop,

Thrid somehow, by some glimpse of  
arrow-loop,

The turnings to the gallery below,  
Where he stopped short as Palma let

him go.

When he had sat in silence long enough  
Splintering the stone bench, braving

a rebuff

She stopt the truncheon ; only to com-  
mence

One of Sordello's poems, a pretence

For speaking, some poor rhyme of 'Elys'  
hair

And head that's sharp and perfect like  
a pear,

So smooth and close are laid the few fine  
locks

Stained like pale honey oozed from top-  
most rocks

Sun-blanced the livelong Summer'—  
from his worst

Performance, the Goito, as his first :  
And that attend, conceiving from the brow

And open mouth no silence would serve  
now,

Went on to say the whole world loved  
that man

And, for that matter, thought his face,  
tho' wan,

Eclipsed the Count's—he sucking in  
each phrase

As if an angel spoke. The foolish praise  
Ended, he drew her on his mailed knees,

made

Her face a framework with his hands,  
a shade,

A crown, an aureole : there must she  
remain

(Her little mouth compressed with  
smiling pain

As in his gloves she felt her tresses  
twitch)

To get the best look at, in fittest niche  
Dispose his saint. That done, he kissed

her brow,

—'Lauded her father for his treason  
now,'

He told her, 'only, how could one sus-  
pect

The wit in him?—whose clansman,  
recollect,

Was ever Salinguerra—she, the same,  
Romano and his lady—so, might claim

To know all, as she should'—and thus  
begun

Schemes with a vengeance, schemes on  
schemes, 'not one

Fit to be told that foolish boy,' he said,  
'But only let Sordello Palma wed,

—Then !'

'Twas a dim long narrow place  
at best :

Midway a sole grate showed the fiery  
West,



As shows its corpse the world's end  
some split tomb—

A gloom, a rift of fire, another gloom,  
Faced Palma—but at length Taurello  
set

Her free; the grating held one ragged jet  
Of fierce gold fire: he lifted her within  
The hollow underneath—how else begin  
Fate's second marvellous cycle, else  
renew

The ages than with Palma plain in view?  
Then paced the passage, hands clenched,  
head erect,

Pursuing his discourse; a grand un-  
checked

Monotony made out from his quick talk  
And the recurring noises of his walk;  
—Somewhat too much like the o'er-  
charged assent

Of two resolved friends in one danger  
blent,

Who hearten each the other against  
heart—

Boasting there's nought to care for,  
when, apart

The boaster, all's to care for. He,  
beside

Some shape not visible, in power and  
pride

Approached, out of the dark, ginglyly  
near,

Nearer, passed close in the broad light,  
his ear

Crimson, eyeballs suffused, temples full-  
fraught,

Just a snatch of the rapid speech you  
caught,

And on he strode into the opposite dark  
Till presently the harsh heel's turn, a  
spark

I' the stone, and whirl of some loose  
embossed thong

That crashed against the angle aye so  
long

After the last, punctual to an amount  
Of mailed great paces you could not but  
count,—

Prepared you for the pacing back again.  
And by the snatches you might ascertain  
That, Friedrich's Prefecture sur-  
mounted, left

By this alone in Italy, they cleft  
Asunder, crushed together, at command

Of none, were free to break up Hildebrand,  
Rebuild, he and Sordello, Charlemagne—  
But garnished, Strength with Know-  
ledge, 'if we deign

Accept that compromise and stoop to  
give

Rome law, the Cæsars' Representative.'  
—Enough, that the illimitable flood  
Of triumphs after triumphs, understood  
In its faint reflux (you shall hear)  
sufficed

Young Ecelin for appanage, enticed  
Him on till, these long quiet in their  
graves,

He found 'twas looked for that a whole  
life's braves

Should somehow be made good—so,  
weak and worn,

Must stagger up at Milan, one grey morn  
Of the To-Come, and fight his latest fight.  
But, Salinguerra's prophecy at height—  
He voluble with a raised arm and stiff,  
A blaring voice, a blazing eye, as if

He had our very Italy to keep  
Or cast away, or gather in a heap  
To garrison the better—ay, his word  
Was, 'run the cucumber into a gourd,  
Drive Trent upon Apulia'—at their  
pitch

Who spied the continents and islands  
which

Grew mulberry leaves and sickles, in  
the map—

(Strange that three such confessions so  
should hap

To Palma, Dante spoke with in the clear  
Amorous silence of the Swooning-  
sphere,—

*Cunizza*, as he called her! Never ask  
Of Palma more! She sat, knowing her  
task

Was done, the labour of it—for, success,  
Concerned not Palma, passion's votaress)  
'Triumph at height,' and thus Sordello  
crowned—

Above the passage suddenly a sound  
Stops speech, stops walk: back shrinks  
Taurello, bids

With large involuntary asking lids,  
Palma interpret. "'Tis his own foot-  
stamp—

Your hand! His summons! Nay, this  
idle damp

Befits not ! ' Out they two reeled dizzily.  
'Visconti's strong at Milan,' resumed he,  
In the old, somewhat insignificant way—  
(Was Palma wont, years afterward, to  
say)

As though the spirit's flight, sustained  
thus far,

Dropped at that very instant. Gone  
they are—

Palma, Taurello ; Eglamor anon,  
Ecelin,—only Naddo's never gone !

—Labours, this moonrise, what the  
Master meant

'Is Squarcialupo speckled ?—purulent,  
I'd say, but when was Providence put  
out ?

He carries somehow handily about  
His spite nor fouls himself ! ' Goito's  
vines

Stand like a cheat detected—stark  
rough lines,

The moon breaks through, a grey mean  
scale against

The vault where, this eve's Maiden,  
thou remain'st

Like some fresh martyr, eyes fixed—who  
can tell ?

As Heaven, now all's at end, did not so  
well,

Spite of the faith and victory, to leave  
Its virgin quite to death in the lone  
eve.

While the persisting hermit-bee . . . ha !  
wait

No longer—these in compass, forward  
fate !

### BOOK THE SIXTH

THE thought of Eglamor's least like a  
thought,

And yet a false one, was, ' Man shrinks  
to nought

If matched with symbols of immensity—  
Must quail, forsooth, before a quiet  
sky

Or sea, too little for their quietude : '

And, truly, somewhat in Sordello's mood  
Confirmed its speciousness, while eve  
slow sank

Down the near terrace to the farther  
bank,

And only one spot left out of the night  
Glimmered upon the river opposite—  
A breadth of watery heaven like a bay,  
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray,  
And star for star, one richness where they  
mixed

As this and that wing of an angel, fixed,  
Tumultuary splendours folded in

To die. Nor turned he till Ferrara's din  
(Say, the monotonous speech from a  
man's lip

Who lets some first and eager purpose  
slip

In a new fancy's birth ; the speech keeps  
on

Though elsewhere its informing soul be  
gone)

—Aroused him,—surely offered succour.  
Fate

Paused with this eve ; ere she precipitate  
Herself,—put off strange after-thoughts  
awhile,

That voice, those large hands, that  
portentous smile,—

What help to pierce the Future as the  
Past,

Lay in the plaining city ?

And at last

The main discovery and prime concern,  
All that just now imported him to learn,  
His truth, like yonder slow moon to  
complete

Heaven, rose again, and, naked at his  
feet,

Lighted his old life's every shift and  
change,

Effort with counter-effort ; nor the  
range

Of each looked wrong except wherein it  
checked,

Some other—which of these could he  
suspect,

Prying into them by the sudden blaze ?  
The real way seemed made up of all the  
ways—

Mood after mood of the one mind in him ;  
Tokens of the existence, bright or dim,

Of a transcendent all-embracing sense  
Demanding only outward influence,

A soul, in Palma's phrase, above his  
soul,

Power to uplift his power,—this moon's  
control,

Over the sea-depths,—and their mass  
 had swept  
 Onward from the beginning and still kept  
 Its course : but years and years the sky  
 above  
 Held none, and so, untasked of any love,  
 His sensitiveness idled, now a mort,  
 Alive now, and to sullenness or sport  
 Given wholly up, disposed itself anew  
 At every passing instigation, grew  
 And dwindled at caprice, in foam-  
 showers spilt,  
 Wedge-like insisting, quivered now a gilt  
 Shield in the sunshine, now a blinding  
 race  
 Of whitest ripples o'er the reef—found  
 place  
 For much display; not gathered up and,  
 hurled  
 Right from its heart, encompassing the  
 world.  
 So had Sordello been, by consequence,  
 Without a function : others made pre-  
 tence  
 To strength not half his own, yet had  
 some core  
 Within, submitted to some moon, before  
 Them still, superior still whate'er their  
 force,—  
 Were able therefore to fulfil a course,  
 Nor missed life's crown, authentic  
 attribute.  
 To each who lives must be a certain  
 fruit  
 Of having lived in his degree,—a stage,  
 Earlier or later in men's pilgrimage,  
 To stop at ; and to this the spirits tend  
 Who, still discovering beauty without  
 end,  
 Amass the scintillations, make one star  
 —Something unlike them, self-sustained,  
 afar,—  
 And meanwhile nurse the dream of being  
 blest  
 By winning it to notice and invest  
 Their souls with alien glory, some one day  
 When e'er the nucleus, gathering shape  
 alway,  
 Round to the perfect circle—soon or late,  
 According as themselves are formed to  
 wait ;  
 Whether mere human beauty will suffice  
 —The yellow hair and the luxurious eyes,

Or human intellect seem best, or each  
 Combine in some ideal form past reach  
 On earth, or else some shade of these,  
 some aim,  
 Some love, hate even, take their place,  
 the same,  
 And may be served—all this they do not  
 lose,  
 Waiting for death to live,\* nor idly  
 choose  
 What must be Hell—a progress thus  
 pursued  
 Through all existence, still above the food  
 That's offered them, still towering  
 beyond  
 The widened range, in virtue of their  
 bond  
 Of sovereignty. Not that a Palma's  
 Love,  
 A Salinguerra's Hate, would equal prove  
 To swaying all Sordello : wherefore  
 doubt,  
 That Love meet for such Strength, some  
 moon without  
 Would match his sea?—or fear, Good  
 manifest,  
 Only the Best breaks faith?—Ah, but  
 the Best  
 Somehow eludes us ever, still might be  
 And is not ! crave we gems ? no penury  
 Of their material round us ! pliant  
 earth,  
 The plastic flame—what balks the mage  
 his birth  
 —Jacynth in balls, or lodestone by the  
 block ?  
 Flinders enrich the strand, and veins  
 the rock—  
 Nought more ! Ask creatures ? Life's  
 i' the tempest, Thought  
 Clothes the keen hill-top, mid-day woods  
 are fraught  
 With fervours : ah, these forms are well  
 enough !  
 But we had hoped, encouraged by the stuff  
 Profuse at Nature's pleasure, men  
 beyond  
 These men ! and thus, perchance, are  
 over-fond  
 In arguing, from Good the Best, from  
 force  
 Divided—force combined, an ocean's  
 course

From this our sea whose mere intestine  
 pants  
 Might seem at times sufficient to our  
 wants.  
 —External Power? If none be adequate  
 And he stand forth ordained (a prouder  
 fate)  
 A law to his own sphere?—need to  
 remove  
 All incompleteness, for that law, that  
 love?  
 Nay, if all other laws be such, though  
 veiled  
 In mercy to each vision that had failed  
 If unassisted by its want,—for lure,  
 Embodied? Stronger vision could  
 endure  
 The unbodied want: no bauble for a  
 truth!  
 The People were himself; and, by the  
 ruth  
 At their condition, was he less impelled  
 To alter the discrepancy beheld,  
 Than if, from the sound Whole, a sickly  
 Part  
 Subtracted were transformed, decked  
 out with art,  
 Then palmed on him as alien woe—the  
 Guelf  
 To succour, proud that he forsook him-  
 self?  
 No! All's himself; all service, there-  
 fore, rates  
 Alike, nor serving one part, immolates  
 The rest: but all in time! 'That lance  
 of yours  
 Makes havoc soon with Malek and his  
 Moors,  
 That buckler's lined with manya giant's  
 beard  
 Ere long, O champion, be the lance up-  
 reared,  
 The buckler wielded handsomely as  
 now!  
 But view your escort, bear in mind your  
 vow,  
 Count the pale tracts of sand to pass ere  
 that,  
 And, if you hope we struggle through  
 the flat,  
 Put lance and buckler by! Next half-  
 month lacks  
 Mere sturdy exercise of mace and axe

To cleave this dismal brake of prickly-  
 pear  
 Which bristling holds Cydippe by the  
 hair,  
 Lames barefoot Agathon: this felled,  
 we'll try  
 The picturesque achievements by and  
 by—  
 Next life!'  
 Ay, rally, mock, oh People,  
 urge  
 Your claims!—for thus he ventured, to  
 the verge,  
 Push a vain mummery which perchance  
 distrust  
 Of his fast-slipping resolution thrust  
 Likewise: accordingly the Crowd—as  
 yet  
 He had unconsciously contrived forget  
 I' the whole, to dwell o' the points . . .  
 one might assuage  
 The signal horrors easier than engage  
 With a dim vulgar vast unobvious grief  
 Not to be fancied off, nor gained relief  
 In brilliant fits, cured by a happy quirk,  
 But by dim vulgar vast unobvious work  
 To correspond . . . this Crowd then, forth  
 they stood.  
 'And now content thy stronger vision,  
 brood  
 On thy bare want; uncovered, turf by  
 turf,  
 Study the corpse-face thro' the taint-  
 worms' scurf!'  
 Down sank the People's then; up-  
 rose their Now.  
 These sad ones render service to! And  
 how  
 Piteously little must that service prove  
 —Had surely proved in any case! for,  
 move  
 Each other obstacle away, let youth  
 Have been aware it had surprised a  
 truth  
 'Twere service to impart—can truth be  
 seized,  
 Settled forthwith, and, of the captive  
 eased,  
 Its captor find fresh prey, since this alit  
 So happily, no gesture luring it,  
 The earnest of a flock to follow? Vain,  
 Most vain! a life's to spend ere this he  
 chain,

To the poor crowd's complacence ; ere  
     the crowd  
 Pronounce it captured, he descries a  
     cloud  
 Its kin of twice the plume—which he, in  
     turn,  
 If he shall live as many lives, may learn  
 How to secure—not else. Then Mantua  
     called  
 Back to his mind how certain bards were  
     thrall'd  
 —Buds blasted, but of breath more like  
     perfume  
 Than Naddo's staring nosegay's carrion  
     bloom :  
 Some insane rose that burnt heart out  
     in sweets,  
 A spendthrift in the Spring, no Summer  
     greet's—  
 Some Dularete, drunk with truths and  
     wine,  
 Grown bestial, dreaming how become  
     divine.  
 ' Yet to surmount this obstacle, com-  
     mence  
 With the commencement, merits  
     crowning ! Hence  
 Must truth be casual truth, elicited  
 In sparks so mean, at intervals spread  
 So rarely, that 'tis like at no one time  
 Of the world's story has not truth, the  
     prime  
 Of truth, the very truth which, loosed,  
     had hurled  
 The world's course right, been really in  
     the world  
 —Content the while with some mean  
     spark by dint  
 Of some chance-blow, the solitary hint  
 Of buried fire, which, rip its breast,  
     would stream  
 Sky-ward ! '

Sordello's miserable gleam

Was looked for at the moment : he  
     would dash  
 This badge, and all it brought, to earth,  
     —abash  
 Taurello thus, perhaps persuade him  
     wrest  
 The Kaiser from his purpose,—would  
     attest  
 His own belief, in any case. Before  
 He dashes it, however, think once more !

For, were that little, truly service ?  
     ' Ay—  
 I' the end, no doubt ; but meantime ?  
     Plain you spy  
 Its ultimate effect, but many flaws  
 Of vision blur each intervening cause.  
 Were the day's fraction clear as the life's  
     sum  
 Of service, Now as filled as the To-come  
 With evidence of good—nor too minute  
 A share to vie with evil ! No dispute,  
 'Twere fittest maintain the Guelfs in  
     rule :  
 That makes your life's work : but you  
     have to school  
 Your day's work on these natures  
     circumstanced  
 Thus variously, which yet, as each ad-  
     vanced  
 Or might impede the Guelf rule, must be  
     moved  
 Now, for the Then's sake,—hating what  
     you loved,  
 Loving old hatreds ! nor if one man bore  
 Brand upon temples while his fellow  
     wore  
 The aureole, would it task you to decide—  
 But, portioned duly out, the Future vied  
 Never with the unparcelled Present !  
     Smite  
 Or spare so much on warrant all so  
     slight ?  
 The Present's complete sympathies to  
     break,  
 Aversions bear with, for a Future's sake  
 So feeble ? Tito ruined through one  
     speck,  
 The Legate saved by his sole lightish  
     fleck ?  
 This were work, true—but work per-  
     formed at cost  
 Of other work—ought gained here, else-  
     where lost.  
 For a new segment spoil an orb half-done ?  
 Rise with the People one step, and sink  
     —one ?  
 Were it but one step—less than the  
     whole face  
 Of things, your novel duty bids erase !  
 Harms to abolish ! what ? the prophet  
     saith,  
 The minstrel singeth vainly then ? Old  
     faith,



Old courage, only born because of  
 harms,  
 Were not, from highest to the lowest,  
 charms ?  
 Flame may persist but is not glare as  
 staunch ?  
 Where the salt marshes stagnate,  
 crystals branch—  
 Blooddriest crimson—Evil's beautified  
 In every shape. Thrust Beauty then  
 aside  
 And banish Evil ! wherefore ? After all,  
 Is Evil a result less natural  
 Than Good ? For, overlook the seasons'   
 strife  
 With tree and flower,—the hideous  
 animal life,  
 (Of which who seeks shall find a grinning  
 taunt  
 For his solution, and endure the vaunt  
 Of nature's angel, as a child that knows  
 Himself befooled, unable to propose  
 Aught better than the fooling)—and but  
 care  
 For Men, for the mere People then and  
 there,—  
 In these, could you but see that Good  
 and Ill  
 Claimed you alike ! Whence rose their  
 claim but still  
 From Ill, as fruit of Ill—what else could  
 knit  
 You theirs but Sorrow ? Any free from  
 it  
 Were also free from you ! Whose happi-  
 ness  
 Could be distinguished in this morning's  
 press  
 Of miseries ?—the fool's who passed a  
 gibe  
 " On thee," jeered he, " so wedded to  
 thy tribe,  
 Thou carriest green and yellow tokens in  
 Thy very face that thou art Ghibel-  
 lin !"—  
 Much hold on you that fool obtained !  
 Nay mount  
 Yet higher—and upon men's' own  
 account  
 Must Evil stay : for, what is Joy ?—to  
 heave  
 Up one obstruction more, and common  
 leave

What was peculiar—by such act destroy  
 Itself ; a partial death is every joy ;  
 The sensible escape, enfranchisement  
 Of a sphere's essence : once the vexed—  
 content,  
 The cramped—at large, the growing  
 circle—round,  
 All's to begin again—some novel bound  
 To break, some new enlargement to  
 entreat,  
 The sphere though larger is not more  
 complete.  
 Now for Mankind's experience : who  
 alone  
 Might style the unobstructed world his  
 own ?  
 Whom palled Goito with its perfect  
 things ?  
 Sordello's self ! whereas for mankind  
 springs  
 Salvation by each hindrance interposed ;  
 They climb, life's view is not at once  
 disclosed  
 To creatures caught up, on its summit  
 left,  
 Heaven plain above them, yet of wings  
 bereft—  
 But lower laid, as at the mountain's foot,  
 While, range on range, the girdling  
 forests shoot  
 'Twixt your plain prospect and the  
 throngs who scale  
 Height after height, and pierce mists,  
 veil by veil,  
 Heartened with each discovery ; in their  
 soul,  
 The Whole they seek by Parts—but,  
 found that Whole,  
 Could they revert, enjoy past gains ?  
 The space  
 Of time you judge so meagre to embrace  
 The Parts, were more than plenty, once  
 attained  
 The Whole, to quite exhaust it : nought  
 were gained  
 But leave to look—not leave to do :  
 Beneath  
 Soon sates the looker—look Above, and  
 Death  
 Tempts ere a tithe of Life be tasted.  
 Live  
 First, and die soon enough, Sordello !  
 Give

Body and spirit the first right they  
claim,  
And pasture thee on a voluptuous  
shame  
That thou, a pageant-city's denizen,  
Art neither vilely lodged midst Lombard  
men—  
Canst force joy out of sorrow, seem to  
truck  
Thine attributes away for sordid muck,  
Yet manage from that very muck educe  
Gold ; then subject, nor scruple, to thy  
cruce  
The world's discardings ! Though real  
ingots pay  
Thy pains, the clods that yielded them  
are clay  
To all save thee,—would clay remain,  
though quenched  
Thy purging-fire ; who 's robbed then ?  
Had you wrenched  
An ampler treasure forth !—As 'tis, they  
crave  
A share that ruins you and will not save  
Them. Why should sympathy com-  
mand you quit  
The course that makes your joy, nor  
will remit  
Their woe ? Would all arrive at joy ?  
Reverse  
The order (time instructs you) nor coerce  
Each unit till, some predetermined  
mode,  
The total be emancipate ; men's road  
Is one, men's times of travel many ;  
thwart  
No enterprising soul's precocious start  
Before the general march ! if slow or  
fast  
All straggle up to the same point at last,  
Why grudge your having gained, a  
month ago,  
The brakes at balm-shed, asphodels in  
blow,  
While they were landlocked ? Speed  
their Then, but how  
This badge would suffer you improve  
your Now !'

His time of action for, against, or with  
Our world (I labour to extract the pith  
Of this his problem) grew, that even-  
tide,  
Gigantic with its power of joy, beside

The world's eternity of impotence  
To profit though at his whole joy's  
expense.  
' Make nothing of my day because so  
brief ?  
Rather make more—instead of joy, use  
grief  
Before its novelty have time subside !  
Wait not for the late savour—leave un-  
tried  
Virtue, the creaming honey-wine, quick-  
squeeze  
Vice like a biting spirit from the lees  
Of life !—together let wrath, hatred,  
lust,  
All tyrannies in every shape, be thrust  
Upon this Now, which time may reason  
out  
As mischiefs, far from benefits, no  
doubt—  
But long ere then Sordello will have slept  
Away—you teach him at Goito's crypt,  
There 's a blank issue to that fiery thrill !  
Stirring, the few cope with the many,  
still :  
So much of sand as, quiet, makes a mass  
Unable to produce three tufts of grass,  
Shall, troubled by the whirlwind, render  
void  
The whole calm glebe's endeavour : be  
employed !  
And e'en though somewhat smart the  
Crowd for this,  
Contribute each his pang to make your  
bliss,  
'Tis but one pang—one blood-drop to  
the bowl  
Which brimful tempts the sluggish asp  
uncowl  
At last, stains ruddily the dull red cape,  
And, kindling orbs grey as the unripe  
grape  
Before, avails forthwith to disentrance  
The portent—soon to lead a mystic  
dance  
Among you ! For, who sits alone in  
Rome ?  
Have those great hands indeed hewn out  
a home,  
And set me there to live ? Oh life, life-  
breath,  
Life-blood,—ere sleep, come travail, life  
ere death !

This life stream on my soul, direct,  
 oblique,  
 But always streaming! Hindrances?  
 They pique—  
 Helps? such . . . but why repeat, my  
 soul o'ertops  
 Each height, than every depth profoundlier drops?  
 Enough that I can live, and would live!  
 Wait  
 For some transcendent life reserved by  
 Fate  
 To follow this? Oh, never! Fate, I  
 trust  
 The same, my soul to; for, as who  
 flings dust,  
 Perchance—so facile was the deed, she  
 chequed  
 The void with these materials to affect  
 My soul diversely—these consigned anew  
 To nought by death, what marvel if she  
 threw  
 A second and superber spectacle  
 Before it? What may serve for sun—  
 what still  
 Wander a moon above me—what else  
 wind  
 About me like the pleasures left behind,  
 And how shall some newflesh that is not  
 flesh  
 Cling to me? what's new laughter—  
 soothes the fresh  
 Sleep like sleep? Fate's exhaustless for  
 my sake  
 In brave resource, but whether bids she  
 slake  
 My thirst at this first rivulet, or count  
 No draught worth lip save from the  
 rocky fount  
 Above i' the clouds, while here she's  
 provident  
 Of pure loquacious pearl, the soft tree-  
 tent  
 Guards, with its face of reate and sedge,  
 nor fail  
 The silver globules and gold-sparkling  
 grail  
 At bottom. Oh, 'twere too absurd to  
 slight  
 For the hereafter the to-day's delight!  
 Quench thirst at this, then seek next  
 well-spring—wear  
 Home-lilies ere strange lotus in my hair!

Here is the Crowd, whom I with freest  
 heart  
 Offer to serve, contented for my part  
 To give life up in service,—only grant  
 That I do serve; if otherwise, why want  
 Aught further of me? If men cannot  
 choose  
 But set aside life, why should I refuse  
 The gift? I take it—I, for one, engage  
 Never to falter through my pilgrimage—  
 Nor end it howling that the stock or  
 stone  
 Were enviable, truly: I, for one,  
 Will praise the world, you style mere  
 anteroom  
 To the palace—be it so! shall I assume  
 —My foot the courtly gait, my tongue  
 the trope,  
 My mouth the smirk, before the doors  
 fly ope  
 One moment? What—with guarders  
 row on row,  
 Gay swarms of varletry that come and  
 go,  
 Pages to dice with, waiting-girls unlace  
 The plackets of, pert claimants help  
 displace,  
 Heart-heavy suitors get a rank for,—  
 laugh  
 At yon sleek parasite, break his own  
 staff  
 'Cross Beetle-brows the Usher's  
 shoulder,—why,  
 Admitted to the presence by and by,  
 Should thought of having lost these  
 make me grieve  
 Among new joys I reach, for joys I  
 leave?  
 —Cool citrine-crystals, fierce pyropus-  
 stone,  
 Are floor-work here!—But did I let  
 alone  
 That black-eyed peasant in the vestibule  
 Once and for ever?—Floor-work? No  
 such fool!  
 Rather, were heaven to forestall earth,  
 I'd say  
 I, is it, must be blessed? Then, my own  
 way  
 Bless me! give firmer arm and fleeter  
 foot,  
 I'll thank you: but to no mad wings  
 transmute

These limbs of mine—our greensward  
 was so soft !  
 Nor camp I on the thunder-cloud aloft :  
 We feel the bliss distinctlier, having  
 thus  
 Engines subservient, not mixed up with  
 us.  
 Better move palpably through heaven—  
 nor, freed  
 Of flesh, forsooth, from space to space  
 proceed  
 'Mid flying synods of worlds ! No ! In  
 heaven's marge  
 Show Titan still, recumbent o'er his  
 targe  
 Solid with stars—the Centaur at his  
 game,  
 Made tremulously out in hoary flame !  
 Life ! Yet the very cup whose extreme  
 dull  
 Dregs, even, I would quaff, was dashed,  
 at full,  
 Aside so oft ; the death I fly, revealed  
 So oft a better life this life concealed,  
 And which sage, champion, martyr,  
 through each path  
 Have hunted fearlessly—the horrid  
 bath,  
 The crippling-irons and the fiery chair.  
 —'Twas well for them ; let me become  
 aware  
 As they, and I relinquish life, too ! Let  
 What masters life disclose itself ! For-  
 get  
 Vain ordinances, I have one appeal—  
 I feel, am what I feel, know what I feel  
 —So much is truth to me. What Is,  
 then ? Since  
 One object, viewed diversely, may  
 evince  
 Beauty and ugliness—this way attract,  
 That way repel, why gloze upon the  
 fact ?  
 Why must a single of the sides be right ?  
 What bids choose this and leave the  
 opposite ?  
 Where's abstract Right for me ?—in  
 youth endued  
 With Right still present, still to be  
 pursued,  
 Thro' all the interchange of circles, rife  
 Each with its proper law and mode of  
 life,

Each to be dwelt at ease in : where, to  
 sway  
 Absolute with the Kaiser, or obey  
 Implicit with his serf of fluttering heart,  
 Or, like a sudden thought of God's, to  
 start  
 Up, Brutus in the presence, then go shout  
 That some should pick the unstrung  
 jewels out—  
 Each, well !'  
 And, as in moments when the  
 Past  
 Gave partially enfranchisement, he cast  
 Himself quite through mere secondary  
 states  
 Of his soul's essence, little loves and  
 hates,  
 Into the mid deep yearnings overlaid  
 By these ; as who should pierce hill,  
 plain, grove, glade,  
 And on into the very nucleus probe  
 That first determined there exist a  
 globe.  
 As that were easiest, half the globe dis-  
 solved,  
 So seemed Sordello's closing-truth  
 evolved  
 By his flesh-half's break up—the sudden  
 swell  
 Of his expanding soul showed Ill and  
 Well,  
 Sorrow and Joy, Beauty and Ugliness,  
 Virtue and Vice, the Larger and the  
 Less,  
 All qualities, in fine, recorded here,  
 Might be but modes of Time and this  
 one sphere,  
 Urgent on these, but not of force to  
 bind  
 Eternity, as Time—as Matter—Mind,  
 If Mind, Eternity, should choose assert  
 Their attributes within a Life : thus  
 girt  
 With circumstance, next change beholds  
 them cinct  
 Quite otherwise—with Good and Ill  
 distinct,  
 Joys, sorrows, tending to a like result—  
 Contrived to render easy, difficult,  
 This or the other course of . . . what new  
 bond  
 In place of flesh may stop their flight  
 beyond

Its new sphere, as that course does harm  
 or good  
 To its arrangements. Once this under-  
 stood,  
 As suddenly he felt himself alone,  
 Quite out of Time and this world: all  
 was known.  
 What made the secret of his past despair?  
 —Most imminent when he seemed most  
 aware  
 Of his own self-sufficiency; made mad  
 By craving to expand the power he had,  
 And not new power to be expanded?—  
 just  
 This made it; Soul on Matter being  
 thrust,  
 Joy comes when so much Soul is wrecked  
 in Time  
 On Matter,—let the Soul's attempt  
 sublime  
 Matter beyond the scheme and so  
 prevent  
 By more or less that deed's accomplish-  
 ment,  
 And Sorrow follows: **Sorrow** how avoid?  
 Let the employer match the thing em-  
 ployed,  
 Fit to the finite his infinity,  
 And thus proceed for ever, in degree  
 Changed but in kind the same, still  
 limited  
 To the appointed circumstance and dead  
 To all beyond. A sphere is but a  
 sphere—  
 Small, Great, are merely terms we  
 bandy here—  
 Since to the spirit's absoluteness all  
 Are like: now, of the present sphere we  
 call  
 Life, are conditions—take but this  
 among  
 Many; the body was to be so long  
 Youthful, no longer—but, since no  
 control  
 Tied to that body's purposes his soul,  
 She chose to understand the body's  
 trade  
 More than the body's self—had fain  
 conveyed  
 Her boundless, to the body's bounded  
 lot:  
 Hence, the soul permanent, the body  
 not,—

Scarce the one minute for enjoying  
 here,  
 The soul must needs instruct her weak  
 compeer,  
 Run o'er its capabilities and wring  
 A joy thence, she held worth experien-  
 cing—  
 Which, far from half discovered even,—  
 lo,  
 The minute gone, the body's power let go  
 That's portioned to that joy's acquire-  
 ment! Broke  
 Morning o'er earth, he yearned for all it  
 woke—  
 From the volcano's vapour-flag, winds  
 hoist  
 Black o'er the spread of sea,—down to  
 the moist  
 Dale's silken barley-spikes sullied with  
 rain,  
 Swayed earthwards, heavily to rise  
 again—  
 (The Small, a sphere as perfect as the  
 Great  
 To the soul's absoluteness)—meditate  
 Too long on such a morning's cluster-  
 chord  
 And the whole music it was framed  
 afford,—  
 The chord's might half discovered, what  
 should pluck  
 One string, his finger, was found palsy-  
 struck.  
 And then no marvel if the spirit, shown  
 A saddest sight—the body lost alone  
 Through her officious proffered help,  
 deprived  
 Of this and that enjoyment Fate con-  
 trived,  
 Virtue, Good, Beauty, each allowed slip  
 hence,—  
 Vain-gloriously were fain, for recom-  
 pense,  
 To stem the ruin even yet, protract  
 The body's term, supply the power it  
 lacked  
 From her infinity, compel it learn  
 These qualities were only Time's con-  
 cern,  
 And body may, with spirit helping,  
 barred—  
 Advance the same, vanquished—obtain  
 reward,



Reap joy where sorrow was intended  
grow,  
Of Wrong make Right, and turn Ill  
Good below.

And the result is, the poor body soon  
Sinks under what was meant a wondrous  
boon,

Leaving its bright accomplice all  
aghast.

So much was plain then, proper in the  
Past ;

To be complete for, satisfy the whole  
Series of spheres—Eternity, his soul  
Exceeded, so was incomplete for, each  
Single sphere—Time. But does our  
knowledge reach

No farther ? Is the cloud of hindrance  
broke

But by the failing of the fleshly yoke,  
Its loves and hates, as now when death  
lets soar

Sordello, self-sufficient as before,  
Though during the mere space that shall  
elapse

'Twixt his enthrallment in new bonds,  
perhaps ?

Must life be ever just escaped, which  
should

Have been enjoyed ?—nay, might have  
been and would,

Each purpose ordered right—the soul's  
no whit

Beyond the body's purpose under it—  
Like yonder breadth of watery heaven,  
a bay,

And that sky-space of water, ray for ray  
And star for star, one richness where  
they mixed

As this and that wing of an angel, fixed,  
Tumultuary splendours folded in  
To die—would soul, proportioned thus,  
begin

Exciting discontent, or surelier quell  
The body if, aspiring, it rebel ?

But how so order life ? Still brutalize  
The soul, the sad world's way, with  
muffled eyes

To all that was before, all that shall be  
After this sphere—and every quality  
Save some sole and immutable Great and  
Good

And Beauteous whither fate has loosed  
its hood

To follow ? Never may some soul see All  
—The Great Before and After, and the  
Small

Now, yet be saved by this the simplest  
lore,

And take the single course prescribed  
before,

As the king-bird with ages on his  
plumes

Travels to die in his ancestral glooms ?  
But where descry the Love that shall  
select

That course ? Here is a soul whom, to  
affect,

Nature has plied with all her means—  
from trees

And flowers—e'en to the Multitude !—  
and these,

Decides he save or no ? One word to  
end !

Ah my Sordello, I this once befriend  
And speak for you. Of a Power above  
you still

Which, utterly incomprehensible,  
Is out of rivalry, which thus you can  
Love, tho' unloving all conceived by  
man—

What need ! And of—none the minutest  
duct

To that out-nature, nought that would  
instruct

And so let rivalry begin to live—  
But of a Power its representative  
Who, being for authority the same,  
Communication different, should claim  
A course, the first chose and this last  
revealed—

This Human clear, as that Divine con-  
cealed—

What utter need !

What has Sordello found ?

Or can his spirit go the mighty round,  
End where poor Eglamor begun ? as  
says .

Old fable, the two eagles went two ways  
About the world : where, in the midst,  
they met,

Though on a shifting waste of sand, men  
set

Jove's temple. Quick, what has Sor-  
dello found ?

For they approach—approach—that  
foot's rebound . . .

Palma? No, Salinguerra though in mail;  
 They mount, have reached the thresh-  
 hold, dash the veil  
 Aside—and you divine who sat there  
 dead,  
 Under his foot the badge: still, Palma  
 said,  
 A triumph lingering in the wide eyes,  
 Wider than some spent swimmer's if he  
 spies  
 Help from above in his extreme despair,  
 And, head far back on shoulder thrust,  
 turns there  
 With short, quick, passionate cry: as  
 Palma prest  
 In one great kiss her lips upon his breast  
 It beat. By this, the hermit-bee has  
 stopped  
 His day's toil at Goito: the new-cropped  
 Dead vine-leaf answers, now 'tis eve, he  
 bit,  
 Twirled so, and filed all day: the  
 mansion's fit,  
 God counselled for. As easy guess the  
 word  
 That passed betwixt them and become  
 the third  
 To the soft small unfrighted bee, as tax  
 Him with one fault—so, no remem-  
 brance racks  
 Of the stone maidens and the font of  
 stone  
 He, creeping through the crevice, leaves  
 alone.  
 Alas, my friend—alas Sordello, whom  
 Anon they laid within that old font-  
 tomb—  
 And, yet again, alas!  
 And now is 't worth  
 Our while bring back to mind, much less  
 set forth  
 How Salinguerra extricates himself  
 Without Sordello? Ghibellin and Gueff  
 May fight their fiercest out? If Richard  
 sulked  
 In durance or the Marquis paid his mulct,  
 Who cares, Sordello gone? The upshot,  
 sure,  
 Was peace; our chief made some frank  
 overture  
 That prospered; compliment fell thick  
 and fast  
 On its disposer, and Taurello passed

With foe and friend for an outstripping  
 soul,  
 Nine days at least. Then,—fairly  
 reached the goal,—  
 He, by one effort, blotted the great hope  
 Out of his mind, nor further tried to  
 cope  
 With Este, that mad evening's style, but  
 sent  
 Away the Legate and the League, con-  
 tent  
 No blame at least the brothers had in-  
 curred,  
 —Despatched a message to the Monk,  
 he heard  
 Patiently first to last, scarce shivered at,  
 Then curled his limbs up on his wolfskin  
 mat  
 And ne'er spoke more,—informed the  
 Ferrarese  
 He but retained their rules so long as these  
 Lingered in pupillage,—and last, no mode  
 Apparent else of keeping safe the road  
 From Germany direct to Lombardy  
 For Friedrich,—none, that is, to guarantee  
 The faith and promptitude of who  
 should next  
 Obtain Sofia's dowry,—sore perplexed—  
 (Sofia being youngest of the tribe  
 Of daughters, Ecelin was wont to bribe  
 The envious magnates with—nor, since  
 he sent  
 Henry of Egna this fair child, had Trent  
 Once failed the Kaiser's purposes—' we  
 lost  
 Egna last year, and who takes Egna's  
 post—  
 Opens the Lombard gate if Friedrich  
 knock?')  
 Himself espoused the Lady of the Rock  
 In pure necessity, and so destroyed  
 His slender last of chances, quite made  
 void  
 Old prophecy, and spite of all the  
 schemes  
 Overt and covert, youth's deeds, age's  
 dreams.  
 Was sucked into Romano. And so  
 hushed  
 He up this evening's work that, when  
 'twas brushed  
 Somehow against by a blind chronicle  
 Which, chronicling whatever woe befell

Ferrara, noted this the obscure woe  
Of 'Salinguerra's sole son Giacomo  
Deceased, fatuous and doting, ere his  
sire,'

The townsfolk rubbed their eyes, could  
but admire

Which of Sofia's five was meant.

The chaps

Of earth's dead hope were tardy to  
collapse,

Obliterated not the beautiful

Distinctive features at a crash—but dull

And duller, next year, as Guelph chiefs  
withdrew

Each to his stronghold. Then (securely  
too

Ecelin at Campese slept—close by,

Who likes may see him in Solagna lie

With cushioned head and gloved hand  
to denote

The cavalier he was)—then his heart  
smote

Young Ecelin at last!—long since adult,  
And, save Vicenza's business, what  
result

In blood and blaze? ('twas hard to  
intercept

Sordello till his plain withdrawal.) Stept,  
Then, its new lord on Lombardy. 'I the  
nick

Of time when Ecelin and Alberic

Closed with Taurello, come precisely news

That in Verona half the souls refuse

Alliegance to the Marquis and the Count—  
Have cast them from a throne they bid  
him mount,

Their Podestà, thro' his ancestral worth.  
Ecelin flew there, and the town hence-  
forth

Was wholly his—Taurello sinking back  
From temporary station to a track

That suited. News received of this  
acquist,

Friedrich did come to Lombardy: who  
missed

Taurello then? Another year: they took  
Vicenza, left the Marquis scarce a nook  
For refuge, and, when hundreds two or  
three

Of Guelphs conspired to call themselves  
'the Free,'

Opposing Alberic,—vile Bassanese,—  
(Without Sordello!)—Ecelin at ease

Slaughtered them so observably, that  
oft

A little Salinguerra looked with soft  
Blue eyes up, asked his sire the proper  
age

To get appointed his proud uncle's page.

More years passed, and that sire had  
dwindled down

To a mere showy turbulent soldier,  
grown

Better through age, his parts still in  
repute,

Subtle—how else?—but hardly so  
astute

As his contemporaneous friends pro-  
fessed;

Undoubtedly a brawler: for the rest,  
Known by each neighbour, and allowed  
for, let

Keep his incorrigible ways, nor fret  
Men who had missed their boyhood's  
bugbear—'trap

The ostrich, suffer our bald osprey flap  
A battered pinion'—was the word. In  
fine,

One flap too much and Venice's marine  
Was meddled with; no overlooking  
that!

She captured him in his Ferrara, fat  
And florid at a banquet, more by fraud  
Than force, to speak the truth; there's  
slender laud

Ascribed you for assisting eighty years  
To pull his death on such a man—fate  
shears

The life-cord prompt enough whose last  
fine threads

You fritter: so, presiding his board-  
head,

The old smile, your assurance all went  
well

With Friedrich (as if he were like to tell!)  
In rushed (a plan contrived before) our  
friends,

Made some pretence at fighting, some  
amends

For the shame done his eighty years—  
(apart

The principle, none found it in his heart  
To be much angry with Taurello)—  
gained

Their galleys with the prize, and what  
remained

But carry him to Venice for a show ?  
 —Set him, as 'twere, down gently—free  
     to go  
 His gait, inspect our square, pretend  
     observe  
 The swallows soaring their eternal curve  
 "Twixt Theodore and Mark, if citizens  
 Gathered importunately, fives and tens,  
 To point their children the Magnifico,  
 All but a monarch once in firm-land, go  
 His gait among them now—'it took,  
     indeed,  
 Fully this Ecelin to supersede  
 That man,' remarked the seniors.  
     Singular !  
 Sordello's inability to bar  
 Rivals the stage, that evening, mainly  
     brought  
 About by his strange disbelief that  
     aught  
 Was ever to be done,—this thrust the  
     Twain  
 Under Taurello's tutelage,—whom,  
     brain  
 And heart and hand, he forthwith in one  
     rod  
 Indissolubly bound to baffle God  
 Who loves the world—and thus allowed  
     the thin  
 Grey wizened dwarfish devil Ecelin,  
 And massy-muscle big-boned Alberic  
 (Mere man, alas !) to put his problem  
     quick  
 To demonstration—prove wherever 's  
     will  
 To do, there 's plenty to be done, or ill  
 Or good. Anointed, then, to rend and  
     rip—  
 Kings of the gag and flesh-hook, screw  
     and whip,  
 They plagued the world : a touch of  
     Hildebrand  
 (So far from obsolete !) made Lombards  
     band  
 Together, cross their coats as for Christ's  
     cause,  
 And saving Milan win the world's  
     applause.  
 Ecelin perished : and I think grass  
     grew  
 Never so pleasant as in Valley Rù  
 By San Zenon where Alberic in turn  
 Saw his exasperated captors burn

Seven children and their mother ; then,  
     regaled  
 So far, tied on to a wild horse, was  
     trailed  
 To death through raunce and bramble-  
     bush. I take  
 God's part and testify that mid the  
     brake  
 Wild o'er his castle on the pleasant  
     knoll,  
 You hear its one tower left, a belfry,  
     toll—  
 The earthquake spared it last year,  
     laying flat  
 The modern church beneath,—no harm  
     in that !  
 Cherups the contumacious grasshopper,  
 Rustles the lizard and the cushats chirre  
 Above the ravage : there, at deep of day  
 A week since, heard I the old Canon say  
 He saw with his own eyes a barrow burst  
 And Alberic's huge skeleton unheard  
 Only five years ago. He added, ' June 's  
 The month for carding off our first  
     cocoons  
 The silkworms fabricate '—a double  
     news,  
 Nor he nor I could tell the worthier.  
     Choose !  
     And Naddo gone, all 's gone ; not  
     Eglamor !  
 Believe, I knew the face I waited for,  
 A guest my spirit of the golden courts !  
 Oh strange to see how, despite ill-reports,  
 Disuse, some wear of years, that face  
     retained  
 Its joyous look of love ! Suns waxed and  
     waned,  
 And still my spirit held an upward flight,  
 Spiral on spiral, gyres of life and light  
 More and more gorgeous—ever that face  
     there  
 The last admitted ! crossed, too, with  
     some care  
 As perfect triumph were not sure for all,  
 But, on a few, enduring damp must fall,  
 —A transient struggle, haply a painful  
     sense  
 Of the inferior nature's sclinging—whence  
 Slight starting tears easily wiped away,  
 Fine jealousies soon stifled in the play  
 Of irrepressible admiration—not  
 Aspiring, all considered, to their lot

Who ever, just as they prepare ascend  
Spiral on spiral, wish thee well, impend  
Thy frank delight at their exclusive  
track,

That upturned fervid face and hair put  
back !

Is there no more to say ? He of the  
rhymes—

Many a tale, of this retreat betimes,  
Was born : Sordello die at once for men ?  
The Chroniclers of Mantua tired their pen  
Telling how *Sordello Prince Visconti*  
saved

Mantua, and elsewhere notably be-  
haved—

Who thus, by fortune's ordering events,  
Passed with posterity, to all intents,  
For just the god he never could become.  
As Knight, Bard, Gallant, men were  
never dumb

In praise of him : while what he should  
have been,

Could be, and was not—the one step too  
mean

For him to take,—we suffer at this day  
Because of : Ecelin had pushed away  
Its chance ere Dante could arrive and  
take

That step Sordello spurned, for the  
world's sake :

He did much—but Sordello's chance was  
gone.

Thus, had Sordello dared that step alone,  
Apollo had been compassed—'twas a fit  
He wished should go to him, not he to it  
—As one content to merely be supposed  
Singing or fighting elsewhere, while he  
dozed

Really at home—one who was chiefly  
glad

To have achieved the few real deeds he  
had,

Because that way assured they were not  
worth

Doing, so spared from doing them  
henceforth—

A tree that covets fruitage and yet  
tastes

Never itself, itself : had he embraced  
Their cause then, men had plucked  
Hesperian fruit

And, praising that, just thrown him in  
to boot

All he was anxious to appear, but scarce  
Solicitous to be. A sorry farce  
Such life is, after all ! cannot I say  
He lived for some one better thing ? this  
way.—

Lo, on a heathy brown and nameless hill  
By sparkling Asolo, in mist and chill,  
Morning just up, higher and higher runs  
A child barefoot and rosy. See ! the  
sun's

On the square castle's inner-court's low  
wall

Like the chine of some extinct animal  
Half turned to earth and flowers ; and  
through the haze

(Save where some slender patches of  
grey maize

Are to be overleaped) that boy has crost  
The whole hill-side of dew and powder-  
frost

Matting the balm and mountain camo-  
mile.

Up and up goes he, singing all the while  
Some unintelligible words to beat

The lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet,  
So worsted is he at ' the few fine locks  
Stained like pale honey oozed from top-  
most rocks

Sunblanched the livelong summer,'—all  
that's left

Of the Goito lay ! And thus bereft,  
Sleep and forget, Sordello ! In effect  
He sleeps, the feverish poet—I suspect  
Not utterly companionless ; but,  
friends,

Wake up ; the ghost's gone, and the  
story ends

I'd fain hope, sweetly—seeing, peri or  
ghoul,

That spirits are conjectured fair or foul,  
Evil or good, judicious authors think,  
According as they vanish in a stink  
Or in a perfume. Friends, be frank !  
ye snuff

Civet, I warrant. Really ? Like enough !  
Merely the savour's rareness ; any nose  
May ravage with impunity a rose :  
Rife a musk-pod and 'twill ache like  
yours !

I'd tell you that same pungency ensures  
An after-gust—but that were overbold.  
Who would has heard Sordello's story  
told.



# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

1864

## JAMES LEE

### I

JAMES LEE'S WIFE SPEAKS AT THE  
WINDOW

### I

AH, love, but a day,  
And the world has changed !  
The sun's away,  
And the bird's estranged ;  
The wind has dropped,  
And the sky's deranged :  
Summer has stopped.

### II

Look in my eyes !  
Wilt thou change too ?  
Should I fear surprise ?  
Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear,  
In the good and true,  
With the changing year ?

### III

Thou art a man,  
But I am thy love !  
For the lake, its swan ;  
For the dell, its dove ;  
And for thee—(oh, haste !)  
Me, to bend above,  
Me, to hold embraced !

### II

BY THE FIRESIDE

### I

Is all our fire of shipwreck wood,  
Oak and pine ?  
Oh, for the ills half-understood,  
The dim, dead woe  
Long ago  
Befallen this bitter coast of France !  
Well, poor sailors took their chance ;  
I take mine.

### II

A ruddy shaft our fire must shoot  
O'er the sea :  
Do sailors eye the casement—mute,  
Drenched and stark,  
From their bark—  
And envy, gnash their teeth for hate  
O' the warm safe house and happy  
freight  
—Thee and me ?

### III

God help you, sailors, at your need !  
Spare the curse !  
For some ships, safe in port indeed,  
Rot and rust,  
Run to dust,  
All through worms i' the wood, which  
crept,  
Gnawed our hearts out while we slept :  
That is worse !

### IV

Who lived here before us two ?  
Old-world pairs !  
Did a woman ever—would I knew!—  
Watch the man  
With whom began  
Love's voyage full-sail,—(now, gnash  
your teeth !)  
When planks start, open hell beneath  
Unawares ?

### III

IN THE DOORWAY

### I

The swallow has set her six young on  
the rail,  
And looks sea-ward :  
The water's in stripes like a snake,  
olive-pale  
To the leeward,—  
On the weather-side, black, spotted  
white with the wind :

' Good fortune departs, and disaster 's  
behind,'—  
Hark, the wind with its wants and its  
infinite wail !

## II

Our fig-tree, that leaned for the salt-  
ness, has furled  
Her five fingers,  
Each leaf like a hand opened wide to  
the world  
Where there lingers  
No glint of the gold, Summer sent for  
her sake :  
How the vines writhe in rows, each  
impaled on its stake !  
My heart shrivels up, and my spirit  
shrinks curled.

## III

Yet here are we two ; we have love,  
house enough,  
With the field there,  
This house of four rooms, that field  
red and rough,  
Though it yield there,  
For the rabbit that robs, scarce a blade  
or a bent ;  
If a magpie alight now, it seems an  
event ;  
And they both will be gone at Novem-  
ber's rebuff.

## IV

But why must cold spread ? but where-  
fore bring change  
To the spirit,  
God meant should mate His with an  
infinite range,  
And inherit  
His power to put life in the darkness  
and cold ?  
Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be  
bold !  
Whom Summer made friends of, let  
Winter estrange !

## IV

## ALONG THE BEACH

## I

I will be quiet and talk with you,  
And reason why you are wrong :

You wanted my love—is that much  
true ?

And so I did love, so I do :  
What has come of it all along ?

## II

I took you—how could I otherwise ?  
For a world to me, and more ;  
For all, love greatens and glorifies  
Till God 's a-glow, to the loving eyes,  
In what was mere earth before.

## III

Yes, earth—yes, mere ignoble earth !  
Now do I mis-state, mistake ?  
Do I wrong your weakness and call it  
worth ?  
Expect all harvest, dread no dearth,  
Seal my sense up for your sake ?

## IV

Oh, love, love, no, love ! not so, indeed !  
You were just weak earth, I knew :  
With much in you waste, with many  
a weed,  
And plenty of passions run to seed,  
But a little good grain too.

## V

And such as you were, I took you for  
mine :  
Did not you find me yours,  
To watch the olive and wait the vine,  
And wonder when rivers of oil and wine  
Would flow, as the Book assures ?

## VI

Well, and if none of these good things  
came,  
What did the failure prove ?  
The man was my whole world, all the  
same,  
With his flowers to praise, or his weeds  
to blame,  
And, either or both, to love.

## VII

Yet this turns now to a fault—there !  
there !  
That I do love, watch too long,  
And wait too well, and weary and wear ;  
And 'tis all an old story, and my despair  
Fit subject for some new song :

## VIII

How the light, light love, he has wings  
to fly  
At suspicion of a bond :  
How my wisdom has bidden your  
pleasure good-bye,  
Which will turn up next in a laughing  
eye,  
And why should you look beyond ?

## V

## ON THE CLIFF

## I

I leaned on the turf,  
I looked at a rock  
Left dry by the surf ;  
For the turf, to call it grass were to  
mock :  
Dead to the roots, so deep was done  
The work of the summer sun.

## II

And the rock lay flat  
As an anvil's face :  
No iron like that !  
Baked dry ; of a weed, of a shell, no  
trace :  
Sunshine outside, but ice at the core,  
Death's altar by the lone shore.

## III

On the turf, sprang gay  
With his films of blue,  
No cricket, I'll say,  
But a warhorse, barded and chanfroned  
too,  
The gift of a quixote-mage to his knight,  
Real fairy, with wings all right.

## IV

On the rock, they scorch  
Like a drop of fire  
From a brandished torch,  
Fell two red fans of a butterfly :  
No turf, no rock, in their ugly stead,  
See, wonderful blue and red !

## V

Is it not so  
With the minds of men ?  
The level and low,

The burnt and bare, in themselves ;  
but then  
With such a blue and red grace, not  
theirs,  
Love settling unawares !

## VI

## READING A BOOK, UNDER THE CLIFF

## I

' Still ailing, Wind ? Wilt be appeased  
or no ?  
Which needs the other's office, thou  
or I ?  
Dost want to be disburthened of a woe,  
And can, in truth, my voice untie  
Its links, and let it go ?

## II

' Art thou a dumb, wronged thing that  
would be righted,  
Entrusting thus thy cause to me ?  
Forbear.  
No tongue can mend such pleadings ;  
faith, requited  
With falsehood,—love, at last aware  
Of scorn,—hopes, early blighted,—

## III

' We have them ; but I know not any  
tone  
So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow :  
Dost think men would go mad without  
a moan,  
If they knew any way to borrow  
A pathos like thy own ?

## IV

' Which sigh wouldst mock, of all the  
sighs ? The one  
So long escaping from lips starved  
and blue,  
That lasts while on her pallet-bed the  
nun  
Stretches her length ; her foot comes  
through  
The straw she shivers on ;

## V

' You had not thought she was so tall :  
and spent,  
Her shrunk lids open, her lean fingers  
shut

Close, close, their sharp and livid nails  
indent

The clammy palm ; then all is mute :  
That way, the spirit went.

## VI

' Or wouldst thou rather that I under-  
stand

Thy will to help me ?—like the dog  
I found

Once, pacing sad this solitary strand,  
Who would not take my food, poor  
hound,

But whined and licked my hand.'

## VII

All this, and more, comes from some  
young man's pride

Of power to see,—in failure and mis-  
take,

Relinquishment, disgrace, on every  
side,—

Merely examples for his sake,  
Helps to his path untried :

## VIII

Instances he must—simply recognize ?

Oh, more than so !—must, with a  
learner's zeal,

Make doubly prominent, twice em-  
phasize,

By added touches that reveal  
The god in babe's disguise.

## IX

Oh, he knows what defeat means, and  
the rest !

Himself the undefeated that shall be :  
Failure, disgrace, he flings them you to  
test,—

His triumph, in eternity  
Too plainly manifest !

## X

Whence, judge if he learn forthwith  
what the wind

Means in its moaning—by the happy,  
prompt,

Instinctive way of youth, I mean ; for  
kind

Calm years, exacting their accompt  
Of pain, mature the mind :

## XI

And some midsummer morning, at the  
lull

Just about daybreak, as he looks  
across

A sparkling foreign country, wonderful  
To the sea's edge for gloom and  
gloss,

Next minute must annul,—

## XII

Then, when the wind begins among the  
vines,

So low, so low, what shall it mean  
but this ?

' Here is the change beginning, here  
the lines

Circumscribe beauty, set to bliss  
The limit time assigns'.

## XIII

Nothing can be as it has been before ;  
Better, so call it, only not the same.

To draw one beauty into our hearts'  
core,

And keep it changeless ! such our  
claim ;

So answered,—Never more !

## XIV

Simple ? Why this is the old woe  
o' the world ;

Tune, to whose rise and fall we live  
and die.

Rise with it, then ! Rejoice that man  
is hurled

From change to change unceasingly.  
His soul's wings never furled !

## XV

That's a new question ; still replies the  
fact,

Nothing endures : the wind moans,  
saying so ;

We moan in acquiescence : there's life's  
pact,

Perhaps probation—do *I* know ?  
God does : endure His act !

## XVI

Only, for man, how bitter not to grave  
On his soul's hands' palms one fair,  
good, wise thing

Just as he grasped it! For himself,  
 death's wave;  
 While time first washes—ah, the  
 sting!—  
 O'er all he'd sink to save.

## VII

## AMONG THE ROCKS

## I

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown  
 old earth,  
 This autumn morning! How he  
 sets his bones  
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out  
 knees and feet  
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth;  
 Listening the while, where on the  
 heap of stones  
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters  
 sweet.

## II

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient,  
 true;  
 Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles  
 and knows.  
 If you loved only what were worth your  
 love,  
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well  
 for you:  
 Make the low nature better by your  
 throes!  
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain  
 above!

## VIII

## BESIDE THE DRAWING-BOARD

## I

'As like as a Hand to another Hand:'  
 Whoever said that foolish thing,  
 Could not have studied to understand  
 The counsels of God in fashioning,  
 Out of the infinite love of His heart,  
 This Hand, whose beauty I praise, apart  
 From the world of wonder left to praise,  
 If I tried to learn the other ways  
 Of love, in its skill, or love, in its power.  
 'As like as a Hand to another Hand:'

Who said that, never took his stand,  
 Found and followed, like me, an hour,  
 The beauty in this,—how free, how fine  
 To fear, almost,—of the limit-line!  
 As I looked at this, and learned and  
 drew,  
 Drew and learned, and looked again,  
 While fast the happy minutes flew,  
 Its beauty mounted into my brain,  
 And a fancy seized me; I was fain  
 To efface my work, begin anew,  
 Kiss what before I only drew;  
 Ay, laying the red chalk 'twixt my lips,  
 With soul to help if the mere lips failed,  
 I kissed all right where the drawing  
 ailed,  
 Kissed fast the grace that somehow slips  
 Still from one's soulless finger-tips.

## II

Go, little girl, with the poor coarse  
 hand!  
 I have my lesson, shall understand.

## IX

## ON DECK

## I

There is nothing to remember in me,  
 Nothing I ever said with a grace,  
 Nothing I did that you cared to see,  
 Nothing I was that deserves a place  
 In your mind, now I leave you, set you  
 free.

## II

Conceded! In turn, concede to me,  
 Such things have been as a mutual  
 flame.  
 Your soul's locked fast; but, love for  
 a key,  
 You might let it loose, till I grew the  
 same  
 In your eyes, as in mine you stand:  
 strange plea!

## III

For then, then, what would it matter  
 to me  
 That I was the harsh, ill-favoured  
 one?





She changed ; a spot came out on her cheek,

A spark from her eye in mid-eclipse,  
And she broke forth, 'I must speak !'

## VII

'Not my hair !' made the girl her moan—

'All the rest is gone or to go ;  
But the last, last grace, my all, my own,  
Let it stay in the grave, that the  
ghosts may know !  
Leave my poor gold hair alone !'

## VIII

The passion thus vented, dead lay she ;  
Her parents sobbed their worst on that,

All friends joined in, nor observed degree :

For indeed the hair was to wonder at,  
As it spread—not flowing free,

## IX

But curled around her brow, like a crown,

And coiled beside her cheeks, like a cap,

And calmed about her neck—ay, down  
To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap

I' the gold, it reached her gown.

## X

All kissed that face, like a silver wedge  
Mid the yellow wealth, nor disturbed its hair ;

E'en the priest allowed death's privilege,  
As he planted the crucifix with care  
On her breast, 'twixt edge and edge.

## XI

And thus was she buried, inviolate  
Of body and soul, in the very space  
By the altar ; keeping saintly state  
In Pornic church, for her pride of race,  
Pure life, and piteous fate.

## XII

And in after-time would your fresh tear fall,

Though your mouth might twitch  
with a dubious smile,

As they told you of gold both robe and pall,

How she prayed them leave it alone awhile,

So it never was touched at all.

## XIII

Years flew ; this legend grew at last  
The life of the lady ; all she had done,  
All been, in the memories fading fast  
Of lover and friend, was summed in one

Sentence survivors passed :

## XIV

To wit, she was meant for Heaven,  
not earth ;

Had turned an angel before the time :

Yet, since she was mortal, in such dearth

Of frailty, all you could count a crime

Was—she knew her gold hair's worth.

## XV

At little pleasant Pornic church,

It chanced, the pavement wanted repair,

Was taken to pieces : left in the lurch,

A certain sacred space lay bare,

And the boys began research.

## XVI

'Twas the space where our sires would lay a saint,

A benefactor,—a bishop, suppose,

A baron with armour-adornments quaint,

A dame with chased ring and jewelled rose,

Things sanctity saves from taint ;

## XVII

So we come to find them in after-days

When the corpse is presumed to have done with gauds

Of use to the living, in many ways :

For the boys get pelf, and the town applauds,

And the church deserves the praise.

## XVIII

They grubbed with a will : and at length  
—*O cor*

*Humanum, pectora caeca*, and the  
rest !—

They found—no gauds they were prying  
for,

No ring, no rose, but—who would  
have guessed ?—

A double Louis-d'or !

## XIX

Here was a case for the priest : he heard,  
Marked, inwardly digested, laid  
Finger on nose, smiled, 'A little bird  
Chirps in my ear' : then, 'Bring a  
spade,  
Dig deeper !'—he gave the word.

## XX

And lo, when they came to the coffin-  
lid,

Or the rotten planks which composed  
it once,

Why, there lay the girl's skull wedged  
amid

A mint of money, it served for the  
nonce

To hold in its hair-heaps hid !

## XXI

Hid there ? Why ? Could the girl be  
wont

(She, the stainless soul) to treasure up  
Money, earth's trash and Heaven's  
affront ?

Had a spider found out the com-  
munion-cup,

Was a toad in the christening-font ?

## XXII

Truth is truth : too true it was.

Gold ! She hoarded and hugged it  
first,

Longed for it, leaned o'er it, loved it—  
alas—

Till the humour grew to a head and  
burst,

And she cried, at the final pass,—

## XXIII

'Talk not of God, my heart is stone !  
Nor lover nor friend—be gold for  
both !

Gold I lack ; and, my all, my own,  
It shall hide in my hair. I scarce  
die loth,  
If they let my hair alone !'

## XXIV

Louis-d'ors, some six times five,

And duly double, every piece.

Now, do you see ? With the priest to  
shrive,

With parents preventing her soul's  
release

By kisses that kept alive,—

## XXV

With Heaven's gold gates about to ope,  
With friends' praise, gold-like, lin-  
gering still,

An instinct had bidden the girl's hand  
grope

For gold, the true sort—'Gold in  
Heaven, if you will ;

But I keep earth's too, I hope.'

## XXVI

Enough ! The priest took the grave's  
grim yield :

The parents, they eyed that price of  
sin

As if *thirty pieces* lay revealed

On the place to *bury strangers in*,  
The hideous Potter's Field.

## XXVII

But the priest bethought him : "Milk  
that's spilt"

—You know the adage ! Watch and  
pray !

Saints tumble to earth with so slight a  
tilt !

It would build a new altar ; that,  
we may !'

And the altar therewith was built.

## XXVIII

Why I deliver this horrible verse ?

As the text of a sermon, which now  
I preach :

Evil or good may be better or worse

In the human heart, but the mixture  
of each

Is a marvel and a curse.

## XXIX

The candid incline to surmise of late  
 That the Christian faith may be false,  
 I find ;  
 For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate  
 Begins to tell on the public mind,  
 And Colenso's words have weight :

## XXX

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,  
 See reasons and reasons ; this, to  
 begin :  
 'Tis the faith that launched point-blank  
 her dart  
 At the head of a lie—taught Original  
 Sin,  
 The Corruption of Man's Heart.

## THE WORST OF IT

## I

WOULD it were I had been false, not you!  
 I that am nothing, not you that are  
 all :  
 I, never the worse for a touch or two  
 On my speckled hide ; not you, the  
 pride  
 Of the day, my swan, that a first fleck's  
 fall  
 On her wonder of white must unswan,  
 undo !

## II

I had dipped in life's struggle, and out  
 again,  
 Bore specks of it here, there, easy to  
 see,  
 When I found my swan and the cure  
 was plain ;  
 The dull turned bright as I caught  
 your white  
 On my bosom : you saved me—saved  
 in vain  
 If you ruined yourself, and all  
 through me !

## III

Yes, all through the speckled beast  
 that I am,  
 Who taught you to stoop ; you gave  
 me yourself,

And bound your soul by the vows that  
 damn :  
 Since on better thought you break,  
 as you ought,  
 Vows—words, no angel set down, some  
 elf  
 Mistook,—for an oath, an epigram !

## IV

Yes, might I judge you, here were my  
 heart,  
 And a hundred its like, to treat as you  
 pleased !  
 I choose to be yours, for my proper part,  
 Yours, leave or take, or mar me or  
 make ;  
 If I acquiesce, why should you be teased  
 With the conscience-prick and the  
 memory-smart ?

## V

But what will God say ? Oh, my sweet,  
 Think, and be sorry you did this  
 thing !  
 Though earth were unworthy to feel  
 your feet,  
 There's a Heaven above may deserve  
 your love :  
 Should you forfeit Heaven for a snapt  
 gold ring  
 And a promise broke, were it just or  
 meet ?

## VI

And I to have tempted you ! I, who  
 tried  
 Your soul, no doubt, till it sank !  
 Unwise,  
 I loved, and was lowly, loved and  
 aspired,  
 Loved, grieving or glad, till I made  
 you mad,  
 And you meant to have hated and  
 despised—  
 Whereas, you deceived me nor in-  
 quired !

## VII

She, ruined ? How ? No Heaven for her ?  
 Crowns to give, and none for the brow  
 That looked like marble and smelt like  
 myrrh ?  
 Shall the robe be worn, and the palm-  
 branch borne,

And she go graceless, she graced now  
Beyond all saints, as themselves aver?

## VIII

Hardly ! That must be understood !  
The earth is your place of penance,  
then ;  
And what will it prove ? I desire your  
good,  
But, plot as I may, I can find no way  
How a blow should fall, such as falls on  
men,  
Nor prove too much for your woman-  
hood.

## IX

It will come, I suspect, at the end of life,  
When you walk alone, and review the  
past ;  
And I, who so long shall have done with  
strife,  
And journeyed my stage, and earned  
my wage,  
And retired as was right,—I am called  
at last  
When the devil stabs you, to lend the  
knife.

## X

He stabs for the minute of trivial wrong,  
Nor the other hours are able to save,  
The happy, that lasted my whole life  
long :  
For a promise broke, not for first  
words spoke,  
The true, the only, that turn my grave  
To a blaze of joy and a crash of song.

## XI

Witness beforehand ! Off I trip  
On a safe path gay through the flowers  
you flung :  
My very name made great by your lip,  
And my heart a-glow with the good  
I know  
Of a perfect year when we both were  
young,  
And I tasted the angels' fellowship.

## XII

And witness, moreover . . . Ah, but  
wait !  
I spy the loop whence an arrow  
shoots !

It may be for yourself, when you  
meditate,  
That you grieve—for slain ruth,  
murdered truth :  
' Though falsehood escape in the end,  
what boots ?  
How truth would have triumphed !'  
—you sigh too late.

## XIII

Ay, who would have triumphed like you,  
I say !  
Well, it is lost now ; well, you must  
bear,  
Abide and grow fit for a better day :  
You should hardly grudge, could I  
be your judge !  
But hush ! For you, can be no despair :  
There 's amends : 'tis a secret : hope  
and pray !

## XIV

For I was true at least—oh, true enough !  
And, dear, truth is not as good as it  
seems !  
Commend me to conscience ! Idle  
stuff !  
Much help is in mine, as I mope and  
pine,  
And skulk through day, and scowl in  
my dreams  
At my swan's obtaining the crow's  
rebuff.

## XV

Men tell me of truth now—' False !'  
I cry :  
Of beauty—' A mask, friend ! Look  
beneath !'  
We take our own method, the devil  
and I,  
With pleasant and fair and wise and  
rare :  
And the best we wish to what lives, is  
—death ;  
Which even in wishing, perhaps we  
lie !

## XVI

Far better commit a fault and have  
done—  
As you, dear !—for ever ; and choose  
the pure,



And look where the healing waters run,  
And strive and strain to be good again,  
And a place in the other world ensure,  
All glass and gold, with God for its  
sun.

## XVII

Misery! What shall I say or do?  
I cannot advise, or, at least, persuade:  
Most like, you are glad you deceived  
me—rue  
No whit of the wrong: you endured  
too long,  
Have done no evil and want no aid,  
Will live the old life out and chance  
the new.

## XVIII

And your sentence is written all the  
same,  
And I can do nothing,—pray, per-  
haps:  
But somehow the world pursues its  
game,  
If I pray, if I curse,—for better or  
worse:  
And my faith is torn to a thousand  
scraps,  
And my heart feels ice while my  
words breathe flame.

## XIX

Dear, I look from my hiding-place.  
Are you still so fair? Have you  
still the eyes?  
Be happy! Add but the other grace,  
Be good! Why want what the  
angels vaunt?  
I knew you once: but in Paradise,  
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my  
face.

## DÛS ALITER VISUM;

## OR

## LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS

## I

STOP, let me have the truth of that!  
Is that all true? I say, the day  
Ten years ago when both of us  
Met on a morning, friends—as thus  
We meet this evening, friends or  
what?—

## II

Did you—because I took your arm  
And sillily smiled, ‘A mass of brass  
That sea looks, blazing underneath!’  
While up the cliff-road edged with  
heath,  
We took the turns nor came to harm—

## III

Did you consider ‘Now makes twice  
That I have seen her, walked and  
talked  
With this poor pretty thoughtful thing,  
Whose worth I weigh: she tries to  
sing;  
Draws, hopes in time the eye grows nice;

## IV

‘Reads verse and thinks she under-  
stands;  
Loves all, at any rate, that’s great,  
Good, beautiful; but much as we  
Down at the Bath-house love the sea,  
Who breathe its salt and bruise its  
sands:

## V

‘While . . . do but follow the fishing-gull  
That flaps and floats from wave to  
cave!  
There’s the sea-lover, fair my friend!  
What then? Be patient, mark and  
mend!  
Had you the making of your skull?’

## VI

And did you, when we faced the church  
With spire and sad slate roof, aloof  
From human fellowship so far,  
Where a few graveyard crosses are,  
And garlands for the swallows’ perch,—

## VII

Did you determine, as we stepped  
O’er the lone stone fence, ‘Let me get  
Her for myself, and what’s the earth  
With all its art, verse, music, worth—  
Compared with love, found, gained, and  
kept?

## VIII

‘Schumann’s our music-maker now;  
Has his march-movement youth and  
mouth?

Ingres 's the modern man that paints ;  
Which will lean on me, of his saints ?  
Heine for songs ; for kisses, how ?'

## IX

And did you, when we entered, reached  
The votive frigate, soft aloft  
Riding on air this hundred years,  
Safe-smiling at old hopes and fears,—  
Did you draw profit while she preached ?

## X

Resolving 'Fools we wise men grow !  
Yes, I could easily blurt out curt  
Some question that might find reply  
As prompt in her stopped lips,  
dropped eye,  
And rush of red to cheek and brow :

## XI

'Thus were a match made, sure and fast,  
'Mid the blue weed-flowers round the  
mound  
Where, issuing, we shall stand and stay  
For one more look at Baths and bay,  
Sands, sea-gulls, and the old church  
last—

## XII

'A match 'twixt me, bent, wigged, and  
lamed,  
Famous, however, for verse and worse,  
Sure of the Fortieth spare Arm-chair  
When gout and glory seat me there,  
So, one whose love-freaks pass un-  
blamed,—

## XIII

'And this young beauty, round and  
sound  
As a mountain-apple, youth and truth  
With loves and doves, at all events  
With money in the Three per Cents ;  
Whose choice of me would seem pro-  
found :—

## XIV

'She might take me as I take her.  
Perfect the hour would pass, alas !  
Climb high, love high, what matter ?  
Still,  
Feet, feelings, must descend the hill :  
An hour's perfection can't recur.

## XV

'Then follows Paris and full time  
For both to reason : "Thus with  
us !"  
She'll sigh, "Thus girls give body and  
soul  
At first word, think they gain the  
goal,  
When 'tis the starting-place they climb !

## XVI

"My friend makes verse and gets  
renown ;  
Have they all fifty years, his peers ?  
He knows the world, firm, quiet, and  
gay  
Boys will become as much one day :  
They're fools ; he cheats, with beard  
less brown.

## XVII

"For boys say, *Love me or I die !*  
He did not say, *The truth is, youth*  
*I want, who am old and know too much ;*  
*I'd catch youth : lend me sight and*  
*touch !*  
*Drop heart's blood where life's wheels*  
*grate dry !"*

## XVIII

'While I should make rejoinder'—(then  
It was, no doubt, you ceased that least  
Light pressure of my arm in yours)  
"I can conceive of cheaper cures  
For a yawning-fit o'er books and men.

## XIX

"What ? All I am, was, and might  
be,  
All, books taught, art brought, life's  
whole strife,  
Painful results since precious, just  
Were fitly exchanged in wise disgust  
For two cheeks freshened by youth and  
sea ?

## XX

"All for a nosegay !—what came first ;  
With fields on flower, untried each  
side ;  
I rally, need my books and men,  
And find a nosegay : drop it, then,  
No match yet made for best or worst !"

XXI

That ended me. You judged the porch  
We left by, Norman; took our look  
At sea and sky; wondered so few  
Find out the place for air and view;  
Remarked the sun began to scorch;

XXII

Descended, soon regained the Baths,  
And then, good-bye! Years ten since  
then:

Ten years! We meet: you tell me,  
now,

By a window-seat for that cliff-brow,  
On carpet-stripes for those sand-paths.

XXIII

Now I may speak: you fool, for all  
Your lore! Who made things plain  
in vain?

What was the sea for? What, the grey  
Sad church, that solitary day,  
Crosses and graves and swallows' call?

XXIV

Was there nought better than to enjoy?  
No feat which, done, would make  
time break,

And let us pent-up creatures through  
Into eternity, our due?

No forcing earth teach Heaven's  
employ?

XXV

No wise beginning, here and now,  
What cannot grow complete (earth's  
feat)

And Heaven must finish, there and  
then?

No tasting earth's true food for men,  
Its sweet in sad, its sad in sweet?

XXVI

No grasping at love, gaining a share  
O' the sole spark from God's life at  
strife

With death, so, sure of range above  
The limits here? For us and love,  
Failure; but, when God fails, despair.

XXVII

This you call wisdom? Thus you add  
Good unto good again, in vain?

You loved, with body worn and weak;  
I loved, with faculties to seek:  
Were both loves worthless since ill-clad?

XXVIII

Let the mere star-fish in his vault  
Crawl in a wash of weed, indeed,  
Rose-jacynth to the finger-tips:  
He, whole in body and soul, outstrips  
Man, found with either in default.

XXIX

But what's whole, can increase no more,  
Is dwarfed and dies, since here's its  
sphere.

The devil laughed at you in his sleeve!  
You knew not? That, I well believe;  
Or you had saved two souls: nay, four.

XXX

For Stephanie sprained last night her  
wrist,  
Ankle, or something. 'Pooh,' cry  
you?

At any rate she danced, all say,  
Vilely: her vogue has had its day.  
Here comes my husband from his whist.

TOO LATE

I

HERE was I with my arm and heart  
And brain, all yours for a word, a  
want

Put into a look—just a look, your  
part,—

While mine, to repay it . . . vainest  
vaunt,

Were the woman, that's dead, alive  
to hear,

Had her lover, that's lost, love's  
proof to show!

But I cannot show it; you cannot speak  
From the churchyard neither, miles  
removed,

Though I feel by a pulse within my  
cheek,

Which stabs and stops, that the  
woman I loved

Needs help in her grave and finds none  
near,

Wants warmth from the heart which  
sends it—so!

## II

Did I speak once angrily, all the drear  
days

You lived, you woman I loved so well,  
Who married the other? Blame or  
praise,

Where was the use then? Time  
would tell,

And the end declare what man for you,  
What woman for me was the choice  
of God.

But, Edith dead! no doubting more!

I used to sit and look at my life  
As it rippled and ran till, right before,  
A great stone stopped it: oh, the  
strife

Of waves at that stone some devil threw  
In my life's midcurrent, thwarting  
God!

## III

But either I thought, 'They may churn  
and chide

Awhile, my waves which came for  
their joy

And found this horrible stone full-tide:

Yet I see just a thread escape, deploy  
Through the evening-country, silent  
and safe,

And it suffers no more till it finds the  
sea.'

Or else I would think, 'Perhaps some  
night

When new things happen, a meteor-  
ball

May slip through the sky in a line of  
light,

And earth breathe hard, and land-  
marks fall,

And my waves no longer champ nor  
chafe,

Since a stone will have rolled from  
its place: let be!'

## IV

But, dead! All's done with: wait  
who may,

Watch and wear and wonder who will.

Oh, my whole life that ends to-day!

Oh, my soul's sentence, sounding still,  
'The woman is dead, that was none  
of his;

And the man, that was none of hers,  
may go!'

There's only the past left: worry that!

Wreak, like a bull, on the empty coat,  
Rage, its late wearer is laughing at!

Tear the collar to rags, having missed  
his throat;

Strike stupidly on—'This, this and this,  
Where I would that a bosom received  
the blow!'

## V

I ought to have done more: once my  
speech,

And once your answer, and there, the  
end,

And Edith was henceforth out of reach!

Why, men do more to deserve a friend,  
Be rid of a foe, get rich, grow wise,

Nor, folding their arms, stare fate  
in the face.

Why, better even have burst like a thief

And borne you away to a rock for  
us two

In a moment's horror, bright, bloody  
and brief,

Then changed to myself again—'I  
slew

Myself in that moment; a ruffian lies  
Somewhere: your slave, see, born in  
his place!'

## VI

What did the other do? You be judge!

Look at us, Edith! Here are we both!

Give him his six whole years: I grudge

None of the life with you, nay, I loathe

Myself that I grudged his start in  
advance

Of me who could overtake and pass.

But, as if he loved you! No, not he,

Nor anyone else in the world, 'tis  
plain:

Who ever heard that another, free

As I, young, prosperous, sound and  
sane,

Poured life out, proffered it—'Half a  
glance

Of those eyes of yours and I drop  
the glass!'

## VII

Handsome, were you? 'Tis more than  
they held,

More than they said; I was 'ware  
and watched:

I was the 'scapegrace, this rat belled  
 The cat, this fool got his whiskers  
 scratched :  
 The others ? No head that was turned,  
 no heart  
 Broken, my lady, assure yourself !  
 Each soon made his mind up ; so and so  
 Married a dancer, such and such  
 Stole his friend's wife, stagnated slow,  
 Or maundered, unable to do as much,  
 And muttered of peace where he had  
 no part :  
 While, hid in the closet, laid on the  
 shelf,—

## VIII

On the whole, you were let alone, I  
 think !  
 So, you looked to the other, who  
 acquiesced ;  
 My rival, the proud man,—prize your  
 pink  
 Of poets ! A poet he was ! I've  
 guessed :  
 He rhymed you his rubbish nobody  
 read,  
 Loved you and doved you—did not  
 I laugh !  
 There was a prize ! But we both were  
 tried.  
 Oh, heart of mine, marked broad  
 with her mark,  
*Tekel*, found wanting, set aside,  
 Scorned ! See, I bleed these tears in  
 the dark  
 Till comfort come and the last be bled :  
 He ? He is tagging your epitaph.

## IX

If it would only come over again !  
 —Time to be patient with me, and  
 probe  
 This heart till you punctured the proper  
 vein,  
 Just to learn what blood is : twitch  
 the robe  
 From that blank lay-figure your fancy  
 draped,  
 Prick the leathern heart till the—  
 verses spirt !  
 And late it was easy ; late, you walked  
 Where a friend might meet you ;  
 Edith's name

Arose to one's lip if one laughed or  
 talked ;  
 If I heard good news, you heard the  
 same ;  
 When I woke, I knew that your breath  
 escaped ;  
 I could bide my time, keep alive, alert.

## X

And alive I shall keep and long, you  
 will see !  
 I knew a man, was kicked like a dog  
 From gutter to cesspool ; what cared he  
 So long as he picked from the filth  
 his prog ?  
 He saw youth, beauty, and genius die,  
 And jollily lived to his hundredth year.  
 But I will live otherwise : none of such  
 life !  
 At once I begin as I mean to end.  
 Go on with the world, get gold in its strife,  
 Give your spouse the slip, and betray  
 your friend !  
 There are two who decline, a woman  
 and I,  
 And enjoy our death in the darkness  
 here.

## XI

I liked that way you had with your curls  
 Wound to a ball in a net behind :  
 Your cheek was chaste as a quaker-girl's,  
 And your mouth—there was never,  
 to my mind,  
 Such a funny mouth, for it would not  
 shut ;  
 And the dented chin, too—what a  
 chin !  
 There were certain ways when you  
 spoke, some words  
 That you know you never could pro-  
 nounce :  
 You were thin, however ; like a bird's  
 Your hand seemed—some would say,  
 the pounce  
 Of a scaly-footed hawk—all but !  
 The world was right when it called  
 you thin.

## XII

But I turn my back on the world :  
 I take  
 Your hand, and kneel, and lay to my  
 lips.



Bid me live, Edith ! Let me slake  
Thirst at your presence ! Fear no  
slips !

'Tis your slave shall pay, while his soul  
endures,

Full due, love's whole debt, *summum  
jus*.

My queen shall have high observance,  
planned

Courtship made perfect, no least line  
Crossed without warrant. There you  
stand,

Warm too, and white too : would  
this wine

Had washed all over that body of  
yours,

Ere I drank it, and you down with  
it, thus !

### ABT VOGLER

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING  
UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT  
OF HIS INVENTION)

#### I

WOULD that the structure brave, the  
manifold music I build,

Bidding my organ obey, calling its  
keys to their work,

Claiming each slave of the sound, at a  
touch, as when Solomon willed

Armies of angels that soar, legions of  
demons that lurk,

Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end  
and of aim,

Adverse, each from the other heaven-  
high, hell-deep removed,—

Should rush into sight at once as he  
named the ineffable Name,

And pile him a palace straight, to  
pleasure the princess he loved !

#### II

Would it might tarry like his, the  
beautiful building of mine,

This which my keys in a crowd pressed  
and importuned to raise !

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would  
dispart now and now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten  
their master his praise !

And one would bury his brow with a  
blind plunge down to hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on  
the roots of things,

Then up again swim into sight, having  
based me my palace well,

Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on  
the nether springs.

#### III

And another would mount and march,  
like the excellent minion he was.

Ay, another and yet another, one  
crowd but with many a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as  
transparent as glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his  
place to the rest :

For higher still and higher (as a runner  
tips with fire,

When a great illumination surprises  
a festal night—

Outlining round and round Rome's  
dome from space to spire)

Up, the pinnaced glory reached, and  
the pride of my soul was in sight.

#### IV

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was  
certain, to match man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying  
an impulse as I ;

And the emulous heaven yearned down,  
made effort to reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my  
passion, to scale the sky :

Novel splendours burst forth, grew  
familiar and dwelt with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and  
fixed its wandering star ;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they  
did not pale nor pine,

For earth had attained to heaven,  
there was no more near nor far.

#### V

Nay more ; for there wanted not who  
walked in the glare and glow,

Presences plain in the place ; or,  
fresh from the Protoplast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a  
kindlier wind should blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a  
house to their liking at last ;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have  
passed through the body and  
gone,

But were back once more to breathe  
in an old world worth their new :  
What never had been, was now ; what  
was, as it shall be anon ;  
And what is,—shall I say, matched  
both ? for I was made perfect  
too.

VI

All through my keys that gave their  
sounds to a wish of my soul,  
All through my soul that praised as  
its wish flowed visibly forth,  
All through music and me ! For think,  
had I painted the whole,  
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor  
the process so wonder-worth :  
Had I written the same, made verse—  
still, effect proceeds from cause,  
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye  
hear how the tale is told ;  
It is all triumphant art, but art in  
obedience to laws,  
Painter and poet are proud in the  
artist-list enrolled :—

VII

But here is the finger of God, a flash of  
the will that can,  
Existent behind all laws, that made  
them and, lo, they are !  
And I know not if, save in this, such  
gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame,  
not a fourth sound, but a star.  
Consider it well : each tone of our scale  
in itself is nought ;  
It is everywhere in the world—loud,  
soft, and all is said :  
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with  
two in my thought ;  
And, there ! Ye have heard and seen :  
consider and bow the head !

VIII

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of  
music I reared ;  
Gone ! and the good tears start, the  
praises that come too slow ;

For one is assured at first, one scarce  
can say that he feared,  
That he even gave it a thought, the  
gone thing was to go.  
Never to be again ! But many more  
of the kind

As good, nay, better perchance : is  
this your comfort to me ?  
To me, who must be saved because I  
cling with my mind  
To the same, same self, same love,  
same God : ay, what was shall be.

IX

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee,  
the ineffable Name ?  
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses  
not made with hands !  
What, have fear of change from Thee  
who art ever the same ?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the  
heart that Thy power expands ?  
There shall never be one lost good !  
What was, shall live as before ;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence  
implying sound ;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for  
evil, so much good more ;  
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the  
heaven, a perfect round.

X

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed  
of good, shall exist ;  
Not its semblance, but itself ; no  
beauty, nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each  
survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception  
of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the  
heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to  
lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover  
and the bard ;  
Enough that He heard it once : we  
shall hear it by and by.

XI

And what is our failure here but a  
triumph's evidence  
For the fullness of the days ? Have  
we withered or agonized ?

Why else was the pause prolonged but  
that singing might issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in, but that  
harmony should be prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is  
slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme  
of the weal and woe :

But God has a few of us whom He  
whispers in the ear ;

The rest may reason and welcome :  
'tis we musicians know.

## XII

Well, it is earth with me ; silence  
resumes her reign :

I will be patient and proud, and  
sobriety acquiesce.

Give me the keys. I feel for the  
common chord again,

Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the  
minor,—yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand  
on alien ground,

Surveying a while the heights I rolled  
from into the deep ;

Which, hark, I have dared and done,  
for my resting-place is found,

The C Major of this life : so, now I  
will try to sleep.

## RABBI BEN EZRA

## I

GROW old along with me !

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was  
made :

Our times are in His hand

Who saith ' A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half ; trust God :  
see all, nor be afraid !'

## II

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed ' Which rose make ours,  
Which lily leave and then as best recall ?'

Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned ' Nor Jove, nor Mars ;

Mine be some figured flame which blends,  
transcends them all !'

## III

Not for such hopes and fears

Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !

Rather I prize the doubt

Low kinds exist without,

Finished and finite clods, untroubled  
by a spark.

## IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,

Were man but formed to feed

On joy, to solely seek and find and feast :

Such feasting ended, then

As sure an end to men ;

Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets  
doubt the maw-crammed beast ?

## V

Rejoice we are allied

To That which doth provide

And not partake, effect and not receive !

A spark disturbs our clod ;

Nearer we hold of God

Who gives, than of His tribes that take,  
I must believe.

## VI

Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand  
but go !

Be our joys three-parts pain !

Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;

Learn, nor account the pang ; dare,  
never grudge the throe !

## VII

For thence,—a paradox

Which comforts while it mocks,—

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :

What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me :

A brute I might have been, but would  
not sink i' the scale.

## VIII

What is he but a brute

Whose flesh hath soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs  
want play ?

To man, propose this test—

Thy body at its best,  
How far can that project thy soul on  
its lone way ?

## IX

Yet gifts should prove their use :  
I own the Past profuse  
Of power each side, perfection every  
turn :

Eyes, ears took in their dole,  
Brain treasured up the whole ;  
Should not the heart beat once ' How  
good to live and learn ? '

## X

Not once beat ' Praise be Thine !  
I see the whole design,  
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect  
too :

Perfect I call Thy plan :  
Thanks that I was a man !  
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what  
Thou shalt do ! '

## XI

For pleasant is this flesh ;  
Our soul in its rose-mesh  
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for  
rest :

Would we some prize might hold  
To match those manifold  
Possessions of the brute,—gain most,  
as we did best !

## XII

Let us not always say  
' Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gained ground  
upon the whole ! '

As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry ' All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,  
than flesh helps soul ! '

## XIII

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reached its  
term :

Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for ay removed  
From the developed brute ; a God  
though in the germ.

## XIV

And I shall thereupon  
Take rest, ere I be gone  
Once more on my adventure brave and  
new :  
Fearless and unperplexed,  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armour  
to indue.

## XV

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby ;  
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :  
And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame :  
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know,  
being old.

## XVI

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the  
grey :  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—' Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth : here dies  
another day.'

## XVII

So, still within this life,  
Though lifted o'er its strife,  
Let me discern, compare, pronounce  
at last,  
' This rage was right i' the main,  
That acquiescence vain :  
The Future I may face now I have  
proved the Past.'

## XVIII

For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the  
tool's true play.

## XIX

As it was better, youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,  
Toward making, than repose on aught  
found made ;

So, better, age, exempt  
From strife, should know, than tempt  
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait  
death nor be afraid!

## XX

Enough now, if the Right  
And Good and Infinite  
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand  
thine own,  
With knowledge absolute,  
Subject to no dispute  
From fools that crowded youth, nor let  
thee feel alone.

## XXI

Be there, for once and all,  
Severed great minds from small,  
Announced to each his station in the  
Past!  
Was I, the world arraigned,  
Were they, my soul disdained,  
Right? Let age speak the truth and  
give us peace at last!

## XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I re-  
ceive;  
Ten, who in ears and eyes  
Match me: we all surmise,  
They, this thing, and I, that: whom  
shall my soul believe?

## XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and  
had the price;  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could  
value in a trice:

## XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main  
account;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet  
swelled the man's amount:

## XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language  
and escaped;  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel  
the pitcher shaped.

## XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor! and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies  
our clay,—  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past  
gone, seize to-day!'

## XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God  
stand sure:  
What entered into thee,  
That was, is, and shall be:  
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter  
and clay endure.

## XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst  
fain arrest:  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently  
impressed.

## XXIX

What though the earlier grooves  
Which ran the laughing loves  
Around thy base, no longer pause and  
press?  
What though, about thy rim,  
Skull-things in order grim  
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the  
sterner stress?

## XXX

Look not thou down but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash and  
trumpet's peal,



The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow !  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what  
needst thou with earth's wheel ?

## XXXI

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who mouldedest men ;  
And since, not even while the whirl was  
worst,  
Did I,—to the wheel of life  
With shapes and colours rife,  
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to  
slake Thy thirst :

## XXXII

So, take and use Thy work !  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings  
past the aim !  
My times be in Thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as planned !  
Let age approve of youth, and death  
complete the same !

## A DEATH IN THE DESERT

[SUPPOSED of Pamphylax the Antiochene :

It is a parchment, of my rolls the fifth,  
Hath three skins glued together, is all  
Greek,

And goeth from *Epsilon* down to *Mu* :  
Lies second in the surnamed Chosen  
Chest,

Stained and conserved with juice of  
terebinth,

Covered with cloth of hair, and lettered  
*Xi*,

From Xanthus, my wife's uncle, now  
at peace :

*Mu* and *Epsilon* stand for my own name,  
I may not write it, but I make a cross  
To show I wait His coming, with the rest,  
And leave off here : beginneth Pam-  
phylax.]

I said, ' If one should wet his lips with  
wine,

And slip the broadest plantain leaf we  
find,

Or else the lappet of a linen robe,

Into the water-vessel, lay it right,  
And cool his forehead just above the  
eyes,

The while a brother, kneeling either side,  
Should chafe each hand and try to  
make it warm,—

He is not so far gone but he might  
speak.'

This did not happen in the outer cave,  
Nor in the secret chamber of the rock,  
Where, sixty days since the decree was  
out,

We had him, bedded on a camel-skin,  
And waited for his dying all the while ;  
But in the midmost grotto : since noon's  
light

Reached there a little, and we would  
not lose

The last of what might happen on his  
face.

I at the head, and Xanthus at the feet,  
With Valens and the Boy, had lifted him,  
And brought him from the chamber in  
the depths,

And laid him in the light where we  
might see :

For certain smiles began about his  
mouth,

And his lids moved, presageful of the  
end.

Beyond, and half way up the mouth o'  
the cave,

The Bactrian convert, having his desire,  
Kept watch, and made pretence to  
graze a goat

That gave us milk, on rags of various  
herb,

Plantain and quitch, the rocks' shade  
keeps alive :

So that if any thief or soldier passed,  
(Because the persecution was aware)

Yielding the goat up promptly with  
his life,

Such man might pass on, joyful at a  
prize,

Nor care to pry into the cool o' the cave.  
Outside was all noon and the burning  
blue.

' Here is wine,' answered Xanthus,—  
dropped a drop ;

I stooped and placed the lap of cloth  
aright,

Then chafed his right hand, and the  
Boy his left :

But Valens had bethought him, and  
produced

And broke a ball of nard, and made  
perfume.

Only, he did—not so much wake, as—  
turn

And smile a little, as a sleeper does  
If any dear one call him, touch his face—  
And smiles and loves, but will not be  
disturbed.

Then Xanthus said a prayer, but still  
he slept :

It is the Xanthus that escaped to Rome,  
Was burned, and could not write the  
chronicle.

Then the Boy sprang up from his knees,  
and ran,

Stung by the splendour of a sudden  
thought,

And fetched the seventh plate of graven  
lead

Out of the secret chamber, found a place,  
Pressing with finger on the deeper dints,  
And spoke, as 'twere his mouth pro-  
claiming first,

'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

Whereat he opened his eyes wide at once,  
And sat up of himself, and looked at us ;  
And thenceforth nobody pronounced  
a word :

Only, outside, the Bactrian cried his cry  
Like the lone desert-bird that wears the  
ruff,

As signal we were safe, from time to  
time.

First he said, 'If a friend declared to me,  
This my son Valens, this my other son,  
Were James and Peter,—nay, declared  
as well

This lad was very John,—I could  
believe !

—Could, for a moment, doubtlessly  
believe :

So is myself withdrawn into my depths,  
The soul retreated from the perished  
brain

Whence it was wont to feel and use the  
world

Through these dull members, done with  
long ago.

Yet I myself remain ; I feel myself :  
And there is nothing lost. Let be,  
awhile !'

[This is the doctrine he was wont to  
teach,

How divers persons witness in each man,  
Three souls which make up one soul :  
first, to wit,

A soul of each and all the bodily parts,  
Seated therein, which works, and is  
what Does,

And has the use of earth, and ends the  
man

Downward : but, tending upward for  
advice,

Grows into, and again is grown into  
By the next soul, which, seated in the  
brain,

Useth the first with its collected use,  
And feeleth, thinketh, willeth,—is what  
Knows :

Which, duly tending upward in its turn,  
Grows into, and again is grown into  
By the last soul, that uses both the  
first,

Subsisting whether they assist or no,  
And, constituting man's self, is what  
Is—

And leans upon the former, makes it  
play,

As that played off the first : and, tend-  
ing up,

Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the  
man

Upward in that dread point of inter-  
course,

Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.  
What Does, what Knows, what Is ;  
three souls, one man.

I give the glossa of Theotypas.]

And then, 'A stick, once fire from end  
to end ;

Now, ashes save the tip that holds a  
spark !

Yet, blow the spark, it runs back,  
spreads itself

A little where the fire was : thus I urge

The soul that served me, till it task  
 once more  
 What ashes of my brain have kept their  
 shape,  
 And these make effort on the last o' the  
 flesh,  
 Trying to taste again the truth of  
 things—'  
 (He smiled)—'their very superficial  
 truth;  
 As that ye are my sons, that it is long  
 Since James and Peter had release by  
 death,  
 And I am only he, your brother John,  
 Who saw and heard, and could remem-  
 ber all.  
 Remember all! It is not much to say.  
 What if the truth broke on me from  
 above  
 As once and oft-times? Such might  
 hap again:  
 Doubtlessly He might stand in presence  
 here,  
 With head wool-white, eyes flame, and  
 feet like brass,  
 The sword and the seven stars, as I  
 have seen—  
 I who now shudder only and surmise  
 "How did your brother bear that sight  
 and live?"  
 'If I live yet, it is for good, more love  
 Through me to men: be nought but  
 ashes here  
 That keep awhile my semblance, who  
 was John,—  
 Still, when they scatter, there is left on  
 earth  
 No one alive who knew (consider this!)  
 —Saw with his eyes and handled with  
 his hands  
 That which was from the first, the Word  
 of Life.  
 How will it be when none more saith  
 "I saw"?'  
 'Such ever was love's way: to rise, it  
 stoops.  
 Since I, whom Christ's mouth taught,  
 was bidden teach,  
 I went, for many years, about the world,  
 Saying "It was so; so I heard and saw,"  
 Speaking as the case asked: and men  
 believed.

Afterward came the message to myself  
 In Patmos isle; I was not bidden teach,  
 But simply listen, take a book and write,  
 Nor set down other than the given word,  
 With nothing left to my arbitrament  
 To choose or change: I wrote, and men  
 believed.  
 Then, for my time grew brief, no message  
 more,  
 No call to write again, I found a way,  
 And, reasoning from my knowledge,  
 merely taught  
 Men should, for love's sake, in love's  
 strength, believe;  
 Or I would pen a letter to a friend  
 And urge the same as friend, nor less  
 nor more:  
 Friends said I reasoned rightly, and  
 believed.  
 But at the last, why, I seemed left alive  
 Like a sea-jelly weak on Patmos strand,  
 To tell dry sea-beach gazers how I fared  
 When there was mid-sea, and the mighty  
 things;  
 Left to repeat, "I saw, I heard, I knew,"  
 And go all over the old ground again,  
 With Antichrist already in the world,  
 And many Antichrists, who answered  
 prompt  
 "Am I not Jasper as thyself art John?"  
 Nay, young, whereas through age thou  
 mayest forget:  
 Wherefore, explain, or how shall we  
 believe?"  
 I never thought to call down fire on  
 such,  
 Or, as in wonderful and early days,  
 Pick up the scorpion, tread the serpent  
 dumb;  
 But patient stated much of the Lord's  
 life  
 Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it  
 work:  
 Since much that at the first, in deed  
 and word,  
 Lay simply and sufficiently exposed,  
 Had grown (or else my soul was grown  
 to match,  
 Fed through such years, familiar with  
 such light,  
 Guarded and guided still to see and  
 speak)  
 Of new significance and fresh result;

What first were guessed as points, I  
 now knew stars,  
 And named them in the Gospel I have  
 writ.  
 For men said, "It is getting long ago":  
 "Where is the promise of His coming?"  
 —asked  
 These young ones in their strength, as  
 loth to wait,  
 Of me who, when their sires were born,  
 was old.  
 I, for I loved them, answered, joyfully,  
 Since I was there, and helpful in my  
 age;  
 And, in the main, I think such men  
 believed.  
 Finally, thus endeavouring, I fell sick,  
 Ye brought me here, and I supposed the  
 end,  
 And went to sleep with one thought that,  
 at least,  
 Though the whole earth should lie in  
 wickedness,  
 We had the truth, might leave the rest  
 to God.  
 Yet now I wake in such decrepitude  
 As I had slidden down and fallen afar,  
 Past even the presence of my former  
 self,  
 Grasping the while for stay at facts  
 which snap,  
 Till I am found away from my own  
 world,  
 Feeling for foot-hold through a blank  
 profound,  
 Along with unborn people in strange  
 lands,  
 Who say—I hear said or conceive they  
 say—  
 "Was John at all, and did he say he  
 saw?"  
 Assure us, ere we ask what he might  
 see!"  
 "And how shall I assure them? Can  
 they share  
 —They, who have flesh, a veil of youth  
 and strength  
 About each spirit, that needs must bide  
 its time,  
 Living and learning still as years assist  
 Which wear the thickness thin, and let  
 man see—

With me who hardly am withheld at  
 all,  
 But shudderingly, scarce a shred be-  
 tween,  
 Lie bare to the universal prick of light?  
 Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,  
 We whom God loves? When pain  
 ends, gain ends too.  
 To me, that story—ay, that Life and  
 Death  
 Of which I wrote "it was"—to me,  
 it is;  
 —Is, here and now: I apprehend  
 nought else.  
 Is not God now i' the world His power  
 first made?  
 Is not His love at issue still with sin,  
 Closed with and cast and conquered,  
 crucified  
 Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?  
 Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else  
 around?  
 Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise  
 To the right hand of the throne—what  
 is it beside,  
 When such truth, breaking bounds,  
 o'erfloods my soul,  
 And, as I saw the sin and death, even so  
 See I the need yet transiency of both,  
 The good and glory consummated  
 thence?  
 I saw the Power; I see the Love, once  
 weak,  
 Resume the Power: and in this word  
 "I see",  
 Lo, there is recognized the Spirit of both  
 That, moving o'er the spirit of man,  
 unblinds  
 His eye and bids him look. These are,  
 I see;  
 But ye, the children, His beloved ones  
 too,  
 Ye need,—as I should use an optic glass  
 I wondered at erewhile, somewhere i'  
 the world,  
 It had been given a crafty smith to  
 make;  
 A tube, he turned on objects brought  
 too close,  
 Lying confusedly insubordinate  
 For the unassisted eye to master once:  
 Look through his tube, at distance now  
 they lay,

Become succinct, distinct, so small, so clear !

Just thus, ye needs must apprehend what truth

I see, reduced to plain historic fact,  
Diminished into clearness, proved a point

And far away : ye would withdraw your sense

From out eternity, strain it upon time,  
Then stand before that fact, that Life and Death,

Stay there at gaze, till it dispart, dispread,

As though a star should open out, all sides,

And grow the world on you, as it is my world.

‘ For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,

And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—

Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love,

How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;

And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost

Such prize despite the envy of the world,  
And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all.

But see the double way wherein we are led,

How the soul learns diversely from the flesh !

With flesh, that hath so little time to stay,

And yields mere basement for the soul’s emprise,

Expect prompt teaching. Helpful was the light,

And warmth was cherishing and food was choice

To every man’s flesh, thousand years ago,

As now to yours and mine ; the body sprang

At once to the height, and stayed : but the soul,—no !

Since sages who, this noontide, meditate  
In Rome or Athens, may descry some point

Of the eternal power, hid yestereve ;  
And as thereby the power’s whole mass extends,

So much extends the æther floating o’er,

The love that tops the might, the Christ in God.

Then, as new lessons shall be learned in these

Till earth’s work stop and useless time run out,

So duly, daily, needs provision be  
For keeping the soul’s prowess possible,

Building new barriers as the old decay,  
Saving us from evasion of life’s proof,

Putting the question ever, “ Does God love,

And will ye hold that truth against the world ? ”

Ye know there needs no second proof with good

Gained for our flesh from any earthly source :

We might go freezing, ages,—give us fire,  
Thereafter we judge fire at its full worth,

And guard it safe through every chance, ye know !

That fable of Prometheus and his theft,  
How mortals gained Jove’s fiery flower,

grows old  
(I have been used to hear the pagans own)

And out of mind ; but fire, howe’er its birth,

Here is it, precious to the sophist now  
Who laughs the myth of Æschylus to scorn,

As precious to those satyrs of his play,  
Who touched it in gay wonder at the thing.

While were it so with the soul,—this gift of truth

Once grasped, were this our soul’s gain safe, and sure

To prosper as the body’s gain is wont,—  
Why, man’s probation would conclude, his earth

Crumble ; for he both reasons and decides,

Weights first, then chooses : will he give up fire

For gold or purple once he knows its worth ?



Could he give Christ up were His worth  
as plain ?

Therefore, I say, to test man, shift the  
proofs,

Nor may he grasp that fact like other  
fact,

And straightway in his life acknowledge  
it,

As, say, the indubitable bliss of fire.

Sigh ye, "It had been easier once than  
now" ?

To give you answer I am left alive ;  
Look at me who was present from the  
first !

Ye know what things I saw ; then  
came a test,

My first, befitting me who so had seen :  
"Forsake the Christ thou sawest trans-  
figured, Him

Who trod the sea and brought the dead  
to life ?

What should wring this from thee ?"—  
ye laugh and ask.

What wrung it ? Even a torchlight  
and a noise,

The sudden Roman faces, violent hands,  
And fear of what the Jews might do !

Just that,

And, it is written, "I forsook and fled" :  
There was my trial, and it ended  
thus.

Ay, but my soul had gained its truth,  
could grow :

Another year or two,—what little child,  
What tender woman that had seen no  
least

Of all my sights, but barely heard them  
told,

Who did not clasp the cross with a light  
laugh,

Or wrap the burning robe round,  
thanking God ?

Well, was truth safe for ever, then ?  
Not so.

Already had begun the silent work  
Whereby truth, deadened of its absolute  
blaze,

Might need love's eye to pierce the  
o'erstretched doubt :

Teachers were busy, whispering "All  
is true

As the aged ones report ; but youth can  
reach

Where age gropes dimly, weak with  
stir and strain,

And the full doctrine slumbers till  
to-day."

Thus, what the Roman's lowered spear  
was found,

A bar to me who touched and handled  
truth,

Now proved the glozing of some new  
shrewd tongue,

This Ebion, this Cerinthus or their  
mates,

Till imminent was the outcry "Save  
us Christ !"

Whereon I stated much of the Lord's  
life

Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it  
work.

Such work done, as it will be, what  
comes next ?

What do I hear say, or conceive men say,  
"Was John at all, and did he say he  
saw ?

Assure us, ere we ask what he might  
see !"

'Is this indeed a burthen for late days,  
And may I help to bear it with you all,  
Using my weakness which becomes your  
strength ?

For if a babe were born inside this grot,  
Grew to a boy here, heard us praise the  
sun,

Yet had but yon sole glimmer in light's  
place,—

One loving him and wishful he should  
learn,

Would much rejoice himself was blinded  
first

Month by month here, so made to  
understand

How eyes, born darkling, apprehend  
amiss :

I think I could explain to such a child  
There was more glow outside than  
gleams he caught,

Ay, nor need urge "I saw it, so  
believe !"

It is a heavy burthen you shall bear  
In latter days, new lands, or old grown  
strange,

Left without me, which must be very  
soon

What is the doubt, my brothers ?  
 Quick with it !  
 I see you stand conversing, each new  
 face,  
 Either in fields, of yellow summer eves,  
 On islets yet unnamed amid the sea ;  
 Or pace for shelter 'neath a portico  
 Out of the crowd in some enormous town  
 Where now the larks sing in a solitude ;  
 Or muse upon blank heaps of stone and  
 sand  
 Idly conjectured to be Ephesus :  
 And no one asks his fellow any more  
 " Where is the promise of His coming ?"  
 but  
 " Was He revealed in any of His lives,  
 As Power, as Love, as Influencing  
 Soul ? "

' Quick, for time presses, tell the whole  
 mind out,  
 And let us ask and answer and be saved !  
 My book speaks on, because it cannot  
 pass ;  
 One listens quietly, nor scoffs but pleads  
 " Here is a tale of things done ages  
 since ;  
 What truth was ever told the second  
 day ?  
 Wonders, that would prove doctrine,  
 go for nought.  
 Remains the doctrine, love ; well, we  
 must love,  
 And what we love most, power and love  
 in one,  
 Let us acknowledge on the record here,  
 Accepting these in Christ : must Christ  
 then be ?  
 Has He been ? Did not we ourselves  
 make Him ?  
 Our mind receives but what it holds, no  
 more.  
 First of the love, then ; we acknow-  
 ledge Christ—  
 A proof we comprehend His love, a  
 proof  
 We had such love already in ourselves,  
 Knew first what else we should not  
 recognize.  
 'Tis mere projection from man's inmost  
 mind,  
 And, what he loves, thus falls reflected  
 back,

Becomes accounted somewhat out of  
 him ;  
 He throws it up in air, it drops down  
 earth's,  
 With shape, name, story added, man's  
 old way.  
 How prove you Christ came otherwise  
 at least ?  
 Next try the power : He made and  
 rules the world :  
 Certes there is a world once made, now  
 ruled,  
 Unless things have been ever as we  
 see.  
 Our sires declared a charioteer's yoked  
 steeds  
 Brought the sun up the east and down  
 the west,  
 Which only of itself now rises, sets,  
 As if a hand impelled it and a will,  
 Thus they long thought, they who had  
 will and hands :  
 But the new question's whisper is  
 distinct,  
 Wherefore must all force needs be  
 like ourselves ?  
 We have the hands, the will ; what  
 made and drives  
 The sun is force, is law, is named, not  
 known,  
 While will and love we do know ; marks  
 of these,  
 Eye-witnesses attest, so books declare—  
 As that, to punish or reward our race,  
 The sun at undue times arose or set  
 Or else stood still : what do not men  
 affirm ?  
 But earth requires as urgently reward  
 Or punishment to-day as years ago,  
 And none expects the sun will interpose :  
 Therefore it was mere passion and mis-  
 take,  
 Or erring zeal for right, which changed  
 the truth.  
 Go back, far, farther, to the birth of  
 things ;  
 Ever the will, the intelligence, the love,  
 Man's !—which he gives, supposing he  
 but finds,  
 As late he gave head, body, hands and  
 feet,  
 To help these in what forms he called  
 his gods.

First, Jove's brow, Juno's eyes were  
swept away,  
But Jove's wrath, Juno's pride con-  
tinued long ;  
As last, will, power, and love discarded  
these,  
So law in turn discards power, love, and  
will.  
What proveth God is otherwise at least?  
All else, projection from the mind of  
man ! ”

‘ Nay, do not give me wine, for I am  
strong,  
But place my gospel where I put my  
hands.

‘ I say that man was made to grow, not  
stop ;  
That help, he needed once, and needs  
no more,  
Having grown up but an inch by, is  
withdrawn :

For he hath new needs, and new helps  
to these.

This imports solely, man should mount  
on each

New height in view ; the help whereby  
he mounts,

The ladder-rung his foot has left, may  
fall,

Since all things suffer change save God  
the Truth.

Man apprehends Him newly at each  
stage

Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service  
done ;

And nothing shall prove twice what  
once was proved.

You stick a garden-plot with ordered  
twigs

To show inside lie germs of herbs un-  
born,

And check the careless step would spoil  
their birth ;

But when herbs wave, the guardian  
twigs may go,

Since should ye doubt of virtues,  
question kinds,

It is no longer for old twigs ye look,  
Which proved once underneath lay  
store of seed,

But to the herb's self, by what light  
ye boast,

For what fruit's signs are. This book's  
fruit is plain,

Nor miracles need prove it any more.  
Doth the fruit show ? Then miracles

bade 'ware  
At first of root and stem, saved both

till now  
From trampling ox, rough boar and  
wanton goat.

What ? Was man made a wheelwork  
to wind up,

And be discharged, and straight wound  
up anew ?

No !—grown, his growth lasts ; taught,  
he ne'er forgets :

May learn a thousand things, not twice  
the same.

‘ This might be pagan teaching : now  
hear mine.

‘ I say, that as the babe, you feed  
awhile,

Becomes a boy and fit to feed himself,  
So, minds at first must be spoon-fed

with truth :  
When they can eat, babe's nurture is

withdrawn.  
I fed the babe whether it would or no :

I bid the boy or feed himself or starve.  
I cried once, “ That ye may believe in

Christ,  
Behold this blind man shall receive his

sight ! ”  
I cry now, “ Urgest thou, *for I am*

*shrewd*  
*And smile at stories how John's word*

*could cure—*  
*Repeat that miracle and take my faith ? ”*

I say, that miracle was duly wrought  
When, save for it, no faith was possible.

Whether a change were wrought i' the  
shows o' the world,

Whether the change came from our  
minds which see

Of the shows o' the world so much as  
and no more

Than God wills for His purpose,—(what  
do I

See now, suppose you, there where you  
see rock

Round us ?)—I know not ; such was  
the effect,

So faith grew, making void more  
miracles

Because too much : they would compel,  
not help.

I say, the acknowledgment of God in  
Christ

Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee  
All questions in the earth and out of it,  
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.  
Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove  
the proved ?

In life's mere minute, with power to use  
that proof,

Leave knowledge and revert to how it  
sprung ?

Thou hast it ; use it and forthwith, or  
die !

' For I say, this is death and the sole  
death,

When a man's loss comes to him from  
his gain,

Darkness from light, from knowledge  
ignorance,

And lack of love from love made mani-  
fest ;

A lamp's death when, replete with oil,  
it chokes ;

A stomach's when, surcharged with  
food, it starves.

With ignorance was surety of a cure.  
When man, appalled at nature, ques-  
tioned first

" What if there lurk a might behind  
this might ? "

He needed satisfaction God could give,  
And did give, as ye have the written  
word :

But when he finds might still redouble  
might,

Yet asks, " Since all is might, what use  
of will ? "

—Will, the one source of might,—he  
being man

With a man's will and a man's might,  
to teach

In little how the two combine in large,—  
That man has turned round on himself  
and stands,

Which in the course of nature is, to die.

' And when man questioned, " What if  
there be love

Behind the will and might, as real as  
they ? "—

He needed satisfaction God could give,  
And did give, as ye have the written  
word :

But when, beholding that love every-  
where,

He reasons, " Since such love is every-  
where,

And since ourselves can love and would  
be loved,

We ourselves make the love, and Christ  
was not,"—

How shall ye help this man who knows  
himself,

That he must love and would be loved  
again,

Yet, owning his own love that proveth  
Christ,

Rejecteth Christ through very need of  
Him ?

The lamp o'erswims with oil, the  
stomach flags

Loaded with nurture, and that man's  
soul dies.

' If he rejoin, " But this was all the  
while

A trick ; the fault was, first of all, in  
thee,

Thy story of the places, names and  
dates,

Where, when and how the ultimate  
truth had rise,

—Thy prior truth, at last discovered  
none,

Whence now the second suffers detri-  
ment.

What good of giving knowledge if,  
because

Of the manner of the gift, its profit fail ?  
And why refuse what modicum of help

Had stopped the after-doubt, impossible  
I' the face of truth—truth absolute,

uniform ?

Why must I hit of this and miss of that,  
Distinguish just as I be weak or strong,

And not ask of thee and have answer  
prompt,

Was this once, was it not once ?—then  
and now

And evermore, plain truth from man to  
man.

Is John's procedure just the heathen  
bard's ?

Put question of his famous play again  
How for the ephemerals' sake, Jove's  
fire was filched,

And carried in a cane and brought to  
earth :

*The fact is in the fable, cry the wise,  
Mortals obtained the boon, so much is fact,  
Though fire be spirit and produced on  
earth.*

As with the Titan's, so now with thy  
tale :

Why breed in us perplexity, mistake,  
Nor tell the whole truth in the proper  
words ? "

' I answer, Have ye yet to argue out  
The very primal thesis, plainest law,  
—Man is not God but hath God's end  
to serve,

A master to obey, a course to take,  
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to  
become ?

Grant this, then man must pass from  
old to new,

From vain to real, from mistake to  
fact,

From what once seemed good, to what  
now proves best.

How could man have progression other-  
wise ?

Before the point was mooted " What is  
God ? "

No savage man inquired " What am  
myself ? "

Much less replied, " First, last, and best  
of things."

Man takes that title now if he believes  
Might can exist with neither will nor  
love,

In God's case—what he names now  
Nature's Law—

While in himself he recognizes love  
No less than might and will: and  
rightly takes.

Since if man prove the sole existent  
thing

Where these combine, whatever their  
degree,

However weak the might or will or love,  
So they be found there, put in evidence,  
He is as surely higher in the scale

Than any might with neither love nor  
will,

As life, apparent in the poorest midge,  
When the faint dust-speck flits, ye guess  
its wing,

Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas' self :  
I give such to the midge for resting-  
place !

Thus, man proves best and highest—  
God, in fine,

And thus the victory leads but to defeat,  
The gain to loss, best rise to the worst  
fall,

His life becomes impossible, which is  
death.

' But if, appealing thence, he cower,  
avouch

He is mere man, and in humility  
Neither may know God nor mistake  
himself ;

I point to the immediate consequence  
And say, by such confession straight he  
falls

Into man's place, a thing nor God nor  
beast,

Made to know that he can know and  
not more :

Lower than God who knows all and  
can all,

Higher than beasts which know and can  
so far

As each beast's limit, perfect to an  
end,

Nor conscious that they know, nor  
craving more ;

While man knows partly but conceives  
beside,

Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,  
And in this striving, this converting air  
Into a solid he may grasp and use,

Finds progress, man's distinctive mark  
alone,

Not God's, and not the beasts' : God is,  
they are,

Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.  
Such progress could no more attend  
his soul

Were all it struggles after found at first  
And guesses changed to knowledge  
absolute,

Than motion wait his body, were all else  
Than it the solid earth on every side,



Where now through space he moves  
 from rest to rest.  
 Man, therefore, thus conditioned, must  
 expect  
 He could not, what he knows now, know  
 at first ;  
 What he considers that he knows to-day,  
 Come but to-morrow, he will find mis-  
 known ;  
 Getting increase of knowledge, since  
 he learns  
 Because he lives, which is to be a man,  
 Set to instruct himself by his past self :  
 First, like the brute, obliged by facts  
 to learn,  
 Next, as man may, obliged by his own  
 mind,  
 Bent, habit, nature, knowledge turned  
 to law.  
 God's gift was that man should conceive  
 of truth  
 And yearn to gain it, catching at mis-  
 take,  
 As midway help till he reach fact indeed.  
 The statuary ere he mould a shape  
 Boasts a like gift, the shape's idea, and  
 next  
 The aspiration to produce the same ;  
 So, taking clay, he calls his shape  
 thereout,  
 Cries ever " Now I have the thing I  
 see " :  
 Yet all the while goes changing what  
 was wrought,  
 From falsehood like the truth, to truth  
 itself.  
 How were it had he cried " I see no  
 face,  
 No breast, no feet i' the ineffectual  
 clay ? "  
 Rather commend him that he clapped  
 his hands,  
 And laughed " It is my shape and lives  
 again ! "  
 Enjoyed the falsehood, touched it on  
 to truth,  
 Until yourselves applaud the flesh indeed  
 In what is still flesh-imitating clay.  
 Right in you, right in him, such way  
 be man's !  
 God only makes the live shape at a jet.  
 Will ye renounce this pact of creature-  
 ship ?

The pattern on the Mount subsists no  
 more,  
 Seemed awhile, then returned to no-  
 thingness ;  
 But copies, Moses strove to make  
 thereby,  
 Serve still and are replaced as time  
 requires :  
 By these, make newest vessels, reach  
 the type !  
 If ye demur, this judgment on your head,  
 Never to reach the ultimate, angels' law,  
 Indulging every instinct of the soul  
 There where law, life, joy, impulse are  
 one thing !  
 ' Such is the burthen of the latest time.  
 I have survived to hear it with my ears,  
 Answer it with my lips : does this  
 suffice ?  
 For if there be a further woe than such,  
 Wherein my brothers struggling need  
 a hand,  
 So long as any pulse is left in mine,  
 May I be absent even longer yet,  
 Plucking the blind ones back from the  
 abyss,  
 Though I should tarry a new hundred  
 years ! '

But he was dead : 'twas about noon,  
 the day  
 Somewhat declining : we five buried  
 him  
 That eve, and then, dividing, went five  
 ways,  
 And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.  
 By this, the cave's mouth must be filled  
 with sand.  
 Valens is lost, I know not of his trace ;  
 The Bactrian was but a wild, childish  
 man,  
 And could not write nor speak, but only  
 loved :  
 So, lest the memory of this go quite,  
 Seeing that I to-morrow fight the beasts,  
 I tell the same to Phœbas, whom  
 believe !  
 For many look again to find that face,  
 Beloved John's to whom I ministered,  
 Somewhere in life about the world ;  
 they err :

Either mistaking what was darkly spoke  
At ending of his book, as he relates,  
Or misconceiving somewhat of this  
speech

Scattered from mouth to mouth, as I  
suppose.

Believe ye will not see him any more  
About the world with his divine re-  
gard !

For all was as I say, and now the man  
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast  
with God.

[Cerinthus read and mused ; one added  
this :

' If Christ, as thou affirmest, be of men  
Mere man, the first and best but nothing  
more,—

Account Him, for reward of what He  
was,

Now and for ever, wretchedest of all.  
For see ; Himself conceived of life as  
love,

Conceived of love as what must enter in,  
Fill up, make one with His each soul  
He loved :

Thus much for man's joy, all men's joy  
for Him.

Well, He is gone, thou sayest, to fit  
reward.

But by this time are many souls set free,  
And very many still retained alive :  
Nay, should His coming be delayed  
awhile,

Say, ten years longer (twelve years,  
some compute)

See if, for every finger of thy hands,  
There be not found, that day the world  
shall end,

Hundreds of souls, each holding by  
Christ's word

That He will grow incorporate with all,  
With me as Pamphylax, with him as  
John,

Groom for each bride ! Can a mere  
man do this ?

Yet Christ saith, this He lived and died  
to do.

Call Christ, then, the illimitable God,  
Or lost !'

But 'twas Cerinthus that is lost.]

## CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS ;

OR,

### NATURAL THEOLOGY IN THE ISLAND

' THOU THOUGHTTEST THAT I WAS  
ALTOGETHER SUCH AN ONE AS  
THYSELF '

[ 'WILL sprawl, now that the heat of day  
is best,

Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,  
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop  
his chin ;

And, while he kicks both feet in the  
cool slush,

And feels about his spine small eft-  
things course,

Run in and out each arm, and make  
him laugh ;

And while above his head a pompion-  
plant,

Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,  
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair  
and beard,

And now a flower drops with a bee  
inside,

And now a fruit to snap at, catch and  
crunch :

He looks out o'er yon sea which sun-  
beams cross

And recross till they weave a spider-  
web

(Meshes of fire, some great fish breaks  
at times),

And talks to his own self, howe'er he  
please,

Touching that other, whom his dam  
called God.

Because to talk about Him, vexes—ha,  
Could He but know ! and time to vex  
is now,

When talk is safer than in winter-time.  
Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep  
In confidence he drudges at their task,  
And it is good to cheat the pair, and  
gibe,

Letting the rank tongue blossom into  
speech.]

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos !

'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o'  
the moon.

'Thinketh He made it, with the sun  
to match,  
But not the stars; the stars came  
otherwise;  
Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such  
as that:  
Also this isle, what lives and grows  
thereon,  
And snaky sea which rounds and ends  
the same.

'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease:  
He hated that He cannot change His  
cold,  
Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy  
fish  
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream  
where she lived,  
And thaw herself within the lukewarm  
brine  
O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far  
amid,  
A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls  
of wave;  
Only she ever sickened, found repulse  
At the other kind of water, not her  
life,  
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred  
o' the sun)  
Flounced back from bliss she was not  
born to breathe,  
And in her old bounds buried her  
despair,  
Hating and loving warmth alike: so  
He.

'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun,  
this isle,  
Trees and the fowls here, beast and  
creeping thing.  
Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a  
leech;  
Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,  
That floats and feeds; a certain badger  
brown  
He hath watched hunt with that slant  
white-wedge eye  
By moonlight; and the pie with the  
long tongue  
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a  
worm,  
And says a plain word when she finds  
her prize,

But will not eat the ants; the ants  
themselves  
That build a wall of seeds and settled  
stalks  
About their hole—He made all these  
and more,  
Made all we see, and us, in spite: how  
else?  
He could not, Himself, make a second  
self  
To be His mate; as well have made  
Himself.  
He would not make what He dislikes  
or slights,  
An eyesore to Him, or not worth His  
pains:  
But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,  
Make what Himself would fain, in a  
manner, be—  
Weaker in most points, stronger in a  
few,  
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all  
the while,  
Things He admires and mocks too,—  
that is it.  
Because, so brave, so better though  
they be,  
It nothing skills if He begin to plague.  
Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into  
mash,  
Add honeycomb and pods, I have  
perceived,  
Which bite like finches when they bill  
and kiss,—  
Then, when froth rises bladdery, drink  
up all,  
Quick, quick, till maggots scamper  
through my brain;  
And throw me on my back i' the seeded  
thyme,  
And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.  
Put case, unable to be what I wish,  
I yet could make a live bird out of clay:  
Would not I take clay, pinch my  
Caliban  
Able to fly?—for, there, see, he hath  
wings,  
And great comb like the hoopoe's to  
admire,  
And there, a sting to do his foes offence,  
There, and I will that he begin to live,  
Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the  
horns

Of grigs high up that make the merry  
din,

Saucy through their veined wings, and  
mind me not.

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle  
clay,

And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should  
laugh ;

And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,  
Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,  
Bid his poor leg smart less or grow  
again,—

Well, as the chance were, this might  
take or else

Not take my fancy : I might hear his  
cry,

And give the manikin three legs for his  
one,

Or pluck the other off, leave him like  
an egg,

And lessoned he was mine and merely  
clay.

Were this no pleasure, lying in the  
thyme,

Drinking the mash, with brain become  
alive,

Making and marring clay at will ? So  
He.

'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor  
wrong in Him,

Nor kind, nor cruel : He is strong and  
Lord.

'Am strong myself compared to yonder  
crabs

That march now from the mountain to  
the sea ;

'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-  
first,

Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.

'Say, the first straggler that boasts  
purple spots

Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off ;  
'Say, this bruised fellow shall receive

a worm,  
And two worms he whose nippers end

in red ;  
As it likes me each time, I do : so He.

Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the  
main,

Placable if His mind and ways were  
guessed.

But rougher than His handiwork, be  
sure !

Oh, He hath made things worthier than  
Himself,

And envieth that, so helped, such things  
do more

Than He who made them ! What con-  
soles but this ?

That they, unless through Him, do  
nought at all,

And must submit : what other use in  
things ?

'Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder-joint  
That, blown through, gives exact the

scream o' the jay  
When from her wing you twitch the

feathers blue :  
Sound this, and little birds that hate

the jay  
Flock within stone's throw, glad their

foe is hurt :  
Put case such pipe could prattle and

boast forsooth  
'I catch the birds, I am the crafty

thing,  
I make the cry my maker cannot make

With his great round mouth ; he must  
blow through mine !'

Would not I smash it with my foot ?  
So He.

But wherefore rough, why cold and ill  
at ease ?

Aha, that is a question ! Ask, for that,  
What knows,—the something over

Setebos  
That made Him, or He, may be, found

and fought,  
Worsted, drove off and did to nothing,

perchance.  
There may be something quiet o'er His

head,  
Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor

grief,  
Since both derive from weakness in

some way.  
I joy because the quails come ; would

not joy  
Could I bring quails here when I have

a mind :  
This Quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth.

'Esteemeth stars the outposts of its  
couch,

But never spends much thought nor  
care that way.

It may look up, work up,—the worse  
for those

It works on ! 'Careth but for Setebos  
The many-handed as a cuttle-fish,  
Who, making Himself feared through  
what He does,

Looks up, first, and perceives He cannot  
soar

To what is quiet and hath happy life ;  
Next looks down here, and out of very  
spite

Makes this a bauble-world to ape yon  
real,

These good things to match those as  
hips do grapes.

'Tis solace making baubles, ay, and  
sport.

Himself peeped late, eyed Prosper at  
his books

Careless and lofty, lord now of the isle :  
Vexed, 'stitched a book of broad leaves,  
arrow-shaped,

Wrote thereon, he knows what, pro-  
digious words ;

Has peeled a wand and called it by a  
name ;

Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's  
robe

The eyed skin of a supple oncelot ;  
And hath an ounce sleeker than young-  
ling mole,

A four-legged serpent he makes cower  
and couch,

Now snarl, now hold its breath and  
mind his eye,

And saith she is Miranda and my  
wife :

'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill  
crane

He bids go wade for fish and straight  
disgorge ;

Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he  
snared,

Blinded the eyes of, and brought some-  
what tame,

And split its toe-webs, and now pens  
the drudge

In a hole o' the rock and calls him  
Caliban ;

A bitter heart, that bides its time and  
bites,

'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,  
Taket'h his mirth with make-believes :  
so He.

His dam held that the Quiet made all  
things

Which Setebos vexed only : 'holds  
not so.

Who made them weak, meant weakness  
He might vex.

Had He meant other, while His hand  
was in,

Why not make horny eyes no thorn  
could prick,

Or plate my scalp with bone against  
the snow,

Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and  
joint,

Like an orc's armour ? Ay,—so spoil  
His sport !

He is the One now : only He doth all.

'Saith, He may like, perchance, what  
profits Him.

Ay, himself loves what does him good ;  
but why ?

'Gets good no otherwise. This blinded  
beast

Loves whoso places flesh-meat on his  
nose,

But, had he eyes, would want no help,  
but hate

Or love, just as it liked him : He hath  
eyes.

Also it pleaseth Setebos to work,  
Use all His hands, and exercise much  
craft,

By no means for the love of what is  
worked.

'Tasteth, himself, no finer good i' the  
world

When all goes right, in this safe summer-  
time,

And he wants little, hungers, aches not  
much,

Than trying what to do with wit and  
strength.

'Falls to make something : 'piled yon  
pile of turfs,

And squared and stuck there squares  
of soft white chalk,

And, with a fish-tooth, scratched a  
moon on each,



And set up endwise certain spikes of  
tree,  
And crowned the whole with a sloth's  
skull a-top,  
Found dead i' the woods, too hard for  
one to kill.  
No use at all i' the work, for work's sole  
sake ;  
'Shall some day knock it down again :  
so He.

'Saith He is terrible : watch His feats  
in proof !  
One hurricane will spoil six good  
months' hope.  
He hath a spite against me, that I know,  
Just as He favours Prosper, who knows  
why ?  
So it is, all the same, as well I find.  
'Wove wattles half the winter, fenced  
them firm  
With stone and stake to stop she-  
tortoises  
Crawling to lay their eggs here : well,  
one wave,  
Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,  
Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its  
large tongue,  
And licked the whole labour flat : so  
much for spite.  
'Saw a ball flame down late (yonder it  
lies)  
Where, half an hour before, I slept i'  
the shade :  
Often they scatter sparkles : there is  
force !  
'Dug up a newt He may have envied once  
And turned to stone, shut up inside  
a stone.  
Please Him and hinder this ?—What  
Prosper does ?  
Aha, if He would tell me how ! Not He !  
There is the sport : discover how or die !  
All need not die, for of the things o' the  
isle  
Some flee afar, some dive, some run up  
trees ;  
Those at His mercy,—why, they please  
Him most  
When . . . when . . . well, never try the  
same way twice !  
Repeat what act has pleased, He may  
grow wroth.

You must not know His ways, and play  
Him off,  
Sure of the issue. 'Doth the like him-  
self :  
'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears  
But steals the nut from underneath my  
thumb,  
And when I threat, bites stoutly in  
defence :  
'Spareth an urchin that, contrariwise,  
Curls up into a ball, pretending death  
For fright at my approach : the two  
ways please.  
But what would move my choler more  
than this,  
That either creature counted on its life  
To-morrow and next day and all days  
to come,  
Saying forsooth in the inmost of its  
heart,  
' Because he did so yesterday with me,  
And otherwise with such another brute,  
So must he do henceforth and always.'  
—Ay ?  
'Would teach the reasoning couple what  
' must ' means !  
'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord ?  
So He.

'Conceiveth all things will continue thus,  
And we shall have to live in fear of Him  
So long as He lives, keeps His strength :  
no change,  
If He have done His best, make no new  
world  
To please Him more, so leave off watch-  
ing this,—  
If He surprise not even the Quiet's self  
Some strange day,—or, suppose, grow  
into it  
As grubs grow butterflies : else, here  
are we,  
And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

'Believeth with the life, the pain shall  
stop.  
His dam held different, that after death  
He both plagued enemies and feasted  
friends :  
Idly ! He doth His worst in this our  
life,  
Giving just respite lest we die through  
pain,

Saving last pain for worst,—with which,  
an end.

Meanwhile, the best way to escape His  
ire

Is, not to seem too happy. Sees, him-  
self,

Yonder two flies, with purple films and  
pink,

Bask on the pompion-bell above : kills  
both.

'Sees two black painful beetles roll their  
ball

On head and tail as if to save their lives :  
Moves them the stick away they strive  
to clear.

Even so, 'would have Him misconceive,  
suppose

This Caliban strives hard and ails no less,  
And always, above all else, envies Him.

Wherefore he mainly dances on dark  
nights,

Moans in the sun, gets under holes to  
laugh,

And never speaks his mind save housed  
as now :

Outside, 'groans, curses. If He caught  
me here,

O'erheard this speech, and asked 'What  
chucklest at ?'

'Would, to appease Him, cut a finger off,  
Or of my three kid yearlings burn the  
best,

Or let the toothsome apples rot on tree,  
Or push my tame beast for the orc to  
taste :

While myself lit a fire, and made a song  
And sung it, ' *What I hate, be consecrate  
To celebrate Thee and Thy state, no mate  
For Thee ; what see for envy in poor me ?*  
Hoping the while, since evils sometimes  
mend,

Warts rub away, and sores are cured  
with slime,

That some strange day, will either the  
Quiet catch

And conquer Setebos, or likelier He  
Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die.

[What, what ? A curtain o'er the  
world at once !

Crickets stop hissing ; not a bird—or,  
yes,

There scuds His raven that hath told  
Him all !

It was fool's play, this prattling ! Ha !  
The wind

Shoulders the pillared dust, death's  
house o' the move,

And fast invading fires begin ! White  
blaze—

A tree's head snaps—and there, there,  
there, there, there,

His thunder follows ! Fool to gibe at  
Him !

Lo ! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos !  
'Maketh his teeth meet through his  
upper lip,

Will let those quails fly, will not eat  
this month

One little mess of whelks, so he may  
'scape !]

## CONFESSIONS

### I

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears ?

'Now that I come to die,  
Do I view the world as a vale of tears ?'  
Ah, reverend sir, not I !

### II

What I viewed there once, what I view  
again

Where the physic bottles stand  
On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane,  
With a wall to my bedside hand.

### III

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,  
From a house you could descry  
O'er the garden-wall : is the curtain blue  
Or green to a healthy eye ?

### IV

To mine, it serves for the old June  
weather

Blue above lane and wall ;  
And that farthest bottle labelled 'Ether'  
Is the house o'er-topping all

### V

At a terrace, somewhat near its stopper,  
There watched for me, one June,

A girl : I know, sir, it's improper,  
My poor mind's out of tune.

## VI

Only, there was a way . . you crept  
Close by the side, to dodge  
Eyes in the house, two eyes except :  
They styled their house 'The Lodge.'

## VII

What right had a lounger up their lane ?  
But, by creeping very close,  
With the good wall's help,—their eyes  
might strain  
And stretch themselves to Oes,

## VIII

Yet never catch her and me together,  
As she left the attic, there,  
By the rim of the bottle labelled 'Ether,'  
And stole from stair to stair,

## IX

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate.  
Alas,  
We loved, sir—used to meet :  
How sad and bad and mad it was—  
But then, how it was sweet !

## MAY AND DEATH

## I

I WISH that when you died last May,  
Charles, there had died along with you  
Three parts of spring's delightful  
things ;  
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

## II

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps !  
There must be many a pair of friends  
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm  
Moon-births and the long evening-  
ends.

## III

So, for their sakes, be May still May !  
Let their new time, as mine of old,  
Do all it did for me : I bid  
Sweet sights and sounds throng  
manifold.

## IV

Only, one little sight, one plant,  
Woods have in May, that starts up  
green

Save a sole streak which, so to speak,  
Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves  
between,—

## V

That, they might spare ; a certain  
wood  
Might miss the plant ; their loss were  
small :  
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,  
Its drop comes from my heart, that 's  
all.

## PROSPICE

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my  
throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts  
denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the  
storm,  
The post of the foe ;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a  
visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go :  
For the journey is done and the summit  
attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the  
guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my  
eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare  
like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad  
life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to  
the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the element's rage, the fiend-voices  
that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace,  
then a joy,  
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp  
thee again,  
And with God be the rest !

## YOUTH AND ART

## I

It once might have been, once only :  
We lodged in a street together,  
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,  
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

## II

Your trade was with sticks and clay,  
You thumbed, thrust, patted and  
polished,  
Then laughed ' They will see some day  
Smith made, and Gibson demolished.'

## III

My business was song, song, song ;  
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twit-  
tered,  
' Kate Brown 's on the boards ere long,  
And Grisi's existence embittered !'

## IV

I earned no more by a warble  
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;  
You wanted a piece of marble,  
I needed a music-master.

## V

We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,  
For air, looked out on the tiles,  
For fun, watched each other's  
windows.

## VI

You lounged, like a boy of the South,  
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard  
too ;  
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth  
With fingers the clay adhered to.

## VII

And I—soon managed to find  
Weak points in the flower-fence  
facing,  
Was forced to put up a blind  
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

## VIII

No harm ! It was not my fault  
If you never turned your eyes' tail up,  
As I shook upon E *in alt*,  
Or ran the chromatic scale up :

## IX

For spring bade the sparrows pair,  
And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
And stalls in our street looked rare  
With bulrush and watercresses.

## X

Why did not you pinch a flower  
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?  
Why did not I put a power  
Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

## XI

I did look, sharp as a lynx,  
(And yet the memory rankles)  
When models arrived, some minx  
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

## XII

But I think I gave you as good !  
' That foreign fellow,—who can know  
How she pays, in a playful mood,  
For his tuning her that piano ?'

## XIII

Could you say so, and never say  
' Suppose we join hands and fortunes,  
And I fetch her from over the way,  
Her, piano, and long tunes and short  
tunes ?'

## XIV

No, no : you would not be rash,  
Nor I rasher and something over :  
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,  
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

## XV

But you meet the Prince at the Board,  
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,  
I've married a rich old lord,  
And you're dubbed knight and an  
R.A.

## XVI

Each life's unfulfilled, you see ;  
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :  
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
 Starved, feasted, despaired,—been  
 happy.

## XVII

And nobody calls you a dunce,  
 And people suppose me clever :  
 This could but have happened once,  
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

## A FACE

If one could have that little head of  
 hers  
 Painted upon a background of pale gold,  
 Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers !  
 No shade encroaching on the matchless  
 mould  
 Of those two lips, which should be  
 opening soft  
 In the pure profile ; not as when she  
 laughs,  
 For that spoils all : but rather as if aloft  
 Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its  
 staff's  
 Burthen of honey-coloured buds to kiss  
 And capture 'twixt the lips apart for  
 this.  
 Then her lithe neck, three fingers might  
 surround,  
 How it should waver on the pale gold  
 ground  
 Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it  
 lifts !  
 I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts  
 Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb  
 Breaking its outline, burning shades  
 absorb :  
 But these are only massed there, I  
 should think,  
 Waiting to see some wonder momentarily  
 Grow out, stand full, fade slow against  
 the sky  
 (That's the pale ground you'd see this  
 sweet face by),  
 All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into  
 one eye  
 Which fears to lose the wonder, should  
 it wink.

## A LIKENESS

SOME people hang portraits up  
 In a room where they dine or sup :  
 And the wife clinks tea-things under,  
 And her cousin, he stirs his cup,  
 Asks, ' Who was the lady, I wonder ? '  
 ' 'Tis a daub John bought at a sale,'  
 Quoth the wife,—looks black as thun-  
 der :  
 ' What a shade beneath her nose !  
 Snuff-taking, I suppose,—'  
 Adds the cousin, while John's corns ail.

Or else, there's no wife in the case,  
 But the portrait's queen of the place,  
 Alone mid the other spoils  
 Of youth,—masks, gloves and foils,  
 And pipe-sticks, rose, cherry-tree,  
 jasmine,  
 And the long whip, the tandem-lasher,  
 And the cast from a fist (' not, alas !  
 mine,  
 But my master's, the Tipton Slasher ' )  
 And the cards where pistol-balls mark  
 ace,  
 And a satin shoe used for cigar-case,  
 And the chamois-horns (' shot in the  
 Chablais ' )  
 And prints—Rarey drumming on  
 Cruiser,  
 And Sayers, our champion, the bruiser,  
 And the little edition of Rabelais :  
 Where a friend, with both hands in his  
 pockets,  
 May saunter up close to examine it,  
 And remark a good deal of Jane Lamb  
 in it,  
 But the eyes are half out of their  
 sockets ;  
 That hair's not so bad, where the gloss is,  
 But they've made the girl's nose a  
 proboscis :  
 Jane Lamb, that we danced with at  
 Vichy !  
 What, is not she Jane ? Then, who is  
 she ? '

All that I own is a print,  
 An etching, a mezzotint ;  
 'Tis a study, a fancy, a fiction,  
 Yet a fact (take my conviction)  
 Because it has more than a hint



Of a certain face, I never  
Saw elsewhere touch or trace of  
In women I've seen the face of:  
Just an etching, and, so far, clever.

I keep my prints, an imbroglio,  
Fifty in one portfolio.  
When somebody tries my claret,  
We turn round chairs to the fire,  
Chirp over days in a garret,  
Chuckle o'er increase of salary,  
Taste the good fruits of our leisure,  
Talk about pencil and lyre,  
And the National Portrait Gallery:  
Then I exhibit my treasure.  
After we've turned over twenty,  
And the debt of wonder my crony owes  
Is paid to my Marc Antonios,  
He stops me—' *Festina lentè!*  
What's that sweet thing there, the  
etching?'

How my waistcoat-strings want stretch-  
ing,  
How my cheeks grow red as tomatoes,  
How my heart leaps! But hearts, after  
leaps, ache.

'By the by, you must take, for a keep-  
sake,

That other, you praised, of Volpato's.'

The fool! would he try a flight further  
and say

He never saw, never before to-day,  
What was able to take his breath away,  
A face to lose youth for, to occupy age  
With the dream of, meet death with,—  
why, I'll not engage

But that, half in a rapture and half in  
a rage,

I should toss him the thing's self—'Tis  
only a duplicate,

A thing of no value! Take it, I  
supplicate!'

#### MR. SLUDGE, 'THE MEDIUM'

Now, don't, sir! Don't expose me!  
Just this once!

This was the first and only time, I'll  
swear,—

Look at me,—see, I kneel,—the only  
time,

I swear, I ever cheated,—yes, by the soul  
Of Her who hears—(your sainted  
mother, sir!)

All, except this last accident, was  
truth—

This little kind of slip!—and even this,  
It was your own wine, sir, the good  
champagne,

(I took it for Catawba,—you're so kind)  
Which put the folly in my head!

'Get up?'

You still inflict on me that terrible face?  
You show no mercy?—Not for Her  
dear sake,

The sainted spirit's, whose soft breath  
even now

Blows on my cheek—(don't you feel  
something, sir?)

You'll tell?

Go tell, then! Who the devil cares  
What such a rowdy chooses to...

Aie—aie—aie!

Please, sir! your thumbs are through  
my windpipe, sir!

Ch—ch!

Well, sir, I hope you've done it now!  
Oh Lord! I little thought, sir, yesterday,  
When your departed mother spoke  
those words

Of peace through me, and moved you,  
sir, so much,

You gave me—(very kind it was of you)  
These shirt-studs—(better take them  
back again,

Please, sir!—yes, little did I think so  
soon

A trifle of trick, all through a glass too  
much

Of his own champagne, would change my  
best of friends

Into an angry gentleman!

Though, 'twas wrong.

I don't contest the point; your anger's  
just:

Whatever put such folly in my head,  
I know 'twas wicked of me. There's  
a thick,

Dusk, undeveloped spirit (I've observed)

Owes me a grudge—a negro's, I should  
say,  
Or else an Irish emigrant's; yourself  
Explained the case so well last Sunday,  
sir,  
When we had summoned Franklin to  
clear up  
A point about those shares in the  
telegraph:  
Ay, and he swore . . . or might it be  
Tom Paine? . . .  
Thumping the table close by where I  
crouched,  
He'd do me soon a mischief: that's  
come true!

Why, now your face clears! I was sure  
it would!  
Then, this one time . . . don't take  
your hand away,  
Through yours I surely kiss your  
mother's hand . . .  
You'll promise to forgive me?—or, at  
least,  
Tell nobody of this? Consider, sir!  
What harm can mercy do? Would but  
the shade  
Of the venerable dead—one just vouch-  
safe  
A rap or tip! What bit of paper's  
here?  
Suppose we take a pencil, let her write,  
Make the least sign, she urges on her  
child  
Forgiveness? There now! Eh? Oh!  
'Twas your foot,  
And not a natural creak, sir?

Answer, then!

Once, twice, thrice . . . see, I'm waiting  
to say 'thrice!'  
All to no use? No sort of hope for me?  
It's all to post to Greeley's newspaper?  
What? If I told you all about the  
tricks?  
Upon my soul!—the whole truth, and  
nought else,  
And how there's been some falsehood  
—for your part,  
Will you engage to pay my passage out,  
And hold your tongue until I'm safe  
on board?

England's the place, not Boston—no  
offence!  
I see what makes you hesitate: don't  
fear!  
I mean to change my trade and cheat  
no more,  
Yes, this time really it's upon my soul!  
Be my salvation!—under Heaven, of  
course.  
I'll tell some queer things. Sixty Vs  
must do.  
A trifle, though, to start with! We'll  
refer  
The question to this table?

How you're changed!

Then split the difference; thirty more,  
we'll say.  
Ay, but you leave my presents! Else  
I'll swear  
'Twas all through those: you wanted  
yours again,  
So, picked a quarrel with me, to get  
them back!  
Tread on a worm, it turns, sir! If I  
turn,  
Your fault! 'Tis you'll have forced  
me! Who's obliged  
To give up life yet try no self-defence?  
At all events, I'll run the risk. Eh?

Done!

May I sit, sir? This dear old table,  
now!  
Please, sir, a parting egg-nogg and  
cigar!  
I've been so happy with you! Nice  
stuffed chairs,  
And sympathetic sideboards; what an  
end  
To all the instructive evenings! (It's  
alight.)  
Well, nothing lasts, as Bacon came and  
said!  
Here goes,—but keep your temper, or  
I'll scream!  
Fol-lol-the-rido-liddle-iddle-ol!  
You see, sir, it's your own fault more  
than mine;  
It's all your fault, you curious gentle-  
folk!  
You're prigs,—excuse me,—like to look  
so spry,

So clever, while you cling by half a claw  
 To the perch whereon you puff yourself at roost,  
 Such piece of self-conceit as serves for perch  
 Because you chose it, so it must be safe.  
 Oh, otherwise you're sharp enough !  
     You spy  
 Who slips, who slides, who holds by  
     help of wing,  
 Wanting real foothold,—who can't keep  
     upright  
 On the other perch, your neighbour  
     chose, not you :  
 There 's no outwitting you respecting  
     him !  
 For instance, men love money—that,  
     you know—  
 And what men do to gain it : well,  
     suppose  
 A poor lad, say a help's son in your  
     house,  
 Listening at keyholes, hears the  
     company  
 Talk grand of dollars, V-notes, and so  
     forth,  
 How hard they are to get, how good to  
     hold,  
 How much they buy,—if, suddenly, in  
     pops he—  
 'I've got a V-note !'—what do you  
     say to him ?  
 What 's your first word which follows  
     your last kick ?  
 'Where did you steal it, rascal ?'  
     That 's because  
 He finds you, fain would fool you, off  
     your perch,  
 Not on the special piece of nonsense, sir,  
 Elected your parade-ground : let him  
     try  
 Lies to the end of the list,—'He picked  
     it up,  
 His cousin died and left it him by will,  
 The President flung it to him, riding by,  
 An actress trucked it for a curl of his  
     hair,  
 He dreamed of luck and found his shoe  
     enriched,  
 He dug up clay, and out of clay made  
     gold'—  
 How would you treat such possi-  
     bilities ?

Would not you, prompt, investigate the  
     case  
 With cow-hide ? 'Lies, lies, lies,' you'd  
     shout : and why ?  
 Which of the stories might not prove  
     mere truth ?  
 This last, perhaps, that clay was turned  
     to coin !  
 Let 's see, now, give him me to speak  
     for him !  
 How many of your rare philosophers,  
 In plaguy books I've had to dip into,  
 Believed gold could be made thus, saw  
     it made  
 And made it ? Oh, with such philoso-  
     phers  
 You're on your best behaviour ! While  
     the lad—  
 With him, in a trice, you settle like-  
     lihoods,  
 Nor doubt a moment how he got his  
     prize :  
 In his case, you hear, judge and execute,  
 All in a breath : so would most men of  
     sense.  
 But let the same lad hear you talk as  
     grand  
 At the same keyhole, you and company,  
 Of signs and wonders, the invisible  
     world ;  
 How wisdom scouts our vulgar unbelief  
 More than our vulgarest incredulity ;  
 How good men have desired to see a  
     ghost,  
 What Johnson used to say, what Wesley  
     did,  
 Mother Goose thought, and fiddle-  
     diddle-dee :—  
 If he then break in with, 'Sir, I saw a  
     ghost !'  
 Ah, the ways change ! He finds you  
     perched and prim ;  
 It 's a conceit of yours that ghosts may  
     be :  
 There 's no talk now of cow-hide. 'Tell  
     it out !  
 Don't fear us ! Take your time and  
     recollect !  
 Sit down first : try a glass of wine, my  
     boy !  
 And, David, (is not that your Christian  
     name ?)

Of all things, should this happen twice  
—it may—  
Be sure, while fresh in mind, you let  
us know !'  
Does the boy blunder, blurt out this,  
blab that,  
Break down in the other, as beginners  
will ?  
All's candour, all's considerateness—  
'No haste !  
Pause and collect yourself ! We under-  
stand !  
That's the bad memory, or the natural  
shock,  
Or the unexplained *phenomena* !'

Egad,

The boy takes heart of grace ; finds,  
never fear,  
The readiest way to ope your own heart  
wide,  
Show—what I call your peacock-perch,  
pet post  
To strut, and spread the tail, and  
squawk upon !  
'Just as you thought, much as you  
might expect !  
There be more things in heaven and  
earth, Horatio,' . . .  
And so on. Shall not David take the  
hint,  
Grow bolder, stroke you down at  
quickened rate ?  
If he ruffle a feather, it's 'Gently,  
patiently !  
Manifestations are so weak at first !  
Doubting, moreover, kills them, cuts  
all short,  
Cures with a vengeance !'

There, sir, that's your style !  
You and your boy—such pains bestowed  
on him,  
Or any headpiece of the average worth,  
To teach, say, Greek, would perfect him  
apace,  
Make him a Person ('Porson' ? thank  
you, sir !)  
Much more, proficient in the art of lies.  
You never leave the lesson ! Fire alight,  
'Catch you permitting it to die ! You've  
friends ;  
There's no withholding knowledge,—  
least from those

Apt to look elsewhere for their souls'  
supply :  
Why should not you parade your lawful  
prize ?  
Who finds a picture, digs a medal up,  
Hits on a first edition,—he hence-  
forth  
Gives it his name, grows notable : how  
much more,  
Who ferrets out a 'medium' ? 'David's  
yours,  
You highly-favoured man ? Then, pity  
souls  
Less privileged ! Allow us share your  
luck !'  
So, David holds the circle, rules the  
roast,  
Narrates the vision, peeps in the glass  
ball,  
Sets to the spirit-writing, hears the raps,  
As the case may be.

Now mark ! To be precise—  
Though I say, 'lies' all these, at this  
first stage,  
'Tis just for science' sake : I call such  
grubs  
By the name of what they'll turn to,  
dragonflies.  
Strictly, it's what good people style  
untruth ;  
But yet, so far, not quite the full-grown  
thing :  
It's fancying, fable-making, nonsense-  
work—  
What never meant to be so very bad—  
The knack of story-telling, brightening  
up  
Each dull old bit of fact that drops its  
shine.  
One does see somewhat when one shuts  
one's eyes,  
If only spots and streaks ; tables do tip  
In the oddest way of themselves : and  
pens, good Lord,  
Who knows if you drive them or they  
drive you ?  
'Tis but a foot in the water and out  
again ;  
Not that duck-under which decides your  
dive.  
Note this, for it's important : listen  
why.

I'll prove, you push on David till he  
 dives  
 And ends the shivering. Here's your  
 circle, now:  
 Two-thirds of them, with heads like you  
 their host,  
 Turn up their eyes, and cry, as you  
 expect,  
 'Lord, who'd have thought it!' But  
 there's always one  
 Looks wise, compassionately smiles,  
 submits  
 'Of your veracity no kind of doubt,  
 But—do you feel so certain of that  
 boy's?  
 Really, I wonder! I confess myself  
 More chary of my faith!' That's  
 galling, sir!  
 What, he the investigator, he the sage,  
 When all's done? Then, you just have  
 shut your eyes,  
 Opened your mouth, and gulped down  
 David whole,  
 You! Terrible were such catastrophe!  
 So, evidence is redoubled, doubled again,  
 And doubled besides; once more, 'He  
 heard, we heard,  
 You and they heard, your mother and  
 your wife,  
 Your children and the stranger in your  
 gates:  
 Did they or did they not?' So much  
 for him,  
 The black sheep, guest without the  
 wedding-garb,  
 And doubting Thomas! Now's your  
 turn to crow:  
 'He's kind to think you such a fool:  
 Sludge cheats?  
 Leave you alone to take precautions!'

Straight

The rest join chorus. Thomas stands  
 abashed,  
 Sips silent some such beverage as this,  
 Considers if it be harder, shutting  
 eyes  
 And gulping David in good fellowship,  
 Than going elsewhere, getting, in ex-  
 change,  
 With no egg-nogg to lubricate the food,  
 Some just as tough a morsel. Over the  
 way,

Holds Captain Sparks his court: is it  
 better there?  
 Have not you hunting-stories, scalping-  
 scenes,  
 And Mexican War exploits to swallow  
 plump  
 If you'd be free of the stove-side, rock-  
 ing-chair,  
 And trio of affable daughters?

Doubt succumbs!

Victory! All your circle's yours again!  
 Out of the clubbing of submissive wits,  
 David's performance rounds, each chink  
 gets patched,  
 Every protrusion of a point's filed fine,  
 All's fit to set a-rolling round the world,  
 And then return to David finally,  
 Lies seven-feet-thick about his first  
 half-inch.  
 Here's a choice birth of the super-  
 natural,  
 Poor David's pledged to! You've  
 employed no tool  
 That laws exclaim at, save the devil's  
 own,  
 Yet screwed him into henceforth gull-  
 ing you  
 To the top of your bent,—all out of one  
 half-lie!  
 You hold, if there's one half or a  
 hundredth part  
 Of a lie, that's his fault,—his be the  
 penalty!  
 I dare say! You'd prove firmer in his  
 place?  
 You'd find the courage,—that first  
 flurry over,  
 That mild bit of romancing-work at  
 end,—  
 To interpose with 'It gets serious, this;  
 Must stop here. Sir, I saw no ghost at  
 all.  
 Inform your friends I made . . . well,  
 fools of them,  
 And found you ready made. I've lived  
 in clover  
 These three weeks: take it out in kicks  
 of me!'  
 I doubt it! Ask your conscience!  
 Let me know,  
 Twelve months hence, with how few  
 embellishments



You've told almighty Boston of this  
 passage  
 Of arms between us, your first taste of  
 the foil  
 From Sludge who could not fence, sir !  
 Sludge, your boy !  
 I lied, sir,—there ! I got up from my  
 gorge  
 On off in the gutter, and preferred  
 Your canvas-backs : I took their  
 carver's size,  
 Measured his modicum of intelligence,  
 Tickled him on the cockles of his heart  
 With a raven feather, and next week  
 found myself  
 Sweet and clean, dining daintily,  
 dizen'd smart,  
 Set on a stool buttressed by ladies'  
 knees,  
 Every soft smiler calling me her pet,  
 Encouraging my story to uncoil  
 And creep out from its hole, inch after  
 inch,  
 ' How last night, I no sooner snug in bed,  
 Tucked up, just as they left me,—than  
 came raps !  
 While a light whisked ' . . . ' Shaped  
 somewhat like a star ?'  
 ' Well, like some sort of stars, ma'am.'—  
 ' So we thought !  
 And any voice ? Not yet ? Try hard,  
 next time,  
 If you can't hear a voice ; we think you  
 may :  
 At least, the Pennsylvanian " mediums "  
 did.'  
 Oh, next time comes the voice ! ' Just  
 as we hoped !'  
 Are not the hoppers proud now, pleased,  
 profuse  
 Of the natural acknowledgment ?

Of course !

So, off we push, illy-oh-yo, trim the boat,  
 On we sweep with a cataract ahead,  
 We're midway to the Horse-shoe : stop,  
 who can,  
 The dance of bubbles gay about our  
 prow !  
 Experiences become worth waiting for,  
 Spirits now speak up, tell their inmost  
 mind,  
 And compliment the ' medium ' properly,

Concern themselves about his Sunday  
 coat,  
 See rings on his hand with pleasure.  
 Ask yourself  
 How you'd receive a course of treats  
 like these !  
 Why, take the quietest hack and stall  
 him up,  
 Cram him with corn a month, then out  
 with him  
 Among his mates on a bright April  
 morn,  
 With the turf to tread ; see if you find  
 or no  
 A caper in him, if he bucks or bolts !  
 Much more a youth whose fancies sprout  
 as rank  
 As toadstool-clump from melon-bed.  
 'Tis soon,  
 ' Sirrah, you spirit, come, go, fetch and  
 carry,  
 Read, write, rap, rub-a-dub, and hang  
 yourself !'  
 I'm spared all further trouble ; all's  
 arranged ;  
 Your circle does my business ; I may  
 rave  
 Like an epileptic dervish in the books,  
 Foam, fling myself flat, rend my clothes  
 to shreds ;  
 No matter : lovers, friends and country-  
 men  
 Will lay down spiritual laws, read wrong  
 things right  
 By the rule of reverse. If Francis  
 Verulam  
 Styles himself Bacon, spells the name  
 beside  
 With a *y* and a *k*, says he drew breath  
 in York,  
 Gave up the ghost in Wales when  
 Cromwell reigned,  
 (As, sir, we somewhat fear he was apt  
 to say,  
 Before I found the useful book that  
 knows)  
 Why, what harm's done ? The circle  
 smiles apace,  
 ' It was not Bacon, after all, do you see !  
 We understand ; the trick's but  
 natural :  
 Such spirits' individuality  
 Is hard to put in evidence : they incline

To gibe and jeer, these undeveloped  
sorts.  
You see, their world's much like a jail  
broke loose,  
While this of ours remains shut, bolted,  
barred,  
With a single window to it. Sludge,  
our friend,  
Serves as this window, whether thin or  
thick,  
Or stained or stainless; he's the  
medium-pane  
Through which, to see us and be seen,  
they peep:  
They crowd each other, hustle for a  
chance,  
Tread on their neighbour's kibes, play  
tricks enough!  
Does Bacon, tired of waiting, swerve  
aside?  
Up in his place jumps Barnum—"I'm  
your man,  
I'll answer you for Bacon!" Try once  
more!

Or else it's—"What's a "medium"?"  
He's a means,  
Good, bad, indifferent, still the only  
means  
Spirits can speak by; he may mis-  
conceive,  
Stutter and stammer,—he's their  
Sludge and drudge,  
Take him or leave him; they must hold  
their peace,  
Or else, put up with having knowledge  
strained  
To half expression through his ignor-  
ance.  
Suppose, the spirit Beethoven wants to  
shed  
New music he's brimfull of; why, he  
turns  
The handle of this organ, grinds with  
Sludge,  
And what he poured in at the mouth  
o' the mill  
As a Thirty-third Sonata, (fancy  
now!)  
Comes from the hopper as bran-new  
Sludge, nought else,  
The Shakers' Hymn in G, with a  
natural F,

Or the "Stars and Stripes" set to  
consecutive fourths.

Sir, where's the scrape you did not  
help me through,  
You that are wise? And for the fools,  
the folk  
Who came to see,—the guests, (observe  
that word!)

Pray do you find guests criticize your  
wine,  
Your furniture, your grammar, or your  
nose?

Then, why your 'medium'? What's  
the difference?

Prove your madeira red-ink and gam-  
boge,—  
Your Sludge, a cheat—then, somebody's  
a goose  
For vaunting both as genuine. 'Guests'!  
Don't fear!

They'll make a wry face, nor too much  
of that,  
And leave you in your glory.

'No, sometimes  
They doubt and say as much!' Ay,  
doubt they do!

And what's the consequence? 'Of  
course they doubt'—  
(You triumph) 'that explains the hitch  
at once!

Doubt posed our "medium," puddled  
his pure mind;

He gave them back their rubbish:  
pitch chaff in,  
Could flour come out o' the honest  
mill?' So, prompt

Applaud the faithful: cases flock in  
point,

'How, when a mocker willed a  
"medium" once  
Should name a spirit James whose name  
was George,  
"James" cried the "medium,"—'twas  
the test of truth!'

In short, a hit proves much, a miss  
proves more.

Does this convince? The better: does  
it fail?

Time for the double-shotted broadside,  
then—

The grand means, last resource. Look  
black and big!

' You style us idiots, therefore—why  
stop short

Accomplices in rascality : this we hear  
In our own house, from our invited  
guest

Found brave enough to outrage a poor  
boy

Exposed by our good faith ! Have you  
been heard ?

Now, then, hear us ; one man's not  
quite worth twelve.

You see a cheat ? Here's some twelve  
see an ass :

Excuse me if I calculate : good day !'  
Out slinks the sceptic, all the laughs  
explode,

Sludge waves his hat in triumph !

Or—he don't.

There's something in real truth (explain  
who can !)

One casts a wistful eye at, like the  
horse

Who mopes beneath stuffed hay-racks  
and won't munch

Because he spies a corn-bag : hang that  
truth,

It spoils all dainties proffered in its  
place !

I've felt at times when, cockered,  
cossetted

And coddled by the aforesaid company,  
Bidden enjoy their bullying,—never  
fear,

But o'er their shoulders spit at the  
flying man,—

I've felt a child ; only, a fractious child  
That, dandled soft by nurse, aunt,  
grandmother,

Who keep him from the kennel, sun and  
wind,

Good fun and wholesome mud,—  
enjoined be sweet,

And comely and superior,—eyes askance  
The ragged sons of the gutter at their  
game,

Fain would be down with them i' the  
thick of the filth,

Making dirt-pies, laughing free, speaking  
plain,

And calling granny the grey old cat  
she is.

I've felt a spite, I say, at you, at them.

Huggings and humbug—gnashed my  
teeth to mark

A decent dog pass ! It's too bad, I say,  
Ruining a soul so !

But what's 'so,' what's fixed,  
Where may one stop ? Nowhere ! The  
cheating's nursed

Out of the lying, softly and surely spun  
To just your length, sir ! I'd stop soon  
enough :

But you're for progress. 'All old,  
nothing new ?

Only the usual talking through the  
mouth,

Or writing by the hand ? I own, I  
thought

This would develop, grow demonstrable,  
Make doubt absurd, give figures we  
might see,

Flowers we might touch. There's no  
one doubts you, Sludge !

You dream the dreams, you see the  
spiritual sights,

The speeches come in your head, beyond  
dispute.

Still, for the sceptics' sake, to stop all  
mouths,

We want some outward manifestation !  
—well,

The Pennsylvanians gained such ; why  
not Sludge ?

He may improve with time !'

Ay, that he may !

He sees his lot : there's no avoiding fate.  
'Tis a trifle at first. 'Eh, David ?

Did you hear ?

You jogged the table, your foot caused  
the squeak,

This time you're . . . joking, are you  
not, my boy ?

'N-n-no !'—and I'm done for, bought  
and sold henceforth.

The old good easy jog-trot way,  
the . . . eh ?

The . . . not so very false, as falsehood  
goes,

The spinning out and drawing fine, you  
know,—

Really mere novel-writing of a sort,  
Acting, or improvising, make-believe,  
Surely not downright cheaterly ! Any  
how,

'Tis done with and my lot cast ; Cheat 's  
 my name :  
 The fatal dash of brandy in your tea  
 Has settled what you'll have the  
 souchong's smack :  
 The caddy gives way to the dram-bottle.

Then, it's so cruel easy ! Oh, those  
 tricks  
 That can't be tricks, those feats by  
 sleight of hand,  
 Clearly no common conjurer's !—no,  
 indeed !  
 A conjurer ? Choose me any craft in  
 the world  
 A man puts hand to ; and with six  
 months' pains,  
 I'll play you twenty tricks miraculous  
 To people untaught the trade : have  
 you seen glass blown,  
 Pipes pierced ? Why, just this biscuit  
 that I chip,  
 Did you ever watch a baker toss one flat  
 To the oven ? Try and do it ! Take  
 my word,  
 Practise but half as much, while limbs  
 are lithe,  
 To turn, shove, tilt a table, crack your  
 joints,  
 Manage your feet, dispose your hands  
 aright,  
 Work wires that twitch the curtains,  
 play the glove  
 At end of your slipper,—then put out  
 the lights  
 And . . . there, there, all you want  
 you'll get, I hope !  
 I found it slip, easy as an old shoe.

Now, lights on table again ! I've done  
 my part,  
 You take my place while I give thanks  
 and rest.

' Well, Judge Humgruffin, what 's your  
 verdict, sir ?  
 You, hardest head in the United  
 States,—  
 Did you detect a cheat here ? Wait !  
 Let 's see !  
 Just an experiment first, for candour's  
 sake !  
 I'll try and cheat you, Judge ! The  
 table tilts :

Is it I that move it ? Write ? I'll  
 press your hand :  
 Cry when I push, or guide your pencil,  
 Judge !'  
 Sludge still triumphant ! ' That a rap,  
 indeed ?  
 That, the real writing ? Very like a  
 whale !  
 Then, if, sir, you—a most distinguished  
 man,  
 And, were the Judge not here, I'd say,  
 . . . no matter !  
 Well, sir, if you fail, you can't take us  
 in,—  
 There 's little fear that Sludge will !'

Won't he, ma'am ?  
 But what if our distinguished host, like  
 Sludge,  
 Bade God bear witness that he played  
 no trick,  
 While you believed that what produced  
 the raps  
 Was just a certain child who died, you  
 know,  
 And whose last breath you thought  
 your lips had felt ?  
 Eh ? That 's a capital point, ma'am :  
 Sludge begins  
 At your entreaty with your dearest  
 dead,  
 The little voice set lisping once again,  
 The tiny hand made feel for yours once  
 more,  
 The poor lost image brought back, plain  
 as dreams,  
 Which image, if a word had chanced  
 recall,  
 The customary cloud would cross your  
 eyes,  
 Your heart return the old trick, pay its  
 pang !  
 A right mood for investigation, this !  
 One 's at one 's ease with Saul and  
 Jonathan,  
 Pompey and Cæsar : but one 's own  
 lost child . . .  
 I wonder, when you heard the first clod  
 drop  
 From the spadeful at the grave-side,  
 felt you free  
 To investigate who twitched your  
 funeral scarf

Or brushed your flounces ? Then, it  
 came of course,  
 You should be stunned and stupid ;  
 then, (how else ?)  
 Your breath stopped with your blood,  
 your brain struck work.  
 But now, such causes fail of such effects,  
 All's changed,—the little voice begins  
 afresh,  
 Yet you, calm, consequent, can test and  
 try  
 And touch the truth. ' Tests ? Didn't  
 the creature tell  
 Its nurse's name, and say it lived six  
 years,  
 And rode a rocking-horse ? Enough  
 of tests !  
 Sludge never could learn that !'

He could not, eh ?  
 You compliment him. ' Could not ?'  
 Speak for yourself !  
 I'd like to know the man I ever saw  
 Once,—never mind where, how, why,  
 when,—once saw,  
 Of whom I do not keep some matter in  
 mind  
 He'd swear I ' could not ' know,  
 sagacious soul !  
 What ? Do you live in this world's  
 blow of blacks,  
 Palaver, gossipry, a single hour  
 Nor find one smut has settled on your  
 nose,  
 Of a smut's worth, no more, no less ?—  
 one fact  
 Out of the drift of facts, whereby you  
 learn  
 What someone was, somewhere, some-  
 when, somewhy ?  
 You don't tell folk—' See what has  
 stuck to me !  
 Judge Humgruffin, our most dis-  
 tinguished man,  
 Your uncle was a tailor, and your  
 wife  
 Thought to have married Miggs, missed  
 him, hit you !'—  
 Do you, sir, though you see him twice  
 a-week ?  
 ' No,' you reply, ' what use retailing it ?  
 Why should I ?' But, you see, one  
 day you *should*,

Because one day there's much use,—  
 when this fact  
 Brings you the Judge upon both gouty  
 knees  
 Before the supernatural ; proves that  
 Sludge  
 Knows, as you say, a thing he ' could  
 not ' know :  
 Will not Sludge thenceforth keep an  
 outstretched face,  
 The way the wind drives ?

' Could not ' ! Look you now,  
 I'll tell you a story ! There's a  
 whiskered chap,  
 A foreigner, that teaches music here  
 And gets his bread,—knowing no better  
 way :  
 He says, the fellow who informed of  
 him  
 And made him fly his country and fall  
 West,  
 Was a hunchback cobbler, sat, stitched  
 soles and sang,  
 In some outlandish place, the city Rome,  
 In a cellar by their Broadway, all day  
 long ;  
 Never asked questions, stopped to listen  
 or look,  
 Nor lifted nose from lapstone ; let the  
 world  
 Roll round his three-legged stool, and  
 news run in  
 The ears he hardly seemed to keep  
 pricked up.  
 Well, that man went on Sundays,  
 touched his pay,  
 And took his praise from government,  
 you see ;  
 For something like two dollars every  
 week,  
 He'd engage tell you some one little  
 thing  
 Of some one man, which led to many  
 more,  
 (Because one truth leads right to the  
 world's end),  
 And make you that man's master—  
 when he dined  
 And on what dish, where walked to  
 keep his health  
 And to what street. His trade was,  
 throwing thus



His sense out, like an ant-eater's long  
tongue,  
Soft, innocent, warm, moist, impassible,  
And when 'twas crusted o'er with  
creatures—slick,  
Their juice enriched his palate. 'Could  
not Sludge !'

I'll go yet a step further, and main-  
tain,  
Once the imposture plunged its proper  
depth

In the rotten of your natures, all of  
you,—

(If one 's not mad nor drunk, and hardly  
then)

It's impossible to cheat—that's, be  
found out !

Go tell your brotherhood this first slip  
of mine,

All to-day's tale, how you detected  
Sludge,

Behaved unpleasantly, till he was fain  
confess,

And so has come to grief ! You'll find,  
I think,

Why Sludge still snaps his fingers in  
your face.

There now, you've told them ! What's  
their prompt reply ?

'Sir, did that youth confess he had  
cheated me,

I'd disbelieve him. He may cheat at  
times ;

That's in the "medium"-nature, thus  
they're made,

Vain and vindictive, cowards, prone to  
scratch.

And so all cats are ; still, a cat's the  
beast

You coax the strange electric sparks  
from out,

By rubbing back its fur ; not so a dog,  
Nor lion, nor lamb : 'tis the cat's  
nature, sir !

Why not the dog's ? Ask God, who  
made them beasts !

D'ye think the sound, the nicely-  
balanced man

(Like me'—aside)—'like you yourself,'  
—(aloud)

'—He's stuff to make a "medium" ?  
Bless your soul,

'Tis these hysteric, hybrid half-and-  
halfs,

Equivocal, worthless vermin yield the  
fire !

We must take such as we find them,  
'ware their tricks,

Wanting their service. Sir, Sludge  
took in you—

How, I can't say, not being there to  
watch :

He was tried, was tempted by your  
easiness,—

He did not take in me !'

Thank you for Sludge !

I'm to be grateful to such patrons, eh,  
When what you hear's my best word ?

'Tis a challenge ;

'Snap at all strangers, you half-tamed  
prairie-dog,

So you cower duly at your keeper's nod !  
Cat, show what claws were made for,

muffling them

Only to me ! Cheat others if you can,  
Me, if you dare !' And, my wise sir,

I dared—

Did cheat you first, made you cheat  
others next,

And had the help of your vaunted  
manliness

To bully the incredulous. You used  
me ?

Have not I used you, taken full revenge,  
Persuaded folk they knew not their own

name,

And straight they'd own the error !

Who was the fool

When, to an awe-struck, wide-eyed,  
open-mouthed

Circle of sages, Sludge would introduce  
Milton composing baby-rhymes, and

Locke

Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing  
Greek

In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting  
psalms

To crotchet and quaver ? I've made  
a spirit squeak

In sham voice for a minute, then out-  
broke

Bold in my own, defying the imbeciles—  
Have copied some ghost's pothooks,

half a page,

Then ended with my own scrawl  
 undisguised.  
 'All right! The ghost was merely  
 using Sludge,  
 Suiting itself from his imperfect stock!'  
 Don't talk of gratitude to me! For  
 what?  
 For being treated as a showman's ape,  
 Encouraged to be wicked and made  
 sport,  
 Fret or sulk, grin or whimper, any mood  
 So long as the ape be in it and no  
 man—  
 Because a nut pays every mood alike.  
 Curse your superior, superintending  
 sort,  
 Who, since you hate smoke, send up  
 boys that climb  
 To cure your chimney, bid a 'medium'  
 lie  
 To sweep you truth down! Curse your  
 women too,  
 Your insolent wives and daughters, that  
 fire up  
 Or faint away if a male hand squeeze  
 theirs,  
 Yet, to encourage Sludge, may play  
 with Sludge  
 As only a 'medium,' only the kind of  
 thing  
 They must humour, fondle . . . oh, to  
 misconceive  
 Were too preposterous! But I've paid  
 them out!  
 They've had their wish—called for the  
 naked truth,  
 And in she tripped, sat down and bade  
 them stare:  
 They had to blush a little and forgive!  
 'The fact is, children talk so; in next  
 world  
 All our conventions are reversed,—  
 perhaps  
 Made light of: something like old  
 prints, my dear!  
 The Judge has one, he brought from  
 Italy,  
 A metropolis in the background,—o'er  
 a bridge,  
 A team of trotting roadsters,—cheerful  
 groups  
 Of wayside travellers, peasants at their  
 work,

And, full in front, quite unconcerned,  
 why not?  
 Three nymphs conversing with a cava-  
 lier,  
 And never a rag among them: "fine,"  
 folk cry—  
 And heavenly manners seem not much  
 unlike!  
 Let Sludge go on; we'll fancy it's in  
 print!  
 If such as came for wool, sir, went home  
 shorn,  
 Where is the wrong I did them? 'Twas  
 their choice;  
 They tried the adventure, ran the risk,  
 tossed up  
 And lost, as some one's sure to do in  
 games;  
 They fancied I was 'made to lose,—  
 smoked glass  
 Useful to spy the sun through, spare  
 their eyes:  
 And had I proved a red-hot iron plate  
 They thought to pierce, and, for their  
 pains, grew blind,  
 Whose were the fault but theirs?  
 While, as things go,  
 Their loss amounts to gain, the more's  
 the shame!  
 They've had their peep into the spirit-  
 world,  
 And all this world may know it!  
 They've fed fat  
 Their self-conceit which else had  
 starved: what chance  
 Save this, of cackling o'er a golden egg  
 And compassing distinction from the  
 flock,  
 Friends of a feather? Well, they paid  
 for it,  
 And not prodigiously; the price o' the  
 play,  
 Not counting certain pleasant inter-  
 ludes,  
 Was scarce a vulgar play's worth.  
 When you buy  
 The actor's talent, do you dare propose  
 For his soul beside? Whereas, my  
 soul you buy!  
 Sludge acts Macbeth, obliged to be  
 Macbeth,  
 Or you will not hear his first word!  
 Just go through

That slight formality, swear himself's  
the Thane,  
And thenceforth he may strut and fret  
his hour,  
Spout, spawl, or spin his target, no one  
cares !  
Why hadn't I leave to play tricks,  
Sludge as Sludge ?  
Enough of it all ! I've wiped out scores  
with you—  
Vented your fustian, let myself be  
streaked  
Like a tom-fool with your ochre and  
carmine,  
Worn patchwork your respectable  
fingers sewed  
To metamorphose somebody,—yes,  
I've earned  
My wages, swallowed down my bread  
of shame,  
And shake the crumbs off—where but  
in your face ?

As for religion—why, I served it, sir !  
I'll stick to that ! With my *phenomena*  
I laid the atheist sprawling on his  
back,  
And propped Saint Paul up, or, at  
least, Swedenborg !  
In fact, it's just the proper way to balk  
These troublesome fellows—liars, one  
and all,  
Are not these sceptics ? Well, to baffle  
them,  
No use in being squeamish : lie your-  
self !  
Erect your buttress just as wide o' the  
line,  
Your side, as they've built up the wall  
on theirs ;  
Where both meet, midway in a point,  
is truth,  
High overhead : so, take your room,  
pile bricks,  
Lie ! Oh, there's titillation in all shame !  
What snow may lose in white, it gains  
in rose :  
Miss Stokes turns—Rahab,—nor a bad  
exchange !  
Glory be on her, for the good she  
wrought,  
Breeding belief anew 'neath ribs of  
death,

Brow-beating now the unabashed  
before,  
Ridding us of their whole life's gathered  
straws  
By a live coal from the altar ! Why,  
of old,  
Great men spent years and years in  
writing books  
To prove we've souls, and hardly proved  
it then :  
Miss Stokes with her live coal, for you  
and me !  
Surely, to this good issue, all was fair—  
Not only fondling Sludge, but, even  
suppose  
He let escape some spice of knavery,—  
well,  
In wisely being blind to it ! Don't you  
praise  
Nelson for setting spy-glass to blind eye  
And saying . . . what was it—that he  
could not see  
The signal he was bothered with ?  
Ay, indeed !

I'll go beyond : there's a real love of  
a lie,  
Liars find ready-made for lies they  
make,  
As hand for glove, or tongue for sugar-  
plum.  
At best, 'tis never pure and full belief ;  
Those furthest in the quagmire,—don't  
suppose  
They strayed there with no warning, got  
no chance  
Of a filth-speck in their face, which they  
clenched teeth,  
Bent brow against ! Be sure they had  
their doubts,  
And fears, and fairest challenges to try  
The floor o' the seeming solid sand !  
But no !  
Their faith was pledged, acquaintance  
too apprised,  
All but the last step ventured, kerchiefs  
waved,  
And Sludge called 'pet' : 'twas easier  
marching on  
To the promised land ; join those who,  
Thursday next,  
Meant to meet Shakespeare ; better  
follow Sludge—

Prudent, oh sure!—on the alert, how else?  
 But making for the mid-bog, all the same!  
 To hear your outcries, one would think I caught  
 Miss Stokes by the scuff o' the neck, and pitched her flat,  
 Foolish-face-foremost! Hear these simpletons,  
 That's all I beg, before my work's begun,  
 Before I've touched them with my finger-tip!  
 Thus they await me (do but listen, now!  
 It's reasoning, this is,—I can't imitate  
 The baby voice, though) 'In so many tales  
 Must be some truth, truth though a pin-point big,  
 Yet, some: a single man's deceived, perhaps—  
 Hardly, a thousand: to suppose one cheat  
 Can gull all these, were more miraculous far  
 Than aught we should confess a miracle'—  
 And so on. Then the Judge sums up—  
 (it's rare)—  
 Bids you respect the authorities that leap  
 To the judgment-seat at once,—why, don't you note  
 The limpid nature, the unblemished life,  
 The spotless honour, indisputable sense  
 Of the first upstart with his story?  
 What—  
 Outrage a boy on whom you ne'er till now  
 Set eyes, because he finds raps trouble him?  
 Fools, these are: ay, and how of their opposites  
 Who never did, at bottom of their hearts,  
 Believe for a moment?—Men emasculate,  
 Blank of belief, who played, as eunuchs use,  
 With superstition safely,—cold of blood,

Who saw what made for them in the mystery,  
 Took their occasion, and supported Sludge  
 —As proselytes? No, thank you, far too shrewd!  
 —But promisers of fair play, encouragers  
 Of the claimant; who in candour needs must hoist  
 Sludge up on Mars' Hill, get speech out of Sludge  
 To carry off, criticize, and cant about!  
 Didn't Athens treat Saint Paul so?—  
 at any rate,  
 It's 'a new thing,' philosophy fumbles at.  
 Then there's the other picker-out of pearl  
 From dung-heaps,—ay, your literary man,  
 Who draws on his kid gloves to deal with Sludge  
 Daintily and discreetly,—shakes a dust  
 Of the doctrine, flavours thence, he well knows how.  
 The narrative or the novel,—half-believes,  
 All for the book's sake, and the public's stare,  
 And the cash that's God's sole solid in this world!  
 Look at him! Try to be too bold, too gross  
 For the master! Not you! He's the man for muck;  
 Shovel it forth, full-splash, he'll smooth your brown  
 Into artistic richness, never fear!  
 Find him the crude stuff; when you recognize  
 Your lie again, you'll doff your hat to it,  
 Dressed out for company! 'For company,'  
 I say, since there's the relish of success:  
 Let all pay due respect, call the lie truth,  
 Save the soft silent smirking gentleman  
 Who ushered in the stranger: you must sigh  
 'How melancholy, he, the only one,  
 Fails to perceive the bearing of the truth

Himself gave birth to !'—There's the triumph's smack !  
 That man would choose to see the whole world roll  
 I' the slime o' the slough, so he might touch the tip  
 Of his brush with what I call the best of browns—  
 Tint ghost-tales, spirit-stories, past the power  
 Of the outworn umber and bistre !

Yet I think

There's a more hateful form of foolery—  
 The social sage's, Solomon of saloons  
 And philosophic diner-out, the fribble  
 Who wants a doctrine for a chopping-block

To try the edge of his faculty upon,  
 Prove how much common sense he'll hack and hew

In the critical minute 'twixt the soup and fish !

These were my patrons : these, and the like of them

Who, rising in my soul now, sicken it,—  
 These I have injured ! Gratitude to these ?

The gratitude, forsooth, of a prostitute  
 To the greenhorn and the bully—  
 friends of hers,

From the wag that wants the queer jokes for his club,

To the snuff-box-decorator, honest man,

Who just was at his wits' end where to find

So genial a Pasiphae ! All and each  
 Pay, compliment, protect from the police,

And how she hates them for their pains,  
 like me !

So much for my remorse at thanklessness

Toward a deserving public !

But, for God ?

Ay, that's a question ! Well, sir, since  
 you press—

(How you do tease the whole thing out  
 of me !

I don't mean you, you know, when I say  
 'them' :

Hate you, indeed ! But that Miss  
 Stokes, that Judge !

Enough, enough—with sugar : thank  
 you, sir !)

Now for it, then ! Will you believe me,  
 though ?

You've heard what I confess ; I don't  
 unsay

A single word : I cheated when I could,  
 Rapped with my toe-joints, set sham  
 hands at work,

Wrote down names weak in sym-  
 pathetic ink,

Rubbed odic lights with ends of  
 phosphor-match,

And all the rest ; believe that : believe  
 this,

By the same token, though it seem to set  
 The crooked straight again, unsay the  
 said,

Stick up what I've thrown down ; I  
 can't help that :

It's truth ! I somehow vomit truth  
 to-day.

This trade of mine—I don't know, can't  
 be sure

But there was something in it, tricks  
 and all !

Really, I want to light up my own mind.  
 They were tricks,—true, but what I  
 mean to add

Is also true. First,—don't it strike you,  
 sir ?

Go back to the beginning,—the first fact  
 We're taught is, there's a world beside  
 this world,

With spirits, not mankind, for tenantry ;  
 That much within that world once  
 sojourned here,

That all upon this world will travel  
 there,

And therefore that we, bodily here  
 below,

Must have exactly such an interest  
 In learning what may be the ways o'  
 the world

Above us, as the disembodied folk  
 Have (by all analogic likelihood)  
 In watching how things go in the old  
 world

With us, their sons, successors, and  
 what not.

Oh, yes, with added powers probably,



Fit for the novel state,—old loves grown pure,  
 Old interests understood aright,—they watch !  
 Eyes to see, ears to hear, and hands to help,  
 Proportionate to advancement: they're ahead,  
 That's all—do what we do, but noblier done—  
 Use plate, whereas we eat our meals off delf,  
 (To use a figure.)

Concede that, and I ask  
 Next, what may be the mode of inter-  
 course  
 Between us men here, and those once-  
 men there ?  
 First comes the Bible's speech ; then,  
 history  
 With the supernatural element,—you  
 know—  
 All that we sucked in with our mothers'  
 milk,  
 Grew up with, got inside of us at last,  
 Till it's found bone of bone and flesh of  
 flesh.  
 See now, we start with the miraculous,  
 And know it used to be, at all events :  
 What's the first step we take, and  
 can't but take,  
 In arguing from the known to the  
 obscure ?  
 Why this : 'What was before, may be  
 to-day.  
 Since Samuel's ghost appeared to Saul,  
 —of course  
 My brother's spirit may appear to me.'  
 Go tell your teacher that ! 'What's his  
 reply ?  
 What brings a shade of doubt for the  
 first time  
 O'er his brow late so luminous with  
 faith ?  
 'Such things have been,' says he, 'and  
 there's no doubt  
 Such things may be: but I advise  
 mistrust  
 Of eyes, ears, stomach, and, more than  
 all, your brain,  
 Unless it be of your great-grandmother,  
 Whenever they propose a ghost to you !'

The end is, there's a composition  
 struck ;  
 'Tis settled, we've some way of inter-  
 course  
 Just as in Saul's time ; only, different :  
 How, when and where, precisely,—find  
 it out !  
 I want to know, then, what's so natural  
 As that a person born into this world  
 And seized on by such teaching, should  
 begin  
 With firm expectancy and a frank look-  
 out  
 For his own allotment, his especial share  
 In the secret,—his particular ghost, in  
 fine ?  
 I mean, a person born to look that way,  
 Since natures differ: take the painter-  
 sort,  
 One man lives fifty years in ignorance  
 Whether grass be green or red,—'No  
 kind of eye  
 For colour,' say you; while another  
 picks  
 And puts away even pebbles, when a  
 child,  
 Because of bluish spots and pinky  
 veins—  
 'Give him forthwith a paint-box !'  
 Just the same  
 Was I born . . . 'medium,' you won't  
 let me say,—  
 Well, seer of the supernatural  
 Everywhen, everyhow and every-  
 where,—  
 Will that do ?

I and all such boys of course  
 Started with the same stock of Bible-  
 truth ;  
 Only,—what in the rest you style their  
 sense,  
 Instinct, blind reasoning but imperative,  
 This, betimes, taught them the old  
 world had one law  
 And ours another: 'New world, new  
 laws,' cried they:  
 'None but old laws, seen everywhere  
 at work,'  
 Cried I, and by their help explained my  
 life  
 The Jews' way, still a working way to  
 me.

Ghosts made the noises, fairies waved  
the lights,  
Or Santa Claus slid down on New  
Year's Eve  
And stuffed with cakes the stocking at  
my bed,  
Changed the worn shoes, rubbed clean  
the fingered slate  
Of the sum that came to grief the day  
before.

This could not last long : soon enough  
I found  
Who had worked wonders thus, and to  
what end :  
But did I find all easy, like my mates ?  
Henceforth no supernatural any more ?  
Not a whit : what projects the billiard-  
balls ?

'A cue,' you answer : 'Yes, a cue,'  
said I ;  
'But what hand, off the cushion, moved  
the cue ?

What unseen agency, outside the world,  
Prompted its puppets to do this and  
that,

Put cakes and shoes and slates into  
their mind,

These mothers and aunts, nay even  
schoolmasters ?'

Thus high I sprang, and there have  
settled since.

Just so I reason, in sober earnest  
still,

About the greater godsend, what you  
call

The serious gains and losses of my life.  
What do I know or care about your  
world

Which either is or seems to be ? This  
snap

Of my fingers, sir ! My care is for my-  
self ;

Myself am whole and sole reality  
Inside a raree-show and a market-mob  
Gathered about it : that's the use of  
things.

'Tis easy saying they serve vast pur-  
poses,

Advantage their grand selves : be it  
true or false,

Each thing may have two uses. What's  
a star ?

A world, or a world's sun : doesn't it  
serve

As taper also, time-piece, weather-glass,  
And almanac ? Are stars not set for  
signs

When we should shear our sheep, sow  
corn, prune trees ?

The Bible says so.

Well, I add one use

To all the acknowledged uses, and  
declare

If I spy Charles's Wain at twelve to-  
night,

It warns me, 'Go, nor lose another day,  
And have your hair cut, Sludge !' You  
laugh : and why ?

Were such a sign too hard for God to  
give ?

No : but Sludge seems too little for  
such grace :

Thank you, sir ! So you think, so does  
not Sludge !

When you and good men gape at  
Providence,

Go into history and bid us mark

Not merely powder-plots prevented,  
crowns

Kept on kings' heads by miracle enough,  
But private mercies—oh, you've told  
me, sir,

Of such interpositions ! How yourself  
Once, missing on a memorable day

Your handkerchief—just setting out,  
you know,—

You must return to fetch it, lost the  
train,

And saved your precious self from what  
befell

The thirty-three whom Providence  
forgot.

You tell, and ask me what I think of  
this ?

Well, sir, I think then, since you needs  
must know,

What matter had you and Boston city  
to boot

Sailed skyward, like burnt onion-peel-  
ings ? Much

To you, no doubt : for me — un-  
doubtedly

The cutting of my hair concerns me  
more,

Because, however sad the truth may seem,  
 Sludge is of all-importance to himself.  
 You set apart that day in every year  
 For special thanksgiving, were a heathen else:  
 Well, I who cannot boast the like escape,  
 Suppose I said 'I don't thank Providence  
 For my part, owing it no gratitude?'  
 'Nay, but you owe as much'—you'd tutor me,  
 'You, every man alive, for blessings gained  
 In every hour of the day, could you but know!  
 I saw my crowning mercy: all have such,  
 Could they but see!' Well, sir, why don't they see?  
 'Because they won't look,—or perhaps, they can't.'  
 Then, sir, suppose I can, and will, and do  
 Look, microscopically as is right,  
 Into each hour with its infinitude  
 Of influences at work to profit Sludge?  
 For that's the case: I've sharpened up my sight  
 To spy a providence in the fire's going out,  
 The kettle's boiling, the dime's sticking fast  
 Despite the hole i' the pocket. Call such facts  
 Fancies, too petty a work for Providence,  
 And those same thanks which you exact from me,  
 Prove too prodigious payment: thanks for what,  
 If nothing guards and guides us little men?  
 No, no, sir! You must put away your pride,  
 Resolve to let Sludge into partnership!  
 I live by signs and omens: looked at the roof  
 Where the pigeons settle—'If the further bird,  
 The white, takes wing first, I'll confess when thrashed;  
 Not, if the blue does'—so I said to myself

Last week, lest you should take me by surprise:  
 Off flapped the white,—and I'm confessing, sir!  
 Perhaps 'tis Providence's whim and way  
 With only me, in the world: how can you tell?  
 'Because unlikely!' Was it likelier, now,  
 That this our one out of all worlds beside,  
 The what-d'you-call-'em millions, should be just  
 Precisely chosen to make Adam for,  
 And the rest o' the tale? Yet the tale's true, you know:  
 Such undeserving clod was graced so once;  
 Why not graced likewise undeserving Sludge?  
 Are we merit-mongers, flaunt we filthy rags?  
 All you can bring against my privilege  
 Is, that another way was taken with you,—  
 Which I don't question. It's pure grace, my luck.  
 I'm broken to the way of nods and winks,  
 And need no formal summoning. You've a help;  
 Holloa his name or whistle, clap your hands,  
 Stamp with your foot or pull the bell: all's one,  
 He understands you want him, here he comes.  
 Just so, I come at the knocking: you, sir, wait  
 The tongue of the bell, nor stir before you catch  
 Reason's clear tingle, nature's clapper brisk,  
 Or that traditional peal was wont to cheer  
 Your mother's face turned heavenward: short of these  
 There's no authentic intimation, eh?  
 Well, when you hear, you'll answer them, start up  
 And stride into the presence, top of toe,  
 And there find Sludge beforehand,  
 Sludge that sprung

At noise o' the knuckle on the partition-wall !  
 I think myself the more religious man.  
 Religion 's all or nothing ; it 's no mere smile  
 Of contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—  
 No quality of the finelier-tempered clay  
 Like its whiteness or its lightness ;  
 rather, stuff  
 Of the very stuff, life of life, self of self.  
 I tell you, men won't notice ; when they do,  
 They'll understand. I notice nothing else,  
 I'm eyes, ears, mouth of me, one gaze and gape,  
 Nothing eludes me, everything 's a hint,  
 Handle and help. It 's all absurd, and yet  
 There 's something in it all, I know : how much ?  
 No answer ! What does that prove ?  
 Man 's still man,  
 Still meant for a poor blundering piece of work  
 When all 's done ; but, if somewhat 's done, like this,  
 Or not done, is the case the same ?  
 Suppose  
 I blunder in my guess at the true sense  
 Of the knuckle-summons, nine times out of ten,—  
 What if the tenth guess happen to be right ?  
 If the tenth shovel-load of powdered quartz  
 Yield me the nugget ? I gather, crush, sift all,  
 Pass o'er the failure, pounce on the success.  
 To give you a notion, now—(let who wins, laugh !)  
 When first I see a man, what do I first ?  
 Why, count the letters which make up his name,  
 And as their number chances, even or odd,  
 Arrive at my conclusion, trim my course :  
 Hiram H. Horsefall is your honoured name,  
 And haven't I found a patron, sir, in you ?

' Shall I cheat this stranger ? ' I take apple-pips,  
 Stick one in either *canthus* of my eye,  
 And if the left drops first—(your left, sir, stuck)  
 I'm warned, I let the trick alone this time.  
 You, sir, who smile, superior to such trash,  
 You judge of character by other rules :  
 Don't your rules sometimes fail you ?  
 Pray, what rule  
 Have you judged Sludge by hitherto ?

Oh, be sure,  
 You, everybody blunders, just as I,  
 In simpler things than these by far !  
 For see :  
 I knew two farmers,—one, a wiseacre,  
 Who studied seasons, rummaged almanacs,  
 Quoted the dew-point, registered the frost,  
 And then declared, for outcome of his pains,  
 Next summer must be dampish : 'twas a drought.  
 His neighbour prophesied such drought would fall,  
 Saved hay and corn, made cent. per cent. thereby,  
 And proved a sage indeed : how came his lore ?  
 Because one brindled heifer, late in March,  
 Stiffened her tail of evenings, and somehow  
 He got into his head that drought was meant !  
 I don't expect all men can do as much :  
 Such kissing goes by favour. You must take  
 A certain turn of mind for this,—a twist  
 I' the flesh, as well. Be lazily alive,  
 Open-mouthed, like my friend the ant-eater,  
 Letting all nature's loosely-guarded notes  
 Settle and, slick, be swallowed ! Think yourself  
 The one i' the world, the one for whom the world

Was made, expect it tickling at your mouth !

Then will the swarm of busy buzzing flies,

Clouds of coincidence, break egg-shell, thrive,

Breed, multiply, and bring you food enough.

I can't pretend to mind your smiling, sir !

Oh, what you mean is this ! Such intimate way,

Close converse, frank exchange of offices, Strict sympathy of the immeasurably great

With the infinitely small, betokened here By a course of signs and omens, raps and sparks,—

How does it suit the dread traditional text

Of the 'Great and Terrible Name' ?

Shall the Heaven of Heavens Stoop to such child's-play ?

Please, sir, go with me A moment, and I'll try to answer you. The '*Magnum et terribile*' (is that right ?)

Well, folk began with this in the early day ;

And all the acts they recognized in proof Were thunders, lightnings, earthquakes, whirlwinds, dealt

Indisputably on men whose death they caused.

There, and there only, folk saw Providence

At work,—and seeing it, 'twas right enough

All heads should tremble, hands wring hands amain,

And knees knock hard together at the breath

Of the Name's first letter ; why, the Jews, I'm told,

Won't write it down, no, to this very hour,

Nor speak aloud : you know best if't be so.

Each ague-fit of fear at end, they crept (Because somehow people once born must live)

Out of the sound, sight, swing and sway of the Name,

Into a corner, the dark rest of the world, And safe space where as yet no fear had reached ;

'Twas there they looked about them, breathed again,

And felt indeed at home, as we might say.

The current of common things, the daily life,

This had their due contempt ; no Name pursued

Man from the mountain-top where fires abide,

To his particular mouse-hole at its foot Where he ate, drank, digested, lived in short :

Such was man's vulgar business, far too small

To be worth thunder : 'small,' folk kept on, 'small,'

With much complacency in those great days !

A mote of sand, you know, a blade of grass—

What was so despicable as mere grass, Except perhaps the life of the worm or fly

Which fed there ? These were 'small' and men were great.

Well, sir, the old way's altered somewhat since,

And the world wears another aspect now :

Somebody turns our spyglass round, or else

Puts a new lens in it : grass, worm, fly grow big :

We find great things are made of little things,

And little things go lessening till at last Comes God behind them. Talk of mountains now ?

We talk of mould that heaps the mountain, mites

That throng the mould, and God that makes the mites.

The Name comes close behind a stomach-cyst,

The simplest of creations, just a sac That's mouth, heart, legs and belly at once, yet lives



And feels, and could do neither, we conclude,  
 If simplified still further one degree :  
 The small becomes the dreadful and immense !  
 Lightning, forsooth ? No word more upon that !  
 A tin-foil bottle, a strip of greasy silk,  
 With a bit of wire and knob of brass,  
 and there's  
 Your dollar's-worth of lightning ! But the cyst—  
 The life of the least of the little things ?

No, no !

Preachers and teachers try another tack,  
 Come near the truth this time : they put aside

Thunder and lightning : 'That's mistake,' they cry,

'Thunderbolts fall for neither fright nor sport,

But do appreciable good, like tides,  
 Changes of the wind, and other natural facts—

"Good" meaning 'good to man, his body or soul.

Mediate, immediate, all things minister  
 To man,—that's settled : be our future text

"We are His children !" ' So, they now harangue

About the intention, the contrivance, all  
 That keeps up an incessant play of love,—

See the Bridgewater book.

Amen to it !

Well, sir, I put this question : I'm a child ?

I lose no time, but take you at your word :

How shall I act a child's part properly ?  
 Your sainted mother, sir,—used you to live

With such a thought as this a-worrying you ?

'She has it in her power to throttle me,  
 Or stab or poison : she may turn me out,  
 Or lock me in,—nor stop at this, to-day,  
 But cut me off to-morrow from the estate

I look for'—(long may you enjoy it, sir !)

'In brief, she may unchild the child I am.'

You never had such crotchets ? Nor have I !

Who, frank confessing childship from the first,

Cannot both fear and take my ease at once,

So, don't fear,—know what might be, well enough,

But know too, child-like, that it will not be,

At least in my case, mine, the son and heir

Of the kingdom, as yourself proclaim my style.

But do you fancy I stop short at this ?

Wonder if suit and service, sons and heirs

Needs must expect, I dare pretend to find ?

If, looking for signs proper to such an one,

I straight perceive them irresistible ?

Concede that homage is a son's plain right,

And, never mind the nods and raps and winks,

'Tis the pure obvious supernatural  
 Steps forward, does its duty : why, of course !

I have presentiments ; my dreams come true :

I fancy a friend stands whistling all in white

Blithe as a boblink, and he's dead I learn.

I take dislike to a dog my favourite long,  
 And sell him ; he goes mad next week and snaps.

I guess that stranger will turn up to-day

I have not seen these three years ; there's his knock.

I wager 'sixty peaches on that tree !'—

That I pick up a dollar in my walk,  
 That your wife's brother's cousin's name was George—

And win on all points. Oh, you wince at this ?

You'd fain distinguish between gift and gift,

Washington's oracle and Sludge's itch  
O' the elbow when at whist he ought to  
trump ?

With Sludge it's too absurd ? *Fine,*  
*draw the line*

*Somewhere, but, sir, your somewhere is*  
*not mine !*

Bless us, I'm turning poet ! It's time  
to end.

How you have drawn me out, sir ! All  
I ask

Is—am I heir or not heir ? If I'm he,  
Then, sir, remember, that same per-  
sonage

(To judge by what we read in the news-  
paper)

Requires, beside one nobleman in gold  
To carry up and down his coronet,  
Another servant, probably a duke,  
To hold egg-nogg in readiness : why  
want

Attendance, sir, when helps in his  
father's house

About, I'd like to know ?

Enough of talk !

My fault is that I tell too plain a truth.  
Why, which of those who say they  
disbelieve,

Your clever people, but has dreamed  
his dream,

Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his  
fact

He can't explain, (he'll tell you smil-  
ingly)

Which he's too much of a philosopher  
To count as supernatural, indeed,  
So calls a puzzle and problem, proud  
of it :

Bidding you still be on your guard, you  
know,

Because one fact don't make a system  
stand,

Nor prove this an occasional escape  
Of spirit beneath the matter : that's  
the way !

Just so wild Indians picked up, piece by  
piece,

The fact in California, the fine gold  
That underlay the gravel—hoarded  
these,

But never made a system stand, nor  
dug !

So wise men hold out in each hollowed  
palm

A handful of experience, sparkling fact  
They can't explain ; and since their  
rest of life

Is all explainable, what proof in this ?  
Whereas I take the fact, the grain of  
gold,

And fling away the dirty rest of life,  
And add this grain to the grain each  
fool has found

Of the million other such philosophers,—  
Till I see gold, all gold and only gold,  
Truth questionless though unexplain-  
able,

And the miraculous proved the common-  
place !

The other fools believed in mud, no  
doubt—

Failed to know gold they saw : was  
that so strange ?

Are all men born to play Bach's fiddle-  
fugues,

'Time' with the foil in carte, jump  
their own height,

Cut the mutton with the broadsword,  
skate a five,

Make the red hazard with the cue, clip  
nails

While swimming, in five minutes row  
a mile,

Pull themselves three feet up with the  
left arm,

Do sums of fifty figures in their head,  
And so on, by the scores of instances ?

The Sludge with luck, who sees the  
spiritual facts,

His fellows strive and fail to see, may  
rank

With these, and share the advantage !

Ay, but share

The drawback ! Think it over by  
yourself ;

I have not heart, sir, and the fire's gone  
grey.

Defect somewhere compensates for  
success,

Everyone knows that ! Oh, we're  
equals, sir !

The big-legged fellow has a little arm  
And a less brain, though big legs win  
the race :

Do you suppose I 'scape the common  
lot ?  
Say, I was born with flesh so sensitive,  
Soul so alert, that, practice helping both,  
I guess what 's going on outside the veil,  
Just as a prisoned crane feels pairing-  
time  
In the islands where his kind are, so  
must fall  
To capering by himself some shiny night,  
As if your back-yard were a plot of  
spice—  
Thus am I 'ware of the spirit-world :  
while you,  
Blind as a beetle that way,—for amends,  
Why, you can double fist and floor me,  
sir !  
Ride that hot, hardmouthed, horrid  
horse of yours,  
Laugh while it lightens, play with the  
great dog,  
Speak your mind though it vex some  
friend to hear,  
Never brag, never bluster, never  
blush,—  
In short, you've pluck, when I'm a  
coward—there !  
I know it, I can't help it,—folly or no,  
I'm paralyzed, my hand's no more  
a hand,  
Nor my head, a head, in danger : you  
can smile  
And change the pipe in your cheek.  
Your gift's not mine.  
Would you swap for mine ? No ! but  
you'd add my gift  
To yours : I dare say ! I too sigh at  
times,  
Wish I were stouter, could tell truth  
nor flinch,  
Kept cool when threatened, did not  
mind so much  
Being dressed gaily, making strangers  
stare,  
Eating nice things ; when I'd amuse  
myself,  
I shut my eyes and fancy in my brain  
I'm—now the President, now, Jenny  
Lind,  
Now, Emerson, now, the Benicia Boy—  
With all the civilized world a-wondering  
And worshipping ! I know it's folly  
and worse :

I feel such tricks sap, honeycomb the  
soul,  
But I can't cure myself,—despond,  
despair,  
And then, hey, presto, there's a turn  
of the wheel,  
Under comes uppermost, fate makes  
full amends ;  
Sludge knows and sees and hears a  
hundred things  
You all are blind to,—I've my taste of  
truth,  
Likewise my touch of falsehood,—vice  
no doubt,  
But you've your vices also : I'm con-  
tent.  
What, sir ? You won't shake hands ?  
'Because I cheat !  
You've found me out in cheating !'  
That's enough  
To make an apostle swear ! Why,  
when I cheat,  
*Mean to cheat, do cheat, and am caught  
in the act,*  
*Are you, or rather, am I sure of the fact ?*  
(There's verse again, but I'm inspired  
somehow.)  
Well then, I'm not sure ! I may be,  
perhaps,  
Free as a babe from cheating : how it  
began,  
My gift,—no matter ; what 'tis got to be  
In the end now, that's the question :  
answer that !  
Had I seen, perhaps, what hand was  
holding mine,  
Leading me whither, I had died of fright,  
So, I was made believe I led myself.  
If I should lay a six-inch plank from  
roof  
To roof, you would not cross the street,  
one step,  
Even at your mother's summons : but,  
being shrewd,  
If I paste paper on each side of the plank  
And swear 'tis solid pavement, why,  
you'll cross  
Humming a tune the while, in ignorance  
Beacon Street stretches a hundred feet  
below :  
I walked thus, took the paper-cheat for  
stone.

Some impulse made me set a thing on  
the move  
Which, started once, ran really by  
itself;  
Beer flows thus, suck the siphon; toss  
the kite,  
It takes the wind and floats of its own  
force.  
Don't let truth's lump rot stagnant for  
the lack  
Of a timely helpful lie to leaven it!  
Put a chalk-egg beneath the clucking  
hen,  
She'll lay a real one, laudably deceived,  
Daily for weeks to come. I've told my  
lie,  
And seen truth follow, marvels none  
of mine;  
All was not cheating, sir, I'm positive!  
I don't know if I move your hand  
sometimes  
When the spontaneous writing spreads  
so far,  
If my knee lifts the table all that height,  
Why the inkstand don't fall off the desk  
a-tilt,  
Why the accordion plays a prettier  
waltz  
Than I can pick out on the piano-forte,  
Why I speak so much more than I first  
intend,  
Describe so many things I never saw.  
I tell you, sir, in one sense, I believe  
Nothing at all,—that everybody can,  
Will, and does cheat: but in another  
sense  
I'm ready to believe my very self—  
That every cheat's inspired, and every  
lie  
Quick with a germ of truth.

You ask perhaps

Why I should condescend to trick at all  
If I know a way without it? This is  
why!  
There's a strange secret sweet self-  
sacrifice  
In any desecration of one's soul  
To a worthy end,—isn't it Herodotus  
(I wish I could read Latin!) who de-  
scribes  
The single gift of the land's virginity,  
Demanded in those old Egyptian rites,

(I've but a hazy notion—help me, sir!)  
For one purpose in the world, one day  
in a life,  
One hour in the day—thereafter, purity,  
And a veil thrown o'er the past for  
evermore!  
Well now, they understood a many  
things  
Down by Nile city, or wherever it was!  
I've always vowed, after the minute's lie,  
And the good end's gain,—truth should  
be mine henceforth.  
This goes to the root of the matter, sir,  
—this plain  
Plump fact: accept it and unlock with it  
The wards of many a puzzle!

Or, finally,

Why should I set so fine a gloss on  
things?  
What need I care? I cheat in self-  
defence,  
And there's my answer to a world of  
cheats!  
Cheat? To be sure, sir! What's the  
world worth else?  
Who takes it as he finds, and thanks  
his stars?  
Don't it want trimming, turning, fur-  
bishing up  
And polishing over? Your so-styled  
great men,  
Do they accept one truth as truth is  
found,  
Or try their skill at tinkering? What's  
your world?  
Here are you born, who are, I'll say  
at once,  
One of the luckiest whether in head  
and heart,  
Body and soul, or all that helps the  
same.  
Well, now, look back: what faculty of  
yours  
Came to its full, had ample justice done  
By growing when rain fell, biding its  
time,  
Solidifying growth when earth was  
dead,  
Spirling up, broadening wide, in seasons  
due?  
Never! You shot up and frost nipped  
you off,

Settled to sleep when sunshine bade  
 you sprout ;  
 One faculty thwarted its fellow : at  
 the end,  
 All you boast is, 'I had proved a  
 topping tree  
 In other climes'—yet this was the  
 right clime  
 Had you foreknown the seasons.  
 Young, you've force  
 Wasted like well-streams : old,—oh,  
 then indeed,  
 Behold a labyrinth of hydraulic pipes  
 Through which you'd play off wondrous  
 waterwork ;  
 Only, no water left to feed their play !  
 Young,—you've a hope, an aim, a love ;  
 it's tossed  
 And crossed and lost : you struggle on,  
 some spark  
 Shut in your heart against the puffs  
 around,  
 Through cold and pain ; these in due  
 time subside,  
 Now then for age's triumph, the hoarded  
 light  
 You mean to loose on the altered face of  
 things,—  
 Up with it on the tripod ! It's extinct.  
 Spend your life's remnant asking, which  
 was best,  
 Light smothered up that never peeped  
 forth once,  
 Or the cold cresset with full leave to  
 shine ?  
 Well, accept this too,—seek the fruit  
 of it  
 Not in enjoyment, proved a dream on  
 earth,  
 But knowledge, useful for a second  
 chance,  
 Another life,—you've lost this world—  
 you've gained  
 Its knowledge for the next.—What  
 knowledge, sir,  
 Except that you know nothing ? Nay,  
 you doubt  
 Whether 'twere better have made you  
 man or brute,  
 If aught be true, if good and evil  
 clash.  
 No foul, no fair, no inside, no outside,  
 There's your world !

Give it me ! I slap it brisk  
 With harlequin's pasteboard sceptre :  
 what's it now ?  
 Changed like a rock-flat, rough with  
 rusty weed,  
 At first wash-over of the returning wave  
 All the dry, dead, impracticable stuff  
 Starts into life and light again ; this  
 world  
 Pervaded by the influx from the next.  
 I cheat, and what's the happy con-  
 sequence ?  
 You find full justice straightway dealt  
 you out,  
 Each want supplied, each ignorance set  
 at ease,  
 Each folly fooled. No life-long labour  
 now  
 As the price of worse than nothing !  
 No mere film  
 Holding you chained in iron, as it seems,  
 Against the outstretch of your very arms  
 And legs in the sunshine moralists for-  
 bid !  
 What would you have ? Just speak  
 and, there, you see !  
 You're supplemented, made a whole  
 at last,  
 Bacon advises, Shakespeare writes you  
 songs,  
 And Mary Queen of Scots embraces you.  
 Thus it goes on, not quite like life  
 perhaps,  
 But so near, that the very difference  
 piques,  
 Shows that e'en better than this best  
 will be—  
 This passing entertainment in a hut  
 Whose bare walls take your taste since,  
 one stage more,  
 And you arrive at the palace : all half  
 real,  
 And you, to suit it, less than real beside,  
 In a dream, lethargic kind of death in  
 life,  
 That helps the interchange of natures,  
 flesh  
 Transfused by souls, and such souls !  
 Oh, 'tis choice !  
 And if at whiles the bubble, blown too  
 thin,  
 Seem nigh on bursting,—if you nearly  
 see



The real world through the false,—  
 what *do* you see ?  
 Is the old so ruined ? You find you're  
 in a flock  
 Of the youthful, earnest, passionate—  
 genius, beauty,  
 Rank and wealth also, if you care for  
 these,  
 And all depose their natural rights, hail  
 you,  
 (That 's me, sir) as their mate and yoke-  
 fellow,  
 Participate in Sludgehood—nay, grow  
 mine,  
 I veritably possess them—banish doubt,  
 And reticence and modesty alike !  
 Why, here 's the Golden Age, old  
 Paradise  
 Or new Eutopia ! Here is life indeed,  
 And the world well won now, yours for  
 the first time !  
 And all this might be, may be, and with  
 good help  
 Of a little lying shall be : so, Sludge lies !  
 Why, he 's at worst your poet who sings  
 how Greeks  
 That never were, in Troy which never  
 was,  
 Did this or the other impossible great  
 thing !  
 He 's Lowell—it 's a world, you smile  
 and say,  
 Of his own invention—wondrous Long-  
 fellow,  
 Surprising Hawthorne ! Sludge does  
 more than they,  
 And acts the books they write : the  
 more 's his praise !  
 But why do I mount to poets ? Take  
 plain prose—  
 Dealers in common sense, set these at  
 work,  
 What can they do without their helpful  
 lies ?  
 Each states the law and fact and face  
 of the thing  
 Just as he'd have them, finds what he  
 thinks fit,  
 Is blind to what missuits him, just  
 records  
 What makes his case out, quite ignores  
 the rest.

It 's a History of the World, the Lizard  
 Age,  
 The Early Indians, the Old Country  
 War,  
 Jerome Napoleon, whatsoever you  
 please,  
 All as the author wants it. Such a  
 scribe  
 You pay and praise for putting life in  
 stones,  
 Fire into fog, making the past your  
 world.  
 There 's plenty of ' How did you con-  
 trive to grasp  
 The thread which led you through this  
 labyrinth ?  
 How build such solid fabric out of air ?  
 How on so slight foundation found this  
 tale,  
 Biography, narrative ? ' or, in other  
 words,  
 ' How many lies did it require to make  
 The portly truth you here present us  
 with ? '  
 ' Oh, ' quoth the penman, purring at  
 your praise,  
 ' 'Tis fancy all ; no particle of fact :  
 I was poor and threadbare when I wrote  
 that book  
 " Bliss in the Golden City." I, at  
 Thebes ?  
 We writers paint out of our heads, you  
 see ! '  
 ' Ah, the more wonderful the gift in  
 you,  
 The more creativeness and godlike  
 craft ! '  
 But I, do I present you with my piece,  
 It 's ' What, Sludge ? When my  
 sainted mother spoke  
 The verses Lady Jane Grey last com-  
 posed  
 About the rosy bower in the seventh  
 heaven  
 Where she and Queen Elizabeth keep  
 house,—  
 You made the raps ? 'Twas your  
 invention that ?  
 Cur, slave and devil ! '—eight fingers  
 and two thumbs  
 Stuck in my throat !

Well, if the marks seem gone,

'Tis because stiffish cock-tail, taken in time,  
Is better for a bruise than arnica.

There, sir! I bear no malice: 'tish't in me.

I know I acted wrongly: still, I've tried  
What I could say in my excuse,—to show  
The devil's not all devil . . . I don't pretend,

An angel, much less such a gentleman  
As you, sir! And I've lost you, lost myself,

Lost all, l-l-l- . . . .

No—are you in earnest, sir?

O, yours, sir, is an angel's part! I know  
What prejudice must be, what the common course

Men take to soothe their ruffled self-conceit:

Only you rise superior to it all!

No, sir, it don't hurt much; it's speaking long

That makes me choke a little: the marks will go!

What? Twenty V-notes more, and outfit too,

And not a word to Greeley? One—one kiss

Of the hand that saves me! You'll not let me speak,

I well know, and I've lost the right, too true!

But I must say, sir, if She hears (she does)

Your sainted . . . Well, sir,—be it so!  
That's, I think,

My bed-room candle. Good night!  
Bl-l-less you, sir!

R-r-r, you brute-beast and blackguard!  
Cowardly scamp!

I only wish I dared burn down the house  
And spoil your sniggering! Oh, what, you're the man?

You're satisfied at last? You've found out Sludge?

We'll see that presently: my turn, sir, next!

I too can tell my story: brute,—do you hear?—

You throttled your sainted mother, that old hag,

In just such a fit of passion: no, it was . . .

To get this house of hers, and many a note

Like these . . . I'll pocket them, however . . . five,

Ten, fifteen . . . ay, you gave her throat the twist,

Or else you poisoned her! Confound the cuss!

Where was my head? I ought to have prophesied

He'll die in a year and join her: that's the way.

I don't know where my head is: what had I done?

How did it all go? I said he poisoned her,

And hoped he'd have grace given him to repent,

Whereon he picked this quarrel, bullied me

And called me cheat: I thrashed him,—who could help?

He howled for mercy, prayed me on his knees

To cut and run and save him from disgrace:

I do so, and once off, he slanders me. An end of him! Begin elsewhere anew!

Boston's a hole, the herring-pond is wide,

V-notes are something, liberty still more.

Beside, is he the only fool in the world?

## APPARENT FAILURE

'We shall soon lose a celebrated building.'

*Paris Newspaper.*

### I

No, for I'll save it! Seven years since,  
I passed through Paris, stopped a day  
To see the baptism of your Prince;

Saw, made my bow, and went my way:

Walking the heat and headache off,  
I took the Seine-side, you surmise,

Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff,  
Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,

So sauntered till—what met my eyes?

## II

Only the Doric little Morgue !

The dead-house where you show your  
drowned :

Petrarch's Vacluse makes proud the  
Sorgue,

Your Morgue has made the Seine  
renowned.

One pays one's debt in such a case ;

I plucked up heart and entered,—  
stalked,

Keeping a tolerable face

Compared with some whose cheeks  
were chalked :

Let them ! No Briton's to be baulked !

## III

First came the silent gazers ; next,

A screen of glass, we're thankful for ;

Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,

The three men who did most abhor  
Their life in Paris yesterday,

So killed themselves : and now,  
enthroned

Each on his copper couch, they lay

Fronting me, waiting to be owned.

I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

## IV

Poor men, God made, and all for that !

The reverence struck me ; o'er each  
head

Religiously was hung his hat,

Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,  
Sacred from touch : each had his berth,

His bounds, his proper place of rest,  
Who last night tenanted on earth

Some arch, where twelve such slept  
abreast,—

Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

## V

How did it happen, my poor boy ?

You wanted to be Buonaparte

And have the Tuileries for toy,

And could not, so it broke your heart ?

You, old one by his side, I judge,

Were, red as blood, a socialist,

A leveller ! Does the Empire grudge

You've gained what no Republic  
missed ?

Be quiet, and unclench your fist !

## VI

And this—why, he was red in vain,

Or black,—poor fellow that is blue !

What fancy was it, turned your brain ?

Oh, women were the prize for you !

Money gets women, cards and dice

Get money, and ill-luck gets just

The copper couch and one clear nice

Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,

The right thing to extinguish lust !

## VII

It's wiser being good than bad ;

It's safer being meek than fierce :

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;

That, after Last, returns the First,

Though a wide compass round be  
fetched ;

That what began best, can't end  
worst,

Nor what God blessed once, prove  
accurst.

## EPILOGUE

FIRST SPEAKER, *as David*

## I

On the first of the Feast of Feasts,

The Dedication Day,

When the Levites joined the Priests

At the Altar in robed array,

Gave signal to sound and say,—

## II

When the thousands, rear and van,

Swarming with one accord,

Became as a single man,

(Look, gesture, thought and word)

In praising and thanking the Lord,—

## III

When the singers lift up their voice,

And the trumpets made endeavour,

Sounding, 'In God rejoice !'

Saying, 'In Him rejoice

Whose mercy endureth for ever !'—

## IV

Then the Temple filled with a cloud,

Even the House of the Lord ;

Porch bent and pillar bowed :  
 For the presence of the Lord,  
 In the glory of His cloud,  
 Had filled the House of the Lord.

SECOND SPEAKER, *as Renan*

Gone now ! All gone across the dark  
 so far,  
 Sharpening fast, shuddering ever,  
 shutting still,  
 Dwindling into the distance, dies that  
 star

Which came, stood, opened once !  
 We gazed our fill  
 With upturned faces on as real a Face  
 That, stooping from grave music and  
 mild fire,  
 Took in our homage, made a visible  
 place  
 Through many a depth of glory, gyre  
 on gyre,  
 For the dim human tribute. Was this  
 true ?

Could man indeed avail, mere praise  
 of his,  
 To help by rapture God's own rapture  
 too,

Thrill with a heart's red tinge that  
 pure pale bliss ?  
 Why did it end ? Who failed to beat  
 the breast,

And shriek, and throw the arms  
 protesting wide,  
 When a first shadow showed the star  
 addressed

Itself to motion, and on either side  
 The rims contracted as the rays retired ;  
 The music, like a fountain's sickening  
 pulse,

Subsided on itself ; awhile transpired  
 Some vestige of a Face no pangs  
 convulse,

No prayers retard ; then even this was  
 gone,

Lost in the night at last. We, lone  
 and left

Silent through centuries, ever and anon  
 Venture to probe again the vault  
 bereft

Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist  
 Of multitudinous points, yet suns,  
 men say—

And this leaps ruby, this lurks amethyst,  
 But where may hide what came and  
 loved our clay ?

How shall the sage detect in yon expanse  
 The star which chose to stoop and  
 stay for us ?

Unroll the records ! Hailed ye such  
 advance

Indeed, and did your hope vanish  
 thus ?

Watchers of twilight, is the worst  
 averred ?

We shall not look up, know ourselves  
 are seen,

Speak, and be sure that we again are  
 heard,

Acting or suffering, have the disk's  
 serene

Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame,  
 Nor doubt that, were mankind inert  
 and numb,

Its core had never crimsoned all the  
 same,

Nor, missing ours, its music fallen  
 dumb ?

Oh, dread succession to a dizzy post,  
 Sad sway of sceptre whose mere  
 touch appals,

Ghastly dethronement, cursed by those  
 the most

On whose repugnant brow the crown  
 next falls !

THIRD SPEAKER

I

Witless alike of will and way divine,  
 How Heaven's high with earth's low  
 should intertwine !

Friends, I have seen through your eyes :  
 now use mine.

II

Take the least man of all mankind, as I ;  
 Look at his head and heart, find how  
 and why

He differs from his fellows utterly :

III

Then, like me, watch when nature by  
 degrees

Grows alive round him, as in Arctic seas  
 (They said of old the instinctive water  
 flees

## IV

Toward some elected point of central  
rock,  
As though, for its sake only, roamed  
the flock  
Of waves about the waste : awhile they  
mock

## V

With radiance caught for the occasion,  
—hues  
Of blackest hell now, now such reds  
and blues  
As only heaven could fitly interfuse,—

## VI

The mimic monarch of the whirlpool,  
king  
O' the current for a minute : then they  
wring  
Up by the roots and oversweep the  
thing,

## VII

And hasten off, to play again elsewhere  
The same part, choose another peak  
as bare,  
They find and flatter, feast and finish  
there.

## VIII

When you see what I tell you,—nature  
gance

About each man of us, retire, advance,  
As though the pageant's end were to  
enhance

## IX

His worth, and—once the life, his  
product, gained—  
Roll away elsewhere, keep the strife  
sustained,  
And show thus real, a thing the North  
but feigned,—

## X

When you acknowledge that one world  
could do  
All the diverse work, old yet ever new,  
Divide us, each from other, me from  
you,—

## XI

Why, where's the need of Temple, when  
the walls  
O' the world are that ? What use of  
swells and falls  
From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and  
trumpet-calls ?

## XII

That one Face, far from vanish, rather  
grows,  
Or decomposes but to recompose,  
Become my universe that feels and  
knows !

## DEAF AND DUMB

## A GROUP BY WOOLNER

ONLY the prism's obstruction shows  
aright  
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its  
light  
Into the jewelled bow from blankest  
white ;  
So may a glory from defect arise :

Only by Deafness may the vexed Love  
wreak  
Its inexpressive sense on brow and  
cheek,  
Only by Dumbness adequately speak  
As favoured mouth could never,  
through the eyes.



## NOTE TO PARACELSUS

THE liberties I have taken with my subject are very trifling; and the reader may slip the foregoing scenes between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus he pleases, by way of commentary. To prove this, I subjoin a popular account, translated from the *Biographie Universelle*, Paris, 1822, which I select, not as the best, certainly, but as being at hand, and sufficiently concise for my purpose. I also append a few notes, in order to correct those parts which do not bear out my own view of the character of Paracelsus; and have incorporated with them a notice or two, illustrative of the poem itself.

‘PARACELSUS (Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus ab Hohenheim) was born in 1493 at Einsiedeln (1), a little town in the canton of Schwitz, some leagues distant from Zurich. His father, who exercised the profession of medicine at Villach, in Carinthia, was nearly related to George Bombast de Hohenheim, who became afterward Grand Prior of the Order of Malta; consequently Paracelsus could not spring from the dregs of the people, as Thomas Erastus, his sworn enemy, pretends<sup>1</sup>. It appears that his elementary education was much neglected, and that he spent part of his youth in pursuing the life common to the travelling *literati* of the age; that is to say, in wandering from country to country, predicting the future by astrology and cheiromancy, evoking apparitions, and practising the different operations of magic and alchemy, in which he had been initiated whether by his father or by various ecclesiastics, among the number of whom he particularizes the Abbot Tritheim (2), and many German bishops.

‘As Paracelsus displays everywhere an ignorance of the rudiments of the most ordinary knowledge, it is not probable that he ever studied seriously in the schools: he contented himself with visiting the Universities of Germany, France, and Italy; and in spite of his boasting himself to have been the ornament of those institutions, there is no proof of his having legally acquired the title of Doctor, which he assumes. It is only known that he applied himself long, under the direction of the wealthy Sigismond Fugger, of Schwatz, to the discovery of the *Magnum Opus*.

‘Paracelsus travelled among the mountains of Bohemia, in the East, and in Sweden, in order to inspect the labours of the miners, to be initiated in the mysteries of the oriental adepts, and to observe the secrets of nature and the famous mountain of loadstone (3). He professes also to have visited Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Poland, and Transylvania; everywhere communicating freely, not merely with the physicians, but the old women, charlatans, and conjurers, of these several lands. It is even believed that he extended his journeyings as far as Egypt and Tartary, and that he accompanied the son of the Khan of the Tartars to Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining the secret of the tincture of Trismegistus, from a Greek who inhabited that capital.

‘The period of his return to Germany is unknown: it is only certain that, at about the age of thirty-three, many astonishing cures which he wrought on eminent personages procured him such a celebrity, that he was called in 1526, on the recommendation of Œcolampadius (4), to fill a chair of physic and surgery at the

<sup>1</sup> I shall disguise M. Renaudin's next sentence a little. ‘Hic (Erastus sc.) Paracelsum trimum a milite quodam, alii a sue exectum ferunt: constat imberbem illum, mulierumque osorem fuisse.’ A standing High-Dutch joke in those days at the expense of a number of learned men, as may be seen by referring to such rubbish as Melander's *Jocosaria*, &c. In the prints from his portrait by Tintoretto, painted a year before his death, Paracelsus is *barbatus*, at all events. But Erastus was never without a good reason for his faith—*e.g.* ‘*Helvetium fuisse (Paracelsum) vix credo, vix enini ea regio tale monstrum ediderit*’ (*De Medicina Nova*).

University of Basil. There Paracelsus began by burning publicly in the amphitheatre the works of Avicenna and Galen, assuring his auditors that the latches of his shoes were more instructed than those two physicians; that all Universities, all writers put together, were less gifted than the hairs of his beard and of the crown of his head; and that, in a word, he was to be regarded as the legitimate monarch of medicine. "You shall follow me," cried he, "you, Avicenna, Galen, Rhasis, Montagnana, Mesues, you, gentlemen of Paris, Montpeller, Germany, Cologne, Vienna", and whomsoever the Rhine and Danube nourish; you who inhabit the isles of the sea; you, likewise, Dalmatians, Athenians; thou, Arab; thou, Greek; thou, Jew; all shall follow me, and the monarchy shall be mine<sup>2</sup>."

'But at Basil it was speedily perceived that the new Professor was no better than an egregious quack. Scarcely a year elapsed before his lectures had fairly driven away an audience incapable of comprehending their emphatic jargon. That which above all contributed to sully his reputation was the debauched life he led. According to the testimony of Oporinus, who lived two years in his intimacy, Paracelsus scarcely ever ascended the lecture-desk unless half-drunk, and only dictated to his secretaries when in a state of intoxication: if summoned to attend the sick, he rarely proceeded thither without previously drenching himself with wine. He was accustomed to retire to bed without changing his clothes; sometimes he spent the night in pot-houses with peasants, and in the morning knew no longer what he was about; and, nevertheless, up to the age of twenty-five his only drink had been water (5).

'At length, fearful of being punished for a serious outrage on a magistrate (6), he fled from Basil towards the end of the year 1527, and took refuge in Alsatia, whither he caused Oporinus to follow with his chemical apparatus.

'He then entered once more upon the career of ambulatory theosophist<sup>3</sup>. Accordingly we find him at Colmar in 1528; at Nuremburg in 1529; at St. Gall in 1531; at Pfeffers in 1535; and at Augsburg in 1536: he next made some stay in Moravia, where he still further compromised his reputation by the loss of many distinguished patients, which compelled him to betake himself to Vienna; from thence he passed into Hungary; and in 1538 was at Villach, where he dedicated his *Chronicle* to the States of Carinthia, in gratitude for the many kindnesses with which they had honoured his father. Finally, from Mindelheim, which he visited in 1540, Paracelsus proceeded to Salzburg, where he died in the Hospital of St. Stephen (*Sebastian*, is meant), Sept. 24, 1541.'—(Here follows a criticism on his writings, which I omit.)

(1) *Paracelsus* would seem to be a fantastic version of *Von Hohenheim*; Einsiedeln is the Latin *Eremitus*, whence *Paracelsus* is sometimes called, as in the correspondence of Erasmus, *Eremita*: *Bombast*, his proper name, probably acquired,

<sup>1</sup> Erastus, who relates this, here oddly remarks, 'mirum quod non et Garamantos, Indos et Anglos adjunxit.' Not so wonderful neither, if we believe what another adversary 'had heard somewhere,'—that all *Paracelsus*' system came of his pillaging 'Anglum quendam, Rogerium Baconem.'

<sup>2</sup> See his works *passim*. I must give one specimen:—Somebody had been styling him 'Luther alter;' 'and why not?' (he asks, as he well might.) 'Luther is abundantly learned, therefore you hate him and me; but we are at least a match for you.—Nam et contra vos et vestros universos principes Avicennam, Galenum, Aristotelem, etc. me satis superque munitum esse novi. Et vertex iste meus calvus ac depilis multo plura et sublimiora novit quam vester vel Avicenna vel universæ academice. Prodite, et signum date, qui viri sitis, quid roboris habeatis? quid autem sitis? Doctores et magistri, pediculos pectentes et fricantes podicem.' (Frag. Med.)

<sup>3</sup> 'So migratory a life could afford Paracelsus but little leisure for application to books, and accordingly he informs us that for the space of ten years he never opened a single volume, and that his whole medical library was not composed of six sheets: in effect, the inventory drawn up after his death states that the only books which he left were the Bible, the New Testament, the Commentaries of St. Jerome on the Gospels, a printed volume on Medicine, and seven manuscripts.'

from the characteristic phraseology of his lectures, that unlucky signification which it has ever since retained.

(2) Then Bishop of Spanheim, and residing at Würzburg in Franconia; a town situated in a grassy fertile country, whence its name, Herbipolis. He was much visited there by learned men, as may be seen by his *Epistolæ Familiares*, Hag. 1536: among others, by his staunch friend Cornelius Agrippa, to whom he dates thence, in 1510, a letter in answer to the dedicatory epistle prefixed to the treatise *De Occult. Philosoph.*, which last contains the following ominous allusion to Agrippa's sojourn: 'Quum nuper tecum, R. P. in cœnobio tuo apud Herbipolim aliquamdiu conversatus, multa de chymicis, multa de magicis, multa de cabalisticis, cæterisque quæ adhuc in occulto delitescunt, arcanis scientiis atque artibus una contulissimus,' &c.

(3) 'Inexplebilis illa aviditas naturæ perscrutandi secreta et reconditarum supellectile scientiarum animum locupletandi, uno eodemque loco, diu persistere non patiebatur, sed mercurii instar, omnes terras, nationes et urbes perlustrandi igniculos supposebat et cum viris naturæ scrutatoribus, chymicis præsertim, ore tenus conferret, et quæ diuturnis laboribus nocturnisque vigiliis invenerant una vel altera communicatione obtineret' (Bitiskius, in *Præfat.*). 'Patris auxilio primum, deinde propria industria doctissimos viros in Germania, Italia, Gallia, Hispania, aliisque Europæ regionibus, nactus est præceptores; quorum liberali doctrina, et potissimum propria inquisitione ut qui esset ingenio acutissimo ac fere divino, tantum profecit, ut multi testati sint, in universa philosophia, tam ardua, tam arcana et abdita eruisse mortalium neminem' (Melch. Adam. in *Vit. Germ. Medic.*). 'Paracelsus qui in intima naturæ viscera sic penitus introierit, metallorum stirpiumque vires et facultates tam incredibili ingenii acumine exploraverit ac perviderit; ad morbos omnes vel desperatos et opinione hominum insanabiles percurandum; ut cum Theophrasto nata primum medicina perfectaque videtur' (*Petri Rami Orat. de Basilea*). His passion for wandering is best described in his own words: 'Ecce amatorem adolescentem difficillimi itineris haud piget, ut venustam saltem puellam vel fœminam aspiciat: quanto minus nobilissimarum artium amore laboris ac cujuslibet tædii pigebit?' &c. (*Defensiones Septem adversus Emulos suos*, 1573, Def. 4ta, *De peregrinationibus et exilio*.)

(4) The reader may remember that it was in conjunction with Eccolampadius, then Divinity-Professor at Basil, that Zuinglius published, in 1528, an answer to Luther's *Confession of Faith*; and that both proceeded in company to the subsequent conference with Luther and Melancthon at Marpurg. Their letters fill a large volume.—*D. D. Johannis Eccolampadii et Huldrici Zuinglii Epistolarum*, lib. quatuor, Bas. 1536. It must be also observed, that Zuinglius began to preach in 1516, and at Zurich in 1519, and that in 1525 the Mass was abolished in the cantons. The tenets of Eccolampadius were supposed to be more evangelical than those up to that period maintained by the glorious German, and our brave Bishop Fisher attacked them as the fouler heresy:—'About this time arose out of Luther's school one Eccolampadius, like a mighty and fierce giant; who, as his master had gone beyond the Church, went beyond his master (or else it had been impossible he could have been reputed the better scholar), who denied the real presence: him, this worthy champion (the Bishop) sets upon, and with five books (like so many smooth stones taken out of the river that doth always run with living water) slays the Philistine; which five books were written in the year of our Lord 1526, at which time he had governed the See of Rochester 20 years' (*Life of Bishop Fisher*, 1655). Now, there is no doubt of the Protestantism of Paracelsus, Erasmus, Agrippa, &c., but the nonconformity of Paracelsus was always scandalous. L. Crasso (*Elogj d'Humini Letterati*, Ven. 1666) informs us that his

books were excommunicated by the Church. Quensledt (*de Patr. Doct.*) affirms 'nec tantum novæ medicinæ, verum etiam novæ theologiæ autor est.' Delrio, in his *Disquisit. Magicar.*, classes him among those 'partim atheos, partim hæreticos' (lib. I, cap. 3). 'Omnino tamen multa theologica in ejusdem scriptis plane atheismum olent, ac duriuscule sonant in auribus vere Christiani' (*D. Gabrielis Claudi Schediasma de Tinct. Univ. Norimb.*, 1736). I shall only add one more authority:—Oporinus dicit se (Paracelsum) aliquando Lutherum et Papam, non minus quam nunc Galenum et Hippocratem redacturum in ordinem minabatur, neque enim eorum qui hactenus in scripturam sacram scripsissent, sive veteres, sive recentiores, quenquam scripturæ nucleum recte eruisse, sed circa corticem et quasi membranam tantum hære' (*Th. Erastus, Disputat. de Med. Nova*). These and similar notions had their due effect on Oporinus, who, says Zuingerus, in his *Theatrum*, 'longum vale dixit ei (Paracelso) ne ob præceptoris, alioqui amicissimi, horrendas blasphemias ipse quoque aliquando pœnas Deo Opt. Max. lueret.'

(5) His defenders allow the drunkenness. Take a sample of their excuses: 'Gentis hoc, non viri vitium est, a Taciti seculo ad nostrum usque non interrupto filo devolutum, sinceritati forte Germanæ cœvum, et nescio an aliquo consanguinitatis vinculo junctum' (Bitiskius). The other charges were chiefly trumped up by Oporinus: 'Domi, quod Oporinus amanuensis ejus sæpe narravit, nunquam nisi potus ad explicanda sua accessit, atque in medio conclavi ad columnam *πετυφωμένος* adstans, apprehenso manibus capulo ensis, cujus *κοίλωμα* hospitium præbuit ut aiunt spiritui familiari, imaginationes aut concepta sua protulit:—alii illud quod in capulo habuit, ab ipso Azoth appellatum medicinam fuisse præstantissimam aut lapidem Philosophicum putant' (Melch. Adam). This famous sword was no laughing-matter in those days, and is now a material feature in the popular idea of Paracelsus. I recollect a couple of allusions to it in our own literature, at the moment.

Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,  
Or Paracelsus with his long sword.

*Volpone, Act ii. Scene 2.*

Bumbastus kept a Devil's bird  
Shut in the pummel of his sword,  
That taught him all the cunning pranks,  
Of past and future mountebanks.

*Hudibras, Part ii. Cant. 3.*

This Azoth was simply '*laudanum suum*.' But in his time he was commonly believed to possess the double tincture—the power of curing diseases, and transmuting metals. Oporinus often witnessed, as he declares, both these effects, as did also Franciscus, the servant of Paracelsus, who describes, in a letter to Neander, a successful projection at which he was present, and the results of which, good golden ingots, were confided to his keeping. For the other quality, let the following notice vouch among many others:—'Degebat Theophrastus Norimbergæ procitus a menditibus illius urbis, et vaniloquus deceptorque proclamatus, qui, ut laboranti famæ subveniat, viros quosdam auctoritatis summæ in Republica illa adit, et infamiæ amoliendæ, artique suæ asserendæ, specimen ejus pollicetur editurum, nullo stipendio vel accepto pretio, horum faciles præbentium aures jussu elephantiacos aliquot, a communione hominum cæterorum segregatos, et in valetudinarium detrusos, alieno arbitrio eliguntur, quos virtute singulari remedium suorum Theophrastus a fœda Græcorum lepra mundat, pristinaque sanitati restituit: conservat illustre harum curationum urbs in archivis suis testimonium' (Bitiskius)<sup>1</sup>. It is to be remarked that Oporinus afterward

<sup>1</sup> The premature death of Paracelsus casts no manner of doubt on the fact of his having possessed the Elixir Vitæ: the alchemists have abundant reasons to adduce, from which I select



repented of his treachery : ' Sed resipuit tandem, et quem vivum convitiis insectatus fuerat defunctum veneratione prosequutus, infames famæ præceptoris morsus in remorsus conscientiæ conversi pœnitentia, heu nimis tarda, vulnera clausere exanimi quæ spiranti infixierant.' For these ' bites ' of Oporinus, see *Disputat. Erasti*, and Andreas Jociscus *Oratio de vit. et ob. Opori*<sup>1</sup>; for the ' remorse,' Mic. Toxita in *pref. Testamenti*, and Conringius (otherwise an enemy of Paracelsus), who says it was contained in a letter from Oporinus to Doctor Vegerus<sup>2</sup>.

Whatever the moderns may think of these marvellous attributes, the title of Paracelsus to be considered the father of modern chemistry is indisputable. Gerardus Vossius, *De Philos<sup>a</sup> et Philos<sup>um</sup> sectis*, thus prefaces the ninth section of cap. 9, ' De Chymia '—' Nobilem hanc medicinæ partem, diu sepultam avorum ætate quasi ab orco revocavit Th. Paracelsus.' I suppose many hints lie scattered in his neglected books, which clever appropriators have since developed with applause. Thus, it appears from his treatise *De Phlebotomia*, and elsewhere, that he had discovered the circulation of the blood and the sanguification of the heart; as did after him Realdo Colombo, and still more perfectly Andrea Cesalpino of Arezzo, as Bayle and Bartoli observe. Even Lavater quotes a passage from his work *De Natura Rerum*, on practical Physiognomy, in which the definitions and axioms are precise enough : he adds, ' though an astrological enthusiast, a man of prodigious genius ' (see Holcroft's Translation, vol. iii. p. 179—' The Eyes'). While on the subject of the writings of Paracelsus, I may explain a passage in the third part of the Poem. He was, as I have said, unwilling to publish his works, but in effect did publish a vast number. Valentius (in *Præfat. in Paramyr.*) declares ' quod ad librorum Paracelsi copiam attinet, audio, a Germanis prope trecentos recenseri.' ' O fœcunditas ingenii ! ' adds he, aptly. Many of these were, however, spurious; and Fred. Bitiskius gives his good edition (3 vols. fol., Gen. 1658) ' rejectis suppositis solo ipsius nomine superbientibus quorum ingens circumfertur numerus.' The rest were ' charissimum et pretiosissimum authoris pignus, extorsum potius ab illo quam obtentum.' ' Jam minime eo volente atque jubente hæc ipsius scripta in lucem prodisse videntur; quippe quæ muro inclusa ipso absente servi cujusdem indicio, furto surrepta atque sublata sunt,' says Valentius. These have been the study of a host of commentators, among whose labours are most notable, Petri Severini, *Idea Medicinæ Philosophicæ*, Bas. 1571; Mic. Toxetis, *Onomastica*, Arg. 1574; Dornei, *Dict. Parac.*, Franc. 1584; and P<sup>i</sup> Philos<sup>æ</sup> *Compendium cum scholiis auctore Leone Suavio*, Paris. (This last a good book.)

(6) A disgraceful affair. One Liechtenfels, a canon, having been rescued in extremis by the ' laudanum ' of Paracelsus, refused the stipulated fee, and was supported in his meanness by the authorities, whose interference Paracelsus would not brook. His own liberality was allowed by his bitterest foes, who found a ready solution of his indifference to profit, in the aforesaid sword-handle and its guest. His freedom from the besetting sin of a profession he abhorred—(as he curiously says somewhere, ' Quis quæso deinceps honorem deferat professione tali, quæ a tam facinorosis nebulonibus obitur et administratur ? ')—is recorded in his epitaph, which affirms—' Bona sua in pauperes distribuenda collocandaque erogavit,' *honoravit*, or *ordinavit*—for accounts differ.

the following, as explanatory of the property of the Tincture not calculated on by its votaries:—' Objectionem illam, quod Paracelsus non fuerit longævus, nonnulli quoque solvunt per rationes physicas: vitæ nimirum abbreviationem fortasse talibus accidere posse, ob Tincturam frequentiore ac largiore dosi sumtam, dum a summe efficaci et penetrabili hujus virtute calor innatus quasi suffocatur.' (Gabrielis Clauderi Schediasma.)

<sup>2</sup> For a good defence of Paracelsus I refer the reader to (Olaus Berriichius' treatise—*Hermietis etc. Sapientia vincit*, 1674. Or, if he is no more learned than myself in such matters, I mention simply that Paracelsus introduced the use of Mercury and Laudanum.



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